SCRAP BOOK

front cover

GIANTS OF JAZZ

(Continued from page thirteen)

Photo credits: Clark Terry, Riverside Records; Miles Davis, Columbia Records; Art Farmer, Charles Stewart; Clifford Brown, copyright by Herman Leonard; Bunny Berigan, RCA Victor Records.

A few other giants of Armstrong's pioneering days have withstood the test of time, according to the recorded evidence. Joe Smith, who died in 1937—he was, like Armstrong, a Henderson band alumnus—and Tommy Ladnier, also a former Henderson band member, who died in 1939, had many of the pristine tonal and melodic virtues of Louis. Muggsy Spanier, an early Armstrong fan, was among the first to make effective use of the plunger mute, a device also associated with Cootie Williams, Miley's successor in the Ellington brass team.

Bix Beiderbecke, whose genius was almost unknown outside a clique of musicians during his lifetime, became a romantic legend in print not long after his death in 1931. His cornet sound was exciting in a luminous, never-glaring manner, with a warm, round tone, a crisp attack, great technical discipline and a harmonic ear that was rare for

(Continued on the opposite page)

Chart at left represents key to photographs on page thirteen. 1. Dizzy Gillespie. 2. Jimmy McPartland. 3. Louis Armstrong. 4. Shorty Rogers. 5. Henry "Red" Allen. 6. Buck Clayton. 7. Miles Davis. 8. Clifford Brown. 9. Bobby Hackett. 10. Bunny Berigan. 11. Harry James. 12. Cootie Williams. 13. Charlie Shavers. 14. Jonah Jones. 15. Clark Terry. 16. Art Farmer. 17. Muggsy Spanier.

ROGER WILLIAMS

/Geoffrey Marne

Although there are many standards by which success can be measured in the music business (one being music and another being business), the claim that Roger Williams is the most successful popular pianist now living cannot easily be gainsaid. ■ His reputation, now firmly established via concert tours and best-selling albums, arrived relatively late. He was twenty-nine years old, and had been jobbing around New York for three years, with indifferent success, as cocktail pianist, when his record of "Autumn Leaves" catapulted him into national prominence. ■ Today he has all the security and the attendant pleasures of a consistent box-office attraction. When he is not on tour he relaxes in an attractive home in Encino, a San Fernando Valley suburb of Los Angeles. Obviously his present comfortable mode of living was not achieved without extensive academic preparation for a career in music, followed by a long period of artistic frustration. ■ Born Louis Weertz in Omaha, Nebraska, October 1, 1925, he was the son of the Lutheran minister, Rev. Frederick J. Weertz. His mother was a music teacher and symphony orchestra director at the State College in Emporia, Kansas. ■ The family settled in Des Moines when Roger was a few months old. He was only three when he began to pick out melodies on the piano, and within a year was creating original melodies. At eight he had a dozen instruments under fair control, which equipped him admirably as a one-man-band act for church socials. ■ His high school activities included basketball and boxing as well as the conducting of the orchestra and choir. After graduating in 1943 he attempted to enlist, but, because he suffered from hay fever, all the armed services rejected him. Hearing that California had good music teachers as well as a good climate in which to immunize hay fever, he proceeded, according to plan: studied with Philip Tronitz in Los Angeles and then gained acceptance in the Navy. ■ A gunnery accident almost cost him a finger. After he had dissuaded a doctor, who felt that amputation was the only course, there followed many months of effort to restore its flexibility. ■ Mustered out in November 1945, he returned to Des Moines, where he gave concerts, had his own radio show and continued to study. One of his more unusual performances took place July 30, 1948, when he played some of the organ music preceding his own wedding. The bride was Joy Dunsmoor, a former college football queen whom he had met during a concert at Idaho State. The following year he returned to this college, where he had studied while in the Navy. After receiving a Bachelor of Science degree he enrolled at Drake University in Des Moines for a master's in music. ■ Moving to New York in 1952, he met Teddy Wilson, who was conducting one of the classes he attended at Juilliard. By now Williams' interest had expanded from the classical field to take in popular music and jazz. "I was already a great fan of Oscar Peterson and Andre Previn," he says, "and also of a fellow not enough people know about — Mel Henke. Very dissonant, very brilliant." ■ The studies with Wilson were enlightening and rewarding: "I found Teddy very patient, never dogmatic, and always helpful in extending my knowledge. Not long after leaving Juilliard I spent a year and a half studying with another jazz musician I greatly admired, Lennie Tristano. ■ "What I learned from Tristano was a great help to me from the harmonic standpoint. He was a tough taskmaster. I had to work very hard with him; but I always felt drawn to his music, and there seems to be a mutual respect. I still go to see him when I'm in New York." ■ During the early New York years there were a few breaks: an appearance on the "Arthur God frey Talent Scouts" show (he was a winner) and a $1,000 prize on the "Chan of a Lifetime" TV program. ■ "I was still playing pretty much in a progr

(Continued on the following page)

Life With Feather

Taste Changes

By LEONARD FEATHER

One evening recently I attended the Urban League banquet at which an imposing conclave of Hollywood notables paid tribute to Nat Cole, saluting his silver anniversary in show business.

It was a memorable evening, one of those rare dinners at which you sense that the speeches are a sincere tribute, not a mandatory mumble.

The next night, with my wife and daughter, I caught Nat's opening at the Greek Theatre in Hollywood. Aided by an extraordinarily talented, racially integrated chorus of eight men and eight girls (the Merry Young Souls), Nat presented a show that was as deftly produced, musically tasteful and consistently entertaining as anything of its kind I have yet seen.

My daughter's unbridled laughter at Nat's keen satire in the song "Mr. Cole Won't Rock 'n' Roll" was symbolical. Just a little over a year ago, as a typical 12-year-old slave to the Big Beat, she wrote a guest column entitled "Why I Like Rock 'n' Roll."

"Most of the lyrics are about things that kids know very well," she argued, "school, dates, dancing and things—and there is such a good beat to the fast tunes that the lyrics aren't that important anyway." I suspected that this was a preteen sympton, that time would iron her Frankie Avalons, confident the day would come when she would lift Anka and cast herself adrift from Avalon.

Today that same young lady, very soon due to be 14, is the bellwether (or belle-Feather) of another generation. Because of her gradual change in tastes I remarked to her that this seemed a good time to revive her by-line. The following unedited copy was the result.

Why I Don't Like Rock 'n' Roll

By LORRAINE FEATHER

After listening to a lot of rock 'n' roll, I've decided (and a lot of my friends agree with me) that it's junk. Sometimes I guess it's enjoyable junk, but as real music it is just a lot of noise.

I wish that more teenagers had an opportunity to listen to really good jazz. I've been lucky enough to be brought up with it and now I've decided that it's my favorite kind of music—I especially like Dizzy Gillespie, Oscar Peterson, Peggy Lee, Dave Brubeck, Andre Previn, Nat King Cole (whose show we saw at the Greek Theater the other night) and Oscar Brown Jr.

LORRAINE FEATHER
Likes Jazz Now

☆ ☆ ☆

Many kids think that jazz doesn't have much of a melody at all. Of course this isn't a bit true! If people would take the trouble to listen to jazz, they'd realize that you can appreciate a song or tune more sometimes if the beat isn't just banged out, and the tune followed so rigidly.

I suppose you have to acquire a taste for it, but the trouble is that some people won't take the time to do that.

The more jazz artists I meet, the more I realize that they're usually very dedicated to their work, and have studied for a long time. When I listen to some screeching singer who always "sings" off key, I feel so—gullible! There are better things to hear than that!

My tastes have changed a lot in the last year, but now I really enjoy watching a performer who depends upon his talent to make him famous—not [illegible] and a permanent [illegible]

☆ ☆ ☆

POSTSCRIPT FROM PROUD FATHER: Thank you on behalf of Oscar P., Oscar B., Dave, Andre, Nat, Dizzy and all the boys in the band. Lorraine, unless I miss my guess, you are truly the wave of the future.

VALLEY TIMES - SEPT. 1, 1962

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Life With Feather

Frankie Laine Talks Singing

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia Of Jazz")

Some months ago, in an interview with this writer, Frankie Laine observed that he was not in the least concerned about the inroads of rock 'n' roll, that he felt it would run its course in another few years, and that meanwhile he was continuing to draw his material from established songwriters rather than fly-by-night fledglings.

The time that has elapsed since those remarks — almost a year now—has been singularly kind to Laine. His Columbia LP "Hell Bent For Leather" turned out to be his best seller in several years; he followed it up with another successful album, "Deuces Wild", devoted to songs about gambling.

★ ★ ★

THE OTHER DAY, I caught up with the indomitable Frankie. He was in the middle of a rare six-week vacation; I found him, with his blond and attractive Nan, at their beach home in Malibu, fishing. After helping Mrs. Laine investigate a pull on the line (it turned out to be a perch too small to be worth bothering with—the Laines don't play for piddling stakes), Frankie paused for a few moments to discuss a subject that had been temporarily off his mind—singing.

"How do you keep your voice as strong as it is after all the years you've been working?" I asked.

"It's mainly a matter of the amount of work I do and the kind of songs I sing. Now most singers who's been around for a long time, their vibratos tend to become deeper and wider as they grow older. As the burden grows, you have a tendency to want to find ways of easing up on the physical effort. You can do that, among other ways, by finding songs that are easier to sing.

Laine

★ ★ ★

IN MY CASE, it just turned out that this is impossible. The type of songs with which I've become identified through the years have made it necessary to keep up my vocal strength. With numbers like 'Jezebel' and 'Mule Train' and 'Wild Goose' still an important part of my repertoire, I have been forced to go the other route.

"So, when you're compelled to sing very dynamically, as I am because of the things that have done well for me in the past, this helps to keep up the strength in your neck muscles and everything — prevents any danger of becoming wobbly on the low notes."

I asked whether he still intends to keep looking for the same type of material.

"Why, sure. You know, a couple of years ago, I ran into a kid in Memphis who had a song entitled 'Call of the Wild.' I couldn't do anything with it at the time, but I held on to it, knowing that some day it would have possibilities. Well, sure enough, after we'd done nicely with the LP, 'Deuces Wild,' it occurred to me that this would make a perfect title for a follow-up album. All songs about the open road.

★ ★ ★

SO, I'M CERTAINLY NOT planning any change in the kind of songs I use or the amount of work I put into them. And I'm not worried about rock 'n' roll either. Right now we have plenty of good material; I'm pretty well set with plans for the next four LPs—including a Christmas album."

"Christmas?" I said. "Isn't September a little late to be recording a Christmas album? I thought they were always prepared five to six months ahead."

"Sure," said Frankie calmly. "We're kind of breaking the record, though. We're recording it next December for release before Christmas of 1963. We want to be good and prepared."

Frankie returned to his Pacific vigil. It was Friday, but fishless, and for all the luck he had, it could have been Friday the 13th. In the light of his earlier views on the Big Beat, one little incident seemed symbolical. I noticed that he did catch a small fish but contemptuously threw it back. "What was that?" I asked.

"A rock bass," said Frankie.

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VALLEY TIMES - SEPT. 8, 1962

Life With Feather

Mahalia And Her Principles

By LEONARD FEATHER

(*Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz"*)

The world's greatest gospel singer takes a dim view of Gospel Jazz.

Miss Mahalia Jackson, who is a woman of principle in a profession where ethics can be a grave handicap, thinks you can go too far with this business of broadening your audience and popularizing your material.

It doesn't particularly impress her that the best seller lists during the past year have consistently included album after album by Ray Charles, who converted to a mass-appeal style of certain works that mean a great deal to her.

"I don't know all these rock 'n' roll singers," she told me, not contemptuously but with obvious disinterest, "but I do know that Ray Charles took an old gospel quartet song, "I got a home, way over in Beulah, and ain't that good news . . ." and he changed it into "I got a woman . . ." And then "This Little Light of Mine" became "This Little Girl of Mine." I know these tunes, and I know where they come from.

Miss Jackson

"RAY CHARLES AIN'T doin' nothin' but singin' those old quartet arrangements and gospel music. Everybody's doing it. They took 'Yield Not to Temptation' and they done made a blues out of that. It's a beautiful hymn and look what they did with it, and it's a hit!

"As for 'When the Saints Go Marching In,' that's been taken over so much commercially, that the church people don't even want to sing it no more—and that's where it came from in the first place. Is that right?"

"Now there are certain things that are all right to do, and maybe all right for other people, but there are some things I won't do under any circumstances.

"WITH ALL THE OFFERS I've had to sing the blues, I still won't. Anybody with a voice like mine can sing the blues, and anybody with a heavy spirit; but I was taught that this was wrong. And yet I was brought up in New Orleans, a city where jazz was created.

"But I believe in keepin' to my own field. I turned down $25,000 a week to work at the Flamingo in Las Vegas. And I turned down that acting part in 'Member of the Wedding,' because I didn't want to be up there on that stage playing cards."

"Isn't your new LP a departure from your usual type of material?"

"Well, I know they're going around saying Mahalia's getting too far on the pop side; but there never was a bigger lie. 'The Rosary' is a Catholic song. I sing 'Danny Boy' because there's love in there, and if you don't love individuals, you can't love God. And I have two of Carrie Jacobs Bond's most beautiful songs in there. But I don't mind being criticized. I pass my opinion on folks too."

I doubt that anyone can seriously claim, after listening to 'Great Songs of Love and Faith' (Columbia CL 1824) that Mahalia Jackson has abdicated her heritage.

SEPT. 15, 1962

Life With Feather

International Jazz On LPs

By LEONARD FEATHER

(*Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz"*)

Jazz is becoming more international by the minute. A list of America's ten top selling jazz albums, printed weekly in the trade paper "Billboard," included Dave Brubeck's cosmic "Countdown Time in Outer Space"; a Hollywood Latin session entitled "Eddie Cano at PJ's"; Kenny Ball's British buskers saluting the USSR with "Midnight in Moscow"; and a musically polyglot item entitled "Herbie Mann at the Village Gate."

Mann's success is doubly remarkable, signaling as it does a new era of long performances (there are only three tunes in the whole album, one of which takes up the entire 20 minutes on one side) and a strong trend toward the amalgamation of disparate musical idioms.

The leader, a talented saxophonist and composer from Brooklyn, enjoyed less success than he deserved until, just three years ago, he decided to concentrate on the flute and organize a combo with an Afro-Cuban style.

The Mann men include a Sudanese bassist, a Canadian vibraphonist, and three percussionists from Puerto Rico, Dakar and the Bronx. The album (Atlantic 138) has been a top seller for seven weeks and is still zooming.

☆ ☆ ☆

AT THIS WRITING, there is no album of bossa nova by Herbie Mann, but it would be a logical theme for his next LP. Bossa nova, currently a catch-phrase that's spreading like measles in hip circles, means roughly "new wave" and is used to refer to a sort of modernized samba, with a cross-rhythm that sounds like a slightly disoriented metronome. The idea comes from Brazil, though the original cross-breeding of Brazilian rhythms and the American jazz beat began almost ten years ago in a Hollywood night club, the Haig.

Bud Shank of Studio City, who plays alto sax and flute, and Laurindo Almeida of Van Nuys, a Brazilian born guitarist, played a series of one-night stands at the Haig when the then brand-new Gerry Mulligan Quartet was taking its weekly night off. Both Shank and Almeida had played in the Stan Kenton band, itself a major breeding ground for the combining of Latin and jazz idioms.

"I was fascinated by Laurindo's Brazilian melodies," Shank recalls. "Soon after these gigs, we made some records together. A few years later, on a visit home to Rio to see his mother, Laurindo played these records to the Rio musicians and they never got over it." As a result, the samba having been around in Brazil for some 25 years, a jazz-plus-samba junction developed. One product of this fusion, an LP called "Jazz Samba," which also teams a saxophonist (Stan Getz) and a guitarist (Charlie Byrd), is already on its way to the best-seller charts. (Verve 8432.)

☆ ☆ ☆

DURING THE PAST TWO WEEKS, I have received a flock of new albums that use the phrase "bossa nova" in their titles. The best big-band set is by Van Nuys' Shorty Rogers (Reprise 6050), with an all-star band that includes pianist Pete Jolly and the above-mentioned Messrs. Shank and Almeida.

An interesting small-combo bossa nova LP is Sonny Rollins' "What's New?" (RCA Vic 2572). Again the dominant voices are a saxophone (Rollins' driving tenor) and a guitar (the brilliant Jim Hall). On some tracks additional percussionists are brought in to fan the flames. The strict bossa nova rhythm, established in the opening tune ("If Ever I Would Leave You," from "Camelot") is not maintained throughout; the album includes a variety of South American rhythmic innovations and concludes with the addition of a choral group for the traditional Calypso melody "Brownskin Girl."

There is also a so-called bossa nova album by Barney Kessel, but this gifted guitarist has diverted the new idea to include overtones of rock 'n' roll and to change the character of such tunes as "Jada," "Sweet Georgia Brown" and "Muskrat Ramble," which is akin to developing a twist routine to "Stars and Stripes Forever."

By the way, if you'd care to hear how this whole jazz-Brazilian wedding began, listen to "Brazilliance" (World Pacific 1412), by Almeida and Shank. That was eight years before bossa nova, but it was Page 1, Paragraph 1 in this particular chapter of the "Jazz International" story.

(*"Life With Feather" is heard Sundays at 8 p.m. over KNOB 98 on the FM dial.*)

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JAZZ
magazine

BEN WEBSTER

* INITIATION = LES GUITARISTES, PAR LEONARD FEATHER *

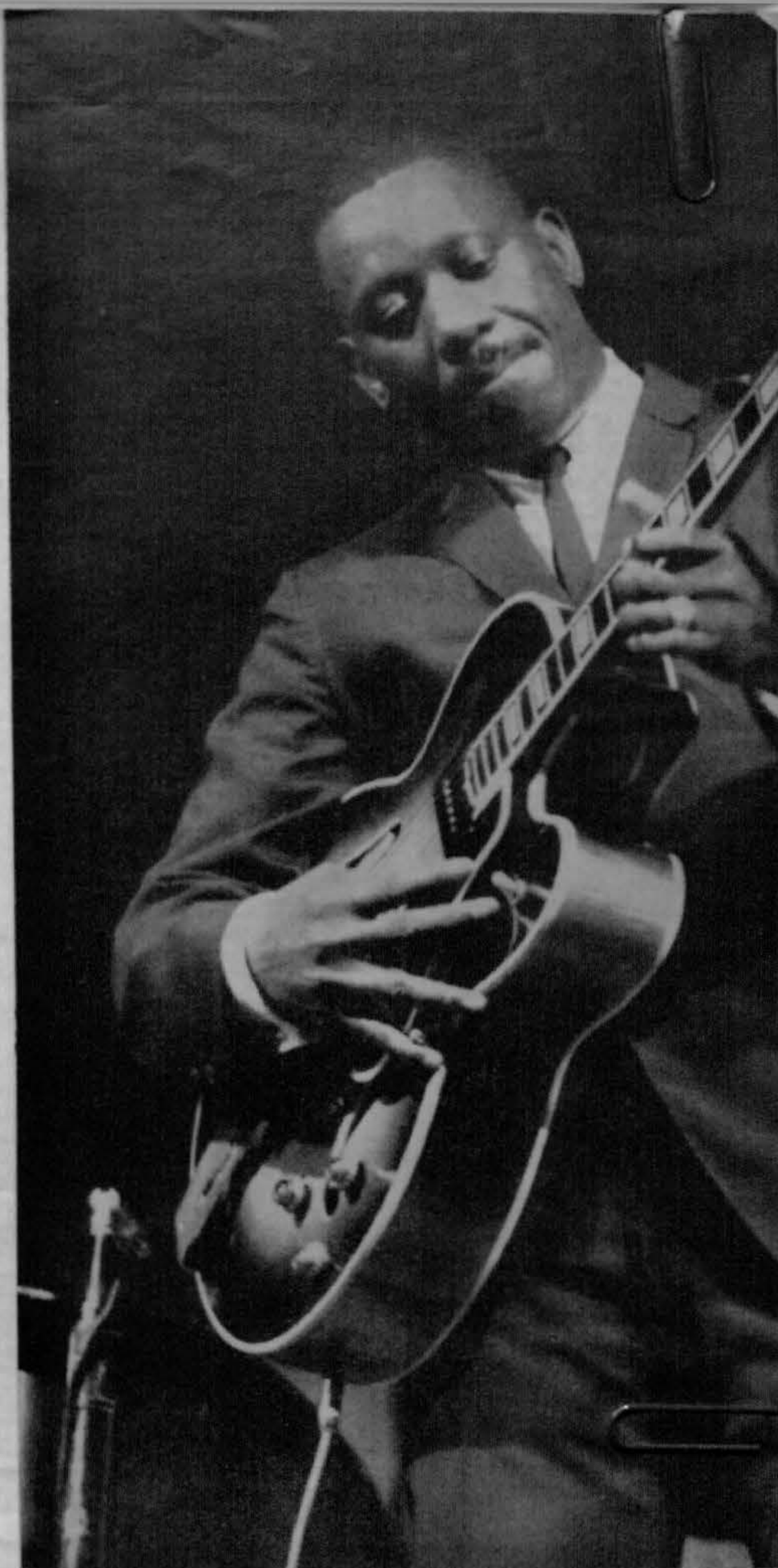
N° 85 - AOUT 1962 - 2,50 NF

INITIATION AU JAZZ,
SECOND ARTICLE

LA GUITARE

Longtemps reléguée à un rôle purement rythmique et harmonique, la guitare est devenue, de par la volonté de quelques audacieux novateurs, un instrument capable de rivaliser avec les cuivres et les anches. Leonard Feather vous conte l'histoire de la guitare et vous parle des hommes qui ont su nous faire aimer

LES CORDES LE SWING ET LE MEDIATOR



Hollywood

Franz Waxman has wound scoring on UA's "Taras Bulba" and is writing an opera based on "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde." . . . Warner Bros. has taken a single out of **Pat Buttram's** "Off His Rocker" album and is peddling it to a commercial toy manufacturer as an "incentive" disk . . . Model Music Co. of this city has purchased rights to "The Bossa Nova." It now has English lyrics by **Jack Machado** . . . **Neal Hefti** will do the arrangements for the new Reprise album which will pair **Frank Sinatra** and **Count Basie**. It'll be cut Oct. 1-4.

Stanley Styne penned four more tunes and is close to making wax deal with Victor on his ditties from "Chip Off The Old Block," current at Statler-Hilton, L.A. . . .

VARIETY, SEPT. 26, 1962

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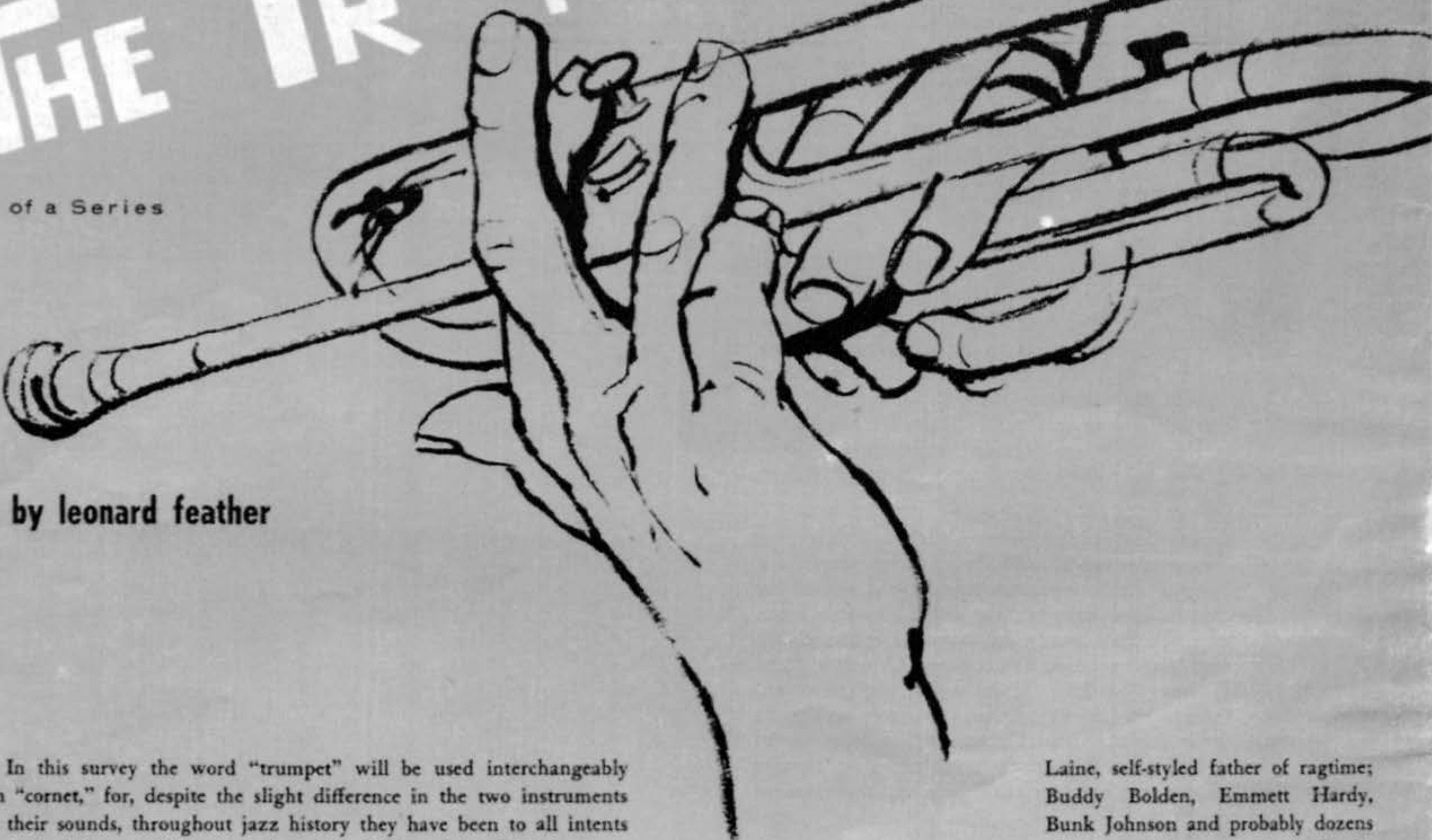
GIANTS OF JAZZ

THE TRUMPETERS

Fifth of a Series



by leonard feather

In this survey the word "trumpet" will be used interchangeably with "cornet," for, despite the slight difference in the two instruments and their sounds, throughout jazz history they have been to all intents identical. A few musicians have been identified mainly with the cornet —Rex Stewart, Bix Beiderbecke, the pre-1928 Louis Armstrong—just as a few in recent years have taken up the fluegelhorn: Miles Davis, Shorty Rogers, Clark Terry. But for the purpose of style analysis or historic perspective, all are in effect trumpeters.

Because of its carrying power and dominance, the trumpet was the de facto leader of early brass bands and of the ragtime bands that evolved from them. Charlie Hart, a midwestern road show musician; Frank Clay of Indianapolis; Roy Pope, a Hoosier cornetist; Jack Papa Laine, self-styled father of ragtime; Buddy Bolden, Emmett Hardy, Bunk Johnson and probably dozens of others were prominent in bands that played primitive jazz and pre-jazz in the late nineteenth or early twentieth century. Undoubtedly they were scattered through the East, Midwest, all over the South and possibly the West, too, but only the New Orleans musicians achieved any measure of recognition, mainly because the important contributions of later musicians, notably King Oliver, Nick La Rocca with his Original Dixieland Jazz Band, and Louis Armstrong, drew attention to this city as a musical wellspring.

See page sixteen for key to photographs.

This gave rise to the popular illusion, now cherished by many historians and neither provable nor disprovable at this late date, that New Orleans was the birthplace of jazz.

The straight, piercing tones of a trumpet-led ensemble were characteristic of early Dixieland jazz, in which solos at first played a minor role. Open horn, with little subtlety of tone and rare use of mutes, was the order of the day; not until the middle and late 1920's did the variety of timbres attainable become generally known. By that time the mordant quality of the straight mute, and the growl or "wa-wa" effects obtainable from the rubber plunger (popularized by Bubber Miley in the early Duke Ellington orchestra), were familiar to jazz audiences.

The key figure of the 1920's was of course Louis Armstrong. His playing at first was a refinement of that of his mentor, Joe "King" Oliver, in whose band he played as early as 1922. The enduring values of his catalytic style, first prominent in the Oliver and Fletcher Henderson bands but best known historically through the records made with his Hot Five and Hot Seven groups (1925-8), were the purity and beauty of his tone, a subtle and instinctive use of rubato and syncopation, the ability to sustain notes with a superbly controlled vibrato, and his faculty for combining a basic simplicity of approach—melodically and technically elementary by today's highly complex standards—with an unremittingly swinging beat. These elements are often lacking in the academically brilliant but less warmly inspired work of many contemporary youngsters who look down on Armstrong as old-fashioned.

(Continued on page sixteen)

GIANTS OF JAZZ

(Continued from the opposite page)

its time (as was further demonstrated in his impressionist piano compositions). Although the work of La Rocca, Sharkey Bonano, Emmett Hardy and others may have had their bearing on Bix, and despite the theory that Negro musicians in the Midwest were ahead of him in the development of this style, the impact of Beiderbecke was one of immeasurable importance. The legatees of his gift to jazz include some of his contemporaries who are still active, such as Jimmy McPartland, and some who took up the style after his death, most notably Bobby Hackett.

During the interim between the era dominated by Armstrong and Bix (about 1926-31) and the emergence of the great men of the swing era, the most significant stylists to come to prominence were Rex Stewart and Red Allen, both still active in Los Angeles and New York, respectively. Stewart, who combined Armstrong and Beiderbecke elements with a sound of his own that was later enlivened by his development of the "squeezed-tone" (half-valve) technique, is best remembered through his composition, "Boy Meets Horn," recorded with Ellington. But that was in 1938, when he had already been known among the jazz elite as a major contributor. Red Allen was perhaps the first to challenge the technical problems posed by the trumpet; he played in long, often legato, melodic lines, with a strange mosquito-like tone and a narrower vibrato. Best known as a Luis Russell and Henderson band sideman, he showed that it was possible to escape from the sometimes constricting effects of symmetry, of thinking in terms of two and four bar phrases.

Roy Eldridge, the volatile and bright-sounding improviser, whose style at times bore some resemblance to Allen's, became a top jazz influence between 1935 and 1942, playing in the bands of Teddy Hill, Henderson and Gene Krupa as well as on records with his own groups and with Teddy Wilson, Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey. During the same period Buck Clayton, in the Count Basie band, showed a less quixotic and smoother approach, characterized mainly by a wider and well-controlled vibrato and by frequent use, to superb effect, of the cup mute.

Charlie Shavers, with the John Kirby sextet and later for many years with Tommy Dorsey, managed to create an unusual variety of moods. His muted style, neatly syncopated and often touched with humor, was the essence of the Kirby group's character; his open horn, bold and brash, had a darting, leaping range that threw high notes like a boxer throwing sneak punches. His ballad style was (and is) sentimental and sensitive.

Jonah Jones, celebrated in the late 1930's as Stuff Smith's sidekick, has risen to commercial fame by purveying a largely muted, gently swinging style typical of the better jazzmen of the 1930's. Harry Sweets Edison, the Basie graduate in whom bent notes and humor have become a dominant factor, was a powerful big band soloist; Ray Nance and Harold "Shorty" Baker have been fine-toned, consistently swinging voices in the Ellington band of the 1940's and '50's; Emmett Berry, once well-known in the Fletcher and Horace Henderson bands, remains a fluent swing-era individualist, as does the Ellington-and-Goodman alumnus Taft Jordan.

Several trumpeters prominent throughout the past two or three decades have been identified with Dixieland jazz but are actually capable of a broader range and of great tonal beauty. Among them are Lee Castle, of Jimmy Dorsey band fame, Wild Bill Davison and Pee-Wee Erwin.

Other giants of the 1930's were Harry James and Bunny Berigan, both Goodman sidemen and then bandleaders. James became known for his exceptional technique and Armstrong-cum-Spanier style, Berigan for his lyricism and his exquisite lower register. Frankie Newton, who died in 1954, was a less publicized but gifted artist who was at home with a variety of mutes including the buzz mute.

Dizzy Gillespie started a revolution, not only in jazz trumpet but in the whole conception of jazz, when he evolved from an Eldridge style into one that used cascades of sixteenth notes where others had played eighths and quarters; implied two or three chord changes where earlier men would have had a mental image of only one; and developed a sheer, stark tone that at first seemed thin, but later was acknowledged as the logical mode of expression of this new, melodically and harmonically imaginative manner.

Though the first hints of his matured style were heard in 1941 in the Cab Calloway band, Gillespie became the No. 1 influence in 1945, when he and Charlie Parker headed a quintet. Soon after their initiation of the "bebop" revolt came a deluge of new trumpeters all trying to emulate Gillespie and all eventually recognized as individually important: Howard McGhee, Kenny Dorham, Red Rodney, Fats Navarro (one of the most promising bop trumpeters, he died in 1950), and of course Miles Davis, long a partner in the Charlie Parker Quintet. Davis started as a Gillespie man but later reduced the bright flame of his mentor to a low glow, a more cool and introverted manner that retained the harmonic innovations of bop and has long since started a whole school on its own.

In a direct line from Gillespie, bop found its way into the jazz of the 1950's through the work of the buoyant Thad Jones and the swing-plus-bop-oriented Joe Newman, both Basie band products; Conte Candoli, who strained the bop current through a West Coast transformer; Joe Wilder, an ace section man and soloist; Shorty Rogers, influenced first by Dizzy and later by Davis; and Art Farmer, less ebullient than Gillespie yet more forceful than Davis in his finely articulated statements.

Two first-rate jazzmen who have passed from jazz into mainly studio work are Clark Terry (Gillespie with a touch of Rex Stewart) and Don Fagerquist.

Talented stylistic dissidents in the modern era include Don Goldie of the Jack Teagarden sextet, whose chief influences are the heroes of the '20's and '30's; Ruby Braff, a latter-day Buck Clayton with an elegant manner both open and muted; and Chet Baker, a cool soloist of the early 1950's, who, during his few years of prominence, showed a Davis-like incandescence and a Beriganesque beauty in the lower register. On a much more extrovert level, there are occasional suggestions of Berigan in the more relaxed moments of Al Hirt, whose fame was built on his musical fortitude though actually he is capable of first-rate jazz improvisation. Technically Hirt is the most remarkable trumpeter to emerge from jazz in recent years. Dick Ruedebusch is another promising new star who shows swing era inclinations.

Al Hirt

New influences at work in the 1960's have brought to prominence such promising youngsters as Don Ellis, composer and spearhead in an avant garde "new wave" of jazz; Ted Curson, a rapidly-developing product of Charlie Mingus' combo; and Carmell Jones, whose work is evocative of the late and greatly missed Clifford Brown (killed in a car crash in 1956 at the age of twenty-five.) Mention should be made of Benny Bailey, whose gifts have been obscured by his absence in Sweden for many years; Blue Mitchell of the Horace Silver Quintet; also Richard Williams in New York, Ira Sullivan in Chicago, and Jack Sheldon in Hollywood.

To young musicians looking for guidance at the start of a career in jazz, I recommend extensive study of the records of Armstrong, Beiderbecke, Eldridge, Gillespie and Davis. In these five can be found an invaluable, virtually complete education in the forty-year evolution of jazz trumpet. Combine the best traits of each and you'll have the ultimate in modern music.

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DAILY VARIETY

Wed., Sept. 12, 1962

...Steve Allen show this week... Model Music has purchased rights to "The Bossa Nova," and several labels have issued albums, including Reprise and Verve, with new English lyrics and jazz arrangements . . . Dick Van Dyke show

18 • N. Y. AMSTERDAM NEWS, Sat., Sept. 1, 1962

Beverly Hills - Hollywood Branch Of NAACP Has Big Names

HOLLYWOOD — Several well known personalities of the entertainment world have already lined themselves up with the newly formed Hollywood-Beverly Hills branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Actress Maggie Hathaway, president of the new branch, this week announced that Peter Brown, of the Law Man TV show; Leonard Feather, composer-music critic and KNOB broadcaster, and attorney James Tolbert are serving as vice-presidents.

Charter members of the organization, which aims at fuller integration in studio jobs and many other aspects of Hollywood life, include James Yarborough, director of Wagon Train, and actor Bob Richards, of The Verdict is Yours.

Mrs. Sammy Davis, Sr., has been named treasurer. Memberships, available from $2.00 up, are being sought in the San Fernando Valley westward from North Hollywood, and in Westwood, Brentwood, Inglewood, Culver City, Glendale, Palos Verdes and Redondo Beach.

Hollywood Reporter 9/19

TV-Radio Briefs

Sleepy Stein planes to Monterey tonight to head up a four-man reporting team from KNOB covering the Monterey Jazz Festival this weekend. Stein, Leonard Feather, Howard Lucraft and Charles Weisenberg will record interviews with festival stars including Benny Carter, Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, Earl "Fatha" Hines, Carmen McRae, Dave Brubeck, Quincy Jones, to be aired Sunday night.

The Kingston Trio will record 15

Life With Feather

Laine Hits Mount Sans Rock 'n Roll

By Leonard Feather

Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz"

SOME MONTHS AGO, in an interview with this writer, Frankie Laine observed that he was not the least concerned about the inroads of rock 'n roll, that he felt it would run its course in another few years and that meanwhile he was continuing to draw his material from established songwriters rather than fly-by-night fledglings.

The time that has elapsed since those remarks—almost a year now—has been singularly kind to Laine. His Columbia LP **"Hell Bent For Leather"** turned out to be his best seller in several years. He followed it up with another successful album, **"Deuces Wild,"** devoted to songs about gambling.

THE OTHER day I caught up with the indomitable Frankie. He was in the middle of a rare six-week vacation. I found him, with his blonde and attractive wife, at their beach house in Malibu, fishing. After helping Mrs. Laine investigate a pull on the line (it turned out to be a perch too small to be worth bothering with—the Laines don't play for piddling stakes), Franki relaxed for a few moments to discuss a subject that had been temporarily off his mind—singing.

FRANKIE LAINE

"How do you keep your voice as strong as it is after all the years you've been working?" I asked.

"It's mainly a matter of the amount of work I do and the kind of songs I sing," he said. "Now most singers who've been around for a long time, their vibratos tend to become deeper and wider as they grow older. As the burden grows, you have a tendency to want to find ways of easing up on the physical effort. You can do that, among other ways, by finding songs that are easier to sing.

"In my case it just turned out that this is impossible. The type of songs with which I've become identified through the years have made it necessary to keep up my vocal strength. With numbers like 'Jezebel' and 'Mule Train' and 'Wild Goose' still an important part of my repertoire, I have been forced to go the other route.

"So, when you're compelled to sing very dynamically, as I am because of the things that have done well for me in the past, this helps to keep up the strength in your neck muscles and everything—prevents any danger of becoming wobbly on the low notes."

I asked whether he still intends to keep looking for the same type of material.

"Why, sure," he said. "You know, a couple of years ago I ran into a kid in Memphis who has a song titled 'Call of the Wild'. I couldn't do anything with it at the time, but I held on to it, knowing that some day it would have possibilities.

"Well, sure enough, after we'd done nicely with the last LP, **'Deuces Wild,'** it occurred to me that this would make a perfect title song for a follow-up album—all songs about the open road.

"No, I'm certainly not planning any change in the kind of songs I use or the amount of work I put into them. And I'm not worried about rock 'n roll, either. Right now we have plenty of good marterial. I'm pretty well set with plans for the next four LPs—including a Christmas album."

"Christmas?" I said. "Isn't September a little late to be recording a Christmas album? I thought they were always prepared five or six months ahead."

"Sure," said Frankie calmly. "We're kind of breaking the record, though. We're recording it next December, for release before Christmas of 1963. We want to be good and prepared."

Frankie returned to his Pacific vigil. It was Friday, but fishless; for all the luck he had it could have been Friday the 13th.

In the light of his earlier views on the Big Beat, one little incident seemed symbolical. I noted that he caught a small fish and contemptuously threw it back. **"What was that?"** I asked.

"A rock bass," said Frankie.

SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER
SEPT. 7, 1962

VALLEY TIMES, SEPT 22

Life With Feather

Will There Be Jazz In 1999?

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia Of Jazz")

Discussions on the shape of things to come are stimulating—and safe. You can always make the wildest of predictions, and nobody now on earth can prove you wrong.

The other evening I found myself in just such a speculative session with Benny Carter, the uniquely multi-talented Hollywood composer, arranger and saxophonist best remembered by TV fans as the composer-conductor for 'M' Squad.' Benny is serving this weekend as musical director of the Monterey Jazz Festival, on which a full report will appear next week.

"Last year at Monterey," I commented, "music was performed that seemed to have little to do with jazz—long and intricate concert works such as J. J. Johnson's 'Perceptions' in which, for all their beauty and musical success, the jazz content was negligible.

★ ★ ★

"WHAT DO YOU THINK this trend indicates? Will there be any real jazz left by 1999 or is this the writing on the wall?"

"It's true," answered Benny, "that jazz has become much too involved and complicated in recent years. It's also true that a lot of music played at jazz festivals isn't really jazz at all.

"Let's take the case of J. J. Johnson. As you know, I brought him out of Indianapolis 20 years ago and he played trombone in my band for three years. He's a marvelous musician and a brilliant writer. The thing you have to remember is, when he writes a concert work like 'Perceptions' it shouldn't be classified as jazz. In fact, it wouldn't be, if it weren't for the fact that he is known as a jazz musician.

"There was an album released a few years ago called 'Music for Brass.' One side consisted of three pieces written by J. J. Johnson, John Lewis and Jimmy Giuffre, who are all associated with jazz. But in my record library at home I don't have it filed with the jazz records. It's on the same shelf with my Brahms and my Beethoven, where it belongs. Even though Miles Davis and J. J. have little solo appearances in J. J.'s piece, 'Poem for Brass,' basically the music is not jazz in concept or in execution.

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"IT ISN'T A QUESTION of whether the music is good or bad; it's just that a lot of music written nowadays, by composers who happen to have jazz associations, really has no business being called jazz.

"So I wouldn't be too pessimistic about the future of jazz. After all, so much of it is being produced now for so many different tastes. There'll be room for all kinds to survive."

Carter is right, of course. His own music is one of the best illustrations of the progress that jazz can make without losing its identity. Two recent Count Basie albums on Roulette, "Kansas City Suite" and "The Legend," consist entirely of music by Carter, all of it swinging unpretentiously, all melodically interesting and with no trace either of the neurotic character or the quasi-classical pretentions that have marked so much jazz in recent years.

As long as there are Benny Carters around—and Basies and Ellingtons and Mulligans—I don't think we need worry about the danger that jazz may be swallowed up by classical music.

If you're still reding this column in 1999, remind me to write an article saying "I told you so."

Las Vegas Sun Sept. 29

NARD, Editor Saturday, September 29, 1962

Life With Feather

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By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia Of Jazz," Horizon Press)

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"How about the other side of the coin—the rock 'n' roll singers who have been presented as jazz, like Chuck Berry at the Newport Festival?" I asked.

"I'd say performances of that type have more place in a festival than some of the symphonic music that's being presented in the name of jazz. You have to remember, jazz basically is a rhythmic and comparatively unsophisticated music. When you take it out of that category and infuse it with other forms, you lose the very qualities that made it what it is."

I pointed out that one of the elaborate pieces scheduled for this year's Monterey Festival is Lalo Schifrin's "New Continent," written for Dizzy Gillespie and a 25 piece orchestra. Carter conducted a recording of the work in Hollywood last week. "Surely the same evaluation would apply to this," I commented.

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8

VALLEY TIMES SEPT. 29, 1962

Monterey Festival Best Yet

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of New Encyclopedia of Jazz)

Life With Feather

Brubeck Play Real Triumph

Chief honors in the fifth annual jazz festival at Monterey, California, went to the Brubeck family of Westport, Connecticut.

This singular victory was accomplished through the cooperation of Louis Armstrong, Trummy Young, Carmen McRae and the vocal trio of Lambert, Hendricks and Yolande, whose combined efforts turned the final evening of the festival into a unique and unprecedented occasion with their performance of "The Real Ambassadors."

THIS MUSICAL play was written by Brubeck and his wife, Iola, with Armstrong specifically in mind. Completed five years ago, it never achieved Broadway production and even on this occasion was only offered in excerpts, tied together by a narration.

Many of you, I'm sure, have been depressed by the level of dramatic presentations of jazz, whether on stage, screen or TV—most of them concentrating on narcotics, alcoholism or love triangles designed for squares, and all of them tending to downgrade the character of the jazzman as a human being. The Brubecks' play offers the definitive refutation.

BRUBECK, SATCHMO SHARE SPOTLIGHT
Congratulations were in order.

SET IN a mythical African country that has just acquired its independence, the story is as basic as possible, emphasizing the value of men like "Ambassador Satch" in cementing goodwill and friendship. There is an underlying social message that is never overstated to the point of becoming propaganda.

"The Real Ambassadors" is an achievement on several levels.

It has provided Armstrong with new material for his hominy-grits voice and immutable horn; it has teamed him with normally disparate talents—the superlative modern singing of Carmen McRae, the up-to-the-minute group vocalizing of Lambert Hendricks & Yolande—in a completely compatible manner.

IT HAS brought to prominence the lyric-writing talents of both Dave and Iola Brubeck, whose often witty, sometimes poignant words are eloquently matched with melodies that are simple, totally suited to the artists, and generally of unusual melodic charm.

CARMEN McRAE

One, "Remember Who You Are," sung by Armstrong and his trombonist Trummy Young, is a lightly satirical treatment of a typical State Department briefing session before a jazz combo's departure from the U.S. Carmen and Louis were both superb in "I Didn't Know Until You Told Me" and "One Moment Worth Years."

THE SONGS in this hour-long presentation were linked with a skillful narration, delivered by Iola Brubeck, a former radio actress with all the requirements of dignity and diction that an assignment of this nature calls for.

Instead of seeming to condescend, her manner implied that she was glad to be a part of this scene and to lend it charm and elegance.

Completing the family setup, Brubeck's elder brother Howard served onstage as prompter, chimes player and assistant pianist.

AFTER THE presentation, Brubeck told me: "A few weeks ago, we lost the entire score to this show, and Louis was so eager to help that he sat up nights with his typewriter taking the whole off the record.

"We have already had three offers to take the show out on a concert tour.

"We have a second show for Louis all ready to go whenever this one's completed its objectives. You know, it's hard to get a thing like this launched, even with a name like Louis.'

"We were supposed to give a premiere in London several years ago and it never materialized. Monterey gave us a wonderful opportunity."

JIMMY LYONS, the festival's producer, deserves much credit for bringing "The Real Ambassadors" to a live audience for the first time. Even though it lacks the narration, Columbia's LP of the show (OL 5850 monaural, OS 2250 stereo) is highly recommended.

Financially, this was the most successful festival Monterey has yet held; on Saturday night there were 7,800 in the fair grounds and several hundred turned away.

Musically, aside from "The Real Ambassadors," there were other new ideas, new talents, and some old friends welcomed back; they will be discussed here next week.

(Life With Feather is heard every Sunday evening at 8 on KNOB, 98 FM)

Life With Feather

Complications Of Modern Jazz Project It Into New Category

By Leonard Feather
Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz"

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LEONARD FEATHER looks at the future and asks....

Is jazz committing suicide?

THERE is an eerie parallel between what is happening to jazz and what is happening to the world.

The insatiable desire for technological progress produced the bombs. Scientists seriously debate whether the result may not be the self-destruction of mankind.

An equally intense quest for constant advancement has led many of the lively arts, especially jazz, to an impasse.

Undesirable

It is entirely possible that this lust for progress, this constant rejection of long-established norms, may produce a music that will shed almost every characteristic of jazz as we have known it—melodically, tonally, harmonically and even rhythmically.

But will this necessarily be an undesirable move? Will the amalgamation of jazz with atonality, with European music at large, possibly result in a new music greater and more vital than the simpler forms it will have replaced?

Hard-swinging

The question assumes a little too much. For it seems unlikely that the music of today's avant garde, whether it be represented by Gunther Schuller, Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman or Don Ellis, will necessarily involve the rejection of everything that has preceded it.

Hard-swinging jazz, as typified today by the groups of Art Blakey,

● *JONAH JONES—"commercial"*

● *WEBSTER—quality*

Cannonball and Horace Silver, will survive. So will swing, though it will be ranked as commercial music (as are Jonah Jones' records today).

So will Dixieland, though it will be played not mainly by professional jazzmen, but rather by amateurs who like to toy with music as a hobby, and who will find Dixieland within their technical grasp.

Advanced

By the new and astonishingly advanced standards that today's young players have imposed on their elders, it will become a form of musical child's-play for benevolent but musically limited adults.

What is happening to jazz today need not be a cause for alarm. Twenty years ago, when Dizzy and Bird began to be talked about, it was feared that they, too, would ruin jazz by removing it from the realms of identifiable melody and acceptable harmony.

Today, of course, the contributions of Diz and Bird are a part of the main body of jazz and are even considered a starting point by the new wave.

Development

The easiest way to dismiss a new development in any art is to attribute these negative characteristics to it. Some of the new jazz creators are facing exactly the same type of criticism that Diz and Bird had to put up with two decades before them.

The one important difference, though, is that 20 years ago there was no serious, extensive move under way to incorporate jazz and classical music.

The two camps were so far apart psychologically, had so little understanding or knowledge of each other's work, and classical musicians had so little respect for jazz, that a merger could not have been thinkable.

Today all that has changed radically.

Almost every new jazzman has a broad empirical knowledge of classical music, while more and more classical musicians are proving themselves as jazzmen.

A few years from now it will be

● *ELDRIDGE—emotional*

● *BLAKEY* ● *SILVER*

foolish even to use such terms as "classical musician" and "jazzman," since one will have become the other.

Only two qualities need be retained in order to preclude the possibility of the death of jazz as an identifiable form.

Syncopation

One is the rhythmic element.

Since this is spreading rapidly rather than declining (witness its incorporation into Brazilian music in the current "Bossa nova" craze), there is little danger that syncopation in the jazz sense will perish from the earth.

Second is the all-important element variously known as soul, funk, etc.—the emotional quality typified by, say, a Ben Webster or a Roy Eldridge. If ever jazz loses that characteristic, I for one will feel the end is near.

Jazz is no more likely to commit suicide than the human race is likely to arrange its own annihilation.

Destruction

But there are other means of destruction, some of them inadvertent. Let's just hope that our music retains its own sovereignty, its identity in the arts; let's pray that nobody pushes the wrong key (or leaves us WITHOUT a key) in one irrevocable move that may blow jazz to kingdom come.

MELODY MAKER 9/15/62

THE ESSENTIALS OF A JAZZ RECORD LIBRARY

BY LEONARD FEATHER

A GUIDE TO THE MOST SIGNIFICANT AND REWARDING JAZZ RECORDS * AVAILABLE ON MICROGROOVE *

THE ESSENTIALS of a jazz record library depend on so many factors that the problem of selecting the records is almost insurmountable. First, of course, there is the matter of defining jazz. It is one of the more frustrating facts of jazz life that no two experts can agree on the boundary lines. There are many in the jazz field who will cast aside as nonjazz the so-called third-stream music that has provided fodder for controversy during the past two years. Others, including André Hodeir, Barry Ulanov, and this writer, believe that many of the highly publicized New Orleans pioneers were mediocre jazzmen and do not need extensive representation in a list of the great performers. And it was demonstrated by a debate in these pages a few months ago (when the question came under discussion of whether or not Ella Fitzgerald was a jazz singer) that the areas of disagreement on the vocal level are even broader.

For these reasons the present survey makes no attempt to reconcile the almost irreconcilable variety of viewpoints. The choice of records listed here is entirely subjective; and no matter how outrageous certain inclusions and omissions may seem to other musicians and critics, these records remain meaningful to me. After selecting twenty records, I found they happened to fall into two groups: a dozen by specific artists (listed alphabetically) and eight anthological sets (listed in approximate chronological order).

LOUIS ARMSTRONG • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"The Louis Armstrong Story—Vol. 3, Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines." *Muggles; Tight Like This;* and ten others. COLUMBIA CL 853 $3.98.

The singing of pop songs, the use of broad grins and white handkerchiefs were not yet requisites of Satchmo's act in 1928, although he had already been billed for two years as "The World's Greatest Trumpet Player." The material ranges from wildly extrovert trumpet-and-piano forays *(Weather Bird, Don't Jive Me, Sugar Foot Strut, Skip the Gutter)* to indigo moods with wordless Armstrong vocals that tell more than a thousand Tin Pan Alley lyrics *(Basin Street Blues, West End Blues)*. Hines's hammer-and-tongs piano was the perfect mate for the impassioned, creative Armstrong. Though the rest of the group now sounds dated, the two young pioneers make an emotional adventure of this trip back to fundamentals.

BIX BEIDERBECKE • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"The Bix Beiderbecke Story—Vol. II, Bix & Tram." *Singin' The Blues; I'm Comin' Virginia;* and ten others. COLUMBIA CL 845 $3.98.

This was made in the days when Bix and Pee Wee Russell, suffering for their undiscovered art, lived in a broken-down Hudson Lake cottage of which Mezz Mezzrow once wrote: "I couldn't tell you if there were any rugs under the dirt, but the room did have an

DIZZY GILLESPIE PHOTO BY LAWRENCE SHUSTAK

Music in the Making

You've got to believe it...

says GEORGE SHEARING

... talking about the style which has taken him to the top of the American music business

I GET a lot of inquiries about what has been called the Shearing style. So many, in fact, that I am writing a book about it—with Frank Metis—at the moment.

This goes into all the details. It began as something to answer the letters we get about "the sound," and it has grown into a whole book on music, coming out next year, which will be titled "The Shearing Style."

As for the style itself, there have been many copyists, but I don't think anybody has got the exact sound. And it has altered slightly through the years—with the addition of conga drums and bongos, for example.

Truthfully, I get bored with the same sound myself. After 13 years with what is virtually one group, you're bound to become a bit blase about it. You reach the point where you don't automatically enjoy playing.

I've tried to change it; I've changed the quintet's instrumentation. Once I used two guitars, but the public objected.

This has been one of the problems: the public doesn't want the style to be radically altered.

And this is an important consideration in the merchandising side of the business. The public tends to buy what it can recognise—music which has a readily identifiable sound.

Leonard Feather—the "sound" was his idea. (He writes on the bossa nova in this week's MM—see pages 8-9).

The idea

And yet I didn't think of it this way when I started the quintet in 1949. The style sort of developed naturally after we substituted vibes for clarinet.

It was Leonard Feather who suggested that—so really Leonard is responsible for the group's formation.

Its success, I believe, was mainly a matter of timing. You see, the period was the bop period—a very frantic time.

Musicians were favouring a complex melody line, but was it what people wanted to hear?

What do people ask for? "September in the rain"—tunes like that. We played them, and played them in their unadulterated, placid state.

The melody line wasn't complicated when we stated the theme, and the general sound was soft, smooth, logical and, as I've said, easy to identify.

Was it original? Yes, I'd say it was. But it might remind you of some[illegible]. You know what [illegible]

Guitar plays the melody low register; vibes play melody an octave above; piano fills out the middle, plays all the voices, and you have, in effect, a quintet duplication of the Glenn Miller sound.

The time, as things turned out, was right for it. People accepted it, and still do today.

But may I stress this point: the Shearing style was something I wanted to do musically; it wasn't based on a popular fad of the moment.

Lacking

That's why I don't try to enter into any of today's musical fads. We don't say: "This is what's going over big now, so let's get in on it." There would be something lacking.

It would sound contrived [illegible] the lack of sincerity [illegible] come through.

And you know, funny though it seems, to be successful with popular music you've got to believe it.

"The time was right..."

Prestige Names Ozzie Cadena A.&R. Director; Signs Artists

BERGENFIELD, N. J.—Prestige Records this week widened its out-of-town recording activities, re-signed two artists to exclusive pacts and hired a new a.&r. director. The label has also jumped on the bossa nova kick with two new albums and has added gospel material to its Tru-Sound catalog.

The label's new head of a&r. is Ozzie Cadena. Cadena formerly was with Savoy Records, did some special rates for Blue Note and had a record production firm and label of his own. Cadena replaces Esmond Edwards at Prestige, who recently joined the Chess-Checker set up as a.&r. chief of its Argo jazz subsid.

Prestige has also re-signed two artists who formerly were with the firm. Pianist Red Garland and tenor saxist Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis are back with the label after a tenure with Riverside Records.

Out-of-town recording has been done with a number of artists on the label's subsid banners. On Swingsville the firm is releasing an album produced by Leonard Feather recorded on the West Coast and featuring such top jazz names as Ben Webster, Benny Carter, Barney Bigard, Jimmy Rowles and Dave Barbour. In Philadelphia, the label's International division has recorded a live set with Jack Elliott at the Second Fret. The Moodsville label will have a new set recorded by Cootie Williams in Miami. The album was cut by Sid Wayman while Williams was playing the show with Belle Barth.

BILLBOARD

BOSSA NOVA MAKING THE CARNEGIE SCENE

The Bossa Nova is going into New York's Carnegie Hall. The Brazilian-beat bash, which has been set for Nov. 21, will be co-sponsored by Sid Frey, president of Audio Fidelity Records, and Show Magazine. It will feature Stan Getz, Clark Terry, Bob Brookmeyer, and other American jazz tootlers along with Joao Gilberto, Antonio Carlos Jobim and Vinicius de Moraes, Brazilian musicians.

Frey, who will record the concert for his AF label, is currently in Brazil arranging for other artists to make the Carnegie scene. Leonard Feather has been set as show's emcee.

VARIETY— OCT. 3

JAZZ magazine

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DANS CE NUMÉRO ■ LES RENDEZ-VOUS DU JAZZ : NEWPORT, COMBLAIN, HELSINKI
UNE CHANTEUSE A LA RECHERCHE D'UN PUBLIC : HELEN HUMES ■ INITIATION AU JAZZ : LE TROMBONE, PAR LEONARD FEATHER ■ TOUS LES DISQUES DU MOIS

OCT. 6

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Life With Feather

What's Wrong With Festivals?

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

If you were among the millions who did not attend the recent Monterey Jazz Festival, the following afterthoughts may offer some consolation.

Despite my warm comments last week, I must concede that in many respects the event had certain earmarks of Operation Confusion. It was, in fact, a far wail from the smooth production in which Monterey has taken annual pride.

True, there was some important new music performed, notably "The New Continent," a fascinating vehicle for trumpet (Dizzy Gillespie) and orchestra, composed by Gillespie's pianist, Lalo Schifrin. The Festival Workshop orchestra, assembled by trumpeter Al Porcino of Studio City, did a fine job of performing this jazz-tinged concert work.

THERE WAS INFECTIOUS evidence, too, of the impact on jazz of Bossa Nova. The new Brazilian beat was a highlight in the performances of the Stan Getz Quartet, and also at the matine for which Bola Sete, a young guitarist from Rio, played the two principal Bossa Nova hits of the moment, "One Note Samba" and "Desafinado." Bola Sete, heard on his own as well as in the tandem with the Gillespie combo, revealed an onstage mobility that almost turned the proceedings into a rock 'n' roll hop as he and Dizzy engaged in a comedy dance routine; yet his extraordinary technique and swing compensated for the excessive showmanship.

Gillespie

Also on the credit side were the superb performances of such swing era titans as Benny Carter, Earl Hines, Ben Webster and Stuff Smith.

★ ★ ★

ON THE OTHER HAND, there were several occurrences that seemed to have been inspired by pointers in a course on how to foul up a jazz festival:

(1) Run the affair at a spot half a mile's walk from where you have to park your car, and don't put up any direction signs.

(2) Be sure that the concerts don't start on time. (The five at Monterey were from 25 to 45 minutes late.)

(3) Install a good sound system, but just to show listeners how lucky they are let it go on the blink every once in a while.

(4) Fly in some new talents all the way from New York—like trumpeter Ted Curson, singer Jeanne Lee, pinaist Ran Blake—and then relegate them to short sets that serve only as entr'acte music. Place them on a small bandstand at the side of the stage, so that hammering workmen preparing the main stage for the next act can drown out their performances. Also include an Israeli folk singer, Yaffa Yarkoni, who has as much right to a jazz festival spot as Lawrence Welk.

Jones

(5) Announce "Quincy Jones and the Monterey Festival Jazz Orchestra" in the printed program as your opening act; then open the show with a set not by Jones but by Al Porcino. Let him stay on at least 40 minutes, so that artists later in the show, like the Brubeck Quartet, will have to be cut short; and by the time the real Quincy Jones stands up, after midnight, hundreds of fan will have left.

(6) Hire David Raksin, the Studio City composer of "Laura," to write two special arrangements. Then give him so little time to rehearse them that the one featuring Stan Getz will be imperfectly performed (causing Getz to walk off in a huff and fail to show up for a later appearance) and the one featuring Paul Desmond cannot be performed at all.

(7) Announce "Salute to the Saxophone," honoring its Belgian inventor, Adolph Saxe; but instead of presenting a specially written work to integrate the ten top saxmen hired for this show, just let them blow a long string of disconnected ad lib choruses.

The last item, typical of what's wrong with many such events, was a throwback to the first U.S. jazz festival finale, at Newport in 1954, when incompatibles like Stan Kenton and Eddie Condon, PeeWee Russell and Gerry Mulligan were turned loose onstage to stun the audience with the sheer weight of their name value.

CASH BOX OCT. 20

Ozzie Cadena Heads A&R At Prestige

BERGENFIELD, N.J.—Things are humming over at Prestige Records.

Highlighting a number of recent moves at the jazz label is the naming of Ozzie Cadena as A&R chief, replacing Esmond Edwards, who recently joined Argo Records as A&R head. Cadena formerly cut disks for Savoy and had his own gospel label, Choice.

Back on the Prestige talent roster, via new pacts, are jazzists Red Garland (piano) and Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis (tenor sax). Other new pactees include Larry Young, organist, and Dave Pike, vibes. Gene Ammons has signed a new, exclusive pact with the diskery. Ammons has a new Bossa Nova LP with Bucky Pizzarelli on Spanish guitar. There's also a new Bossa Nova LP by Dave Pike.

Another new LP features John Coltrane with Wilbur Hardin, Red Garland, Paul Chambers and Jimmy Cobb.

Out of town recording activity includes a west coast session produced by Leonard Feather featuring Ben Webster, Benny Carter and Barney Bigard for the Swingsville series. Cootie Williams was cut in Miami, while several artists were recorded at The Second Fret in Philly for the International and Bluesville labels, including Jack Elliot and Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry.

CASH BOX OCT. 13

They'll Be Doing The Bossa Nova At Carnegie

NEW YORK—A concert devoted to the Bossa Nova, the hot Brazilian rhythm, has been set for Thanksgiving Eve, Sept. 21.

Sponsored by Audio Fidelity Records and Show Magazine, the event will feature Stan Getz, hitting with "Desafinado," a Bossa Nova sound, on Verve, and other, as yet unannounced American jazz musicians. Also on hand will be three Brazilian artists credited with being founders of the Bossa Nova, Joao Gilberto, Antonio Carlos Jobim and Vincius De Moraes.

Sid Frey, president of Audio Fidelity, is now in Brazil cutting Bossa Nova music and will return with additional artists who will perform at the concert, which is being produced by Phil Shapiro.

Audio Fidelity is recording the concert for an LP release. Firm's current Bossa Nova entry is an LP, "Bossa Nova," by Lalo Schifrin.

Jazz authority Leonard Feather will emcee the concert.

CASH BOX OCT. 27

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L.A. VALLEY TIMES OCT. 13

Life With Feather

Summit Meeting: Sinatra, Basie

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

The recording session had been interrupted for a full half-hour while the star repaired to a nearby office to watch his son's TV debut with Jack Benny. Shortly after 10 p.m., he sauntered in and resumed his place in a screened-off corner of the studio. His co-star, sat at the piano nearby, while conductor Neal Hefti looked over the score.

"All right," said Frank Sinatra, "will you please get that young man with the camera out of here?" Going along with the gag, two friends grabbed Sammy Davis Jr. by the scruff of the Nikon.

"What are we doing now?" asked Frank.

"'Learnin' The Blues'," said Hefti.

"Crazy."

Neal beat the band off into a gently rocking Hefti score. Count Basie, dressed in a shaggy sweater and looking a little anxious, stared intently at his part and remained cautiously in the background except for a few obbligato tinkles.

FRANK SINATRA
Casual Confidence.

After the rundown, Hefti said: "We all start building at letter J. Take that pianissimo off; I changed the conception."

★ ★ ★

THEY TRIED A TAKE. Frank, hat on, hands in pocket, sang with casual confidence. After only one false start, they got a complete take. Bill Putnam, head of Hollywood's United Recording Studios, said gleefully: "We're sending a copy of Mississippi immediately."

"That's a lot of blues," said Sinatra. "That's a great record." As an aside to a friend, he added: "You know, I've been waiting 20 years to make this album."

Neal talked to a few of the Basie sidemen, who were less than completely satisfied: to please them, Frank did one more take. But there were seldom more than a couple of takes on any tune. The first LP union of America's No. 1 popular singer and No. 1 swinging band was providing just the mutual invigoration everyone had predicted.

Sinatra is generally hospitable to visitors at his record dates. This special event had attracted an unusually big retinue of musicians' wives, friends, music publishers and fans. The most conspicuous figure was a young, completely shaven-headed Basie camp-follower accompanied by a small dog and an even smaller monkey. After a while, he was gently prevailed upon by guards to remove the animal kingdom from the musical scene.

As the session progressed, it became clear that this was truly a double-billing affair, not just a band accompanying a singer; Hefti had arranged leeway in the arrangements for several saxophone, flute and trumpet soloists to shine.

★ ★ ★

IN A LITTLE WHILE, a young man with a reminiscent slouch walked in to greet his father. Beyond doubt, the 18-year-old Frank Sinatra Jr. was a chip off the old shoulder. Asked about his career (in addition to the Benny show, he has appeared at Disneyland singing some of his old man's early Tommy Dorsey record hits), Junior said: "... I'm mainly concerned with getting through

OCT. 20

Life With Feather

Night Club Fight: Twist vs. Music

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz.")

Last week, I was treated to a vivid illustration of why musicians spend so much time laughing on the outside and crying on the inside.

In the course of a few days, I heard the same group—vibraphonist Cal Tjader's admirable quintet — under three contrasting sets of conditions.

First came a visit to the Summit, a Hollywood night club that has been trying valiantly but vainly, for the past year or two, to stay loyal to jazz. Recently, after Lionel Hampton's band had drawn considerably less than the expected crowds, the management began to weaken and resorted (as it had before on occasion, when running scared) to twist music.

A twist group was still working at the club when Tjader's combo moved in. Tjader addressed his announcements to a restless but by no means twistless audience. When his group left the stand, he was replaced by a trio whose combined ages seemed to add up to slightly less than Count Basie's. They only knew one tune — or rather, one set of chords (the blues) without any tune — but they kept the noisy crowd on the dance floor, reeling like eels.

Later, Tjader told me: "It was a terrible mistake. My music made the twist fans unhappy, and the twist group drove out the music lovers. We could hardly wait for the engagement to end."

Said a representative of the club: "What could we do? It's too tough trying to break even with jazz. At least we're getting some people in here, and giving work to some good musicians."

Two nights later, I heard Tjader playing at a suburban club, Cappy's, in Van Nuys, Cal. The joyous expressions on the musicians' faces, and the spark in their playing, made it hard to believe this was the same group.

CAL TJADER
Made Twisters Unhappy

The room is smaller than the Summit. It was set up for listening, no dance space, with seats untimately arranged in arc around the bandstand. The audience, mostly in their early 20s, sat quietly absorbing the modern sounds, applauding in the right places. When the set ended, no alternating group was heard.

"Now why," I asked, "can an out-of-the-way room like this attract an intelligent crowd, while a place in the heart of town he has to cater to twisters?"

"I don't know the answer," said Tjader, "but I can tell you this. Here we feel like working. At the Summit, even the people who really WANTED to listen couldn't hear us at our best, because of course we weren't in the mood to play."

Another two days passed before I heard the Tjader group taping a half-hour TV show for the "Jazz Scene U.S.A." series which Jimmie Baker is producing for Steve Allen's company. Conditions were ideal: perfect sound recording, camera work that brought everything into close-up detail, and a welcome personal touch in the form of an interview between Tjader and the host, Oscar Brown Jr.

Moral: hearing a group in person at a club does not necessarily offer accurate evidence of its merit. In the final analysis, we must rely on the documentary media, such as television and records, to tell the true story of jazz today.

Recordings, by the way, often enable a leader to be heard with a larger group than most clubs can buy. On Tjader's newest release, "Contemporary Music of Mexico and Brazil" (Verve 8470), he is heard with a woodwind ensemble, fine Clare Fischer arrangements and added attractions like guitarist Laurindo Almeida. This LP proves that Tjader and Fischer were in the vanguard of the now-rampant bossa nova movement.

Postscript: Cannonball Adderley's Sextet, one of the finest groups in modern jazz, just opened at the Summit. I know Adderley must be there, because when I dropped by the other evening, I saw him getting off the bandstand—to make room for the twisters.

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Life with Feather New Jazz Book

Jazz, in emerging from the cellar of disrepute to the lofty stadium of respectability it now occupies, has picked up along the way an ever-expanding retinue of students, experts, critics and buffs.

Ten years ago, hardly a single newspaper or national magazine carried regular jazz coverage; today the incipient fan can study the subject everywhere from the girlie monthlies to the egghead quarterlies.

That even the casual followers of the music have begun to acquire status as authorities is indicated in "What Jazz Is All About," by Lillian Erlich (Julian Messner, Inc., 181 pp., $3.95). Miss Erlich's qualifications to write a book on jazz are (a) she has listened to it a lot, (b) she is a member of the Jazz Arts Society (c) she has two jazz-loving children whose opinions were most helpful (d) she was part-author of one previous book, entitled "Modern American Career Women."

Despite this vague set of prerequisites, Mrs. Erlich has come up with something of value. In fact, for the beginner, in view of its brevity and price, it may well be the best thing of its kind now on the bulging bookshelves of jazz.

Obviously nobody today can offer anything new in relating the history of jazz. Mrs. Erlich has condensed and distilled in an amiable, readable manner information that has been printed in many other books. Her style gears the book ideally for teenagers and nonintellectuals.

Unlike many jazz writers, Mrs. Erlich sounds as if she is genuinely interested in the musicians as visible human beings rather than disembodied puppets. Sonny Rollins is "a big strong man with a rugged face and a square-cut beard," Duke Ellington is a "tall, handsome, courtly man who is calmly aware of his own talent," and John Lewis "a quiet, scholarly man," and so forth.

The contribution of each artist is outlined succinctly, with a tendency to accentuate the positive wherever possible, and without any of the high-handed, esoteric analysis of which we regularly self-

On the other hand, whole paragraphs are devoted to such dim and long-gone figures as Buddy Bolden, Tom Turpin and James Bland, who cannot possibly have been heard or at least not accurately remembered, by any reliable ear-witness now living. Any discussion of these early alleged giants is pure conjecture.

In spite of this handicap, which can be attributed to the understandable desire to glamorize jabb with a heavy air of nostalgia, Mrs. Erlich's survey reflects a great sensitivity to jazz and an overall understanding that she transmits with unusual impartiality. As a point of departure toward a fully mature knowledge of the field (easily acquired later by purchasing record albums and studying their liner notes) "What Jazz Is All About" does an admirable job of living up to its title.

LAS VEGAS SUN
OCT. 27

home yesterday after it was found that her condition was not serious.

Husband's Trial Continued Here

The arraignment in district court for Edward James Bowden, who allegedly admitted pumping five bullets at his estranged wife, Louella, as she tended bar, Sept. 9, at Honest John's in town, was continued until Monday to give court-appointed attorney W. Albert Stewart an opportunity to study the case.

The continuation was or-

The Music Reporter

. . . FRANKIE LANE and jazz critic LEONARD FEATHER collaborated on a new song, "The More The Merrier," which Frankie will record as a Christmas single. . . .

Oct. 13

★★★★
STRONG SALES POTENTIAL

PETE FOUNTAIN
★★★★ **Mighty Like the Blues—CORAL 65500**—Relaxed, after-hour blues number, played in easy fashion by Fountain with guitar-bass-drums backing. Pleasing and nostalgic, it's a nice number for deejays who like a "gentle jazz" sound. (American Academy of Music, ASCAP) (2:54)

★★★★ **Shine**—This one will remind you of the Goodman Trio in its prime. Fountain's clarinet rides along over vibes, bass and drums, with a nice drum break in the middle and Fountain back for the finale. Oldie but goodie. (Shapiro - Bernstein, ASCAP) (2:25)

SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Valley Times TODAY Sat., Oct. 27, 1962 13

Life With Feather

New Jazz Book For The Layman

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz.")

Jazz, in emerging from the cellar of disrepute to the lofty stadium of respectability it now occupies, has picked up along the way an ever-expanding retinue of students, experts, critics and buffs. Ten years ago, hardly a single newspaper or national magazine carried regular jazz coverage; today, the incipient fan can study the subject everywhere from the girlie monthlies to the eggbead quarterlies.

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Unlike many jazz writers, Mrs. Erlich sounds as if she is genuinely interested in the musicians as visible human beings rather than disembodied puppets. Sonny Rollins is "a big strong man with a rugged face and a square-cut beard," Duke Ellington "a tall, handsome, courtly man who is calmly aware of his own talent," John Lewis "a quiet, scholarly man," and so forth.

The contribution of each artist is outlined succinctly, with a tendency to accentuate the positive wherever possible, and without any of the high-handed, esoteric analysis of which we regular self-syled critics are so often guilty.

* * *

MY ONLY COMPLAINT, and it concerns a fault common to almost all jazz histories, is a tendency to dwell too long on the distant past, about which the true facts really are not fully known, at the expense of the present and the recent past, which have been of far more significance in the evolution of jazz.

The truth is, and everyone wants to hide it, that jazz became a subject for study so late in its life, and recordings began so long after its inception, that there is no way in the world of knowing just how the music sounded in the late nineteenth century, or who, if any, were the real jazz musicians. Since it was then entirely a spontaneous folk music that could not be written down, documentary traces are as hard to find as 1890 phonograph records.

THE BOOK IS ALMOST two-thirds finished before we get out of the 1920s. The entire modern jazz era (1940-62) is squeezed into the final 35 pages. Largely because of this imbalanced, there is not even a single passing mention of such vitally important figures as Jimmy Blanton, Ray Brown, Benny Carter, Buck Clayton, Buddy De Franco, Quincy Jones, John Kirby, Andy Kirk, Oscar Peterson, Django Reinhart and Joe Venuti, to name just a few at random.

On the other hand, whole paragraphs are devoted to such dim and long-gone figures as Buddy Bolden, Tom Turpin and James Bland, who cannot possibly have been heard, or at least not accurately remembered, by any reliable ear-witness now living. Any discussion of these early alleged giants is pure conjecture.

In spite of this handicap, which can be attributed to the understandable desire to glamourize jazz with a heavy air of nostalgia, Mrs. Erlich's survey reflects a great sensitivity to jazz and an overall understanding that she transmits with unusual impartiality. As a point of departure toward a fully mature knowledge of the field (easily acquired later by purchasing record albums and studying their liner notes) "What Jazz Is All About" does an admirable job of living up to its title.

(Life With Feather is heard Sunday at 8 p.m. on KNOB, 98 on the FM dial.)

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IT'S BOSSA NOVA TIME!

● GETZ

● BYRD

LEONARD FEATHER

probes the success of the new rhythm which has brought new life to a jaded modern jazz scene

"IT'S the greatest invention since the coffee bean, and bossa nova's takin' over the scene!"

So goes a line from a new song called "The bossa nova." A slight exaggeration, perhaps, but an accurate indication of the prevailing excitement about the new craze in American jazz circles.

What is bossa nova? The word "bossa" is meaningless according to the dictionary, but musicians in Brazil, where it all began, say it means wave, or groove, or movement.

Nova, of course, means new. This new wave with a Portuguese accent is a product of the wedding of the samba (which has been around since the late 1930s) with modern jazz harmonies, plus a syncopated cross-rhythm on the claves.

In Rio and Sao Paolo, local musicians have long been working on the harmonic and melodic modernisation of their native music.

Some say it all began when the records of Dizzy, Bird and Monk began to reach Brazil.

★ Monterey

Composers like Antonio Carlos Jobim wrote songs that fascinated U.S. jazzmen like Dizzy and his Argentine pianist Lalo Schifrin when they toured in Brazil.

In Monterey, at the jazz festival last month, one of the biggest hits was the Stan Getz Quartet, featuring Jimmy Raney playing Jobim tunes from Stan's album "Jazz samba," which has catapulted Getz on to the best seller lists this past few weeks.

In New York and Hollywood, the recording studios are besieged daily by artists trying to cash in on the bossa nova wave.

First among the albums with bossa nova in the title were Zoot Sims ("New beat bossa nova: The samba swings") and Shorty Rogers ("Bossa nova").

Others whose latest LPs include several bossa nova tracks include Lalo Schifrin, Cal Tjader, Sonny Rollins, Herbie Mann and a dozen more.

There is even a vocal trend. Everyone from Ella Fitzgerald down has made a vocal version of Jobim's "Desafinado" (the title in the English lyrics is "Slightly out of tune"), while the translation of his "One note samba," which has English lyrics by the ubiquitous Jon Hendricks, was cut by Lambert, Hendricks and Bavan among others.

★ Trend

In the publishing houses along Broadway and Vine Street, music businessmen are hailing the trend as the first new movement to give a jazz style some strong commercial impact.

Radio stations that normally limit their programming to rock are using large doses of bossa nova.

Many observers feel that Laurindo Almeida is a sort of grandfather of the whole movement.

Born in Sao Paolo, he came to the U.S. in 1947 and worked with Stan Kenton for a couple of years, playing unamplified Spanish concert guitar.

But in 1954, as Laurindo recalls, he and Bud Shank evolved "an idea for a recording date to record the samba with jazz, just to see what results we could get.

★ Samba

"Since the samba is written in 2/4 and jazz in allabreve, there was reasonable belief that something good could be born of this amalgamation.

"We recorded with finger style guitar playing samba, Bud on alto improvising over the guitar, and drums and bass.

The results were beyond our expectation and became a 'standard'."

It's easy to check the evidence: the 1954 World Pacific LP has now been reissued under the title "Brazilliance."

Laurindo today is the most demanded man in the recording studios. He has written tunes and played for countless bossa nova dates, and has done one of his own for Capitol, as well as reuniting with Shank on sessions for World Pacific and Reprise.

● ALMEIDA

The characteristic sound of bossa nova on most LPs to date is a legato, eight-to-the-bar percussion section (usually two or three men, one of whom lightly repeats the clave counter-rhythm), and an ensemble sound that features saxophone and guitar (Getz with Charlie Byrd, Rollins or Zoot with Jim Hall).

Will it be a nine-day wonder or a lasting trend? Most musicians feel it has a good chance of survival and of permanent incorporation into the mainstream of jazz.

● BUD SHANK

Melody Maker Oct. 13

RADIO-TV Daily Oct. 19

For Victorville 'Cats'

Jazz Authority Slates Program

VICTORVILLE — One of the foremost authorities on American jazz, Leonard Feather, will present a program tonight at the high school cafetorium, sponsored by Associated Students of Victor Valley College.

The public is invited to the 8 p.m. program. A nominal charge will be made for those who are not VVC students.

Beside being the most internationally celebrated of contemporary jazz critics, Leonard Feather is also the author of the monumental book "The Encyclopedia of Jazz" which has grossed over $150,000 and is regarded as the virtual bible of the entire jazz world.

Feather was the only jazz critic to cover the recent Benny Goodman tour of the U.S.S.R.

Says Associated Students President Larry Adams: "His first-hand report on Benny Goodman's Moscow concert, as well as the quality of Soviet jazz, plus his observations of the general musical scene in Russia should make for very interesting material during his program."

As a concert producer and promoter, Feather organized the first jazz concerts ever given by Louis Armstrong, Woody Herman, Dizzy Gillespie, and Lionel Hampton at Carnegie Hall, as well as the only two jazz concerts ever presented at the Metropolitan Opera House.

As a talent scout, Feather discovered George Shearing, brought him to the United States and organized his quintet. He also arranged Sarah Vaughan's and Dinah Washington's record debuts.

As a jazz writer, Leonard Feather is familiar to readers of "Down Beat," "Playboy," "Esquire," "The Saturday Review," and "The New Yorker." He has also written for various publications in London, France, Sweden, and Germany.

As a lecturer and panelist, Feather has spoken at dozens of universities and schools as well as on forums at many jazz festivals.

"It should be an entertaining and educational evening for young and old alike," says Pat Bayer, commissioner of social activities at Victor Valley College.

San Bernardino Sun — Oct. 27

Music Reporter Oct. 13

for same. . . . FRANKIE BANE and jazz critic LEONARD FEATHER collaborated on a new song, "The More The Merrier," which Frankie will record as a Christmas single. . . .

Desert RamPage

Volume II, Number 1 | Victor Valley College, Victorville, California | Wednesday, October 17, 1962

Leonard Feather, Jazz Critic, Here Oct. 27

Leonard Feather, the most internationally celebrated of contemporary jazz critics, will present a two-hour program in the high school cafetorium, Saturday, October 27 at 8:00 p.m.

Prominent in his own right as a jazz critic, his position in this field has been enhanced by the wide acclaim he has received through his contributions to various publications, according to Larry Adams, ASB president, who arranged for his appearance here just two weeks prior to the appearance of Duke Ellington on the local campus.

Feather is the author of the monumental book, **The Encyclopedia of Jazz**, published in 1956, which is regarded as the virtual bible of the entire jazz world.

The **Encyclopedia** is now in its fourth printing and is by far the biggest selling jazz book ever published, having grossed over $150,000. His latest books are **The Book of Jazz**, 1957 and **The New Yearbook of Jazz**, 1958. **The New Encyclopedia of Jazz** was published in November 1960.

As a jazz writer, Feather has been familiar to **Down Beat** readers since 1951 through his famous feature **The Blindfold Test**, long the magazine's most popular series, and his own column **Feather's Nest**. He has contributed to **Playboy, Hi Fi Music at Home, The International Musician, The Saturday Review, N.Y., Journal American**, London **Melody Maker, Daily Express**, and various jazz publications in France, Sweden and Germany.

As a musician and composer himself, he has participated in a

(Continued on Page 4)

Leonard Feather

Leonard Feather

(Continued from Page 1)

number of successful record albums in MGM, including the highly successful **Hot Versus Cool**. He composed the **Winter Sequence** suite and **Hi Fi Suite** for MGM and recorded them with his own all-star orchestras. In 1958 he wrote and conducted original music for Langston Hughes' Poetry-with-jazz MGM LP, **The Weary Blues**.

As a radio and TV personality he has appeared on numerous shows. His coast-to-coast quiz, **Platter-brains**, was heard on the ABC radio network. Listeners all over the world have heard his Jazz Club U.S.A. series beamed to them by the Voice of America. In 1958 he was a consultant on NBC-TV's pioneering educational series **The Subject Is Jazz**.

As a concert producer and promoter, Feather organized the first jazz concerts ever given by Louis Armstrong, Woody Herman, Dizzy Gillespie and Lionel Hampton at Carnegie Hall, as well as the only two jazz concerts ever presented at the Metropolitan Opera House. His own show Jazz Club U.S.A., with Billie Holliday, Red Norvo, Buddy de Franco and others, made an eight-country European tour in 1954.

As a talent scout, Feather discovered George Shearing, brought him to the U.S. and organized his quintet. He arranged Sarah Vaughan's and Dina Washington's record debuts.

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LIFE WITH FEATHER

Bossa Nova Beats Its Way North

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of The New Encyclopedia of Jazz, Crown Publishers)

Mailman, stay away from my door! Before you bring the next batch, give me time to listen to "Jazz Meets the Bossa Nova" by the Paul Winter Sextet (Columbia), "Big Band Bossa Nova" by Stan Getz with Gary MacFarland (Verve), "Viva Bossa Nova!" by Laurindo Almeida (Capitol), "Brazil, Bossa Nova and Blues" by Herbie Mann (United Artists), "Bossa Nova" by Lalo Schifrin (Audio Fidelity), etc, etc, etc.

The Brazilian beat is rampant. On Thanksgiving Eve, Carnegie Hall will have a Bossa Nova concert for which Joao Gilberto (Capitol), a founder of the whole movement, will fly north; Schifrin, Getz and McFarland will arrive by taxi, and this writer will fly east to act as emcee.

What started as a pure manifestation of one of the contemporary arts in South America, drawing on the indigenous roots of the samba, is rapidly turning into a North American peg on which to hang all kinds of money bags; the Fred Astaire dance studies have devised a Bossa Nova dance which they recommend you learn to the music of Zoot Sims' "The Beat Bossa Nova" (Colpix); specialists in Brazilian guitar and percussion, busy night and day with studio calls for bossa nova record dates, hum "One Note Samba" in the shower and sing "Desafinado" in their sleep.

RECENTLY I HAD a talk about Bossa Nova with a couple of U. S. jazzmen. Said Lee Young, who was Nat Cole's drummer for 10 years: "Of all the Latin countries we toured, the one with the least sense of rhythmic of all, with Venezuela next. Rio disappointed me. So it was a surprise to me that Brazil was responsible for any new movement."

Saxophonist Cannonball Adderley countered this: "You didn't play in Bahia, did you? Or visit them to see how the people live and play their rhythms and sing? You get a whole different concept, judging by what I've seen of the people there. They have the lo- centrati- the twist the way they do it at Wilt Chamberlain's Smalls Paradise in Harlem.

"Slick overdevelopment can dilute and thin out any art. Look at the difference between the slick Afro-Cuban music of Perez Prado, who uses devices common to all music, and the more primitive feeling in a band like Machito's.

"I'M SURE IT'S considered chic in the night clubs of Rio to play the music of the black Brazilians. I'm sure, too, that Cubans have the most advanced rhythmic patterns; but you can't judge Bossa Nova by all the watered-down stuff they're playing now under that name."

The Bahians, Adderley said, not only have color lines and social problems, but also caste areas within the color line and stratification according to wealth. The dewy-eyed picture of Brazil as an integrated paradise just doesn't come to life.

"Bossa Nova has become more relaxed in the kind of circles that are best able to communicate with this country. The more aggressive it is, the harder the music becomes for a person of certain social levels in the U.S. to receive or appreciate. There must be some common social ground."

Cannonball has a point; but the possibility should be borne in mind of treating the contrasted styles of Bossa Nova as if they were ale and stout—you can appreciate them both light and heavy. In fact, the most admirable aspect of the Brazilian new wave is its success in bringing a new element into American jazz and a jazz element into Brazilian folk music, thus providing examples of acculturation that are bound to vary greatly according to the backgrounds of the artists and groups.

From the blond saxophonist Stan Getz to the black guitarist Bola Sete, the artists proliferating on the Bossa Nova ramparts have produced an extraordinarily high proportion of sincere, creative music. I can only second Mr. Almeida's motion: Viva Bossa Nova!

Life With Feather is a regular feature in the drama section of the Valley Times TODAY every Saturday.

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INITIATION AU JAZZ PAR LEONARD FEATHER QUATRIÈME ARTICLE

COLEMAN HAWKINS ET DON BYAS

LE SAXOPHONE TENOR

Plus qu'aucun autre instrument de musique, le saxophone-ténor se prête à une telle diversité de sonorités que l'instrumentiste, par son intermédiaire, est à même d'exprimer toutes les nuances de sa propre personnalité. Il y a une telle distance entre la sonorité mordante de John Coltrane, le romantisme débridé de Ben Webster et la simplicité mélodique de Bud Freeman que l'auditeur non averti ne peut concevoir que les trois hommes s'expriment sur un instrument identique : le saxophone-ténor.

Juin 1923 peut être considéré comme le mois au cours duquel naquit, dans le monde du jazz, cet instrument promis à un avenir glorieux. C'est en effet à cette date que Coleman Hawkins, âgé de dix-huit ans, nouveau venu dans l'orchestre de Fletcher Henderson, enregistra ses premiers solos. Le jeu lourdement syncopé de celui que l'on surnomme *The Bean* « sonne » curieusement à une oreille d'aujourd'hui mais nous sommes là en présence d'un essai et les considérables progrès d'Hawkins, pendant les quatre décennies au cours desquelles il détint la vedette, constituent, à certains égards, une histoire en miniature du jazz moderne. Son style, différent de celui de ses nombreux contemporains, n'a jamais cessé d'évoluer mais, en même temps qu'il utilisait certaines nouveautés sonores et harmoniques amenées par ses successeurs, Hawkins sut préserver les traits essentiels de sa personnalité. Ses premières œuvres marquantes sont incontestablement *Hello Lola* et *One Hour*, deux pièces enrgistrées en 1929 avec les Mound City Blue Blowers de Red Mc Kenzie. Le lent et rhapsodisant *One Hour* donne déjà un aperçu de ce qui va être un aspect définitif de sa personnalité musicale dans les années futures, à savoir une incomparable facilité dans l'exposition et la transfiguration de ballades souvent fort anodines. A cet égard, le joyau qui a nom *Body and Soul* (1939) demeure son œuvre la mieux connue.

Pendant les premières années de la suprématie hawkinsienne, une autre figure émergea qui devait, elle aussi, encore qu'à un moindre degré, constituer un élément important dans l'histoire du ténor : Lawrence « Bud » Freeman. Freeman, qui enregistra ses premiers disques en 1928, définit un style chargé d'un swing léger et moins riche en ornementation que celui du *Bean*; quant à sa sonorité, elle fut — avec celle du saxophone en ut de Frankie Trumbauer — l'une de celles qui influencèrent le jeune Lester Young. Après avoir passé de nombreuses années au sein d'orchestres célèbres — Red Nichols (1931), Tommy Dorsey (1936-38), Benny Goodman (1938), Jack Teagarden (1941) — Freeman devint finalement l'unique saxophoniste-ténor accepté dans l'entourage Dixieland d'Eddie Condon. Son style, souvent associé à l'école de Chicago et bien qu'adaptable à de nombreux contextes (il a travaillé avec Lennie Tristano), est resté virtuellement inchangé depuis ses débuts.

Au cours des années 1930, plusieurs voix nouvelles se firent entendre. Le regretté Leon « Chu » Berry (1910-1941) possédait une sonorité douce et fraîche et un swing persuasif. Il appartint aux orchestres de Spike Hughes (1933), Henry Allen, Red Norvo (1935), Fletcher Henderson (1936), Lionel Hampton (1939) et, peu de temps avant sa mort, enregistra son meilleur solo, *A Ghost of a Chance*, avec l'orchestre de Cab Calloway. C'est également la mort qui brisa l'œuvre prometteuse de Hershel Evans (1909-1939), artiste à la fois sensible et fougueux qui s'exprimait également sur la clarinette (*Jumpin' at the Woodside*, 1938). Après avoir débuté en 1930 auprès de Buddy Tate, il entra en 1933 chez Benny Moten puis chez Lionel Hampton. Son *Blue and Sentimental*, gravé en 1938 avec Count Basie, demeure son œuvre la plus achevée, la plus personnelle, chargée de chaleur et de sensibilité.

Au cours des années 1930 et 1940, nombreux furent les artistes qui, comme Evans et Berry, subirent l'influence de Coleman Hawkins. Parmi ceux-ci, Carlos « Don » Byas, musicien à la sonorité ample et puissante dont le jeu ne resta pas insensible aux nouveautés rythmiques et harmoniques du jazz moderne : Vido Musso dont l'exotique et large sonorité fut utilisée par Stan Kenton; Joe Thomas qui, de 1932 à 1947, fut l'une des vedettes de l'orchestre Jimmie Lunceford; Charlie Ventura qui débuta sur le saxophone en ut et fut, par la suite, l'un des musiciens préférés de Gene Krupa; Flip Phillips, *puncher* très habile mais un peu dénué d'invention; Lucky Thompson, excellent artiste qui sut intelligemment combiner les influences classiques et modernes; Illinois Jacquet enfin, dont la sonorité puissante et le phrasé bouillonnant ravirent les foules.

Le plus connu et admiré des disciples d'Hawkins demeure, aujourd'hui encore, Ben Webster. Ben, après avoir abandonné le piano de ses débuts, appartint aux orchestres de Gene Coy (1929), Andy Kirk (1931), Benny Moten (1932), Benny Carter

LESTER YOUNG

CHU BERRY

BUD FREEMAN

HERSHEL EVANS

(1933), Cab Calloway (1935-37), Fletcher Henderson (1937-38) et Duke Ellington (1940-1943) avant de diriger ses propres petites formations. Son style voluptueux, sa sonorité caressante, ses effets de souffle, sa délicatesse harmonique en font l'un des rares charmeurs du jazz qui parviennent à éviter la mièvrerie.

Contemporain de Webster — il naquit la même année — Lester Young (1909-1959) succéda, en 1934, à Coleman Hawkins chez Fletcher Henderson puis se révéla au sein de l'orchestre de Count Basie (1936-1940). Celui que, par respect, ses confrères appelèrent *Le Président* (Prez), fut le pionnier de la tendance qui chercha à échapper à l'esthétique de l'école Hawkins; il renouvela totalement le timbre de l'instrument, mettant au point une sonorité lisse, diaphane, abandonnant presque totalement l'usage du vibrato. Son jeu, basé sur un phrasé sans emphase, possédait une relaxation inédite et dégageait un swing léger. Son apport sur le plan rythmique ne fut pas moins important. En effet, les libertés qu'il prenait avec le tempo l'éloignent déjà, à la fin des années 30, des conceptions classiques.

Avec l'avènement de la musique bop, une nouvelle école de ténor se créa qui fit apparaître clairement l'influence de Lester Young. Les premiers musiciens de cette nouvelle vague, Allen Eager, Herbie Steward, Frank Socolow, Dexter Gordon, James Moody et Gene Ammons puisèrent directement leur inspiration chez le *Prez* mais les trois derniers cités parvinrent à se créer des styles personnels, combinant adroitement les influences de Lester Young et de Charlie Parker qui, notons-le, joua occasionnellement du saxophone-ténor. Sensibles, eux aussi, aux leçons du Prez, Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Richie Kamuca, Brew Moore et Bill Perkins accentuèrent les caractéristiques du jeu de leur maître : « fraîcheur » de l'intonation, abandon de tout lyrisme, retard de l'attaque par rapport au *beat* correspondant, négation du vibrato. Stan Getz et Zoot Sims, remarquables improvisateurs et, à un moindre degré, Bill Perkins et Richie Kamuca, surent insuffler à ce style collectif, né au sein de l'orchestre de Woody Herman, une vie que bien d'autres, Warne Marsh par exemple, empêtrés dans la recherche formelle, ne surent jamais lui donner.

Au cours des années 1950, les saxophonistes empruntèrent deux voies différentes, se divisant ainsi en deux écoles. La première est celle qui, prenant son inspiration chez Lester Young, suivit les traces des hommes immédiatement précités. Buddy Collette, Dave Pell, Phil Urso et Bob Cooper en sont les meilleurs représentants. La seconde, souvent appelée *neo-bop* ou *hard-bop*, inspirée rythmiquement et harmoniquement de Lester Young et, surtout, de Charlie Parker, utilise une sonorité pleine qui laisse supposer un retour vers Hawkins. Appartiennent à cette tendance : le regretté Wardell Gray (1921-1955) au phrasé très souple; Eddie « Lockjaw » Davis qui débuta en 1942 mais n'accéda à la notoriété que lorsqu'il entra pour la première fois chez Count Basie, en 1952; Johnny Griffin, révélé, lui, par Thelonious Monk; Harold Land et Teddy Edwards, importants solistes de la West Coast; Hank Mobley, le plus proche peut-être de Lester Young; Frank Foster et Frank Wess, solistes de Basie; Charlie Rouse, musicien méconnu pendant de nombreuses années; Sonny Stitt enfin, l'homme qui joue « comme » Charlie Parker. Autre caractéristique commune à tous ces jazzmen : ils possèdent une technique achevée et se permettent de jouer des traits rapides que nul n'aurait pu concevoir lorsque le saxophone-ténor fit son entrée dans le jazz.

Une place toute spéciale doit être faite à deux hommes : Paul Gonsalves et Benny Golson qui demeurent dans la tradition de Coleman Hawkins, tout spécialement en ce qui concerne l'art de la ballade. Gonsalves, qui commença sa carrière musicale comme guitariste, possède une sonorité ample mais douce et une volubilité très chaleureuse. Quant à Benny Golson, qui combine une sonorité traditionnelle à des inflexions parfois coltraniennes, il se double d'un compositeur délicat .

Plusieurs excellents saxophonistes-ténors n'ont guère attiré l'attention des cercles jazzistes parce qu'une grande partie de leur œuvre reste attachée au domaine du *rhythm and blues*. Parmi eux, notons Plas Johnson, Al Sears, Sam « The Man » Taylor, Willis Jackson, Arnett Cobb, Hal Singer, Red Prysock, Sil Austin, Eddie Chamblee et Percy France. Mais, si ces hommes n'attirèrent guère l'attention des spécialistes, il n'en va pas de même avec Sonny Rollins et John Coltrane.

Né en 1930, Sonny Rollins, après avoir appris le saxophone-alto, débuta sur le ténor vers 1946. Compagnon de Bud Powell, Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis et Max Roach, Sonny utilise une sonorité lourde et rude pour exprimer des concepts fort complexes harmoniquement et rythmiquement mais son discours n'en conserve pas moins une élégance et une continuité remarquables. Rollins est devenu, depuis quelques années, l'individualiste le plus acharné du jazz moderne.

John Coltrane, lui, est né en 1926 et, comme Rollins, il a appris le saxophone-alto et n'a choisi le ténor que plus tard. Dizzy Gillespie, Monk et Miles Davis l'engagèrent avant qu'il ne forme son propre groupe. Coutumier de la déclamation abrupte en de longs chapelets de notes sans rapport apparent avec le rythme fourni par sa section rpthmique, John Coltrane est, dans ses œuvres les plus caractéristiques, non pas enclin à se concentrer sur la construction mélodique mais plutôt sur une complexité et une ingéniosité harmoniques qui font de lui la figure la plus controversée, la plus intéressante aussi, de ces trois dernières années.

Que la musique de Coltrane fasse date, qu'elle ouvre la voie de l'avenir aux saxophonistes-ténors et au jazz de demain, nul ne saurait le prétendre aujourd'hui avec certitude. Ce que, en revanche, l'on peut affirmer, c'est l'extrême importance du saxophone-ténor dans l'évolution du jazz et particulièrement du jazz moderne. Quant à l'histoire de cet instrument sur lequel des hommes aussi différents que Hawkins, Young, Getz, Rollins et Coltrane s'exprimèrent, elle résume à elle seule l'histoire du jazz et de ses diverses tendances.

Leonard FEATHER.

(Traduction de Nelly HEROUT.)

SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Tintypes: Peggy Lee

PEGGY LEE isn't sure there's much difference between the person and the entertainer. ("The most I can say is getting into a song might make me act a little more uninhibited than I talk or do something in ordinary day-to-day life.")

She is in a world of her own when she sings. She sends herself.

She and her singing is best summed up by jazz critic Leonard Feather: "If you don't feel a thrill when she sings, you're dead, Jack."

She was born in the farm town of Jamestown, North Dakota (population 8,000), the daughter of a railroad station agent. Her real name is Norma Jean Eggstrom.

She was renamed by a Fargo, N.D., radio station manager. ("He just sat there awhile, thought of Peggy and said, 'What goes with Peggy? . . . hhmmm . . . Peggy Lee!' ")

She invaded Hollywood as a teenager to become a movie actress. She returned home on her father's railroad pass.

She is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds ("my weight is my problem; fortunately men don't object"), has hazel eyes and silver blonde hair.

She considers it part of her trademark. It is unlike any natural hair on anyone else.

She writes songs too ("Manana," "It's A Good Day," "I Didn't Know Enough About You," the lyrics for Walt Disney's "The Lady and The Tramp.") She is listed in the top bracket of ASCAP.

She believes the arts are closely related to some spiritual sense. ("They must be. Where does inspiration come from?")

She says she gets ideas for songs from odd little things. ("Birds in the garden. Trees. Trees always makes me think of patience.")

She is creative in painting and sculpting. She is currently sculpting a bust of Dr. Albert Schweitzer. ("I have some favorite people — like Lincoln, Emerson. There's the same thread running through their lives.")

She doesn't like to economize. White is her favorite color. ("It shows all other colors to advantage, too.")

She is a good cook. She eats chocolate cake and sometimes minestrone soup for breakfast and likes scrambled eggs for dinner.

She likes talkative women ("If they have something to say") and quiet men.

She has been married three times. In order they are Dave Barbour, guitarist-composer with whom she has written and writes many of her songs; Brad Dexter, actor. Dean Jones, actor-singer. She and Barbour have a daughter, Nicki, age 18.

She and Nicki live in a single-story Beverly Hills house with pool, sunbathing enclos-

PEGGY LEE
. . . composes, too

ure, backyard bird feeder, and a sound-proofed studio, where she can record, sculpt, do some painting, or write some poetry. ("Someday I will publish them.")

She is a homebody. She likes to have people in. She has cooked lasagne and served as many as twenty-two at a time. She'll eat anything but tomatoes.

She has a good memory for lyrics, names, addresses. She hates to talk on the telephone. She'd rather send a telegram.

She seldom leaves anything to chance.

She always makes a point of being alone to meditate a few minutes before going onstage. ("I'm very methodical.") Before going on, she makes trial runs. Testing her gowns to see if she can walk easily. She consults the lighting man. She checks the acoustics, the exists, the entrances.

She always walks on nervous. After the first few bars, she's off. ("Ethel Barrymore once told me that nervousness before a performance meant that the performer cared . . .")

She takes baths rather than showers.

She bathes with her hat on. ("I take a bath, make-up my face, fix my hair, put on a turban, and then get back into the tub. It's final and refreshing.")

She often has trouble falling asleep. ("Then I go for a walk in my private garden off my bedroom. A private garden that locks up.")

She sleeps in a king-size bed of pink and white. She likes fresh air and sleeps with the windows wide open. ("I wonder if Dave, Brad, Dean, wanted them closed.") She sleeps in pastel shade nightgowns. She changes sides from time to time during the night.

She dislikes planned amusements.

SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

6 Sat., Nov. 10, 1962 Valley Times TODAY

Life With Feather

The New Image Of Keely Smith

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

One of the penalties you pay for marrying the art of music with the trade of show business is that you get branded with a public image.

Dorothy Jacqueline Keely ex-Prima Smith is a remarkable ambulatory case in point. This patient, fresh out of high school, was diagnosed by Dr. Louis Prima as suffering from a chronic dead-pan condition. Far from trying to cure it, the doctor encouraged it.

This went on through their marriage in 1953 and the birth of Toni Elizabeth and Luanne Francis; it was not checked until, armed with divorce papers and a self-help attitude, Miss Smith struck out on her own.

★ ★ ★

SINCE THE FALL OF 1961, when she ended her 13-year tour as professional poker-face, Keely Smith has revealed what some of us long suspected: she is a first-rate singer of every type of popular song, capable of sustaining an excellent act of her own.

KEELY SMITH
Basie Duo Due

The new Smith image, now on view at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles, is spiked with light barbs at her former associate. "I'm not alone," she says. "I have three trumpet players up there, and they're all ALL Italian." Or, to her male vocal quartet: "Quiet! I was yelled at long enough." And: "See? I CAN smile."

During the Prima years, Keely had one major hit on her own, now used as her theme, "I Wish You Love." Currently, she is riding high with the only female version of "What Kind of Fool Am I?," the title song of an album comprising material she selected herself.

"I'm so glad the album is selling," she said, "because I finally got to do an LP just the way I wanted to, and this justifies it. Of course, H. B. Barnum's arrangements were a great help." (Barnum, an arranger who also plays several instruments and sings, is a recording star in his own right but has written most of Keely's current act.)

★ ★ ★

"IT'S GREAT, TOO," she added, "to be able to si[ng] any pretty songs I like in my own act, and wear pre[tty] gowns, and show the people I'm not limited to that pok[er-] face routine. I get requests now forr all kinds of G[ood] songs. I'm looking forward to doing things like 'B[ody] and Soul,' 'Willow Weep for Me,' 'Angel Eyes.'

"People surprise me with some of their requ[ests]. The other night someone asked me to do 'Whippoorw[ill],' a song Bob Mitchum wrote for 'Thunder Road' — the picture I was in with him in 1957."

Keely's act, due to open at the Americana in [New] York, shows a firm fidelity to her beliefs. It in[cludes] everything from "Misty" to a Ray Charles medley [com]posed mainly of "What I Say" and "Yes Indeed," [featur]ing which she is flanked by a group billed as "The K[eely]s with the Bangs"—eight girls wearing Keely-coiffed bl[ack] wigs.

There is today a special charm in her slightly [con]fident manner, which now and then gives way to a hu[ge]

NOTE FOR DUKE ELLINGTON FANS: The first and only local appearance in years of the world's greatest jazz orchestra — and the only one now remaining that still has something new and vital to say —takes place Thursday evening, Nov. 15, at the Embassy Auditorium, Ninth and Grand. Tickets are available at all Mutual and Liberty ticket agencies. Do yourself a favor: don't miss it.

lovely thousand-watt smile; her lack of pretention; he[r] genuine casualness, and the slight gawkiness ("I'm no[t] clumsy, but I'm not overly graceful.")

Though her patter includes a number of racial gags, they never become tastelessly excessive. Her father wa[s]

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They'll Be Doing The Bossa Nova At Carnegie

NEW YORK—A concert devoted to the Bossa Nova, the hot Brazilian rhythm, has been set for Thanksgiving Eve, Sept. 21.

Sponsored by Audio Fidelity Records and Show Magazine, the event will feature Stan Getz, hitting with "Desafinado," a Bossa Nova sound, on Verve, and other, as yet unannounced American jazz musicians. Also on hand will be three Brazilian artists credited with being founders of the Bossa Nova, Joao Gilberto, Antonio Carlos Jobim and Vinicius De Moraes.

Sid Frey, president of Audio Fidelity, is now in Brazil cutting Bossa Nova music and will return with additional artists who will perform at the concert, which is being produced by Phil Shapiro.

Audio Fidelity is recording the concert for an LP release. Firm's current Bossa Nova entry is an LP, "Bossa Nova," by Lalo Schifrin.

Jazz authority Leonard Feather will emcee the concert.

RALPH GLEASON

★ ★ ★

Ad Libs

Pianist Joe Sullivan will play New Year's Eve at the Golden Hind in the Sir Francis Drake . . . jazz critic Leonard Feather has been added to the bossa nova vs. jazz show January 4 as interpretor and master of ceremonies. The plan to have Joao Gilberto on the show fell through . . . another

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

BRAZILIAN PHOTOS: DAVID ZINGG/SHOW MAGAZINE

AFTER SUNDOWN, THE NATIVES GATHER FOR THE BOSSA NOVA

ves are Brazilian.

Th ather in cities like Brasilia—the world's most modern capital, created by the genius of Oscar Niemeyer. And you can see them in their colorful native garb (dating back to the traditions of Givenchy, Cassini, Balenciaga, Trigere, Dior, etc.) as they make their way to acabana Palace, Drink, Club Náutico and the other lubs of metropolitan centers such as Rio de Janeiro, Recife.

remain at home take their Bossa Nova on the latest hi-fi equi as they discuss the folklore of Stan Getz, Charlie Bird, João Gil Lalo Schifrin, Baden Powell, Charlie Parker, Monk, Di who have contributed to the legends of Bossa Nova. he origins of the Bossa Nova, like so many other aspects of modern Brazil, may come as a surprise to many North Americans. The name Bossa Nova means "new wrinkle" or "new flair". Bossa Nova emerged just a few seasons ago as the "in" music of Brazil. Its roots trace back to earliest Afro-Indian-Portuguese elements in the folk music of Brazil, but the Bossa Nova as we know it today was born and nurtured on the campuses and in the smartest homes and clubs of urban Brazil. It's sophisticated, urbane, a marriage of the samba and modern jazz.

Now the Bossa Nova is taking hold up north. All the signs are there. Zooming record sales, word of mouth, TV shows, disc jockeys . . . it's difficult to go from one end of the radio dial to the other without hearing Bossa Nova on some station.

On November 21st, Thanksgiving Eve, New Yorkers will have a chance to hear some of the Bossa Nova innovators at Carnegie Hall. The Stan Getz and Lalo Schifrin quartets, João Gilberto, Oscar Castro Neves, Luis Bonfá, Antônio Carlos Jobim . . . the who's-who of Bossa Nova will be on stage at Carnegie Hall.

If you're there for the concert you'll be treated to another gratifying export of Brazil—Cafèzinho. Before the performance and during intermission, the Coffee Institute of Brazil will be serving this popular demitasse in the Café Carnegie to all attendees. Cafèzinho should catch on up north, too. It's easy to prepare, tasty, the perfec demitasse to round off a meal and launch a good conversation. You are invited to send for instructions on making Cafèzinho and a fre brewing kit—as well as general hints to make better coffee. Write th Brazilian Coffee Institute, 120 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.

NOVA, BRAZILIAN JAZZ, AT CARNEGIE HALL NOV. 21st

R, HOST. STAN GETZ, LALO SCHIFRIN, JOÃO GILBERTO, LUIS BONFÁ, TOM JOBIM, OSCAR CASTRO NEVES AND MORE BRAZILIAN JAZZ GREATS IN THEIR FIRST U.S. APPEARANCE

THERE'S NOTHING AS GOOD AS A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE **COFFEE OF BRAZI**

MUSIC

Bossa Nova—The 64-Cruzeiro Question

by Leonard Feather

In the past we have successfully survived jazzandpoetry, jazzandAfroCuban, jazzandclassical, jazzhybrids of many sizes, sounds and shapes. Some of the early meetings, such as the conjunction of jazz and symphonic romanticism (Paul Whiteman, 1924), led to musical mutations that were premature and stillborn. Others, like the atonal movement, are still in the proving grounds. Now we have yet another. It is known, for want of a better term, as Bossa Nova, or jazzandBrazilian. There are signs, though, that the latest cross-fertilization has produced a healthy infant. Certainly if the talent that has taken it up is any indication, its future, at least until the next bandwagon comes round, seems assured.

Bossa Nova is a love child of the Portuguese-Indian-African elements in the music of Brazil and the Afro-American-European essence of jazz. Its origin is very recent. One of the theories credits it, in part, to a composer and guitarist from São Paulo named Laurindo Almeida. Now 45, Almeida, a former radio musician and bandleader in Rio, settled in the U.S. in 1947 and earned early prominence as a soloist with Stan Kenton, playing unamplified Spanish concert guitar at a period when bebop-style electric guitar was the prevailing fad.

In 1953, Almeida was working in a nightclub with a bassist, Harry Babasin. Fascinated by the guitarist's use of Brazilian themes, Babasin suggested the addition of a third man, saxophonist Bud Shank, who had worked with Almeida in the Kenton band. The three rehearsed together at a drum shop owned by one Roy Harte; at Babasin's urging, and with Harte added on drums, they were allowed to record an album for World Pacific.

The results (recently reissued under the title "Brazilliance") were among the early precursors of Bossa Nova. On a visit home in 1957, Almeida played the recordings for some Brazilian musicians. "There is no exact word in Portuguese for their reaction," he says, "but in English I would say that they flipped."

When he returned to Rio three years later, he says, "they had worn the record all the way through to the other side. All the Brazilian musicians wanted to play jazzy. They had not tried to combine the styles before, because there were very few jazzmen in Brazil. They liked our music because both parts are authentic. Shank is a genuine jazz musician, and I consider myself a genuine samba player. So the local musicians added jazz, and everyday the samba now gets more jazzy." The latest (and jazziest) outgrowth of this trend is the rhythmic innovation of Bossa Nova. Another theory, and one I am inclined to agree with, attributes the trend to the popularity in Brazil of records by Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker and Thelonius Monk.

According to Almeida, "Bossa Nova bears to Latin-American music much the same relationship as the New Wave to French and Italian motion pictures or the Angry Young Men to British literature. It is new, *nova*, and it is basic and unaffected—a natural blend of idioms. The word *bossa* is a pagan word; it means flair."

Charlie Byrd, a sort of East Coast Almeida who operates his Spanish guitar out of Washington, D.C., points out that *bossa* can just as well be applied to literature, painting or architecture. The Hollywood composer, Shorty Rogers, says: "It's an inside word, like our funk, or soul. Ella has *bossa*. Dizzy and Miles have *bossa*."

The rhythmic earmarks of Bossa Nova, less elusive of definition, were established by João Gilberto, the wildly popular Brazilian singer and guitarist, and his frequent Rio collaborator, Antônio Carlos Jobim, a composer-arranger and bandleader. Jobim and the guitarist Luis Bonfá collaborated on the stunning score for the film "Black Orpheus," which first brought the Bossa Nova international attention.

The percussive double rhythm of the samba—eight even beats to the measure—is nothing new (such sambas as "*Bahia*" go back to the late 1930's), but Bossa Nova adds a counter-rhythm which, as the arranger Clare Fischer has pointed out, "gives the whole performance a three-against-four feeling—there's a repeated two-bar phrase that the clave, or any such instrument, keeps clicking off, with a sort of hesitation in the middle like a hiccup."

Harmonically, and melodically, most Bossa Nova is more sophisticated, closer to modern jazz, than any previous Latin-American music. The main trait, in addition to the many-splendored kitchenware of Brazilian percussion, is "*Yanqui*" jazz orchestration and improvisation.

This new Brazilian acculturation is represented by a growing school of native composers. They include Luis Bonfá, many of whose works reveal a mature admixture of popular music, jazz and local ethnic influences; Jayme Silva, whose "*O Pato*" (The Duck) is heard in the Gilberto, Byrd and Getz-Byrd albums; and a writer who chooses to be known as Baden Powell ("Not related to the founder of the Boy Scouts," Almeida says. "It is a name of homage, like you might call your son Eisenhower"), whose "*Samba Triste*" is heard in the Rogers and Getz sets.

For the cost of five LP's it is possible to study, in the development of one tune, the process that led to the Bossa Nova explosion. The common denominator is "*Samba de Uma Nota Só*," or "One Note Samba," which happens to be the simplest of all these melodies, offering a basic framework under which the harmonic and rhythmic embellishments can be clearly perceived as they evolve.

"One Note Samba" is one of six compositions by Jobim (who also wrote and conducted the arrangements) in the LP by Gilberto, whose vocal version is simple Brazilian samba music with Bossa Nova rhythm. There is little or no jazz influence here. Charlie Byrd's Riverside version, though Brazilian in essence, adds a touch of jazz flavoring. The Herb Ellis treatment incorporates Cuban rhythms in the first and last chorus but is otherwise unabashed jazz with no admixture.

In the Getz-Byrd adaptation, a samba rhythm is added to a typical American jazz-combo sound. Getz's tenor saxophone loses none of its jazz temper and is completely at ease in the face of this South American sirocco.

Finally, there is the Shorty Rogers reading. Played by a big jazz band that includes both Almeida and Shank, it fuses all the elements with rigorous authenticity, propelled by the samba current (shoobadooba shoobadooba-shoobadooba shoobadooba) and the Bossa Nova crosscurrent (click, click, click... (hic!) ... click, click). The five versions, if placed end to end on one side of an LP, could provide an object lesson in musical block building.

Already there is a flood of Bossa Nova albums, varying widely in authenticity and approach. Some may be loyal to the Rio spirit (the Tjader album, arranged by Clare Fischer, is skillful, scored for woodwinds and rhythm), while others may seem like an attempt to jump hastily on a bandwagon.

Displaying less courage but sounder convictions, Sonny Rollins leads his quartet through an effective Brazilianization of a song from "Camelot," "If Ever I Would Leave You." It is part of a generally successful samba album, with calypso overtones.

Will Bossa Nova be bastardized like most other forms that started out music and end up Music Business? This is the 64-cruzeiro question. Meanwhile, we are enjoying some stimulating sounds, and the manufacturers of *pandeiros, reco-recos, cuicas, cabaças, gansás* and other objects for shaking, scraping and rattling are doing almost as well as the makers of Colombian coffee. But before the amateur bongo drummer decides to convert for the new wave, let him remember one piece of equipment that cannot be bought at the drum store. To play this new jive, Jack, ya gotta have *bossa*.

Among the recent spate of Bossa Nova records:

SONNY ROLLINS: "What's New" (RCA Victor).
LAURINDO ALMEIDA: "Brazilliance" (World Pacific).
CHARLIE BYRD: "Latin Impressions" (Riverside).
BRAZIL'S BRILLIANT JOAO GILBERTO (Capitol).
LUIS BONFA: "Amor" (Atlantic).
HERB ELLIS: "Softly... But With That Feeling" (Verve).
STAN GETZ AND CHARLIE BYRD: "Jazz Samba" (Verve).
JUCAMESTRE: "Brazil!" (Audio Fidelity).
SHORTY ROGERS: "Bossa Nova" (Reprise).
CAL TJADER: "Contemporary Music of Mexico & Brazil" (Verve).
BARNEY KESSEL: "Bossa Nova" (Reprise).
ZOOT SIMS: "New Beat: Bossa Nova" (Colpix).

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Jazz Scene USA

from

JAZZ SCENE U.S.A. 26 SWINGIN' SHOWS

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With jazz interest at an astonishing all-time high and still climbing daily, this unprecedented series of half-hour programs brings together at the perfect time all the elements that others have never managed to achieve.

Because the executive producer for Meadowlane Enterprises Inc. is Steve Allen, the artists are assured of complete freedom in their choice of material and manner of presentation. Because the producer is Jimmie Baker, whose award-winning "Stars of Jazz" series earned him the gratitude of musicians and public, the format is tasteful, the camera work imaginative, the recording faithful and sensitive. Because Steve Binder, also remembered through his association with "Stars of Jazz," is the director all these qualities are combined with a maximum of efficiency. And because leading jazz experts are employed to coordinate music and dialog, the authenticity of the series is guaranteed.

For the first time, TV offers a presentation in which an entire show is dedicated to an instrumental group or vocalist. For the first time, the permanent master of ceremonies used — Oscar Brown, Jr., the gifted composer, singer and recording star — is himself an active, sensitive part of the world about which he talks.

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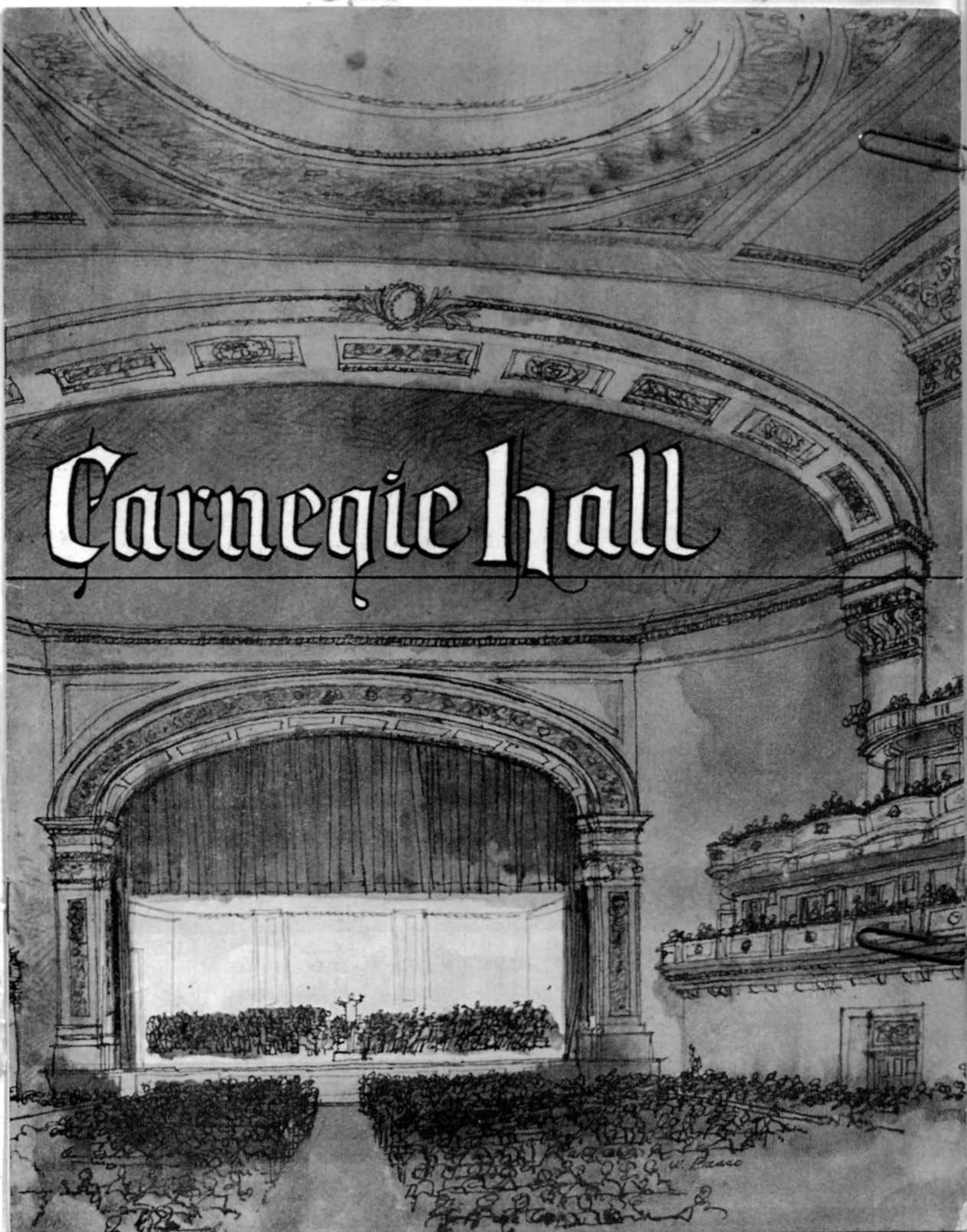
Carnegie hall

72

Variety Nov. 28

Carnegie Bossa Bash in the Red Despite Sellout

The promotion far outweighed the show when a card of Brazilian and U. S. bossa nova artists came to Carnegie Hall last Wednesday (21). Produced by Audio Fidelity Records and Show Magazine, the program drew an SRO crowd of 2,860 for a gross of $8,904, with tickets scaled to a $4.80 top. But the show was poorly planned and more for the benefit of its producers than the audience.

There were 100 standees but, withal, the date lost $4,000 for the promoters. Major overhead was for considerable promotional and last-minute expenses.

Copies of Show were distributed at each seat. Audio Fidelity, in its zeal to get an album out of the proceedings, all but obscured many of the performers behind a tangle of mikes and wires. Equipment from CBS-TV and sundry other sources added to the blur. The program began promptly at 8:30 before some of the audience could be given a chance to be seated and ran through 10:50 without a break, then resumed and wound up at midnight.

The poor planning was selfish on the part of Audio Fidelity which provided no break, thereby getting all of its artists and those not pacted to other labels on in one session of recording for the album. The second half of the show featured Verve diskers Stan Getz and the Gary MacFarland Orchestra. Brazilian Joao Gilberto, who appeared in the first segment, also returned after the interval.

Jazz critic Leonard Feather emceed the show from a rostrum at the side of the stage. He read his copy well. The pacing of the performance, however, seemed largely out of his hands.

There were a few notable exceptions from the program too, namely guitarist Charlie Byrd, who shares Getz's clicko "Jazz Samba" LP on Verve, and flutist Herbie Mann who has also been a prime mover in the U. S. bossa nova movement. Mann was in the audi-

(Continued on page 47)

ments on current world events.

6:45 KMAX — "The Best of Cugat," Xavier Cugat.
KPFK—Featherweight Champion Davey Moore discusses his feelings on boxing.

7:00 KPFK—Baroque concert. Gabrieli, Canzone "La Spiritada"; Lully, Ballet music from "Xerxes"; Biber, Serenada; Gibbons, Fantasia; Haussmann, "Pavan and Galliard"; Luython, Fuga Suavissima; Couperin, "L'Apotheose de Lully."

8:00 KGLA — "Rhapsody in Rhythm," Ray Conniff.
KNOB — Leonard Feather features music of Romano Mussolini, son of Benito Mussolini.
KMLA — "The American Scene," Montovani.
KPFK — Dr. Edward Stainbrook, chairman of the Dept. of Psychiatry at USC, discusses "Con-

CHURCH SERVICES

SUNDAY MORNING

7:30 KMPC—Bible Class
8:00 KABC—Dr. Pierce
8:30 KABC—Dr. Fuller
KHJ—Voice of Prophecy
8:35 KNX—Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00 KABC—Hymn Time
KFI—Catholic Hour
9:15 KABC—Dr. Clark
9:30 KABC—Bible Class
10:00 KABC—Wings of Healing
KRKD—Jewish Hour
10:30 KABC—Dr. Duff-Forbes
11:00 KIEV—First Lutheran

L.A. TIMES — DEC. 30, 1962

AUDIO FIDELITY, INC. presents Direct from Carnegie Hall Sellout

FIRST ANNUAL "BOSSA NOVA" MUSIC FESTIVAL

IN PERSON

Featuring

The Stan GETZ QUARTET "Desafinado"

The Dizzy GILLESPIE QUINTET

The Laurindo ALMEIDA QUARTET

The Lalo SCHIFRIN TRIO

plus Direct from Brazil The Oscar Castro NEVES QUARTET

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SAN FRANCISCO

Norvo, vibraharp; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Carl Drinkard or Sonny Clark or Beryl Booker, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Elaine Leighton, drums; Miss Holiday, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Miss Holiday was doing a concert tour of Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, France, and Switzerland under the aegis of Leonard Feather when this recording was made in 1954 at one of her German concerts.

Feather, in his notes, makes the point that this trip was a pleasant "oasis in the lonely island" of her life, a contention that is borne out by the recordings. For we hear Billie Holiday in the full flower of her powers. Her voice has flexibility and lift. When she reaches for things, she finds them readily—the nuances, the shading, the little turns of phrase.

She swings blithely through *Eyes* and her first chorus of *Lover, Come Back*. She makes a strong, deliberate presentation of *My Man* and *Waterfront* and sings what must be the best *Billie's Blues* she ever put on a record.

On the first side of the disc, on which she is heard with a trio, she is put at a disadvantage by the balance, which gives undue prominence to Drinkard's piano, especially on the first two selections.

The other side is made up of only two pieces, *Blues* and *Lover, Come Back*, with a larger group accompanying her.

Oddly, both numbers have good and poor qualities for opposite reasons. Miss Holiday is superb on *Blues*, but the long series of instrumental solos are routine. On the other hand, DeFranco, Norvo, and Raney get swinging so hard during their solos on *Lover, Come Back*, that when she comes back for the final chorus, she is buried in their flying dust. As if all this were not enough, the disc also offers a *soupcon* of Feather's Oxonian German.

(J.S.W.)

DOWN BEAT

Life With Feather

Pioneer Pollack Plans Life Story

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

If you don't know who Ben Pollack is, you don't know jazz. Moments of musical history are being re-enacted nightly at Hollywood's Knickerbocker Hotel where the veteran drummer is leading a Dixieland sextet.

Pollack's a shortish, balding fellow with an engaging smile, is better qualified than most to reminisce. In 1922, at the age of 19, he was recording with the Friars Society Orchestra (later called the New Orleans Rhythm Kings); in October, 1924, he formed his own orchestra at a ballroom in Venice Beach, Calif. and by 1926 had moved back home to Chicago. The band's early Victor records included such sidemen as Glenn Miller, trombone and arranger; Jimmy McPartland; Jack Teagarden; Victor Young on violin; and a 16-year-old saxophonist and clarinetist named Benny Goodman.

☆ ☆ ☆

"TED MACK, of the Amateur Hour, was one of my original saxophonists," says Pollack. "When I gave up my band for a while in the mid-'30s, most of the men formed a cooperative group that became Bob Crosby's original band—Eddie Miller, Matty Matlock, Nappy Lamare, Gil Rodin . . . I started a new band in 1936 and had Harry James with me, Irving Fazola, Freddy Slack. You name 'em, I had 'em."

Pollack

When the band dodge got tough, Pollack went into various business ventures. He formed a band for Chico Marx to front; had a record firm; then for ten years, ran his own restaurant on the Sunset Strip, playing there himself on weekends. After it folded and became a strippery known as the Body Shop, Pollack drifted out of sight. The other night he filled me in on the past two years.

"I got tired; went to Palm Springs to relax. Then got tired of relaxing and led a combo at a hotel there. Went to Vegas, and there was a deal cooking for me to be entertainment director at one of the hotels. That fell through and I came back here."

☆ ☆ ☆

HOW DOES HE FEEL about today's young musicians?

"Their education is better, yes. They have it the easy way and go to college. We learned by standing outside windows or listening to old records out of horns. But the horns nowadays get an amateur tone quality, especially these bop era kids, and the clinkers! In our band, if you hit a clinker you'd be fined a quarter and nobody would SPEAK to you!

"The tempos bug me, too; they all play ahead of the beat on the fast tunes and behind on the slow ones. I get sick to my stomack and have to walk out. And there's no feeling of love. We had a happy band, today they only care how much they'll get paid, there's none of that out-to-have-the-greatest-band-in-the-world feeling.

"Drummers? For taste and time, the only drummers I can listen to without getting sick to my stomach are Buddy Rich and Louie Bellson. My original idol was a Negro drummer in Chicago, Dick Curry. He was with the South Side bands and I listened to him all the time. We had a reunion a couple years ago—he's still playing weekends."

☆ ☆ ☆

HOW ABOUT B.G., his most famous alumnus?

"Benny sounds like he's been practicing legit too much. He should sit in with the youngsters and blow. He sounds tight, unrelaxed on these new records; he played better when he was a teenager. But nobody can tell me he can't play; all he needs is to listen around and loosen up."

Pollack had a small acting role in the 1955 "Benny Goodman Story" ("I wore William Powell's old toupee") but feels a lot of facts were garbled or omitted from it, and from "The Glenn Miller Story."

He is working with tapes (and with a collaborator, the late Jerry Wald's brother, Malvin) on an autobiography. "If Hollywood touches this one," he says, "I'll see to it that they tell it right, or not at all. I'll be great if we can just tell the truth without getting sued."

It certainly would. But it's hard to forget how, in "The Gene Krupa Story," the W. C. Handy "St. Louis Blues" biography and so many others, Hollywood had a chance to shed some light and instead merely refracted it. I'd say my feelings about "The Ben Pollack Story" consist of cautious optimism strongly laced with skepticism.

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Valley Times Dec. 1

Life With Feather

Bossa Nova Afterthoughts

BY LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

Since my last column about Bossa Nova, several events have indicated that this music is more than a mere nine-week wonder.

Any new movement in and of the lively arts thrives on publicity, and Bossa Nova could hardly ask for more than it has had in recent days. First, of course, there was the Bossa Nova invasion of the White House, in a concert by the postgraduate sextet of Paul Winter, at which such tunes as Carlos Lyra's "Maria Ningeun" (Maria Nobody) delighted an audience of young people (the young people included Mrs. John F. Kennedy).

Winter, a 23-year-old saxophonist, has more right than most to jump on the B.N. bandwagon. During his six months in Latin America earlier this year, leading the first student jazz combo ever sent overseas under the International Cultural Exchange Program, he underwent a thorough indoctrination in Bossa Nova on its home grounds.

★ ★ ★

THE SECOND BIG EVENT of the week was the Bossa Nova concert at Carnegie Hall, with all the expected promotional accessories: A party at the Waldorf thrown by the Brazilian Consulate in honor of the visiting Brazilian musicians, a party given by a dance studio to introduce still another alleged Bossa Nova dance, and appearances of some of the artists at local clubs and on broadcasts.

Joao Gilberto, regarded in Rio as the George Washington of Bossa Nova, turned out to be a quiet-mannered performer whose intimate voice and subtle guitar style were at sea in Carnegie Hall. On one of his two sets he was accompanied by Antonio Carlos Jobim, composer of "Desafinado" (by now the "How High The Moon" of the B.N. worshippers) and of "One Note Samba." Jobim, playing piano, also sang a set of his own.

★ ★ ★

WHAT STRUCK ME MOST MEMORABLY about the concert was its lack of uniformity. Some of the singing guitarists were capable popular singers with no relationship whatever to jazz and, in some cases, it seemed to me, a very tenuous tie to Bossa Nova. Whatever you called it, though, there was sensative, lyrical music in the guitar of Luis Bonfa (part composer of the score of "Black Orpheus," a 1959 film that introduced Brazilian music to the general public), and in the singing of Agostinho Dos Santos, whose voice was a major element in the film.

On the other hand, there was a strong jazz urge in the music of the Brazilian combos such as the sextet of Sergio Mendes, a frail-looking 21-year-old pianist whose group seems to base its ideas on modern American jazz lines (Mendes, in fact, both looks and sounds like Horace Silver).

★ ★ ★

WHAT SURPRISED ME was the opposition of many of the Brazilians to the Americanization of their music.

"That is not the real Bossa Nova," said Oscar Castro Neves, a pianist whose quartet played at Carnegie. "It doesn't have the right feeling, a certain subtle rhythmic thing that the American musicians lack."

"Even Stan Getz?" I asked.

"Even Stan Getz."

"Even Herbie Mann?" (Mann is the New York flutist who recently paid the Brazilians the compliment of flying down to Rio to record some albums in their company).

"Well," said Castro Neves, "Herbie Mann comes closest."

These proud and youthful performers eagerly remind you that the first Bossa Nova Festival was held in Rio in 1959, three years before the U. S. discovered Bossa Nova, and around the same time that Joao Gilberto's album "Chega de Saudade" made the movement a national Brazilian affair. I suspect that as soon as they realize the Yankees are adding something to their music—a swinging feeling that they themselves have been doing their best to include—they will realize that authenticity is a flexible word.

(Life With Feather is heard Sundays at 8 p.m. on KNOB, 98 FM)

2a

VALLEY TIMES TODAY SAT. DEC. 8

Life With Feather

Jazz Man In White House

By LEONDARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

The Paul Winter Sextet comprises three Negro and three white musicians whose somersault to fame brought them last month to eminence as the first jazz combo to play at the White House. Last week in New York Winter revealed details of the results.

"Everything is happening," he said. "Night clubs? The last two weeks in December we're at the Village Vanguard in New York. Television? December 10 we do a half hour show with CBS-TV at Lafayette College, for 'Eyewitness.' Records? In January, we make our third LP for Columbia, this time with Carlos Lyre, the Brazilian guitarist whose composition 'Maria Ninguen,' a bossa nova, we played at the White House."

(Early this year, the sextet covered 23 countries and 27,000 miles in Latin American as the first student group ever sent out under the State Department's Cultural Exchange Program.)

WINTER INCLUDED in his White House program a "Tribute to Latin America," also "Toccata" from the "Gillespiana" suite by Dizzy Gillespie's ex-pianist, Lalo Schifrin from Buenos Aires.

Mrs. Kennedy

"We also played an original entitled 'Pony Express,' a blues waltz by Warren Bernhardt," said Winter, "as a nod to the New Frontier. We felt strongly about this, as our six months in South America were a New Frontier experiment, and the consensus of many officials we met was that this could never have been tried under the previous administration."

Other works performed included "Bells and Horns" by Jimmy Heath and "Ballad of the Sad Young Men" by Tommy Wolf. Toward the end of the program Winter received word that the program, having begun 20 minutes late, was running overtime.

"We decided to cut our encore, though I think Mrs. Kennedy was expecting one. She had been wearing a great big smile as she sat in the front row throughout the concert, and you could tell from her reactions at various times, to things that were happening in the music, that she really knew what she was listening to.

"We finished our last number, 'Count Me In,' written by our bassist Richard Evans as a tribute to Count Basie. Then we bowed, and there was an awkward pause because I think they expected the encore, but I looked at my watch rather obviously and Mrs. Kennedy got up and walked to the stand and shook hands with me.

"THAT WAS WONDERFUL, PAUL, simply wonderful,' she said. 'We've never had anything like it here before.'"

"Our most avid ambition," says Winter, "is still a tour in Russia. We're hoping to go in a few months if it can be worked out.

"I do feel now that everyone in Washington is well aware of jazz and its value, musically and diplomatically. Mr. Salinger, by the way, is quite interested in jazz and is a good musician himself—I understand he was a classical piano prodigy.

"As you know, the cultural exchange program is now under investigation. If this reevaluation of the program is conducted the way we'd like to believe it will be, jazz can't help but receive a greatly expanded role in the future."

I have the ideal solution, guaranteed to ensure appropriations: with the next State Department jazz tour, send along a delegation of congressmen to see for themselves. I'm sure Paul Winter must agree it's a strategy that couldn't miss.

(Life With Feather is heard Sundays at 8 p.m. on KNOB, 98 FM.)

Dec. 15

Life With Feather

Les Brown: End Of Road

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

"It's not that I want to retire," said Les Brown. "It's just that I can't live on a bus any more!"

The leader of the Band of Renown, winner of many Down Beat polls as the country's most popular dance band, sat in a dressing room at Paramount, where his band has a role in the new Jerry Lewis comedy "The Nutty Professor," and told me of his plans.

"I'm not giving up the band. I'll still front it when it's out here in Hollywood, and on TV shows. But after January 1, on all road tours, it'll be fronted by Butch Stone."

Stone, sitting next to Brown, grinned and interjected: "The trouble is, he's getting old. He's six months older than me."

AS A BARITONE SAXOPHONIST, Van Nuys' Henry (Butch) Stone joined Brown in 1941, later earning popularity in the role of comedy singer. For eight years, he has doubled as the band's road manager.

LES BROWN
More Movies, TV

"I'll have time to resume writing arrangements for the band," said Brown, "and I'll write jingles and do anything else that will keep me busy here in music. I've saved some, sure, but not enough to stop working. The important thing is, by keeping the band on the road, we can at least keep it together.

"It won't be like the other 'ghost bands' where original leader is either dead or disinterested. I'll still rehearse the band and help to guide it musically."

For many observers, Brown's decision, to disinter a cliche, marks the end of an era. An easy-going, tranquil man who looks many years younger than 50 (but isn't), he began his bandleading life almost 30 years ago, during his 1932-5 attendance at Duke University. The "Duke Blue Devils" made a few early records; then Les spent a couple of years writing for other bands—Larry Clinton, Isham Jones—before starting a new one of his own in 1938.

The most famous graduate of that band, of course, is Doris Day, the Brown vocalist in 1940 and again from '43-6. The band's biggest hit, also in the mid-'40s, was Ben Homer's "Sentimental Journey."

A LIFELINE FOR THE BAND of Renown, when the band business began to decline, was Brown's association with Bob Hope, which began in 1947 and took him through endless radio and TV shows as well as the now-famous annual Christmas tours.

"I'll still keep touring with Bob," said Les. "In fact, we leave December 19 for Tokyo, Korea, Guam, Okinawa, Formosa and the Philippines, in a show with Janis Page, Lana Turner, Anita Bryant and of course, Jerry Colonna.

"Foreign travel is one thing I don't mind. In fact I'd love to go back to England and play for British audiences+ the only time we were there was in 1957, when we toured U.S. army bases for a week."

Movies, too, will remain on Brown's schedule. Thanks to Jerry Lewis' keen interest in music, which has resulted in TV or movie breaks for such bands as Terry Gibbs' and Count Basie's, the Band of Renown has an important part in "The Nutty Professor," due for release next summer.

ALSO IN THE PICTURE, as an actor, is a 22-year-old drummer named Les Brown Jr., who recently led his own band at the Crescendo in Hollywood. (Dave Pell who for years played sax in Brown Senior's band contributed the arrangements.)

"He's acted in about 15 television shows in the past 18 months as well as in summer stock theatre; as a drummer and bandleader he's made an LP for Gene Norman's own GNP label," said Les Senior proudly.

"How about your own playing?" I asked. "When I first heard the band, you used to play clarinet."

"That," said Les, "was before I got out of practice. I doubt that I'll ever get back in."

"Is it just because you're tired of the road that you're quitting or because playing conditions have changed?"

"Well," said Les, "I'll admit things ain't what they used to be. You can't play nowadays for kids standing in front of the bandstand beating their hands. But there are still enough dates left—parties, country clubs, colleges—for a band to have a chance of survival."

He could have talked about survival of the fittest; happily for the Band of Renown, it's still one of the fittest and finest groups around.

Not even its leader's demi-semi-retirement is likely to hurt it.

(Life With Feather is heard Sundays at 8 p.m. on KNOB, 98 FM

DEC. 22

Life With Feather

Seasonable Gifts For Swingsters

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

What can you possibly get for someone who needs everything?

Assuming he or she is a jazz fan (and assuming you haven't finished your Christmas shopping yet), here are a couple of suggestions.

There are more jazz books than ever, the quality inevitably thinning out as the quantity makes it impossible to find new and logical approaches. One exception is "Toward Jazz" by the French composer and critic Andre Hodeir (Grove Press, 224 pp., $4.75).

When Hodeir is writing about the struggles of the art of jazz against commercial corruption, musicianship is not a prerequisite for his absorbing polemic; but when he takes on a deep analysis of a solo by Count Basie, the ability to read music and understand the harmonic and improvisational systems of jazz is as essential to the reader as to the author.

Hodeir is one of the most brilliant, provocative and opinionated writers in the history of jazz. (When critic A expresses an opinion and critic B disagrees with him, B explains that A is opinionated; when A's views happen to coincide with B's, B points out that A is forceful and convincing.) This latest miscellany of reflective essays will appeal to musicians, and to fans who have the necessary musical equipment.

☆ ☆ ☆

LESS ESOTERIC but well documented and planned, is a longer work, "The New Jazz Book" by Germany's Joachim-Ernst Berendt (Hill & Wang, 314 pp., $5.00). There are chapters on the decades of jazz and their corresponding styles; a few short personality pieces; a chapter on the instruments, one on the elements of jazz (improvisation, harmony, melody, rhythm, etc.), and an attempt at a definition of jazz that I found no more satisfactory than any others before it (including my own). The sad fact is, it cannot be defined.

Though it offers no new insights and adds very little to what has already been found in many others, Berendt's book is readable and generally accurate.

Buying records is riskier, because you must know a little about your donee's taste in jazz. Present the local Wilbur de Paris buff with a new Ornetee Coleman LP and some night your gift is liable to come back to you suddenly, flung through a closed window.

☆ ☆ ☆

LIKELY TO please most listeners because of their documentary value and broad musical span are the following:

"On Mike!" A two volume set featuring 24 jazz groups, from Cannonball Adderley to Gerald Wilson (Pacific Jazz B100). A superb grab-bag of modern music in every style.

"Midnight in Paris" by Duke Ellington & His Orchestra (Columbia CS 8707 stereo, CL 1907 mono). You can hardly go wrong with the great ducal common denominator of jazz. His latest comprises mainly standard tunes and a couple of originals but the orchestration and solo work brings everything up to the Olympian Ellington level.

"Swing Street" (Epic SN 6042). If you can afford to give a four-LP set, this extraordinary compendium of 52nd Street jazz (1931-47) is ideal gift material.

Having closed last year's gift suggestion column with a brazen plug for "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz," this year I shamelessly point out that an identical edition, differing only in the quality of the binding, can now be had for about half the price, i.e., $4.95, from Crown Publishers to have a swinging Christmas.

(Life With Feather is heard Sundays at 8 p.m. on KNOB, 98 FM).

14 Sat., Dec. 29, 1962 Valley Times TODAY

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Life With Feather

New Shearing Accompanist

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

George Shearing recently graduated from school and was the class valedictorian. This is a little unusual for a man of 43, but the school itself was no common-or-garden college.

The pianist's schooling was a month's training at Guide Dogs for the Blind, at San Rafael, Cal. He is now the contented owner of Lee Shearing, age 16 months, a beautiful Golden Retriever who has the distinction of serving as the first guide dog in history with a world-famous musician for a master.

Back at the home in North Hollywood for a month's rest, during which he is trying out his new-found independence in Lee's company, Shearing mused about the lack of guide dogs among blind celebrities.

"I suppose most musicians have always been able to rely on their agents or wives or fellow-performers to take them around," he said. "Actually I'm not the first jazz musician to have a guide dog; my friend, Joe Saye, the pianist from Scotland, got one three years ago.

Shearing

"THE IMPORTANT THING, of course, is that it gives the whole family more freedom. Just this afternoon, Trixie felt tired and Wendy was out on an errand, so I went for a walk around the block with Lee." (Trixie and Wendy are George's wife and 20-year-old daughter.)

The training course was rigorous, keeping each student occupied all day, six days a week, for the full month. The school takes up to a dozen trainees at a time. Each dog has had many months of preparation under the guidance of 4-H Club boys and girls.

"Was there a piano there?" I asked.

"Yes, they had an upright, but I doubt that I touched it more than three times during the whole month. I played more poker than piano." George showed me his deck of Braille playing cards.

"These dogs are really uncanny. It didn't take long before I felt I could trust Lee. Sometimes the school took us into San Francisco and I'd walk with Lee, the trainer following us from a few paces behind. We went across the Golden Gate Bridge, and into some of the worst traffic in town.

ONCE I MISCALCULATED the traffic flow, which I can usually judge by listening carefully, and I jumped a light. When Lee saw the traffic coming, he just sat down immediately and wouldn't budge. It's a wonderful thing —I feel safe, and more independent than I ever could before."

Throughout a whole evening with the Shearings and Lee, George's preoccupation and concern for Lee were constantly in evidence. Every once in while, he would ask: "Is he asleep now. . . . Is he moving? . . . Let me know if he's bothering you."

Lee bothered nobody, sitting quietly through an evening of music on records and television. George plans to resume work in mid-January, by which time he hopes to have committed to memory all the crosswalks in his neighborhood.

"Do people recognize you and stop you much in the streets?"

"Sometimes. And sometimes they say funny things. More than once I've heard people say: 'Oh, look at the blind dog!' "

"A few weeks after the group goes back to work, we're taking off for a tour of Japan. That will be Lee's indoctrination on the road. I know we're going to get along fine."

Shearing being an inveterate punster, it was inevitable that he would find a suitable word play to summarize the impact of Lee on

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JAN 5 1963

Life With Feather

12 Swinging Resolutions

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

1962 was a year of momentous breakthroughs. Benny Goodman in Red Square, bossa nova in the White House, jazz stars galore in the best seller lists.

It was the year Ray Charles entered the hearts of a hundred million fans and the 99 per cent tax bracket; the year many second-handers of the record world followed his lead in the jazz use of country and western songs; and the year Stan Kenton, in a non-progressive moment, astonished his fans with a treacle-and-glucose monolog entitled "Mama Sang a Song." (To double their embarrassment, it sold well.)

ONLY ONE NEW STAR reached top level stature, musically and commercially: flutist Herbie Mann, with his polyethnic jazz combo. His biggest hit, "Herbie Mann at the Village Gate," Atlantic 1380, pointed up a major trend in jazz LPs: it consisted of three numbers—eight, 10 and 20 minutes long—and sold a hundred times better than many albums composed of a dozen disc-jockey-oriented tracks.

The record situation reminds me of my New Year resolutions, which I'll pass along in the hope that some may lead you to similar plans. During 1963 I hope to realize these projects:

(1) Listen to one entire new jazz LP every single day, including Sundays and holidays. At this rate, by the end of the year I may have heard half the annual jazz output.

Leonard Feather will act as narrator and master of ceremonies at the first annual Bossa Nova Music Festival tonight at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. The show stars the Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, Laurindo Almeida, Lalo Scifrin and Oscar Castro-Neves combos, as well as the first stage appearance of the "Dance Panorama" Bossa Nova dancers.

(2) Spend half an hour each week helping my wife paste in Blue Chip Stamps.

(3) Visit at least one new country to study its jazz life—preferably Japan, where there is reportedly a swinging scene.

(4) Presuade my daughter to give up rock 'n' roll for Lent. (After her guest column professing conversion to jazz, she backslid.)

(5) Give up bossa nova for Lent.

(6) Campaign to reestablish Dizzy Gillespie as the greatest trumpet player of them all.

(7) Introduce Steve Allen to Roland Kirk, so they may be treated to the nation's first coast-to-coast zello solo.

(8) Offer my services to Mrs. John F. Ken[nedy for] a 13-week course (at her place or mine) to ins[truct her] in what happened with jazz BEFORE bossa nova.

(9) Start collecting humorous items about jazz: amusing incidents involving perpormers (Benny Goodman along should be good for a whole chapter), anecdotes about road tours, booking agents, press agents, musicians' wives (Artie Shaw should be good for a whole book) and musicians' children.

COLLECT THEM and publish them in a book designed to show that jazz is not always necessarily the deadly ponderous subject into which some of its experts have tried to convert it.

Anyone who has suitable stories or can suggest sources is invited to write to me at P.O. Box 925, Hollywood 28, Calif. I can't promise to answer letters, nor to use or return material sent, but you can be sure your comments will be read and considered.

(10) Write a piece of special song material so strong that it will become essential to the repertoire of the greatest song salesman of them all, Miss Lena Horne.

(11) Persuade my wife to stop collecting Blue Chip stamps.

Happy New Year!

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE 1/4/63

Ralph J. GLEASON

More Jazz Than Bossa Nova

TONIGHT'S CONCERT at the Masonic Memorial will really be more jazz than bossa nova no matter what the billing says.

Two of the best small jazz groups, the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet (with James Moody and a fine young pianist from Philadelphia, Kenny Baron) and the Stan Getz Quartet (with Jimmy Raney on guitar) top the bill.

Gillespie is one of the musicians who first picked up bossa nova music when he was in Brazil and he has been featuring the current bossa nova hit, "Desifinado," for some time.

Getz currently has a hit record, THE hit record, of bossa nova with his version (with Charlie Byrd on guitar) of "Desifinado" for Verve.

Oddly enough Getz made his first acquaintance with bossa nova music the day he recorded "Desifinado." It was Byrd's interest, roused by several trips to Brazil, that produced the idea of jazz versions. But the music is really styled for Getz' soft tone and beautiful phrasing and his recording of it is one of the best jazz singles (as well as pop hits) in a long time.

★ ★ ★

THE TOUCH of authenticity will be contributed by the Oscar Castro-Neves group, a Brazilian unit that appeared at the fiasco in Carnegie Hall last month when bossa nova made its concert debut in New York.

In addition, guitarist Laurendo Almeida, a marvelous musician, will appear with alto saxophonist Bud Shank and the Cal Tjader rhythm section (but not Cal). Lalo Schiferin, the Argentinian pianist formerly with the Gillespie Quintet, will play a set using Gillespie's rhythm section.

That's about all, I guess, except that Leonard Feather, the songwriter-jazz critic, will act as master of ceremonies. The concert is being presented by Sid Frey.

Mr. Frey runs Audio Fidelity records which record Schiferin and Castro-Neves as well as other bossa nova groups. He also owns several publishing companies which publish bossa nova tunes. The concert is being produced by Irving Granz.

Pop Spotlight

THIS IS MY STORY

Dinah Washington. Mercury MGP 2-103 (M); SRP 2-603 (S)

Here's a mighty powerful set from Dinah. This set contains some of her most potent singles material recorded over the years with the Mercury label. The album is profusely illustrated and features exhaustive notes by Leonard Feather. The album touches on the Queen's success in the blues as well as the pop market. In it are included such notable successes as "Time Out for Tears," "Salty Papa Blues," "Trust in Me," "September in the Rain" and "What a Difference a Day Made." Solid collection for fans and serious devotees of jazz, blues and pop.

BILLBOARD - JAN. 12, 1963

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JAZZ CONCERTS

Bossa Nova, Go Home

HOTEL music—the music, that is, of Guy Lombardo, Lester Lanin, Sammy Kaye, Wayne King, and Meyer Davis—is, by and large, a non-music. Its changeless instrumentation of muted trumpet, saxophone, violin, piano, bass, and drums, and its waxy, frumpy harmonies and textures, are not really meant to be heard. Neither are its materials—"The Lady Is a Tramp," "Tales from the Vienna Woods," and "Down South American Way"—which after an hour or two assume the homogeneity of sidewalks. And its rhythms, which, moist and hiccupy, are generally the fox trot, the waltz, the polka, and South American admixtures, are not really meant to be danced to; one simply jiggles and bounces. Indeed, hotel music is an aural décor designed to match the potted palms, the blue-glass chandeliers, the portly figures, and the gold-jacketed waiters. But hotel music does have virtues. For the past forty or fifty years, it has gone its own harmless, submusical way, and in times of stress the bands that play it have even been paying, if uneasy, shelters for out-of-work jazz musicians. (During the depression, the hotel bands kept most of the white jazz musicians in New York alive; Negro musicians, though, fled to Europe or grew thin and took up other arts, like janitoring and poolroom keeping.) However, a startling change has been taking place in the last six months. A new form of hotel music—*bossa nova*, from Brazil—has appeared and is aggressively being bound to jazz. (*Bossa nova* has three characteristics: its plain old samba rhythms are syncopated; its melodies bear a washy resemblance to the long-lined effusions of Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker; and it involves a mild sort of improvisation.) To be sure, jazz is temporarily in a peaked, defenseless state. It is suffering from its own inner turmoil (abstract jazz), from the country's rocky economics, and from the current folk-singing rage. More important, middlemen, mainly in the form of the recording companies, are forcing *bossa nova* on jazz through countless *bossa-nova* albums made by jazz musicians who have little alternative.

An excellent instance of this force play took place at Carnegie Hall last Wednesday night at a heavily sponsored (a recording company and a national monthly magazine, which deposited a two-pound copy of its November issue on each seat), heavily recorded, heavily photographed, heavily filmed, heavily narrated (Leonard Feather: "*Bossa nova* has done more than be a highly productive cross-fertilization of cultures"), and heavily claqued *bossa-nova* concert. The first half of the evening, which would have been interminable even if one could have jiggled and jounced to it, was given over to Brazilian musicians, good hotel men all, and including guitarists (amplified and unamplified), guitarists-singers, singers, and a couple of small bands. The singers, who predominated, sang mostly in Portuguese (the words "*bossa nova*," which mean the "new flair" or "thing" or "feeling," anchored the lyrics), and sounded like Mel Tormé, Sarah Vaughan, and Fred Astaire. The rhythm sections sagged and the occasional solos had, with one exception, a stock-arrangement quality. The exception was Oscar Neves, a pianist, guitarist, and the leader of a quartet, whose solos, delivered while Neves bounced up and down in Brazilian-rubber fashion, had wild, spacious single-note lines that were highly original.

The second, or American, half of the concert was opened by Stan Getz and a rhythm section. Getz, forgetting himself, played two non-*bossa-nova* ballads,

THE NEW YORKER

and then "Desafinado," the *bossa-nova* anthem. After that, he was joined by Bob Brookmeyer and a first-rate big band, conducted by a young West Coast arranger named Gary MacFarland. This was, though too little (three numbers) and too late (around eleven-thirty), an absorbing event. MacFarland's arrangements (he is also a gifted composer) take up about where Benny Carter's stop. Avoiding the eiderdown quality of Gil Evans, MacFarland uses a big band merely to suggest the tunes it plays, leaving the soloists to spell them out. His arrangements, like the Modern Jazz Quartet's, are made up of already improvised melodic fragments written in tight, self-effacing harmonies. His section writing is airy and quick; phrases stop and start at the most unexpected points, and they invariably lead comfortably into or out of the solos. His background figures complement rather than compete with the soloists. *Bossa nova* in the hands of MacFarland and his men momentarily became music.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

CASH BOX OCT. 27

Duprees	[illegible]
Eddy, Duane	39
Everly Bros.	84, 99
Fabric, Bent	13
Five Whispers	99
Fleetwoods	68
Four Seasons	4, 17
Francis, Connie	29, 51
Gabriel & Angels	87
Gaye, Marvin	65
Getz, Stan	36
Grant, Earl	91
Greco, Buddy	69
Hill, Bunker	44
Hyland, Brian	24
Ifield, Frank	16
Isley Bros.	54
James, Etta	70
Jensen, Kris	21
Kenton, Stan	71
	45

L.A. TIMES - JAN 27

Library Honors Jazz Composer

Andy Razaf, pioneer jazz composer has been honored by the Library Commission after donating his collection of Negro history, music and cultural items to the city.

Razaf wrote "Honeysuckle Rose," "Ain't Misbehavin'," "That's What I Like About the South," "In the Mood" and other jazz classics.

Razaf who real name is Andreamenetania Paul Razafinkeriefo, is 67 years old and confined to his home at 3429 Country Club Dr. most of the time because of illness, library officials said.

The resolution was accepted on his behalf by Leonard Feather, internationally known jazz authority.

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BOSSA NOVA— looks like it's here to stay

by Leonard Feather

STAN GETZ was the unwilling populariser of bossa nova — but many American musicians reckon that the musical kudos should go to Dizzy Gillespie for pioneering the new rhythm.

BY the end of 1962 it had become obvious that bossa nova, despite its fast and greedy adoption by commercial elements in the music industry, is no overnight novelty and will not disappear as fast as it arose.

Musicians are as sharply divided as critics in their views of this new Brazilian jazz. Some Brazilians seem to resent the fact that North Americans have taken over the music and are trying to play it in a style that they feel is lacking in authenticity.

Sincere

One of the Brazilian combo leaders, Oscar Castro-Neves, told me he felt Herbie Mann is the only American musician who has captured the true feeling of bossa nova.

On the other hand, among New York and Hollywood musicians there is a sincere desire to combine the Brazilian elements with new ideas that spring from the core of jazz.

Some of the more racially conscious of the Negro musicians in New York are resentful that the big successes were scored initially by Stan Getz, Charlie Byrd and Zoot Sims; they point out that Dizzy Gillespie was playing bossa nova earlier.

It has also been said that there are racial divisions within the Brazilian origins, and that a harder, more aggressive type of bossa nova can be found in the northern regions of Brazil, where there is a heavier concentration of artists whose ancestry is pure African.

This racial consciousness seems less evident among the Brazilians themselves.

Mixing

At the recent Carnegie Hall concert there was considerable inter-racial mixing in the Brazilian groups presented, ranging all the way from the pale Antonio Carlos Jobim (pianist and composer of **Desafinado** and **One Note Samba**) and his singing guitarist partner Joao Gilberto, to Sergio Mendes, a pianist and combo leader who both looks and sounds like Horace Silver and is, like Horace, of Portuguese descent, to the light-brown-skinned singer Agostinho Dos Santos and the black-skinned guitarist-showman Bola Sete.

Harmonic

The musical variations within bossa nova are differences of style rather than of race.

To many Brazilian theorists this is essentially a vocal music with more popular than jazz elements; to others, such as the combo leaders Mendes and Castro-Neves, whose groups provided some of the most stimulating moments at Carnegie Hall, the music is just as essentially instrumental and draws heavily on American jazz for the harmonic bases of its themes and for the element of improvisation.

It is this very divergence of approaches, from strictly popular to strictly jazz, with many gradations in between, that may give bossa nova its strength and its power to survive.

The present situation is almost ridiculous. No record company feels that its catalogue is complete without at least one bossa nova album.

Clare Fischer, one of the first arrangers to see the possibilities of the music, already has LPs out with Cal Tjader and Bud Shank and is about to embark on a third, for George Shearing.

In New York, jazzmen recording bossa nova have fallen into a set pattern, often relying on a small group of percussion and guitar specialists who have been identified with the movement.

Hollywood

Among them are Willie Bobo, Willie Rodriguez, the team of Carmen Costa and Jose Paulo, and Jim Hall.

In Hollywood the situation is similar: guitarist Laurindo Almeida and percussionist Milt Holland are on call almost daily from one recording studio or another for a bossa nova session.

Survival

The future of bossa nova seems likely to parallel the fate of bop, Afro-Cuban jazz and many other forms that have started out as a fad.

There is a great deal of truth to almost every critical objection that has been raised in opposition to bossa nova, but I am convinced that its more valuable characteristics as played by both Brazilians and Americans will assure its survival.

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RALPH J. GLEASON

The Bossa Nova: An Amalgam of Native Music and Jazz Feeling

NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT there will be a bossa nova and jazz concert at the Masonic Memorial Temple on California street and some words may be necessary to delineate just what it's all about.

Bossa nova is a Brazilian amalgam of native music and a jazz feeling. It is a different thing from straight jazz or the ordinary jazz-and-Latin-rhythm. It was developed by Brazilian musicians who wished to be individualistic and who admired jazz.

It captured the imagination of American jazz musicians who heard it in Brazil and one of them, guitarist Charlie Byrd (who is not on the concert) made an album playing some of the tunes of the bossa nova music and featuring tenor saxophonist Stan Getz.

This album, on Verve, and the single record from it of "Desafinado," have become two of the most successful jazz recordings of modern times. The single record of Getz and Byrd playing "Desafinado" is currently, and has been for weeks, one of the best-selling records in the U. S.

Stan Getz will be on the program with his quartet, in which Jimmy Raney now plays guitar.

Other American jazz musicians played these tunes, including Dizzy Gillespie, who needs no excuse to be on any concert platform at any time. Gillespie has also recorded "Desafinado." His quintet, with James Moody on alto and flute, will be on the show.

Lalo Schifrin, formerly Gillespie's pianist, is a native of Argentina, knew all the bossa nova people and has himself recorded a bossa nova album on Audio Fidelity. He will be on the program as will the Castor-Neves Quartet, a group of young Brazilians who play in this style and who have also recorded.

Laurendo Almeida, a Brazilian guitarist, who left Brazil for the Stan Kenton band over a decade ago and long before bossa nova was thought of, will be on the show.

Leonard Feather, a jazz critic who has written extensively about bossa nova for Show magazine, Down Beat and elsewhere (and whose articles have kicked off a storm of protest) will be master of ceremonies.

A music publisher who has a record company is bankrolling the show. This music publisher has the U. S. rights to many of the bossa nova tunes, his record company has issued several bossa nova recordings and he also bankrolled the concert last month in Carnegie Hall of bossa nova.

That concert was a fiasco.

The Brazilian creators of the music—Joao Gilberto, A. J. Jobim, and others — were pushed aside by the jazz groups appearing there. The whole affair was badly handled and the resulting reviews, in The New York Times, the New Yorker and elsewhere, were acidulous.

This concert, I understand, is not being recorded or broadcast, so some of the problems will be averted. The programming should be better because there are fewer acts scheduled.

Drummer Ben Pollack Reviews History of Jazz for Hollywood

By LEONARD FEATHER
Author of the American Encyclopedia of Jazz

FEATHER ON JAZZ

If you don't know who Ben Pollack is, you don't know jazz. Moments of musical history are being re-enacted nightly at Hollywood's Knickerbocker Hotel where the veteran drummer is leading a Dixieland sextet.

Pollack, a short, near bald fellow with an engaging smile, is better qualified than most to reminisce. In 1922, at the age of 19, he was recording with the Friars Society Orchestra (later called the New Orleans Rhythm Kings); in October 1924 he formed his own orchestra at a ballroom in Venice Beach, Calif. and by 1926 had moved back home to Chicago. The band's early Victor records included such sidemen as Glenn Miller, trombone and arranger; Jimmy McPartland; Jack Teagarden; Victor Young on violin; and a 16-year-old saxophonist and clarinetist named Benny Goodman.

"Ted Mack, of the Amateur Hour, was one of my original saxophonists," says Pollack. "When I gave up my band for a while in the mid-30s most of the men formed a co-operative group that became Bob Crosby's original band — Eddie Miller, Matty Matlock, Nappy Lamare, Gil Rodin . . . I started a new band in 1936 and had Harry James with me, Irving Fazola, Freddy Slack. You name 'em, I had 'em."

WHEN THE BAND dodge got tough, Pollack went into various business ventures. He formed a band for Chico Marx to front; had a record firm; then for 10 years ran his own restaurant on the Sunset Strip, playing there himself on weekends. After it folded and became a strippery known as the Body Shop, Pollack drifted out of sight. The other night he filled me in on the past two years.

"I got tired; went to Palm Springs to relax. Then got tired of relaxing and led a combo at a hotel there. Went to Vegas, and there was a deal cooking for me to be entertainment director at one of the hotels. That fell through, and I came out here."

How does he feel about today's young musicians?

"Their education is better, yes. They have it the easy way and go to college. We learned by standing outside windows or listening to old records out of horns. But

BEN POLLACK

the horns nowadays get an amateur tone quality, especially these bop era kids; and the clinkers! In our band if you hit a clinker you'd be fined a quarter and nobody would speak to you!

"The tempos bug me, too; they all play ahead of the beat on the fast tunes and behind on the slow ones. I get sick to my stomach and have to walk out. And there's no feeling of love. We had a happy band; today they only care how much they'll get paid, there's none of that out-to-have-the-greatest-band-in-the-world feeling.

"**DRUMMERS?** For taste and time, the only drummers I can listen to without getting sick to my stomach are Buddy Rich and Louie Bellson. My original idol was a Negro drummer in Chicago, Dick Curry. He was with the South Side bands and I listened to him all the time. We had a reunion a couple years ago—he's still playing weekends."

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Bossa Nova Concert Too Long At Shrine

By DON MICHEL
Valley Times TODAY Staff Writer

Bossa Nova made its invasion of Los Angeles official Saturday evening with a festival at Shrine Auditorium.

The quick shuffle Brazilian jazz samba, which has been beating around the musical bushes for more than a decade, failed, however, to keep the musicians and the audience satisfied throughout an overly long evening.

Feather

Five groups—The Laurindo Almeida Trio, The Stan Lalo Schifrin Trio, The Stan Getz Quartet, the Oscar Castro-Neves Band and the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet—took turns playing the last possible ounce out of the current fad.

AND BY the time the Gillespie group came around for the closing set, the audience gave some applause of relief for he suggested that he was going to play the blues.

The concert with Valley Times TODAY columnist Leonard Feather narrating was presented with the same general format in San Francisco the previous evening and at New York's Carnegie Hall in December.

Though the musicians were some of the finest to be found playing in this idiom, the material was too often monotonous and in a few cases, repetitous, "One Note Samba" and "Don't Be That Way" being too popular.

Gillespie

BOSSA NOVA, as it has become known in the United States through the playing of Stan Getz and Charlie Byrd on an album called "Jazz Samba" and a single, "Desafinado," seems most vital when a long, sinuous melodic line is stretched tautly over the pulsating Latin beat.

For this reason, the playing of the Getz Quartet and the Almeida group with alto saxophonist Bud Shank, seemed best under the ground rules.

More excitement was generated, however, by the showmanship and musicianship of Gillespie and the pyrotechnic piano playing of Schifrin. The former strayed far afield from Bossa Nova at times and the latter was at his finest in the pure jazz portion of "Sea and Sky."

A TRIO of dancers fortunately were on for only one number and faded away after giving what was supposedly a demonstration of the Bossa Nova dance. After they finished one had the feeling that it would be a particularly handy dance for any girl with the questionable good fortune of having two dates on the same evening.

And when the festival was over, the audience had had its money's worth, even if some weren't quite sure whether Bossa Nova was the vituosic playing of guitarist Almeida or the driving beat of the Gillespie rhythm section.

SPOKEN

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VALLEY TIMES JAN. 8

Concert Pairs Jazz, Bossa Nova Rhythms

Shrine Auditorium was the scene of a Saturday evening get-together optimistically entitled "The First Annual Bossa Nova Festival," with Dizzy Gillespie, Laurindo Almeida, Stan Getz, Oscar Castro Neves and Lalo Schifrin on hand to initiate the festivities. The going was pleasant, the musicians ushered on and off smoothly and swiftly by Leonard Feather, master of ceremonies.

An entire evening of bossa nova might be difficult to take were the musical personalities less individual than those of the participants involved here. But the approach of each musician differed sufficiently to provide a wide-range vista of the various methods employed in pairing jazz with the music of Brazil. (And Getz and Gillespie each slipped in ballads and blues occasionally just to insure variety.)

Brazil Flavored Jazz

It was fitting that Laurindo Almeida, joined by Bud Shank, should open the concert, as the guitarist and alto saxophonist were among the first American jazzmen to blend the Brazilian and jazz idioms in the early '50s. More delicate and intimate than the current bossa nova, the Shank-Almeida sound in "Simpatico" and "Inquietaco" retains the charm of Brazilian folk melody, adding but a gentle touch of jazz for flavor.

Gillespie's group, one of the best organizations jazz has to offer these days, is probably the most successful in obtaining an even amalgamation of jazz harmonic structures with Brazilian rhythms. In common with Almeida and Shank, the trumpeter captures the idiomatic colorations of Brazilian melody, but manages to imbue the music with an equal dosage of jazz, as in "One Note Samba" and "Ole."

Lalo Schifrin, pianist, and Stan Getz, tenor saxophonist, on the other hand, merely couple everyday jazz improvisations with bossa nova rhythms supplied by bass and drum accompaniment. Getz included the popular "Desafinado" in his set, and Schifrin performed compositions by Oscar Castro Neves before the composer appeared to play them himself.

Oddly enough, the Brazilian Neves group with its simpler, more syncopated melodies, did not have the impact of the American jazz organizations who have adopted the bossa nova style.

—MIMI CLAR

LOS ANGELES TIMES JAN. 8, 1963

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1/3/63

FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

One of the great dividends of the public interest in jazz is the emergence of a new breed of jazz critic. Fully informed, armed with all the technical and intellectual equipment the rest of us lack, he fills in the gaps we have left in the popular understanding of the art.

Perhaps the best recent example of this new breed contributed an article, *Whatever Happened to Jazz?*, to a recent issue of *Jem* magazine. His name has been omitted to protect the guilty, but these are some highlights of his disquisition:

"Take some of the real 'way out' musicians of our day. Take Sammy Rollins, whose musical ability, from the standpoint of jazz, is roughly that of a seven-year-old playing a Jew's-harp at a Fourth of July picnic. Yet, Sammy is a smash hit in the record world and bobby soxers climb up the walls and hang on the chandeliers—from which you can't get them off with a pipe wrench—every time he opens his empty musical knowledge in front of them.

"Another one is Julian 'Canonball' Ederle, who is currently the king of the juke-box set . . . what was once genuine jazz has now become phony . . . jazz has indeed fallen upon sorry days."

Next, how about giving us an expose of Edward 'Duke' Wellington, Niles Davis or the idol of the juke-box bobby-soxer wall-climbers, Jack Lewis of the Modern Jazz Quintet?

* * *

One of the reasons the field has been left open to the real ambassadors of jazz understanding, such as the *Jem* mastermind, is that some of the old ambassadors have deserted us. I was reminded of this the other day when I spent close to seven hours trying to read the first chapter of a recent book, *Seeds of Hope in the Modern World.*

It may be brilliant and enlightening, but it was seven leagues over my head, an obfuscatingly obscure philosophical tract with what must surely be an extremely limited potential audience. Perhaps somebody will translate it into English. Or, better still, lure its author, Barry Ulanov, back into the jazz world, where for so many years he was one of the most valuable—and the most readable and lucid—observers of the scene.

* * *

TAIL FEATHERS: Why does Gov. Edmund Brown of California always remind me of Benny Goodman? . . . Why does Benny Goodman always remind me of Sol Yaged? . . . Sudden thought: "Not Clear" is an anagram of the name of a noted tenor saxophonist. . . . Can anyone help me provide a rhythm section for the all-star band I'm trying to assemble (on paper only) using big-name musicians? All I have to date is a brass section: Thomas Jefferson on trumpet and Abe Lincoln and George Washington on trombones.

* * *

Outstanding disc jockey goofs (authenticity not guaranteed):

"And now Thelonious Monk plays one of his most beautiful ballads, *Rudy, My Beer.*"

"This next number is *Mirage for Miles,* featuring the soulful horn of Paul Flute."

"This new Johnny Mathis release was given to me personally by his Bossa Noga."

* * *

Here's the kind of thing that can drive you out of your record library: when you're filing LPs, do you file Memphis Slim and Bumble Bee Slim under M and B, or both under S?

* * *

Overheard on a purely mythical party line:

"Hello, is Nesuhi there?"

"Nesuhi who?"

"Ertegun."

"Oh. Ah, no, I'm afraid he's tied up at the moment with Cannonball."

"Cannonball who?"

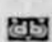
"Ederle. Who shall I say is calling?"

"Mahalia."

"Mahalia who?"

("I'm sorry, your time is up.")

"Sorry who?"



HI FI STEREO, FEB., 1963

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BILLIE HOLIDAY: *Lady Love.* Billie Holiday (vocals), Carl Drinkard, Sonny Clark, or Beryl Booker (piano), Red Mitchell (bass), Elaine Leighton (drums), Buddy De Franco (clarinet), Jimmy Raney (guitar). *All of Me; Them There Eyes; Billie's Blues; Lover Come Back to Me,* and six others. UNITED ARTISTS UAJ 14014 $3.98.

Interest: A Holiday find
Performance: Nonpareil
Recording: Adequate

In 1954, Billie Holiday headlined a European tour produced by Leonard Feather. This is a recording, never previously released, of a German concert during that expedition. Although there are other Holiday recordings—often more than one—of all the songs on the program, the album is an important addition to the Holiday discography.

Billie was a true improviser. She sang as she felt, and her moods were seldom predictable. Therefore, even the most familiar of the Holiday staples here take on new nuances. On that particular evening, Billie was in relatively good humor. As a result, the performances are mocking, buoyant, and entirely relaxed. A high point is *Billie's Blues,* but all the numbers should bring pungent pleasure to those who, like this reviewer, consider the late Miss Holiday to have been the most original, versatile, and evocative of all jazz singers.

notiziario

MUSICA JAZZ DEC. 1962

JAZZ RUSSO MADE IN U.S.A.

● La molto discussa tournée della grande orchestra di Benny Goodman nell'Unione Sovietica sta dando qualche frutto ritardato di particolare interesse. Poche settimane fa, infatti, negli studi d'incisione della Choreo Records di Hollywood (la nuova casa discografica di proprietà di Fred Astaire), è stato registrato un microsolco contenente esclusivamente composizioni di jazz di giovani musicisti sovietici. Tra i compositori sono Genadi « Charlie » Goldstain, un altosassofonista di Leningrado, e un diciannovenne trombettista di Mosca, Andre Towmosian, che furono ascoltati con molta attenzione e sincero entusiasmo dai *jazzmen* che avevano seguito Goodman, il quale viceversa, temendo forse di scendere dall'altissimo piedestallo su cui da molti anni si illude di essere, non volle ascoltare, durante l'intera tournée, alcun musicista locale.

Il complesso che ha inciso le composizioni russe è stato riunito da Leonard Feather, che aveva seguito a sua volta la troupe goodmaniana in qualità di osservatore e di *reporter,* ed è stato diretto dal pianista e vibrafonista Victor Feldman, che ha fatto parte, fino a poco tempo fa, del complesso di Cannonball Adderley. Gli altri solisti sono Nat Adderley (tromba), Harold Land (sax tenore), Joe Zawinul (piano), Frank Butler (batteria) e Bob Whitlock (contrabbasso), oltre allo stesso Feldman.

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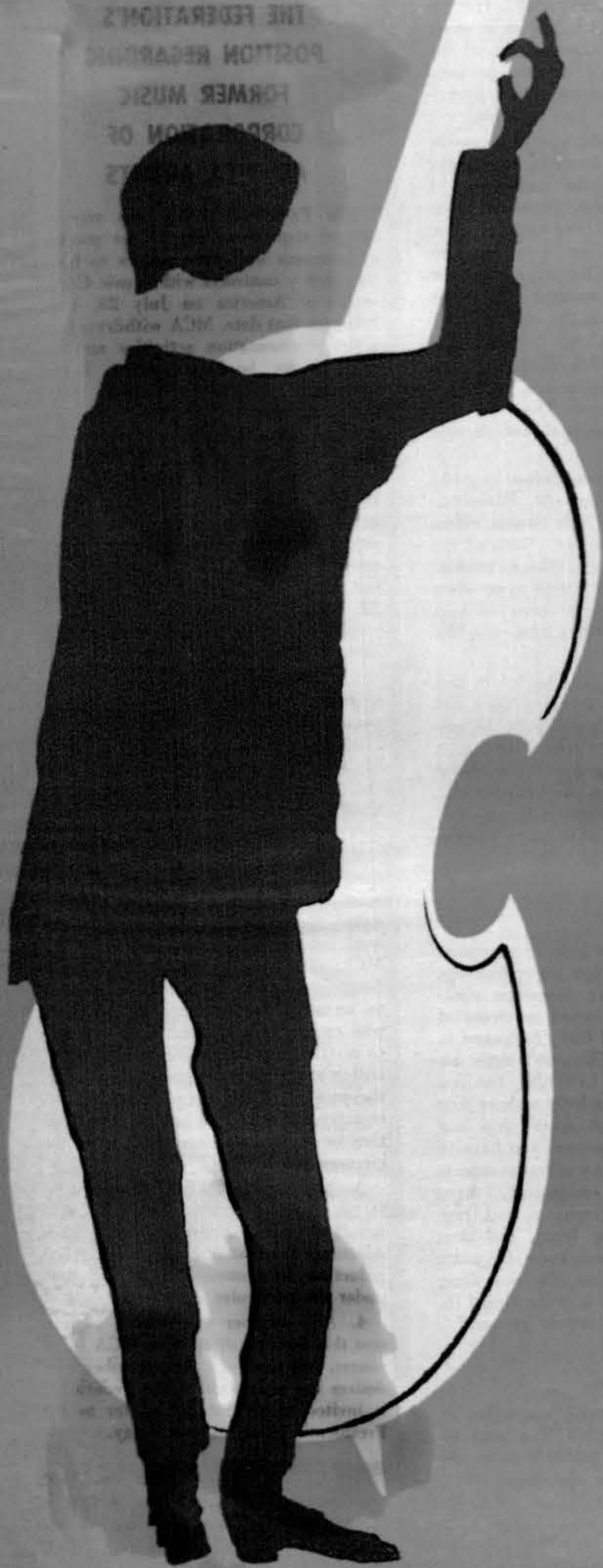

GIANTS OF JAZZ

Sixth of a Series

by leonard feather

THE BASS

Ever since the late 1920's, when the tuba or sousaphone began to disappear from the rhythm sections of jazz orchestras, the role of the string bass has been vital and, literally, fundamental to the music in which it participates.

There is a story, probably more legend than fact, that the use of pizzicato bass for rhythmic punctuation was the consequence of an incident in 1911 when Bill Johnson, an arco bassist with the Original Creole Band, forgot to bring his bow along and had no choice but to spend the evening plucking the strings. Whatever the true origin of the jazz bass style, it was certainly in general use not long after World War I, when Ed Garland played it with Kid Ory's band, Bob Escudero

Leroy Vinnegar

Charlie Mingus

Bob Haggart

Major Holley

George Duvivier

"Red" Mitchell

Milt Hinton

Walter Page

Chubby Jackson

Al McKibbon

"Slam" Stewart

George "Pops" Foster

Gene Wright

Sam Jones

Whitey Mitchell

Paul Chambers

Ray Brown

Photo credit: Walter Page, Columbia Records Photo

with Fletcher Henderson, and George "Pops" Foster with the Mississippi riverboat bands of Charlie Creath and others.

During the 1920's and early 1930's the bass was regarded as a novelty instrument, slapped loudly and unsubtly four beats to the bar in its rare solo appearances, rather than as the main floor on which the entire orchestral mansion was built. Steve Brown with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Wellman Braud with Duke Ellington, Harry Goodman with Ben Pollack, Walter Page with Benny Moten were among the pioneers. Most of the early string bass men were required to double on tuba.

The first bass player to earn individual prominence in jazz was John Kirby, himself an ex-tuba player and a former Henderson and Chick Webb sideman. Leading his own sextet in 1937, he impressed listeners with the light, nimble sound he was able to produce. Walter Page, with the newly-discovered Basie band, made a similar impression during this period, while Bob Haggart, of the Bob Crosby orchestra, achieved popular novelty effects with a number called "Big Noise From Winnetka," for which drummer Ray Bauduc slapped the bass strings with his sticks.

The most important development in the evolution of jazz string bass was the emergence, via the Duke Ellington orchestra in 1939, of Jimmy Blanton. In sharp contrast with the limited bass lines of earlier

(Continued on page eighteen)

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GIANTS OF JAZZ

(Continued from page fifteen)

musicians (usually they had confined themselves to quarter notes, with occasional dotted-eighth and sixteenth patterns for the more daring solo moments), Blanton showed a technical fluency that enabled him to improvise melodically on the bass much in the manner of a trumpet or saxophone. Even his ensemble work revealed a trueness of sound and crispness of tone that gave the instrument a dimension never even visualized by his predecessors.

Blanton's contribution, historically of the utmost importance, is hard to assess in retrospect, since dozens of today's virtuoso bassists seem to begin where he left off; yet until his time there had been no attempt to overcome the physical problems posed by the unwieldy instrument. He was only with Ellington two years, dying at the age of twenty-one, but his contributions set a completely new standard.

Percy Heath

During the 1940's there were great advances, both qualitatively and quantitatively, in jazz bass playing. The logical successor to Blanton was another phenomenally fast-fingered artist, the late Oscar Pettiford, also featured with Ellington (1945-8). The advent of bop, which placed great demands on all exponents because of its harmonic and melodic intricacy and the unusually fast tempi often employed, brought to light such remarkable young men as Ray Brown, a Pittsburgher first heard with Dizzy Gillespie and featured for the past decade with Oscar Peterson; Tommy Potter, best remembered as a member of Charlie Parker's combo; Percy Heath, another Gillespie alumnus, who came to prominence with the Modern Jazz Quartet; and Al McKibbon, also heard with Gillespie and later with George Shearing.

Among the best known and most respected big band bassists of the 1940's were Milt Hinton, who spent the whole decade with Cab Calloway's band (today he is one of the busiest free-lance musicians in New York); Ed Safranski, a poll-winner during his years with Stan Kenton, now a TV staff musician in Manhattan; and Wendell Marshall, who joined Ellington soon after Pettiford's departure.

One of the best-known bassists during that era was Chubby Jackson, a key figure for several years in Woody Herman's orchestra. Chubby was not only a good bass player but an innovator, for it was

Wendell Marshall — Harry Babasin — Tommy Potter

Israel Crosby — Arvell Shaw — Ed Garland

he who tried (though with limited success) to popularize the five-stringed bass (tuned E-A-D-G-C). Another popular figure of the '40's, "Slam" Stewart, was known for his amusing manner of humming and playing his solos in octave unison, a technique currently employed with some success by Major Holley.

The 1950's brought to prominence an impressive gallery of brilliant bassists. Charlie Mingus, an astonishingly agile and inspired soloist, became well-known, too, as composer, bandleader and leader of the jazz avant garde; "Red" Mitchell, another sure-toned and fleet-fingered performer, was, like Mingus, prominent for a while with the Red Norvo Trio; Paul Chambers is a Rock of Gibraltar for the Miles Davis Quintet and Sam Jones a similarly firm foundation for the sextet of Cannonball Adderley.

Several leading bassists have acquired a reputation not mainly as solo virtuosi but rather as dependable, rhythmically supple section men. Notable among them are George Duvivier in New York, Leroy Vinnegar in Hollywood, and the dependable Gene Wright, a mainstay of the Dave Brubeck Quartet since 1958. The jazz scene has been darkened during the past couple of years by the untimely deaths of four prominent bassists: Oscar Pettiford, Israel Crosby, Scott La Faro and Doug Watkins.

I have made the observation before with respect to other instruments, but in this instance must reiterate it even more strongly, that the jazz field today is overflowing with major talents and that consequently it will only be possible to single out a few typical representatives and to apologize to others unavoidably omitted from the following list:

Gary Peacock, Jimmy Bond, Monty Budwig, Curtis Counce, Ralph Pena, all in Hollywood; Carson Smith in Las Vegas; Bill Crow, Arvell Shaw, Whitey Mitchell, in New York; Jymie Merritt, with Art Blakey; Gene Taylor; Art Davis, Ike Isaacs, El Dee Young, Ben Tucker with various small combos; Jim Atlas, with the Dukes of Dixieland; and Harry Babasin, who in 1947 became the first jazz bassist to double on pizzicato 'cello.

Many of today's bassists are accomplished jazz 'cellists (notably Ray Brown and Sam Jones); all are capable of playing with an imagination and speed that was unthinkable in the days before Blanton and very rare until several years after his death. Most of them, too, are fine legitimate musicians whose arco work is impeccable.

The old-line jazz bassist, content to pluck away with four-beat monotony, is a dim memory, replaced by an agile instrumentalist who controls the bulky box with the facility of a guitar soloist. In its way, the bass has become a symbol of the giant steps taken in jazz in recent years by a younger and bolder generation.

Home from Home — Part 2 of the George Shearing story

Success just around the corner

Don't take chances, said his father. But Shearing hated poverty

by Nat Hentoff

Shearing's initial concern with financial security is understandable. He was born in the Battersea part of London on August 13, 1919. His father was a coalman, and like many people who work hard for small wages, he was afraid of change.

At first, he wondered how his blind son could ever support himself. The boy, however, soon indicated a stubborn determination to make his own way, especially to make his own way out of poverty.

Shearing studied at the Linden Lodge School for the Blind, and simultaneously he gradually picked up a passion for jazz. For a time, he was especially proficient at boogie-woogie, and acquired a growing reputation as the leading British pianist in that rolling, fervent idiom.

Recordings by Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson and Mel Powell soon proved to him that there was a good deal more to jazz than the narrow scope of boogie-woogie, and his professional stature swiftly rose.

He was featured as a soloist in Claude Bampton's seventeen-piece, all-blind band, and he later worked in Ambrose's orchestra for two years.

In addition, Shearing later arranged and played for Ted Heath, and began recording for British Decca as early as 1937. For seven consecutive years, he won the *Melody Maker* poll as the leading British jazz pianist.

Shearing had also started a family. In an air raid shelter in 1941, he met – and soon married – a secretary at the Central Telegraph Office.

Trixie Shearing, a pungent, fiercely loyal, astute woman, has become an integral part of Shearing's professional life as well. She manages his two publishing houses, and occasionally serves in other advisory capacities.

Their twenty-year-old daughter, Wendy, has been majoring in music at Valley College in California. She has not yet shown any stunning capacity as a musician, but her father is pleased that she shares his characteristic conscientiousness and insistence on accuracy.

By 1946, despite his pre-eminence as a British jazz pianist, Shearing was dissatisfied. In terms of his development as a jazzman, he had gone about as far as he could in Britain. To grow more, he had to learn from and cope with the major American jazzmen on their native grounds.

Besides, in the mid-1940's, the income potential for a jazz musician in Britain was decidedly limited. In December, 1946, Shearing visited America for three months.

He listened, observed, made a record album for the Savoy label, and returned home. A year later, he left England for good.

His parents, particularly his father, were fearful of their son's change of continents. In fact, from the beginning of Shearing's musical career, his father had found it difficult to understand Shearing's habit of allowing ambition to take precedence over security.

At each job change, the elder Shearing would ask, 'Why leave? The boss is paying you. How do you know the new job will work out?'

Implicit in this parental caution was an unspoken: *George, you're blind. You're lucky to be earning what you are. Don't take any chances.*

Both Shearing's parents died in their eighties a few years ago. They had lived long enough, however, to be aware of their son's resplendent success in America, and when Shearing last saw his father – in 1955 – the old man admitted that Shearing's mobility had paid off.

Shearing very much wanted his parents to visit America and see their son's renown first-hand, but his father would not leave Britain.

'I'll go to America,' he said during Shearing's last visit, 'only if I can keep one foot on the ground.'

In 1947 Shearing found work in New York on 52nd Street, then the most challenging jousting ground of American jazz. Established performers such as Coleman Hawkins and Billie Holiday could be heard alongside the rapidly emerging chieftains of modern jazz.

The changes in the jazz language – heralded a few years before by Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk – had at first bewildered Shearing when he heard them in England on recordings.

'I thought,' he recalls, 'that America must have gone completely mad.' Gradually, however, Shearing absorbed the more complex rhythms and the more extended harmonies of modern jazz; and by the time he started working regularly on 52nd Street, he was a fluent soloist in the idiom.

Clarinetist Tony Scott recalls the impression Shearing began to make on American musicians, although he was still unknown to the jazz public:

'George was doing a single at the Deuces. Nobody was listening to him at the time. I used to sit in with him and we used to kid around with little fugue-like things. While we were playing together, I used to change key at the end of the phrase to try to trick George, but he's a fantastic musician.

'I never considered him a great jazz musician, but he's got total recall, and once he hears something, he has it.'

While not a 'great jazz musician,' Shearing was evolving into a fresh, lyrical, lithely swinging soloist, and it appeared that he would enjoy a modest but long-term career as a single or perhaps as leader of a trio.

In January, 1949, however, Leonard Feather, a British-born jazz critic, changed the course of Shearing's career. Like Shearing, Feather had emigrated to America. While still in Britain, Feather had arranged for Shearing's first record date and he had continued to advise and encourage him in succeeding years.

In America, in addition to his writing, Feather had become a free-lance director of recording sessions. During that January, he persuaded Shearing to record for the now defunct Discovery label with a quintet.

In that quintet's instrumentation and style, Shearing was to find the way to make himself a 'product.'

Shearing moved to the MGM label; *September in the Rain* was recorded; and Shearing flourished. In the early years of the quintet's ascent, Shearing served as a popularizer of modern jazz.

As Marian McPartland, another British pianist who has settled in the States, recalls:

'The quintet's unique sound had captured everyone's attention and though George didn't copy or sound like Bud Powell or Thelonious Monk, he utilized a lot of their harmonic ideas and rhythms, simplifying and making them more easily understandable to the average listener.'

In his solos, Shearing alternated the locked-hand style of full chords with brisk, single-noted, long-lined phrases. On originals and medium-tempo standards, the piano, guitar and vibraphone played in airy unison. On the slow ballads, the three instruments harmonized.

Before excessive repetition had caused the Shearing style to sound automated, Shearing had produced, as jazz historian Barry Ulanov observed, 'a texture as sweet and simple as possible within a modern jazz frame.'

As his manager and close friend, John Levy, explains: 'George has really made it in the American way. He has become a product. The mass of the popular music audience buys entertainment in much the same way as it buys soap or cereal.

'It is attracted to "brand names," and by keeping to one formula, one sound, for so long, George has made himself a "brand name." George, furthermore, has never let up in promoting that name.

'Even now, as established as he is, he makes sure to visit just about every disc jockey show in any city he plays. He's become so well known through the years that most people go to see George Shearing *because* he is famous.

'Since he's famous, he must be good. And that's why he's had to keep the same style. That's the only handle they have to go by to be sure they're getting the right brand.

'If the sound changes, they'll feel cheated.'

However, Shearing has now reached a stage of restlessness with the tight formula which gave him the highly-commercial brand image. And he is experimenting with some unexpected innovations to break out of the mould.

Next week:
WE ARE NOT A JAZZ GROUP, SAYS SHEARING.

The end of the road for Les

"IT'S not that I want to retire," said Les Brown, "it's just that I can't live on a bus any more." The leader of the Band of Renown, winner of many Down Beat polls as the country's most popular dance band, sat in a dressing room at Paramount, where his band has a role in the new Jerry Lewis comedy "The Nutty Professor."

● *LES with BOB HOPE—a lifeline in hard times*

FROM LEONARD FEATHER...HOLLYWOOD...WEDNESDAY

"I'm not giving up the band. I'll still front it when it's out here in Hollywood, and on TV shows. But on all road tours, it'll be fronted by Butch Stone."

Stone, sitting next to Brown, grinned and interjected: "The trouble is, he's getting old. He's six months older than me."

As a baritone saxophonist, Stone joined Brown in 1941, later earning popularity in the role of comedy singer. For eight years he has doubled as the band's road manager.

JINGLES

"I'll have time to resume writing arrangements for the band," said Brown, "and I'll write jingles and do anything else that will keep me busy here in music. I've saved some, sure, but not enough to stop working. The important thing is, by keeping the band on the road, we can at least keep it together.

"It won't be like the other 'ghost bands' where the original leader is either dead or disinterested. I'll still rehearse the band and help to guide it musically."

For many observers, Brown's decision, to disinter a cliche, marks the end of an era. An easy-going, tranquil man who looks many years younger than 50 (but isn't), he began his bandleading life almost 30 years ago, during his 1932-35 attendance at Duke University.

GRADUATE

The "Duke Blue Devils" made a few early records; then Les spent a couple of years writing for other bands — Larry Clinton, Isham Jones—before starting a new one of his own in 1938.

● **DORIS DAY**
—famous graduate

The most famous graduate of that band, of course, is Doris Day, the Brown vocalist in 1940 and again from 1943-46. The band's biggest hit, also in the mid-'40s, was Ben Homer's "Sentimental journey."

TOURING

A lifeline for the Band of Renown, when the band business began to decline, was Brown's association with Bob Hope, which began in 1947 and took him through endless radio and TV shows as well as the now-famous annual Christmas tours.

"I'll still keep touring with Bob," said Les. "In fact, we leave December 19 for Tokyo, Korea, Guam, Okinawa, Formosa, and the Philippines, in a show with Janis Paige, Lana Turner, Anita Bryant, and of course Jerry Colonna.

MOVIES

"Foreign travel is one thing I don't mind. In fact, I'd love to go back to England and play for British audiences; the only time we were there was in 1957, when we toured U.S army bases for a week."

Movies, too, will remain on Brown's schedule. Thanks to Jerry Lewis' keen interest in music, which has resulted in TV or movie breaks for such bands as Terry Gibbs' and Count Basie's, the Band of Renown has an important part in "The nutty professor," due for release next summer.

Also in the picture, as an actor, is a 22-year-old drummer named Les Brown Jr, who recently led his own band at the Crescendo in Hollywood. (Dave Pell, who for years played sax in Brown Senior's band, contributed the arrangements.)

CLARINET

"How about your own playing?" I asked. "When I first heard the band you used to play clarinet."

"That," said Les, "was before I got out of practice. I doubt that I'll ever get back in."

"Is it just because you're tired of the road that you're quitting, or because playing conditions have changed?"

"Well," said Les, "I'll admit things ain't what they used to be. You can't play nowadays for kids standing in front of the bandstand beating their hands. But there are still enough dates left—parties, country clubs, colleges—for a band to have a chance of survival."

He could have talked about survival of the fittest; happily for the Band of Renown, it's still one of the fittest and finest groups.

JAN. 26, 1963

Life With Feather

Music On TV: A Bow To Edie

By LEONARD FEATHER

(*Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz"*)

The relationship between music and television has elements in common with the problems that face every art form presented through a mass medium. For this reason, one of the pleasantest surprises of this season has been the maintenance on the Edie Adams show of an unusually attractive level of musical taste. This has led logically, on more than one occasion, to a dignified, unspectacular purveyance of jazz.

Some months ago Duke Ellington and members of his orchestra were featured. Instead of the mildewed "Let's-have-a-big-hand-for-this-terrific-talent" treatment to which jazzmen doing guest shots are customarily subjected, there was a skillful integration of Ellington into the overall concept of the show. It was apparent that Barry Shear, the brilliant producer and director of this remarkable series, heretically regards men like Duke as artists rather than vaudeville acts.

Miss Adams

LESS SELF-EVIDENT is the role Miss Adams herself plays in guiding the quality of these programs. Though I should have guessed it from the grace and dedication with which she sang a vocalise (wordless song) during the Ellington show, not until I attended a rehearsal of her Jan. 20 broadcast did I learn that music has been a pervasive force in her life.

"As soon as I left high school," she told me, "I went to Juilliard, at 17, and studied there for five years. Henry Mancini was a fellow student. I took part in the first and only revue they ever put on at Juilliard. But most of the time was spent on hard work—writing string quartets by way of exercises, and generally trying to equip myself for a career in music."

PREPARING FOR an Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts show, she selected a light operatic aria, but was advised that while this might win her a prize, a pop song would bring jobs. "I took the advice, and lost to an operatic baritone—but you can't imagine how much work I got!

"I want to learn all I can about every kind of music. When I heard Stan Getz I was fascinated by bossa nova, did some reading about it, and researched it by listening to records."

If you saw the program you were probably impressed by Edie's vocalise on a composition that followed Laurindo Almeida's "One Note Samba" solo. Though Mr. Shear and Miss Adams did not deem it necessary to "epater les bourgeois" by announcing it, this was Ravel's "Piece en Forme de Habanera," not exactly everyday fare on a national TV variety show.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Shelly Manne, "My Son The Jazz Drummer," Contemporary M 3609 (stereo S 7609). Unusual material, splendidly performed.

Later, at Edie's Beverly Hills home, I saw what she meant by "research." The living room and two nearby rooms are impressively crammed with a wild assortment of records, books and musical instruments, including three pianos and an 18th-century harpsichord.

At the time of my visit, she was listening to some jazz classics by Charlie Barnet: "Charlie's going to be in the act when I open Feb. 4 at the Riviera in Las Vegas, and I'm working out vocalise routines with him on his 'Cherokee' and 'Streamliner.'"

Observing that it's gratifying to see powerfully situated persons like Miss Adams and Barry Shear ignoring TV taboos on a highly successful series, I asked: "Does the sponsor leave you pretty much alone?"

"The only complaint I've had," said the world's loveliest cigar salesman, "is that I'm not devoting enough time on the show to myself. Actually, I'd like nothing better than to do a show on which I don't appear at all."

Well, now. It galls me to take issue with a friendly, beautiful, brilliant Juilliard-trained blonde, but I must say that this would be carrying "ars gratia artis" a little too far.

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SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

6 Sat., Feb. 2, 1963 Valley Times TODAY

Life With Feather

LP Taped In Empty Studio

By LEONARD FEATHER

(*Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz"*)

Experimentation is not a new game for Miss Anita O'Day. When she rose to prominence as vocalist with the Gene Krupa band of the early 1940s her style by the standards of band singer at that point, was refreshingly different from what the American public usually heard. Anita was, and remains, a musician-singer, an artist with a deep feeling for music in general and jazz in particular.

Recently, at the Losers Club in Hollywood, the Chicago-born singer, looking sharper and more attractive than she did a decade ago, told me about a different kind of experiment in which she was involved.

Miss O'Day

"You know the album I made with Gary McFarland?" she asked.

I said I was well aware of this fine LP, "All The Sad Young Men" (Verve 8442) and that Gary McFarland, who wrote and conducted the music for her, clearly is an extraordinarily talented newcomer.

"YES, BUT I DIDN'T meet him until long AFTER the album was made!" said Anita. "Creed Taylor, the A-and-R man at Verve, told me I was going to do an album with Gary McFarland. The next thing I know, I receive in the mail a tape—a finished product, containing all the musical backgrounds.

"With the tape came my musical parts, and a reel of tape for me to practice on. Well, I learned the music, and then went into this empty studio and dubbed my parts over the pre-taped arrangements.

"I never met the gentlemen of the ensemble. I finally did meet Gary McFarland when he brought some music to a session I made with Cal Tjader in California."

"Did you find it awkward, recording without a live band to inspire you?" I asked.

"Well, it's all a challenge. It's a matter of how well do you read, how well do you hear the music. It's true that the band in the studio can give you the right feeling, but this way it had to be accomplished technically. Well, the band did a beautiful job and it all worked out fine."

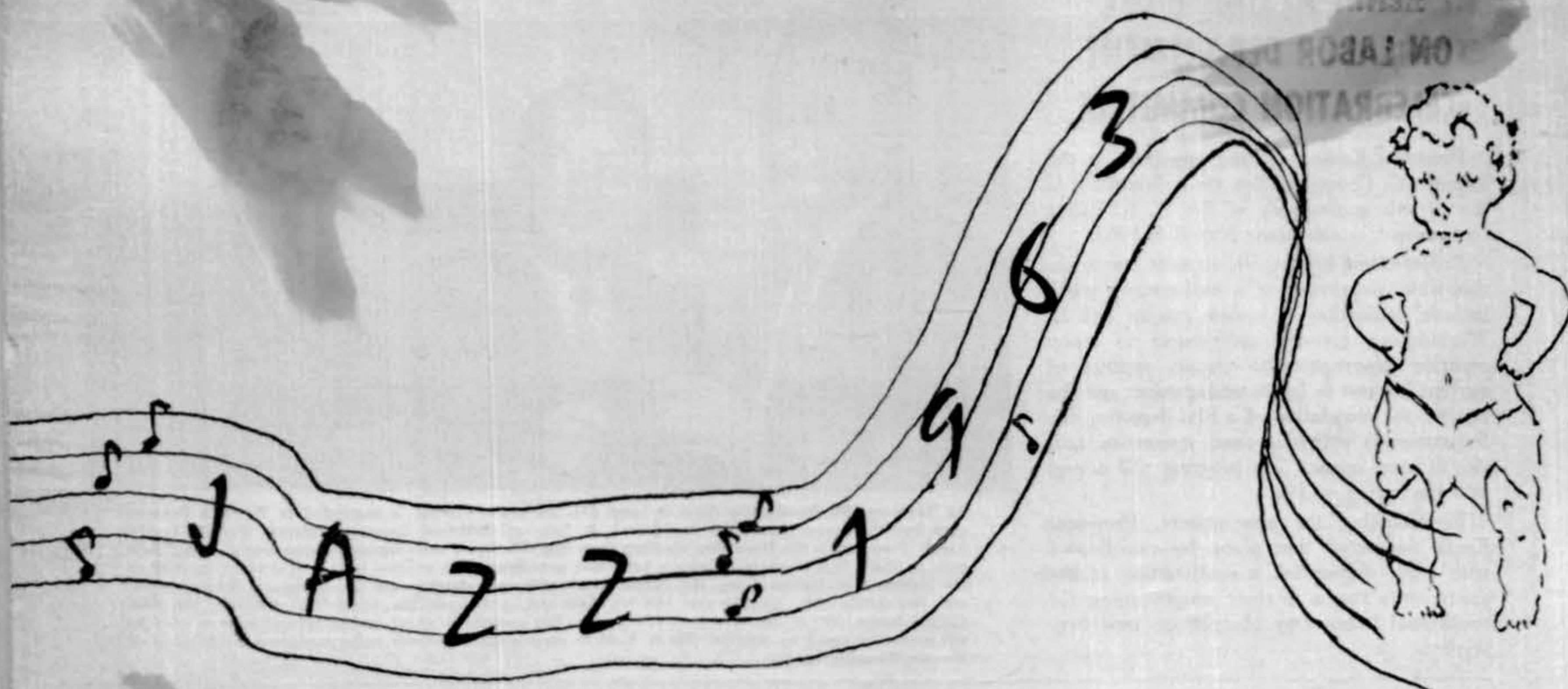
ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Gerald Wilson Big Band, "Moment of Truth" (World Pacific Jazz 61). Great Wilson arrangements, fine Joe Pass guitar.

Since Anita has always been as much concerned with the developments in instrumental jazz as with vocal accomplishments, I asked her how she feels about the new, angry young school of soloists for whom the award-winning saxophonist John Coltrane has been the bellwether.

"I'm sort of speechless," she answered. "I have a couple of Coltrane's albums that I play often, trying to form an opinion. It's too involved for me. I think he plays not only the white notes and the black notes but also the cracks!"

Listening to her in person (with skilful piano accompaniment by Bob Corwin) is as rewarding an experience today as it was during the swing era when the dry, edgy charm of her sound and the natural swing of her phrasing established Anita as the most important new jazz singer since Ella Fitzgerald and Billie Holiday.

There should be more singers with her urge for experimentation, her enthusiasm for meeting new challenges. The Anita O'Day style is one of the most personal and definitive sounds of a whole generation of jazz.



by Leonard Feather

Prophecy is an easy weapon to wield; there is always time to run for cover before it can be successfully countered by its only adversary, hindsight. In predicting the probable jazz developments of 1963, however, it is possible to make a few educated guesses based on the events of the past year.

If it were possible to summarize the outlook by indicating a single trend, one that seems likely to epitomize the direction in which jazz is moving, this could be accomplished by the use of a single, portmanteau, eight-syllable word: internationalization.

This of course indicates an extension of a tendency that was first observed in the early 1950's, when the exportation of American jazz groups to other countries first reached substantial proportions. At first the effect was merely the creation of an increasingly broad audience for a music once thought of as esoteric in its appeal. Little by little an auxiliary and valuable by-product became apparent as composers and instrumentalists overseas, given the opportunity to hear at first hand so much of the best in a form of music they had long admired, were strongly influenced in their writing and playing and soon began to develop domestic talents of high quality.

During 1963 it will become increasingly apparent that the international exchanges will not have produced simply a flood of British or French or Japanese jazzmen who assiduously and often successfully copy their U. S. counterparts; it will rather be a matter of fruitful exchanges of ideas, cross-fertilization of cultures, to a degree previously unknown in this music.

What happened during 1962 in the area of bossa nova (commented on elsewhere in this issue by John S. Wilson) will lead during 1963 to an expansion and clarification of the relationship between Brazilian folk music and American jazz.

Until now there has been some confusion concerning the definition and nature of bossa nova. One group of musicians in California has claimed credit for laying the groundwork for this style on some records made ten years ago; eastern musicians point to jazzmen in their own area as producers of the albums that launched the craze in 1962. At the same time, musicians in Brazil have complained that none of the North Americans can really play bossa nova authentically.

I believe that 1963 will prove that authenticity is a fluid word. Where musicians work on common ground, the tools they employ become common property. More and more during the coming year the elements added by U. S. jazzmen to bossa nova, and the original modernized-samba components from Brazil, will be fused in the performances of musicians in both countries. Less and less will there be entire albums or concerts devoted to bossa nova; the rhythms and melodies of this innovation will be incorporated into the main body of jazz. In other words, bossa nova will not die; it will become part of the mass of the living.

It seems improbable that any other musical characteristics from outside the United States will have an impact on jazz this year comparable with that imposed by bossa nova last year. Admittedly "Trad," the British term for England's own curious recrudescence of traditional jazz, has enjoyed a vogue lately through the success here on records (and subsequently in person) of a few of its leading exponents. But it seems most unlikely that the brief stir created by Kenny Ball, Acker Bilk and their compatriots will have any lasting effect on American music, since it is itself a reflection of a style created by Americans in the first place.

Talent exchanges, however, are bound to continue multiplying. The list of visitors due in the United Kingdom in the immediate future includes Gerry Mulligan, Stan Kenton, Oscar Peterson, Duke Ellington, Ray Charles and many others. The excellent Johnny Dankworth orchestra is due to come to this country. It is safe to predict that modern jazzmen from Britain, the quality of whose performances has reached an extraordinarily high level, will become more and more familiar to American audiences during 1963.

There are indications that our jazz ambassadors are breaking down new barriers almost monthly. Recently Dave Bru-

(Continued on page twelve)

JAZZ 1963

(Continued from page nine)

beck's quartet became the first U. S. jazz group ever invited to play Britain's top television variety program, "Sunday Night at the London Palladium." This event was symbolic of a trend that is certain to broaden in the coming months. Jazzmen everywhere will be heard filtering into areas previously considered the exclusive bailiwick of popular music. As musicians, fans and businessmen are slowly coming to realize both here and abroad, jazz to a larger degree than ever before *is* popular music.

Jazz also at times is "classical music." As the academically equipped musician of 1963 explores the various orchestral channels through which can be amalgamated the two forms so long thought incompatible, music foundations, universities and classical music societies in increasing numbers will lend the prestige of their sponsorship and the power of their subsidies to concerts devoted to these experiments.

The "one world" tendency in jazz has done more than bring classical and jazz forms together; it has broken down barriers within jazz itself. I suspect that the recent formation of a small combo in which the veteran Dixieland clarinettist Pee-Wee Russell included compositions by such modernists as John Coltrane and Thelonious Monk, and even an occasional touch of bossa nova, may signal a stampede among American traditional jazzmen toward the discovery of more adventurous forms. Increasingly they will find, as Russell found, that there is no need for the pioneer jazzman, no matter how distinguished his heritage from the 1920's, to confine himself to *Muskrat Ramble* and *When the Saints Go Marching In.* If there is widespread imitation of Russell's initiative (which trombonist-teacher Marshall Brown played a large part in developing), jazz will have much to gain.

Jazz is headed for greatly expanded television exposure in 1963. This is one prediction that can be made without reservations, since the first twenty-six shows in the *Jazz Scene U. S. A.* series have already been taped and are about to be syndicated both here and overseas. The appearance of entire half-hour programs devoted to such men as Adderley, Kenton, Manne and McCann, with sponsors and on major stations, augurs a new jazz awareness on the part of the general public.

In other fields—concerts, festivals, LP records, FM and AM radio shows—jazz will continue to enjoy a comparable expansion, growing largely out of the remarkable commercial inroads of the past year.

Individual talents who can be singled out as likely candidates for prominence include several gifted composer-arrangers whose biggest impact is yet to come, notably Clare Fischer, Gary McFarland, Oliver Nelson and Lalo Schifrin.

Among the instrumentalists likely to achieve prominence, the following are typical of dozens of important young talents: Carmell Jones and Don Ellis, trumpets; Slide Hampton, Dave Baker, trombones; Leo Wright, Eric Dolphy, Roland Kirk, saxophones and flutes; Joe Pass, guitar; Charles Haden, Ron Carter, Gary Peacock, bass; Mel Lewis, Rufus Jones, drums; Gary Burton, Johnny Lytle, Dave Pike, Roy Ayers, vibes; McCoy Tyner, Vic Feldman, Don Randi, piano.

One final prediction: the unselfish and dedicated work of organizations striving for the betterment of jazz (such as the Jazz Arts Society, a non-profit educational organization in New York) will be of increasing importance in the spread of international interest and understanding.

As John Wilson's comments make clear, 1962 was an eventful and significant year for jazz. It stands to reason that if those concerned with its welfare can continue to build on the achievements of the past twelve months, the accomplishments on every level during 1963 should assure us of attaining new heights of artistic maturity.

The GIANTS OF JAZZ

The CLARINETTISTS

SEVENTH OF A SERIES

by Leonard Feather

The clarinet can claim a unique and dubious distinction as the only instrument ever to have retrogressed in the quantity and quality of its jazz exponents.

Possibly because modern jazz involves far greater technical demands than the traditional styles, and because the instrument is one of the hardest to master, there was between 1940 and 1960 a regrettable diminution of interest on the part of aspiring youngsters, many of whom prefer to take up the tenor saxophone or some other more aggressive-sounding horn. There was a concomitant lessening of enthusiasm on the part of the typical jazz audience.

In the first decades of this music, the clarinet was an important secondary voice, heard in shrill counterpoint against the trumpet, while the third horn, the trombone, played what were essentially bass-like

BENNY CARTER ARTICLE ON REVERSE SIDE

INTERNATIONA[L]
JANUA[RY]

Benny Goodman

Jimmy Dorsey

Artie Shaw

Pete Fountain

Jimmy Giuffre

Buster Bailey

"Pee Wee" Russell

Eric Dolphy

Barney Bigard

Joe Marsala

Sol Yaged

Woody Herman

Matty Matlock

Abe Most

"Peanuts" Hucko

GIANTS OF JAZZ A CORRECTION

In the January, 1963, issue of the "International Musician," my article on clarinettists in the "Giants of Jazz" series contained no mention of Buddy De Franco, despite the fact that the article as submitted included a substantial tribute to him.

The deletion was made without my knowledge or consent, and for a reason of editorial policy that has no bearing on the talent of Mr. De Franco, who in my opinion (and the opinion of thousands of other musicians) is the greatest living jazz clarinettist.

(Signed) LEONARD FEATHER

The "International Musician," organ of the American Federation of Musicians, has made it its first concern to raise the general economic level of member musicians in the United States and Canada in all fields of music. It believes that this goal can best be achieved by a policy of dedicated cooperation and loyalty of members toward the magazine and the magazine toward the members. This overall view on occasion makes necessary certain decisions which an unaffiliated publication need not face. But nonetheless we must adhere to our policy—loyalty to the Federation's **loyal** *members.*

The "correction" printed above must therefore be understood as coming solely from the author as an individual.

Photo credits: Johnny Dodds and Woody Herman—Columbia Records; George Lewis—William H. Faltysek and Delmare Records.

rhythmic parts in the marching bands, ragtime groups and, from the World War I years on, in every important Dixieland band.

Most of the early clarinettists played the Albert or "simple" system clarinet. Among them were Larry Shields of the Original Dixieland band; Johnny Dodds of the early King Oliver and Louis Armstrong groups; Sidney Bechet, who soon became more closely identified with the soprano saxophone; Omer Simeon and Jimmy Dorsey. All are now deceased, but the Albert system is played by many surviving veterans of the early jazz years, among them Russell Procope of the Ellington orchestra; Buster Bailey, who is equally fluent on Boehm, which he generally uses; and Barney Bigard, an Ellington alumnus whose fluent phrases and unique slow glissandi were among the most striking clarinet sounds of the 1930's and '40's.

The polyphony of improvised jazz ensembles in the formative days was responsible for bringing to prominence several clarinettists who were to achieve a legendary reputation. Alphonse Picou (1878-1961) was closely associated with a famous solo on "High Society," originally improvised by George Baquet but later copied by many other soloists. George Lewis, a New Orleans musician like Picou, was virtually unknown in jazz until his rediscovery in the early 1940's by traditionalist jazz experts; since then his style, occasionally reminiscent of Johnny Dodds', has earned him popularity on international tours.

The important developmental years for the clarinet as a solo jazz voice were the 1920's. At the Apex Club in Chicago youngsters like

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VALLEY TIMES FEB. 9, 1963

Life With Feather

Bossa Nova Ambassador

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

Oscar Castro Neves is a stocky, swarthy, amiable young man who speaks rapid fire Portuguese-inflected English and conveys in his conversation the impression that he has just discovered the world, and finds it a wonderful place.

His enthusiasm is understandable. Castro Neves, a pianist, guitarist and composer who brought his quartet to the U. S. last November for a concert at Carnegie Hall, is the only Brazilian combo leader who was able to extend the one night stand into a full and lucrative season.

Recently, he played concerts in San Francisco and Los Angeles, then opened for four weeks with options at the Waldorf Astoria. All this is unique for a Brazilian — or, for that matter, any foreign jazz artist. Under a liberal American Federation of Musicians regime, work permits are more easily come by today than during the height of James Petrillo's power. (Conversely, of course, American jazzmen are obtaining infinitely more employment overseas.)

Oscar

SHOOTING HIS STORY at me like a "tale-gunner," Castro Neves said: "I am a triplet. We were the first triplets ever born in that hospital in Rio, and you know? It was also that day the hundredth anniversary of the hospital. May 15, 1940. My mother had never seen so many photographers!

"I am Carlos Oscar. My brothers are Antonio Carlos, who plays bass, and Jose Carlos, who plays saxophone and flute.

"I started at the age of four playing a cavaquinho; that is a small instrument of the guitar family. I never studied music. My brothers and I had our own group when we were teen-agers; there are two other brothers, Mario, the pianist, who is 27, and Leo, the drummer, 24.

"But I did not intend to be a full time musician. I was studying medicine when I told my mother one day, 'I am going to stop.' Oh, the excitement! 'You can't do it! And then I added, 'I am also quitting the university.'

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: "Do The Bossa Nova With Herbie Mann," Atlantic 1397. Recorded in Brazil; the most authentic of them all.

'No, Oscar! No!' I was a guitarist until I had to play piano at a concert, in 1959, because so many of the bossa nova musicians played guitar that there was a shortage of pianists.

"I was married May 15, 1961, to Gisele Savart. She is a brilliant ballerina and concert pianist, also a great writer. She is now on tour with the ballet in Brazil, after visiting me in New York for Christmas. She is my best critic and I miss her terrible.

"I have my regular group with me for the Waldorf—my brother Iko (Antonio) on bass, Roberto Pontes Dias on drums, Henry Percy Wilcox on guitar and myself on piano. Henry Percy is a Brazilian, but he had an English grandfather.

"Bossa nova has two feelings. One, it is the kind of music that you can play at a night club or a dancing place; and at the same time, it can be right for Lincoln Center or Carnegie Hall. The dance people accept it for the rhythm side, and the more cultured people, that understand more music, they like it for the harmony, and for the high musical quality.

"Still, many people here really do not get the feeling of bossa nova. Jazz in United States is still the most popular music. A few jazz songs or recordings become hits, but they are exceptions. It's the same thing in Brazil; the music that sells more is not the most quality kind.

"I HAVE been very lucky. My first recorded composition, 'Chora Tua Tristeza', or 'Cry Your Sadness', was an instant hit. There are now 35 or 40 recorded versions, including Shorty Rogers, The Hi Los and Lalo Schifrin.

"I also have 20 recordings of my 'Menina Feia,' and quite a number of 'Nao Faz Assim,' which means 'Don't Do Like That.' Also others that you can hear in my LP, 'Big Band Bossa Nova.'

"Mr. Sidney Frey, the head of Audio Fidelity Records, is my best friend here. He released my records and published my tunes and arranged everything for me. But I don't think I stay too long here. When you are not long married, it is too difficult. Perhaps I will go home after the Waldorf."

"Oscar," I said, "nao faz assim."

LEONARD FEATHER

THE ...

DUKE—zest

THE band Duke Ellington will be bringing with him on his latest European jaunt will be somewhat different in personnel from the previous set of invading Ellingtonians.

Trumpeters and trombonists may come and go, but the Ellington sound, the Ellington style and the Ellington mystique go on for ever.

Workshop

Duke's incredibly youthful zest and sense of involvement have kept his band alive as a constantly evolving musical workshop, while other survivors among the big band leaders seem to have settled for the security of musical complacency and commercial concessions.

His attitude is reflected in new recording projects.

After his Columbia contract expired a few months ago he began to freelance.

Lining himself up with some of the most significant and aggressive forces in present-day jazz, he made one album with John Coltrane—using his own rhythm section as well as Trane's; another for Impulse with Coleman Hawkins and some of his own sidemen; a third for United Artists with Max Roach and Charlie Mingus.

Reprise

Under a recent contract with Reprise, he will record with Sinatra. He will also function as A&R man and talent scout on a variety of projects.

The attitude is evident, too,

..and the 1963 jazz stars

JAZZ stars of 1963—by which phrase I mean those most likely to rise to stardom during the coming year—will be, with rare exceptions, men and women in their twenties.

Musicians and singers who have studied extensively and who by the end of 1962 had already reached the threshold of success.

It is difficult to generalise, so wide is the range of possibilities, but one can make certain predictions.

It's safe to assume, for instance, that 1963 will be a good year for Oliver Nelson.

First known as a tenor soloist, he has composed and arranged impressively for a broad variety of albums, notably "The blues and the abstract truth," with Bill Evans.

The same holds true for vibraphonist Gary McFarland, whose various LPs with his own orchestra, with Stan Getz and behind singers, have shown him as an orchestrator of extraordinary skill.

New vibes talent

Lalo Schiffrin, having quit his job with Dizzy to freelance in New York, will also rise fast among the important new writers, as will Clare Fischer.

Both, by the way, are also brilliant pianists, and both have been closely associated with bossa nova.

Instrumentally, the vibraphone seems to have taken the lead in supplying fresh and important new talents.

At least half a dozen could make it big in 1963: the remarkable Roy Ayers in Hollywood, teenaged Gary Burton in New York, Walt Dickerson, Johnny Lytle, Mike Mainieri (Buddy Rich's discovery) and the fluent Dave Pike, with whom Bill Evans recently cut an excellent album.

Among the trumpeters (or fluegelhornists—so many of them double now that it's getting to be a joint category) it is good to be able to single out Clark Terry.

After so many years on the borderline of full recognition he seems at last to be earning his due place.

Junkshop leftovers

Don Ellis, the avant garde trumpeter and composer (lately very active on the Continent) is almost a certainty for 1963 prominence. On trombone, Dave Baker (well known for his work with George Russell) stands out.

In the reed and flute family it is the miscellaneous instrument men who seem most likely to succeed. Eric Dolphy on bass clarinet, Yusef Lateef on oboe with Cannonball, Roland Kirk with his weird battery of junkshop leftovers will be heard frequently and valuably.

Alto men of promise include Leo Wright and Jimmy Woods; outstanding new tenor talent is Wayne Shorter.

McCoy Tyner is a pianist to watch for. Friedrich Gulda, if he carries out his promise to bring his jazz work up to the level of his classical playing, could become a force.

On guitar, the bossa nova wave has helped bring belated recognition to the gifted and adaptable Charlie Byrd and Jim Hall. For strict jazz swinging, by far the most important new talent is Joe Pass.

The new bassists are numerous. Art Davis (ex-Gillespie, now NBC staff), Gary Peacock (Hollywood freelance) and the solid Ron Carter are all impressive.

Two drummers who have been around a while seem likely at last to attract the attention they deserve: Elvin Jones and Roy Haynes.

—the world's most famous jazz writer talks about . . .

ETERNAL ELLINGTON

Cat Anderson, Cootie Williams and Lawrence Brown

in the new music Duke has created.

Columbia recently cut an LP, "Paris after midnight." It was the result of a special inspiration:

"I was trying to get in touch with Billy Strayhorn, who was still in Paris. It occurred to me that at the time I put the phone call through, it was after midnight in Paris.

Concerto

"I started wondering where he might be and what he could be doing.

"Later on, when I did reach Strayhorn, he elaborated on the idea and it began to become clear how many different things there are to do after midnight in Paris."

Also added to the book recently are a "New concerto for Cootie" and "Tootie for Cootie," both celebrating the return of the trumpet virtuoso who, at 54, has rejoined the Duke after a 22-year absence.

Cootie Williams is one of seven men now with Ellington who, drawn by the irresistible magnetism of the man, the band and its music, returned to the fold after absences of various periods.

Paul Gonsalves was out of the band only a few weeks—with Tommy Dorsey in 1953.

Ray Nance, originally hired as Cootie's successor and now his team mate, left in 1944, but came back nine months later.

Cat Anderson is now in his fourth sojourn with Ellington, having been in and out since 1944.

Johnny Hodges and Lawrence Brown quit in 1951, returned respectively in '55 and '60.

Drummer Sam Woodyard has left two or three times during seven years with Duke.

The most recent personnel and the one that will probably be heard in Britain, included Cootie, Cat, Nance and West Indian trumpeter Roy Burrows;

Lawrence Brown, Chuck Connors and the 33-year-old Florida-born trombonist George (Buster) Cooper, who spent several years in Europe with Lionel Hampton, Curley Hamner and others;

The stable sax section has Johnny Hodges and Russ Procope on altos, Gonsalves and Jimmy Hamilton, tenors and Harry Carney, baritone;

Certainty

Duke, Woodyard and a bassist named Ernie Shepard, formerly with the combos of Eddie Heywood and Slim Gaillard, who joined two months ago when Aaron Bell left to take a steady stage pit band job in New York.

The only certainties are that the band will still sound like no other band on earth.

THAT the more persistently critics complain about Duke's inclusion of his hit-song medley, the more adamantly he will insist on including it;

THAT these same critics will enjoy complaining about the medley just as they relish the prospect of raving about the programme's fresher moments.

AND THAT the maestro will somehow manage, through his very special brand of magic.

Let us grant him his singer and his medley. It is a small price to pay for what Ellington is still bringing to jazz and will bring to it as long as he lives.

Duke with Jimmy Hamilton, a member of the reed section which will be on Duke's forthcoming British tour. With him are Johnny Hodges and Russ Procope (altos), Paul Gonsalves (tnr) and Harry Carney (bari).

Records In Review

'The Swingin'est Big Band Ever'

By DICK LEVY

morous treatments of such items as "Bye Bye Love"; the side splitting "Twist Medley"; "You Don't Know Me," "Jailer Bring Me Water," "Cotton Fields," "Al Di La," etc. Solid entertainment with a capital E.

DINAH WASHINGTON—This is My Story—Mercury Stereo 2-603 (mono 2-103) Rated E—Twenty-four of the biggest hits previously recorded by singer Dinah Washington are reissued in a splendid two LP package that honors Miss Washington's successful career in music. The Washington voice is magnificently featured through the likes of "Salty Papa Blues," "It Isn't Fair," "Time Out for Tears," "I Wanna Be Loved," "Trust in Me," "Teach Me Tonight," "Harbor Lights," "I Won't Cry Anymore," etc. As a special bonus, Mercury includes a very well written four page insert on the singer by Leonard Feather. A must for every Dinah Washington admirer.

WESTPORT TOWN CRIER

Ad Libs

Bill Harris is currently doubling on trombone and guitar with the Charlie Teagarden group in Las Vegas . . . new addition to the **Johnny Desmond** show is tenor saxophonist **Georgie Auld** . . . Leonard Feather's New Encyclopedia of Jazz isn't being remaindered. The edition that's being sold by the remainder houses is the regular one with a cheaper and thinner binder . . . **Count Basie** goes to Japan May 27 and on his return in June does a week at Disneyland before taking off overseas again, this time for a tour of Scandinavia and England . . . the Neve has been sold and will be turned into a teen-age night club called "The Million Cellar" . . . **Jackie McLean** has been playing with **Miles Davis**, replacing **J. J. Johnson**.

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Life With Feather

Music On TV: II Jazz Scene USA

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

Jimmie Baker is a former drummer (Oklahoma State) Collegians) who, for a number of years, has been a telesion producer, fighting what often seemed a lonely battle for better jazz on television. His award-winning "Stars of Jazz" ran for three years in Los Angeles (for a while it was on the ABC network). His latest effort, "Jazz Scene U.S.A." (backed by Steve Allen's Meadowlane Enterprises), consists of 26 half-hour shows. New York, Los Angeles and other major cities will begin screening the series shortly. San Diego and others have already been airing it for several weeks.

Dealing with jazz musicians under these rare conditions — aside from four minutes of narration by Oscar Brown Jr. the shows consist entirely of honest, uninterrupted music—has given Baker a chance to observe that the reactions of jazzmen has been as widely varied as their music.

Baker

'SOME OF THEM," he says, "had had TV and movie experience and knew just what to do. Shelly Manne knew the exact timings of all the tunes and was the easiest of all to work with. A couple were scared and unhip TV-wise, and had to be told every move—Big Miller, who's a fine blues singre, was a case in point."

To make each show interesting even for the non-jazz viweer, unusual camera angles were worked out and an exact road-map of each tune, with lengths of solos etc. had to be presented in advance by each artist.

This caused trouble with only two artists. Jimmy Smith, the organist, refused to be tied down to any schedule. He said he could only play three tunes in a half-hour (most groups played four or fice) and added: "I'll just keep on playing until you cue me to stop."

SHORTY ROGERS WROUGHT HAVOC by redistributing the solors, during the filming, in a new sequence that had the whole technical staff near apoplexy. When Baker mildly chided him after the show, Rogers grinned, shrugged and said, "Well, you know, like some days you just have to take pot luck."

Other Baker observations: "The most astute, learned and meticulous musician was Paul Horn. At the other extreme, the most intuitive, not relying on written music at all, was Pete Fountain.

"The most dynamic personality was Stan Kenton. Most exciting new combo, the Jazz Crusaders. The most fun was the show we did with the Firehouse Five Plus 2. The most surprising new singer was Lou Rawls, who pinch-hit for Anita O'Day on only a couple of hours' notice. The most pregnant was Nancy Wilson—her son was born four months after she did 'Jazz Scene.'

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: "Woody Herman—1963" (Philips 600-065). Young-time musicians, playing with that old-time big band spirit.

"The most nostalgic was Ben Pollack—we used old film clips made with his home movie camera, showing Benny Goodman and Jimmy McPartland as teenage sidemen. Nostalgic for me personally was the show with Barney Kessel—he was my competitor in another college band when I played at Oklahoma State.

"THE MOST LOQUACIOUS was Cannonball Adderley. He had stories about everything—we could have done a whole half hour of just talk. The most astonishing instrumentalist was Phineas Newborn Jr.—he does things no other pianist alive can do

"The most unusual program of all was the one we did with the jazz combo from Synanon, the narcotics rehabilitation center in Santa Monica.

Baker can't say which program will be on when, as each station will schedule the films according to its personal whims; but whenever you see "Jazz Scene U.S.A." listed in this area, you can safely make a date to stay home at that hour each week.

Life With Feather: Charlie Barnet Still Swings Well

BY LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz" Crown Publishers)

"I'm the Archie Moore of the music business," said Charlie Barnet.

It seemed like a strange analogy; yet, on second thought, not so strange. Barnet, a 30-year veteran of the band wars (at 18 he led a band at New York's Paramount Hotel shortly before repeal), has been k.o.'d more times than he cares to remember, yet manages to come back swinging.

CHARLIE BARNET

Most recently I found him in a strange setting as extra attraction with the Edie Adams show at the Riviera in Las Vegas. "Easiest job I ever had," he told me. "I'm out of work 23 hours and 50 minutes per day." It was true; his contribution consisted of a brief medley, twice a night, of his three best known record hits: "Cherokee," "Pompton Turnpike" and "Skyliner."

THOUGH THE familiar c r e w-cut is gray now and the easier, off-the-road life has added a few pounds to his framework, little else has changed. Even though it isn't his own band (the house band under Jack Cathcart did a capable job of interpreting the old manuscript), the Barnet sound on soprano sax still jabs and darts in the volatile, rhythmically personal style that became so agreeably familiar when his was one of the four greatest bands in the world in the early 1940s, along with Ellington's, Basie's and the late Jimmie Lunceford's.

Nostalgically, I reflected that 23 years have passed since the Barnet record of "Cherokee" established his band as one of the later hit makers of the swing era. What happened after that paralleled the course of big band jazz as a whole: By the end of the 1940s it was a struggle to keep a band together on a full-time basis. By the mid-1950s he was dividing his time between big bands and combos and had even tried his hand at the agency business.

"LAST YEAR," he told me, "I organized a band for a tour, for the last time. It just got to be impossible to persuade musicians to go on the road—and I don't blame them. There's enough free-lance work for them if they just stay in New York or Los Angeles.

"In the swing era it was different. Ziggy Elman was telling me that at a peak point during his years on the road as a featured sideman with Benny Goodman, he was getting $125 a week! Today you're lucky to get anybody to cross the street for that kind of loot.

"Sure, I still like to work with a big band, but I don't organize bands any more. Just occasionally get one together for a one-night stand. If it's not too far out of town I can get all the best studio musicians—half of them worked with one of my bands at one time or another anyway—and they can do as good a job as almost any organized group."

"Do you still keep in touch with what's happening in music?"

Barnet grinned. "Come for a ride in the car after the next show."

AN HOUR later we took off in his 1962 Thunderbird. It was equipped with a four-track stereo tape recorder; the music was fed to two first-class speakers at the back of the car. Barnet's tape library of modern sounds was stacked all over the seats.

He told me, too, about the very modern bomb shelter at his home in Palm Spring, Calif. Equipped with wall-to-wall carpeting, it has an electric piano and so many other facilities for the hearing or making of music that he and his wife have taken to using it in many non-alert moments.

"Which number wife would that be" I inquired irreverently.

"You're the writer, you go figure that out," said Barnet. A few moment's reflection reverled that Betty is Mrs. Barnet No. 11, but "five of those marriages you just can't count. They were annulled." The present union has broken a record by lasting five years and seems pretty firm, because, says Charlie, "She doesn't expect me to be anything I'm not."

HE HAS recorded recently, on Ava Records, an album of new versions of some of his old hits, using a sextet. Despite this, and despite his understandable disillusionment, I don't think an irreversible trend is indicated. Charlie Barnet may have reached his final wedding, but I'm sure he hasn't formed his final band.

DE MÚSICA & BOSSA NOVA C

BOSSA NOVA

JUST RELEASED!

Featuring Lalo Schifrin with Leo Wright, Rudy Collins, Christopher White and others playing: Boato, Chora Tua Tristeza, Poema Do Adeus, Bossa Em Nova York, 8 others

STEREO—AFSD 5981/MONO—AFLP 1981

Feathar Escreve Assim

Leonard Feathar da revista «Show» considerado uma das maiores autoridades em assuntos musicais escreve uma página inteira sôbre o que é «bossa nova» neste instante de agora nos Estados Unidos.

Estamos acostumados a saber de sucessos que não foram sucessos, e de incursões de nossa música em cantos do mundo que nem sabe onde estamos nós. Por isto traduzimos bem ao pé da letra o que diz o famoso crítico norte-americano, dos nossos e dos deles, que abraçaram a «bossa nova» como um ritmo, musica e versos, de um tempo atual.

NO passado conseguimos sobreviver com sucesso o «jazz» servindo de fundo musical para poesia, o «jazz» afro-cubano, o «jazz» misturado ao clássico, e finalmente e «jazz» de muitas dimensões e formas. Algumas experiências anteriores, como a conjunção entre o «jazz» sinfônico e o «jazz» romântico (Paul Whiteman em 1924) lideraram várias [illegible] musicais que o público aceitou e aplaudiu.

Surge, agora, um nôvo e revolucionário movimento no terreno da música, que tem o nome de «bossa nova». Para usarmos um têrmo mais específico, diremos que «bossa nova» é o «jazz brasileiro».

A união dos dois ritmos, resultou numa creança muito saudável que tudo indica, viverá por muitos anos.

E esta creança — prossegue Feather — é aquela flor [illegible] de três raças que se encontram na América e resto do mundo.

Adiante [illegible] — para a nossa [illegible] — o nosso Laurindo [illegible] Almeida há muito [illegible] anos nos Estados Unidos, é um dos cobras da «bossa nova» nos dias presentes, depois de ter se feito notar, na Orquestra de Stan Kenton, onde se exibia com um violão autênticamente brasileiro, sem usar dos recursos eletrônicos, em plena fase do «bi-bop».

Em 1953 trabalhava numa buate com o contrabaixista Harry Babasin e êste, fascinado pela maneira nova da execução do nosso artista brasileiro, sugeriu completar o seu conjunto [illegible] — e

(Conclui na 7ª página)

(Conclusão da 1ª página)

já famoso — Bud Shank, que trazia um sax da melhor qualidade, e vinha com Laurindo nos tempos de Stan Kenton. E vieram os três em [illegible] sem luz e muitas horas de trabalho na loja do Roy Hart. Com a influência cia de Babasin e a bateria de Hart, gravam o primeiro disco. E foi assim que nasceu um LP, de nome «Brasilliance» agora regravado e vendido aos montes, como a primeira investida da «bossa nova».

Em 1957 Laurindo foi ao Brasil e mostrou a vários músicos brasileiros, e esta foi a sua expressão em relação ao que disseram os nossos: «não existe, uma definição autêntica que possa definir a reação dêles». Mas, em inglês Laurindo usando uma gíria musical disse que os músicos brasileiros ha-

Feathar Escreve Assim...

viam ficado de «queixo caído» [illegible]

[illegible] músicos brasi-

Êstes os Últimos Lançamentos em Bossa Nova

Sonny Rollins: «Wat's New»

Laurindo Almeida: «Brazilliance» (World Pacific).

Charlie Byrd: «Latin Impressions» (Riverside).

Brazil's Brilliant João Gilberto (Capito).

Luis Bonfá: «Amor» (Atlantic).

Herb Ellis: «Softly... But With That Feeling» (Verve).

Sstan Getz and Charlie Byrd: «Jazz Samba» (Verve).

Jucamestre: «Brazil!» (Audio Fidelity).

Shorty Rogers: «Bossa Nova» (Reprise).

Cal Tjader: «Contemporary Music of Mexico & Brazil» (Verve).

Barney Kessel: «Bossa Nova» (Reprise).

Zoot Sims: «New Beat: Bossa Nova» (Colpix).

Bossa Nova a Grande Pergunta

Será que «bossa nova», vai se prostituir como variados ritmos que de outros cantos vieram? E tantos e tantos, caíram no redemoinho do comercialismo e nunca tantos editôres e gravadores estiveram com os olhos tão atentos. A esperança é que a «bossa nova» seja sempre autêntica. E os fabricantes de p a n d e i r o s, leiros queriam tocar «jazz», na forma de Laurindo e pelo disco que êle trouxera para o Brasil.

E depois de várias considerações a Laurindo de Almeida e aos que acompanham, acetiam e divulgam o nosso ritmo, Feather vai encontrar João G i l b e r t o, Tom Jobim, Vinicius de Morais e Luís Bonfá.

cuicas e tamborins, surgem de todos os cantos e ganham atualmente, mais — afirma Feather — dos que o vendedores de café da Colômbia». Mas antes que um homem comum resolva ser também um ritimista, não é caminho o caminho do homem que vende instrumentos de percussão e sim e só saber dêle, para êle, ou dos amigos leais, se êle tem «bossa». (RCA Victor).

In Los Angeles recently on a business trip, British impresario **Vic Lewis** (he's the ex-bandleader who used to be called, "the British Stan Kenton") recorded a bossa nova record date for European release. Sidemen were **Laurindo Almeida**—on one track only—and **Al Hendrickson,** guitars; **Bud Shank,** alto saxophone; **Bob Cooper,** tenor saxophone; **Shorty Rogers** and **Jack Sheldon,** trumpets; **Vic Feldman,** vibraharp, piano; **Don Bagley,** bass; and **Shelly Manne,** drums. Arrangements were done by two other Britons, **Leonard Feather** and **Howard Lucraft,** making it all-Union Jack on the production side.

DOWN BEAT FEB. 28

51 DOWN BEAT

GIANTS OF JAZZ A CORRECTION

In the January, 1963, issue of the "International Musician," my article on clarinettists in the "Giants of Jazz" series contained no mention of Buddy De Franco, despite the fact that the article as submitted included a substantial tribute to him.

The deletion was made without my knowledge or consent, and for a reason of editorial policy that has no bearing on the talent of Mr. De Franco, who in my opinion (and the opinion of thousands of other musicians) is the greatest living jazz clarinettist.

(Signed) LEONARD FEATHER

The "International Musician," organ of the American Federation of Musicians, has made it its first concern to raise the general economic level of member musicians in the United States and Canada in all fields of music. It believes that this goal can best be achieved by a policy of dedicated cooperation and loyalty of members toward the magazine and the magazine toward the members. This overall view on occasion makes necessary certain decisions which an unaffiliated publication need not face. But nonetheless we must adhere to our policy—loyalty to the Federation's **loyal** *members.*

The "correction" printed above must therefore be understood as coming solely from the author as an individual.

FEBRUARY, 1963

PRIZES AND JUDGES SET FOR COLLEGIATE JAZZ FESTIVAL

On March 29 and 30, 22 college jazz groups will compete for the trophy presented by the Associated Booking Corp. to the group judged the finest in the University of Notre Dame's fifth Collegiate Jazz Festival, held on the South Bend, Ind. campus. The list of judges so far includes Leonard Feather, *Down Beat* contributing editor; Charles Suber, former *Down Beat* publisher; and Robert Share, administrator of the Berklee School of Music. Two well-known musicians also are expected to serve on the judges panel.

In addition to the first-place trophy, the winning group will be awarded a one-week engagement at New York's Village Vanguard. Further, instrument awards will be presented to winning instrumentalists by such firms as LeBlanc, Selmer, Conn, and Zildjian. There also will be scholarships given to the National Stage Band Camps and the Berklee School of Music.

On Friday night, March 29, a performance by the Notre Dame High School Melodons, under the direction of Rev. George E. Wiskirchen, C.S.C., will salute the high school stage-band movement.

DOWN BEAT - MAR. 28

formance of the second movement of the Concerto for Orchestra by Bartok.
KNOB—Leonard Feather features tape recordings of All-Star Soviet jazz groups recorded at the recent 5th Annual Leningrad Jazz Festival.

every Sunday night from 11:30 p.m. to 2 a.m. on KGBS, 1020 kc.

The deletion of **Buddy DeFranco** in **Leonard Feather's** article for the **International Musician** on jazz clarinetists was, according to Feather, done without his knowledge by the **AFM.** They didn't want to publicize DeFranco because he's currently embroiled in legal difficulties with them, but the furor raised over the deletion has given him more publicity than he would have had originally . . . later.

VALLEY NEWS 3/14

Austrian grain importers predict a record year.

NAACP Slates Swinging Date At the Summit

One of the most impressive gatherings of stars of the music and entertainment worlds ever seen on one stage will convene at the Summit, 6507 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, from 3 to 7 p.m., Sunday, March 17, for "Let Freedom Swing," jam session kick-off for the annual Spring membership drive of the Beverly Hills-Hollywood Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

FEATHER IN CAP

World famous jazz authority Leonard Feather will emcee the program which will spotlight Gerald Wilson, Buddy Collette, Red Callender, Gerald Wiggins, Earl Palmer, Eddie Atwood, Eddie Beale, Vi Redd, Georgia Carr, Toni Harper, Dave Howard and many more artist-celebrities, who will be announced next week, according to James L. Tolbert, branch president.

MEMBERSHIPS SOUGHT

Admission to the outstanding program will be a membership or membership renewal in the Beverly Hills-Hollywood Branch or a contribution to the NAACP Freedom Fund for individuals who are already members.

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"When DeFranco did not keep his own terms," Ballard said, "the federation expelled him."

HARVARD GROUP WINS AT GROSSINGER'S

For the last three years Grossinger's, the resort hotel in New York's Catskill Mountains, has presented a wintertime intercollegiate jazz championship, and this season the Blue Notes of Harvard University defeated a score of other undergraduate groups, mostly from New England and New York schools.

The Blue Notes, a sextet, was formed in 1961 and began playing engagements in the New England area, including a private party for the then Massachusetts governor, John Volpe. In 1962, it was selected as one of the few college bands to play for the summer crossings to Europe on the Holland-American Line and played at several European jazz clubs during shore leaves.

Drummer Dick Klein, leader of the group, is a Philadelphian in his second year at Harvard law school. Bassist John Voigt, a native Bostonian, is the only member of the group planning to make a career in music. He was voted the outstanding musician of the festival.

Guitarist Keith Gunn, from Bronxville, N. Y., is a major in astronomy with a heavy load of courses in engineering, partly dictated by his desire, he said, to design the perfect amplifier. Trombonist Sam Saltonstall, from Exeter, N.H., is a history major who is taking mostly music courses. Trumpeter Houk, from Hazelcrest, Ill., is

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VALLEY TIMES FEB. 23, 1963

Life With Feather

Charlie Barnet Swings Again!

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

"I'm the Archie Moore of the music business," said Charlie Barnet.

It seemed like a strange analogy—yet, on second thought, not so strange. Barnet, a 30-year veteran of the big band wars (at 18, he led a band at New York's Paramount Hotel shortly before repeal), has been k. o.'d more times than he cares to remember, yet manages to come back swinging.

Most recently, I found him in a strange setting as extra attraction with the Edie Adams show at the Riviera in Las Vegas. "Easiest job I ever had," he told me. "I'm out of work 23 hours and 50 minutes per day." It was true; his contribution consisted of a brief medley, twice a night, of his three best known record hits: "Cherokee," "Pompton Turnpike" and "Skyliner."

Barnet

THOUGH THE FAMILIAR crew-cut is gray now and the easier, off-the-road life has added a few pounds to his framework, little else has changed. Even though it isn't his own band (the house band under Jack Cathcart did a capable job of interpreting the old manuscript), the Barnet sound on soprano sax still jabs and darts in the volatile, rhythmically personal style that became so agreeably familiar when his was one of the four greatest bands in the world in the early 1940s, along with Ellington's, Basie's and the late Jimmie Lunceford's.

Nostalgically, I reflected that 23 years have passed since the Barnet record of "Cherokee" established his band as one of the later hit makers of the swing era. What happened after that paralleled the course of big band jazz as a whole: by the end of the 1940s, it was a struggle to keep a band together on a full-time basis. By the mid-1950s, Barnet was dividing his time between big bands and combos and had even tried his hand at the agency business.

"LAST YEAR," he told me, "I organized a band for a tour, for the last time. It just got to be impossible to persuade musicians to go on the road — and I don't blame them. There's enough free-lance work for them if they just stay in New York or Los Angeles.

"In the swing era it was different. Ziggy Elman was telling me that at a peak point during his years on the road as a featured sideman with Benny Goodman, he was getting about $125 a week! Today you're lucky to get anybody to cross the street for that kind of loot.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Peggy Lee's "I'm A Woman," Capitol 1857. She sure is!

"Sure, I still like to work with a big band, but I don't organize bands any more. Just occasionally get one together for a one night stand. If it's not too far out of town I can get all the best studio musicians—half of them worked with one of my bands at one time or another, anyway — and they can do as good a job as almost any organized group."

"Do you still keep in touch with what's happening in music?"

Barnet grinned. "Come for a ride in the car after the next show."

AN HOUR LATER, WE TOOK OFF in his 1962 Thunderbird. It was equipped with a four-track stereo tape recorder; the music was fed to two first-class speakers at the back of the car.

He told me, too, about the very modern bomb shelter at his home in Palm Springs. Equipped with wall-to-wall carpeting, it has an electric piano and so many other facilities for the hearing or making of music that he and his wife have taken to using it in many non-alert moments.

He has recorded recently, on Ava Records, an album of new versions of some of his old hits, using a sextet. Despite this, and despite his understandable disillusionment, I don't think an irreversible trend is indicated. Charlie Barnet may have reached his final wedding, but I'm sure he hasn't formed his final band.

VALLEY TIMES MARCH 2, 1963

Life With Feather

Two Men Who Play Too Well

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

The Buddy De Franco-Tommy Gumina Quartet is too good for its own good.

Buddy De Franco, in the opinion of thousands of musicians, is the greatest living jazz clarinetist, even though they haven't made a movie of his life and he hasn't toured the Soviet Union.

"I almost did, though," he told me the other evening when I caught the quartet playing its one-night-a-week date at Shelly's Manne Hole in Hollywood. "When the group was formed 2½ years ago, Tihon Khrennikov, head of the Soviet Composers' Union, who was visiting here, heard us and talked about bringing us over. But the plan didn't materialize — like a lot of other things."

De Franco had the misfortune to come to prominence as a clarinetist at the precise point when it was beginning to lose favor as a jazz instrument.

De Franco Gumina

THOUGH HE has been winning the annual "Down Beat" readers' poll since 1945 and finished in first place for the 14th time this year, he has never come within banking distance of the financial success and global recognition achieved by the pioneer of the 1930s, Benny Goodman.

"Part of the trouble," he observes, "was the transition into a fad for 'soul' music. This goes hand in hand with the tenor saxophone, a more aggressive-sounding instrument.

"THE CLARINET doesn't fit the prevailing tastes in jazz; you literally have to force it to play in the modern style. You can get quicker results with the saxophone."

De Franco has often been accused of lacking soul or warmth in his playing. The truth is that warmth is in the ear of the beholder. His solos are among the most fluent and inspired in contemporary jazz.

TOMMY GUMINA is not just the foremost living jazz accordionist. Now that George Shearing has postponed a project to play the instrument in a new style group, Gumina remains the ONLY great modern musician now mainly active as a jazz accordionist.

"The present methods of accordion instruction are ridiculously inadequate," he explains.

"Lawrence Welk, of course, put the instrument back 25 years. He's a detriment to music.

"WHEN PEOPLE come up to me nowadays and ask for 'Tico Tico,' I tell them to go look for Dick Contino. I admit I was a square myself at one time—I used to enjoy that kind of nonsense—but those days are gone forever. I think this quartet has something to say, and we're going to keep at it until something happens."

Album of the Week: "Kaleidoscope," The Buddy De Franco-Tommy Gumina Quartet, Mercury SR 60743. Even the liner notes are great!

Bookings having been erratic, Gumina recently resumed his staff job at ABC's Hollywood studios, while De Franco makes frequent appearances as performer and lecturer at college jazz clinics.

But every Tuesday night, the quartet is reunited and some of the most dazzling music in town is performed.

If the De Franco-Gumina Quartet isn't invited this season to play Newport, Monterey and all the other festivals—including the Moscow Jazz Festival if they hold one—a great disservice will have been done to the cause of modern music.

NEW STATESMAN MARCH 1, 1963

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Ex-Apple

FRANCIS NEWTON

Jazz-lovers go to New York as painters between the wars went to Paris. Everything happens there. No musician has arrived until he has made it between the Hudson and the East River. The greatest player from the Coast or from Detroit is merely a promising talent when he hits Manhattan and confronts the challenging, battle-scarred, formidable ranks of his colleagues and rivals. New York, in Harlem slang, is The Apple.

The European critic who revisits New York after more than two years' absence is therefore shocked to find The Apple wilted and shaking on its bough. New York jazz is at present in its most serious crisis since 1949-50, and some pessimists even talk gloomily in terms of the appalling years of the early Thirties. First-class talents like the trumpeter Kinny Dorham are said to be serving behind the counter in shops, unable to get gigs. Names celebrated among European (and American) fans like Art Farmer had been totally unemployed for three weeks when I was there, with not even a gig at 'scale' – the union minimum which the established jazz star regards as the next thing to the dole. A leading Greenwich Village club has reduced its programme to the three week-end nights, and even so the house was four-fifths empty for a highly attractive bill consisting of the Clark Terry Quintet and the Horace Silver Quintet, with a comedian thrown in. The out-of-town visitor experiences the extraordinary sensation of actually hunting through the relatively exiguous list of jazz clubs for something exciting, and above all something new to listen to.

Of course New York is not jazzless. The handful of players who cater chiefly to maudlin middle-aged executives recapturing their Dixieland youth perform in clubs like Nick's, Eddie Condon's and the new Room at the Bottom on Eighth Street. The Metropole keeps going with players from the Thirties or even – Gene Krupa – the Twenties. Decent men with a beat and blues sense can always make out in Harlem, and Basie is always good for a season in places like Basin Street East. But for a great many men times are hard, and life is a matter of gigs at scale in neighbourhood bars, in small new clubs out Long Island way – which may one day be the jazz equivalent of Off-Broadway – or no gigs at all. And the real sufferers are the avant-garde. Paradoxically, only live jazz is suffering. Records are made and sell adequately. There has never been so much jazz on the radio as today. And official culture is kinder and more respectful than ever before. What then has gone wrong?

Folksong, is one hypothesis. Among the young and hip to be ethnic is to be strictly in these days, and the Village is loud with the sound of Appalachian laments. We shall no doubt get the vogue over here in due course, as soon as local enterprise discovers sad girls with hair as long as Joan Baez or groups with the sharp craftsmanship and comedy of the Limeliters (who have just visited this country on a successful preliminary reconnaissance). Or perhaps when local enterprise stops looking for the American article. At all events, though most folksingers and fans are tremendously in favour of some jazz, there is no doubt that the two forms of entertainment are competitive, and just now the folkniks are winning hands down, aided perhaps by the fact that a new singer is a much cheaper act than even an undistinguished jazz group. Also, the potential public for folk is much bigger. I doubt whether any jazz record has ever sold as many copies as Allen Sherman's LP of New York-Jewish parodies on ethnicity, *My Son the Folksinger*.

A second equally plausible explanation is suburbia. There is an undoubted trend towards the decentralization of New York jazz. The increasing time and cost of travel as the middle class migrates further from the centre favour new jazz spots in Brooklyn, Long Island or New Jersey. The traditional Manhattan jazzman, who regarded any gig outside the area between 59th and Fourth Streets as a venture into the desert, is now forced to adjust his perspective. And the suburban spots, once again, can get their music more cheaply than the Manhattan ones.

The truth is that live midtown and downtown jazz is pricing itself out of its market. By tradition it has been *Gebrauchsmusik*, something we cut ourselves large slices of, like bread and cheese, rather than something like *canard à l'orange*. For European fans an American group is still a rarity, and it is hard to recall that the New Yorkers feel about the great men of jazz (unless they ration their appearances) as London fans feel about leading local musicians. They have heard them all, and can hear most of them at regular intervals, many of them all the time. An evening's jazz means going to listen to some familiar, though valued sound, or to make the round of the clubs. It does *not* mean, unless some new or unfamiliar artist appears, or some provincial has to be shown the town, making a special night of it.

Also jazz appeals to the young and not particularly prosperous, except for Dixieland, which has been adopted into the style of life and added to the expense accounts of older and reasonably well-heeled citizens. Aficionados are therefore doubly disinclined to spend heavily except for the really unusual. Few people used to think twice about dropping into the defunct Jazz Gallery for a dollar or two. Many weigh the advantages of buying LPs against live jazz when two hours in the average Village club may set them back 10 dollars for a couple.

Prices have risen partly because entrepreneurs have squeezed the increasingly classy jazz market, but partly also because jazz players have insisted on wages which mark them as artists and not mere purveyors of pleasing sound. The sentiment is natural, but it strains the economics of small enclosed spaces. Moreover, avant-garde jazzmen have increasingly insisted on being listened to as people giving recitals, a style which is uncongenial to the average club public. The most intelligent groups have adapted themselves to the new situation, like Miles Davis, who rations his appearances strictly and therefore maintains his scarcity value, or the Modern Jazz Quartet, which does not play clubs at all. A financially and morally more satisfactory outlet has been found – but so far only by a shrewd minority, which follows the pioneering trail of Dave Brubeck – in college and school concerts. For the college market is not merely hip but, in the USA, very big indeed, as both the makers of folk records and the publishers of textbooks are well aware.

All this would not matter if enough new things were happening in jazz to keep the public on its toes. But of course – with one exception – they are not. The possibilities implicit in the jazz revolution of the early 1940s have been exhausted, the changes on Lester Young and Bird Parker rung. The last really flourishing movement in jazz – 'hard bop' and 'soul music' – already showed that deadliest of all symptoms in an art based on technical evolution, the return to tradition. Technically there was nothing new in it; it merely rediscovered the swing, and feeling, which less sophisticated forms of Negro music had never lost. Intensive efforts have since been made (and not for the first time) to find a new stimulus, above all through a search for African and – more profitably – Latin American rhythms. Some jazzmen clearly pin their faith on the *bossa nova*, especially the former West Coast men whose own cool style rose and fell rapidly in the early Fifties. At least one critic of importance, Leonard Feather – who was one of the earliest to hail modern jazz – has switched his attentions to the Latin beat. But so far I am not convinced that these experiments will transform jazz any more than similar excursions into Afro-Cubanism 12 years ago.

The one exception is the avant-garde of the 'third stream' (and I hope Mr Mingus will not mind being associated with them). These men *have* advanced beyond Parker into an empty territory where no old landmarks guide the musician on his way: tonality, the steady beat, improvisation based on chord progressions. And, at least in the case of Ornette Coleman, they have done so without abandoning the deep, tearing feeling of the blues. These revolutionaries are the chief sufferers from the present troubles of New York jazz. They are box-office poison in the clubs. They do not yet command a paying public even on the recital circuit, while art-jazz has not yet developed the elaborate structure of patronage which allows an intransigent uncommercial music to maintain itself.

Yet unless they are to become a mere subvariety of the academic avant-garde, they must live and *play* together constantly, sharpening their ideas against one another, for that is how jazz develops. No group needs the environment of traditional New York jazz, with its vast standing demand for the best players and its multiplicity of clubs, more than a jazz avant-garde – particularly today, when those travelling schools of musicians, the big bands, are virtually dead. Charlie Parker's generation had its 52nd Street. Mingus's and Coleman's has nothing, not even the chance of earning a living by playing their music as a background noise. One does not have to be its champion to believe that it ought to be given its chance to grow in the jazz way. This isn't so at present. One can merely hope that it is tough enough to survive nevertheless.

Great Turnstile,
London W.C.1.

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VALLEY TIMES - MARCH 9, 1963

Life With Feather

Organ-ized Jazz Dominates LPs

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

In 1940, the Hammond organ was almost unknown except for a few experiments by Fats Waller. In 1950, it took on a new look thanks to a modernized style introduced by "Wild Bill" Davis. By 1959, the massive organ-ized sound was a sine qua non in a thousand bars and grills, either via the juke box or, when economically possible, a live trio, featuring organ, guitar and drums.

A typical trio album is "Feel Real" by Eddie Baccus (Smash 27029), introducing a 26-year-old blind organist from Lawndale, N.C., who is the protege of another brilliant blind musician, Roland Kirk. The liner notes are by Kirk's wife and the title song and "A Breath in the Wind" were written by Kirk, who adds his unique flute sounds to the trio on the latter. Four numbers were composed by Baccus, who should find plenty of bar-and-grill doors open to him on the strength of this hard-swinging inaugural.

This is only one of a half dozen LPs featuring organ that have arrived lately. The most attractive of the others is "Back at the Chicken Shack" (Bule Note 84117) by Jimmy Smith, who recently became the first organist ever to win a "Down Beat" readers' poll.

SMITH'S astonishing technique started a whole new organ cycle in 1956. By comparsion, his predecessor became Tame Bill Davis. A master of slowly built intensity, Smith never crowds too many tunes into an album (this one contains only four); this approach has made him a consistent best seller.

The title tune ard "Messy Bessie" are his own, "Minor Chant" is by Stanley Turrentine, whose blues-rooted tenor sax is a diversifing element throughout the LP. In "When I Grow Too Old to Dream," the powerful Smith - Turrentine duumvirate make it clear that they can NEVER grow that old.

ON "THE Happy Hammond Organ of Jackie Davis" (Warner Brothers 1492), the electronic sounds are more often polite than wild, but they swing as much as befits each tune.

Davis is in excellent company with Barney Kessel, guitar; Earl Palmer, drums; Joe Comfort, bass.

The tasetful variety of tunes (from "Round Midnight" and "Five Minutes More" to "Easy Does It" and "St. Louis Blues") compensates for their brevity.

ANOTHER new organist makes a strong impression in "Black Coffee — Johnny 'Hammond' Smith" (Riverside 442). On the title tune and three of the five other numbers in this refreshing set, recorded live at a club in New Haven, Conn., the regular trio setup is augmented by a fine, underrated tenor man, Sheldon Powell.

Smith achieves an impressive variety of moods with such themes as "Body and Soul," Benny Golson's "I Remember Clifford" and Nellie Lutcher's "Real Gone Guy."

Brubeck

Kessel

ON THE NON-organ (or disorganized) front, bossa nova albums continue to pour in hot and heady.

"Bossa Nova USA" (Columbia CS 8798), by Dave Brubeck, is more successful as typical Brubeck than as real Braziliana.

HEAVIER on percussion and more aggressive in general is "Bossa Nova Bacchanal" (Blue Note 84119) by saxophonist Charlie Rouse and his group, an exciting set of tunes of Calypso, Haitian and Brazilian origin.

"Bossa Nova" (Vee Jay 3034), by Chicago tenor man Eddie Harris, is graced by the presence of Lalo Schifrin as pianist, and as composer of three of the six numbers.

VALLEY TIMES - MARCH 16, 1963

Life With Feather

Gerald Wilson: Optimism, Inc.

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

Gerald Wilson represents a vanishing breed of homo sapiens known as the cockeyed optimist. He's even optimistic about big bands.

Wilson, a casual-mannered composer, arranger, conductor and trumpeter, has one of the most exciting big bands in the country today but rarely gets a chance to present it, except on records and at an occasional one-night stand.

Unlike Charlie Barnet, whose despondent view of the big band situation was reported here recently, Wilson doesn't let these restrictions bother him.

"Do you think there is any real possibility," I asked him, "that big bands will ever again dominate the popular music scene as they did in the 1940s?"

"THAT DEPENDS WHAT YOU MEAN. Don't forget that at one point, there were gobs of second rate musicians running around the country leading large orchestras —almost anyone who could blow 32 bars on a horn or had attracted a little attention as a featured soloist on some record would hire an arranger and go out on the road.

"Nowadays, it would be impossible for guys like that to organize a band. They would earn no respect from their musicians, and nobody would want or need to work for them, as they could do better just staying in town. But we never needed bands like that in the first place."

"True, but isn't the lack of public demand the real reason for the shortage of bands?"

"Well, it's true that they don't have theaters to play any more, and there are very few clubs that can use a band, but the day will never come when the public won't want to see something that is contributing to jazz."

Wilson, born in Mississippi but raised in Detroit from the age of 13, replaced Sy Oliver in the trumpet section of the late Jimmie Lunceford's band. After three years with Lunceford, he settled in Los Angeles in 1942. A couple of years later, he formed his own orchestra but within three years, it had broken up and in 1948, he joined Count Basie.

"It must have been a big disappointment," I commented.

"What disappointment? I was very lucky. Within a few months of organizing it, I had my band in New York, and there we were, featured in the show at the Apollo Theater! That was a good band and we had some nice breaks."

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: "Like Sing," Jackie and Roy Kral in Songs by Andre and Dory Previn, Columbia CS 8734. A unique set; delightful melodies and lyrics, admirably performed.

"How about the racial situation out here?" I asked, for Wilson's band has a thoroughly integrated personnel. "Didn't you find it rough going when you tried to break into Hollywood studio work?"

"THINGS HAVE BEEN getting better slowly but surely. As you know, the Negro and white musicians' locals merged several years ago, and I think most people do their hiring strictly on merit. Some of the white musicians have been very helpful. It was through Jimmy Zito that I got my first job writing music for a picture. He thought nothing of color."

Determined to find a chink in Gerald's optimistic armor, I asked a final question: "If you had made your World Pacific LPs 15 years ago and they'd sold as well then as they have today, isn't it true that you could have taken the band on a national tour, which you now find impractical?"

"Maybe so; but I can always stay around Los Angeles very profitably. In the past year, I've written and directed recording sessions for Ray Charles, Nancy Wilson, Bobby Darin, Al Hibbler. Everything's working out fine."

"Gerald," I said, "I'm afraid you have much too healthy an attitude to ever become controversial. You're just not giving me any peg to hang an interview on. Sorry, but I'll just have to cancel the story."

("Life With Feather" is heard Sundays at 8 p.m. on KNOB, 98 FM.)

SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER MARCH 22, 1963

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Life With Feather: The Dark World Of R

BY LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz" Crown Publishers)

"All right gentlemen," said Ray Charles. "Let's try one more take."

The scene was a Hollywood recording studio; the occasion not a Ray Charles session, but a date for Tangerine Records, the independent company formed by Charles last year for which he produced disks by other artists.

LEONARD FEATHER

This evening the central figure was Percy Mayfield, a rough, semi-country style blues singer who had been an important influence when Charles was a teen-ager.

Mayfield, aided by a small group that included Marcus Belgrave and Hank Crawford of the Charles band, throbbed his way through a searing performance of a G Minor blues, "You Don't Exist No More."

"Let's change that introduction," said Charles, **squirming nerviously at the piano. "Now Hank, you take an E flat and an F, and Marcus, you've got a G and an A here, and then . . ."**

WITHIN FIVE MINUTES HE HAD dictated and rehearsed a complete four-bar introduction. Like George Shearing, Charles shows an uncanny speed and facility in "writing" arrangements as fully and skillfully as a sighted man. (Unlike Shearing, he is terribly sensitive about his blindness, won't joke about it, and doesn't even like to discuss it.)

After the session ended I sat around in the control room talking with Charles and Joe Adams, the former disk jockey and actor (he played a psychiatrist in "The Manchurian Candidate") who served as aid-de-camp in the Charles empire, which now includes a highly successful music publishing firm (Mayfield's "Hit the Road Jack" is in its catalog); a big Los Angeles office known as Gulliver's Travel Service; Tangerine Records, and other enterprises. Charles also own real estate, a large ranch near Palm Springs, Calif. (TV in every room, swimming pool, etc.)

The material possessions obtainable with a million-dollar-a-year income have not, however, made any basic changes in his nervous, intense, music-obsessed personality, the product of a brutal childhood marked by Jim Crow (from birth), blindness (from age six), loneliness (his father died when Ray was 17, his mother two years later), poverty (not until he began to record for Atlantic in 1952 was there any real measure of stability), and, since he was 16, the perhaps inevitable result of these conditions, a heavy and seemingly unbreakable habit that has brought him unwelcome international headlines.

As he pathetically explained to a policeman after his most recent arrest in Indianapolis: **"The daily grind gets to be too much. A fellow who lives in the dark has to do something."**

RAY SAYS HE REALLY did learn to "read" music. **"At the St. Augustine School for the Blind in Florida, we'd feel the notes in Braille, learn them a couple of bars at a time and memorize them. For the long classical pieces it was tough going."**

Producing records has been a stimulating activity for him. During his recent "vacation" (most of the two months were really spent in business meetings with lawyers and accountants) he produced several sessions. One, featuring another of his early idols, Louis Jordan, produced a tune that looks like being Jordan's first hit in many years, "Hard Head."

How does he feel about all the people who are cashing in on his name by making "Salute to Ray Charles" albums: **"It's a compliment. Bobby Darin's a good friend. Why should I mind?" (Why indeed? Ray's firm publishes many of the tunes.)**

How does he select material for his own top-selling ABC-Paramount records? Joe Adams interrupted to pay a tribute to Ray: **"He's such a perfectionist that we're months behind on our recording schedule. He'll take 100**

3 Seattle Post-Intelligencer

Prudence Penny

...ING at HOME

...HEPWORTH

RAGLAN - SLEEVE beach or pool-side coat yellow terry cloth or ja quard weave thick cott would be a conversati piece by fagoting sleeves coat body with narro white cable cord or cott rug yarn. The classic yok design of Vogue No. 4135 the art sketch gains a d signer detail air by use hand-fagoting joining yok to bodice of dress.

Unstitched seams to b fagoted on garment or ac cessory are first finishe off by folding and pressin fabric on the seam lines Now, draw parallel line about ¼-inch apart on...

DOWN BEAT

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

It is amusing and, in a rather pathetic way, instructive to study the path followed by everyone in music who becomes involved directly or indirectly with a new style, fad, or trend.

The movement usually gets rolling as a result of some artistic venture that happened to become a commercial success. In the case of the bossa nova wave, this was, of course, the Stan Getz-Charlie Byrd *Jazz Samba* album (though the words bossa nova appear nowhere in titles or liner notes).

The second stage is the adoption of the style by other artists and by a&r men who encourage its use as a possible medium for similar popular reaction. The trend is then taken up by agents, managers, and others interested in exploiting it.

It is impossible to state categorically that all these artists, a&r men, and agents are motivated entirely by greed. Their attitudes may vary widely from a sincere interest in the music to a completely cynical gluttony, with various gradations between these extremes.

The third stage, just as sure to arise as the first and second, is the reactive one, generated by the critics. Their stand is safely predictable: such-and-such is being bastardized, everybody is jumping on the bandwagon, music has become music business. It is never pointed out, of course, that however many dollars we critics are paid to write these attacks, or to annotate LPs of the new music, or talk about it at concerts or broadcasts, are that many more dollars of commercialization on the trend.

The only fair position to take is one in which the motives of each individual involved, and the artistic results achieved, are judged on their merits, regardless of the degree of bandwagon-jumping involved.

According to your personal prejudice, you can find two different ways of stating the same fact about any situation arising in the inevitably commercial world of jazz. (Inevitable, that is, as long as it is agreed that capitalism, whatever its shortcomings, is the lesser of two evils.)

Of a musician who has just made a bossa nova LP, one can say:

"His ideas are fresh and timely, geared to the contemporary scene."

Or, if you don't happen to dig him:

"He is an opportunist who takes advantage of each new gimmick."

Of a personal manager or booking agent:

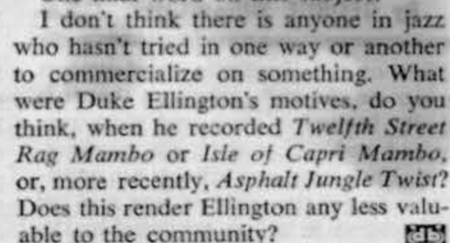
"He is a leech, a bloodsucker who profits from the talents of others."

Of a manager or booker one likes:

"It is through his intelligent handling that this artist has been brought from obscurity to a nationwide audience."

Of a critic:

"If he knows so much about it, how come he can't practice what he preaches?"



Of a critic one agrees with:

"If it hadn't been for him, Mezz Mezzrow (or Ornette Coleman, or Big Sid Catlett, or Blind Orange Adams) might today be a forgotten man."

One final word on this subject:

I don't think there is anyone in jazz who hasn't tried in one way or another to commercialize on something. What were Duke Ellington's motives, do you think, when he recorded *Twelfth Street Rag Mambo* or *Isle of Capri Mambo*, or, more recently, *Asphalt Jungle Twist*? Does this render Ellington any less valuable to the community? db

NEW YORK POST - MARCH 1963

CLOSEUP:

Singer

JOSEPH WERSHBA

PEGGY LEE

Jazz historian Leonard Feather has already written the definitive critique of Peggy Lee: "If you don't feel a thrill when Peggy sings, you're dead, Jack." But this doesn't completely explain how a nice, shy, flaxen-haired, Gretchen-faced Swedish-Norwegian girl from the plains of North Dakota became a leading white American singer who comes closest to the free-throated style traditionally associated with the greatest of Negro jazz singers. Miss Lee isn't sure of the answer either.

"I keep getting deeper into the songs," she says. "I learn from musicians. I like variety—folk songs, jazz. Ray Charles, now . . . he's an inspiration to many singers because, while he's a jazz artist, he sees nothing wrong in singing country-Western. He does it because he loves it. Variety . . . that's always been my conception of singing."

Miss Lee, currently singing to standing-room-only crowds at Basin Street East, developed her distinctive styles 20 years ago with Benny Goodman's band and "Why Don't You Do Right?" The Lee style can be insinuating, lowdown, growly, hushed, provocative, lullaby-ish—almost always effortless, almost always a woman in love. When sex is deliberate, she humors it; when she means business, the audience has to sense it. Audiences never seem to have any trouble.

"Of course," she says, "if I tried to be a vamp and manufacture the sexiness, then I'd really be funny. Anything that's forced comes over fake." Onstage, she comes over as the apotheosis of one of her hit songs: 'I'm a W-O-M-A-N." Offstage, she has been quite properly compared to a friendly, small-town librarian. "But I don't know why people have written that I'm moody or depressed. I'm not that at all. I've had a lot of sadness in my life, but sadness is not my nature," she says.

* * *

She travels on tour with 13 people: dresser, hairdresser, road agent, light man, press agent and eight musicians, the largest entourage of any solo performer in show business. "I'm lucky; we all project together. The things that get me sore are the stupid mistakes: like the spring in the hair dryer breaks. The people," says Miss Lee, "are wonderful. It's the *machines* you gotta watch out for."

Besides nightclubs, records and television, Miss Lee earns her bread as a successful composer ("Manana," "Golden Earrings," among others). She's president of Peggy Lee Enterprises, which includes two music publishing houses. She relaxes with sculpture, poetry, readings in philosophy. She also has strong feelings about non profit, civic responsibilities: she's chairman of the Tom Dooley Foundation for medical aid to Laos and Vietnam.

* * *

She was born Norma Jean Egstrom, daughter of a railroad station agent in Jamestown, N. D. "I sang even before I could talk. I sang in churches and at colleges. I was annoyed with the college boys. They always thought of me as their little sister. I was 14. I made a tremendous amount of money—got 50 cents one night. Gave it back to the band leader. He bought me chili. Then we were both broke. But at least I could consider myself a professional."

She borrowed her father's railroad pass, took her savings of $18, tried to break into Hollywood and flopped. Back home again, she sang on the local radio station, changed her name to Peggy Lee, began her one-night stands with bands. "I remember those days now, happily," she says, "but I can't understand how I did it. I took care of my hair, my gowns, lived out of valises and buses, never got any sleep. I was young; I didn't know any better. When I think of some of those gowns, I shudder. Now I have a wonderful designer, Sabesta. He's an engineer, the way he creates gowns you can move around in. But the gowns must never dominate."

Miss Lee has a 19-year-old daughter, Nicki, from her first marriage, to guitarist-composer Dave Barbour, with whom she has written a number of her best songs. She has been married and divorced twice more since. A fourth venture may be in the cards. Of her current escorts, she says: "Love that man."

Miss Lee wants another try at the movies. Her last time around, in "Pete Kelly's Blues," she won an Academy Award nomination as the alcoholic, mentally-ill blues singer. "But I don't want to be typed," she says. "After that picture, I started getting calls from AA'ers on the 12 steps back to sobriety, and people kept advising me how to overcome mental despair. I don't want roles of violence. There's too much of that in films, even perversion. When it's over, it doesn't prove a thing.

"I'd like to do some bewildered comedy. I'm not funny myself, but things that happen to me are funny.

"I'm really not very theatrical. Whatever has happened to me seemed just to happen by itself. I don't think I had much choice," says Peggy Lee.

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April 20, 1963

Life With Feather

The 'No. 1 Mann' On The Flute

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

When an album called "Herbie Mann at the Village Gate" (Atlantic 1380) leaped into the best seller lists last year and made a major new jazz name of its star and a fait acompli of the very-long-playing best seller, nobody was more surprised than Herbie Mann.

Like more and more jazz records, it did not rely on brevity: one side consisted of an 8½ minute "Comin' Home Baby" (the tune later became a hit for Mel Torme) and a 10-minute "Summertime." The entire second side was taken up by "It Ain't Necessarily So," which runs 20 minutes. "It would have run 30," says Mann, but we had to cut it, otherwise there wouldn't have been room for the label." The three-tune album has sold several hundred thousand.

MANN IS A BEARDED 32-year-old Brooklyn born saxophonist who became a jazz flutist by accident. "Someone called me up and offered me a job with a combo led by the accordionist Mat Mathews. He said 'You do play jazz flute, don't you?' Well, I needed the job; I said yes. Next day, I told Mathews my flute was being repaired, and would he mind if I rehearsed on tenor sax.

"Then for two weeks, I spent every moment developing a technique on flute, which I'd only played for a while in the Army. There were absolutely no jazz flute records to base my stlye on—this was early in 1953, before Frank Wess or Bud Shank or any of the others—and for years after that I had trouble with people telling me the flute was not a jazz instrument.

"Even musicians put me down; they said 'Oh, it's nice for Spanish music, but it would never do for jazz.' But by now I knew what I wanted to do and I stuck with it."

MANN'S FORTUNES BEGAN to turn in 1957; he has won the Down Beat poll's flute division every year since then. In 1959, conceding to the public identification of the flute with musical exotica, he formed an Afro Jazz Sextet. The State Department sent the group on a goodwill tour of Africa, presumably to show the natives what had been happening with their indigenous rhythms since they left home a century or two ago.

Since then Mann has been through a variety of ethnic phases. "I was planning an album called 'The Family of Mann,' and at the time the pachanga was getting very hot in New York. Al[illegible] Ray Charles was climbing fantastically.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: "Jack Teagarden: King of the Blues Trombone," Epic SN 6044. Historically priceless set of three LPs spanning 1928 to 1940.

So I thought it would be wild to do a pachanga version of a Ray Charles hit tune. I wrote arrangements for a group with strings on 'This Little Girl of Mine.'

"Before long, I started to get calls to play dance dates that were normally played by bands like Tito Puente and Pacheco; and I was booked into theaters that cater to Negro audiences."

WHEN THE BOSSA NOVA came along, Herbie was ready for that too; he had played Brazil on a concert tour in 1961 and was at home in the idiom. He now has two best-selling LPs: 'Do the Bossa Nova' on Atlantic 1397 and 'Brazil, Bossa Nova and Blues' on United Artists 14009.

Mann has now passed the magic barrier that separates the artists who need employment from those who are needed by the employers. Currently he is needed, and gainfully employed, by the Hollywood Crescendo. He can work where and when he likes, has his own publishing firm and other such appurtenances of the high-tax-bracket jazzman, takes two three-week vacations a year and plans to buy an apartment in Rio in which he can relax for a couple of months out of every dozen ("It's an ideal place to lie back and NOT think about music").

He will continue to broaden his musical scope. ("I never want to be identified solely with any one form of music.") Ultimately he'd like to have his own night club as a pied-a-terre in New York. "I'd just work there weekends," he said, "and spend plenty of time writing music."

"I've got the perfect name for the spot," I said. "How about calling it Herbie's Mann Hole?"

(Life With Feather is heard Sundays at 8 p.m., KNOB, 98 FM)

VALLEY TIMES APRIL 6, 1963

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Pee-Wee Hits A New Groove

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

You can't teach an old dog new tricks — but you evidently can show an elderly cat new licks. This, apparently, is the moral to be drawn from a remarkable new album entitled "New Groove" (Columbia CL 1985) by the 57-year-old clarinetist Charles Ellsworth "Pee-Wee" Russell.

Pee-Wee has survived the inroads of the swing era, bop, and whatever other vicissitudes jazz has gone through since he first sailed up the discographic river as a contemporary of Bix Beiderbecke, Red Nichols, Eddie Condon, et al.

Russell

A few months ago, he was approached with a plan cooked up by Marshall Brown, the noted music educator responsible for such unique jazz festival spectacles as the Newport Youth Band and Newport International Band. Brown, who recently shed his academic accouterments to take on the trappings of a full-fledged jazz musician, writes arrangements and plays valve trombone and bass trumpet.

HIS IDEA WAS TO TAKE this gnarled veteran out of his perishable Dixieland setting and stimulate him with new instrumentation, new material and new arrangements. (The last time I saw Pee-Wee read music was in 1938 with Bobby Hackett's band, in which he played saxophone and looked acutely uncomfortable.)

The results of this unique experiment are almost completely successful. The instrumentation is strictly modern—no piano—just bass and drums supporting Russell and Brown.

THE MATERIAL RANGES from early Basie ("Taps Miller," "Moten Swing") and Ellington (Billy Strayhorn's "Chelsea Bridge") to the bop writers of the 40s (Tadd Dameron's "Good Bait," Thelonious Monk's "Round Midnight"), as well as such venerated songs as "My Mother's Eyes," which Pee-Wee rescues from George Jessel's tears, and Willard Robison's "Old Folks," in which his singularly warm, almost pathetic tonal quality is beautifully evident.

As if to show that Pee-Wee is right in there keeping up with the kiddies, the cover shot shows him in a Ferrari Testa Rosa which, the notes tell us, has a top speed of 185 mph. The implication, and I won't fault it, is that Pee-Wee hasn't slowed down too much himself.

☆ ☆ ☆

If you believe, as I do, that an entire 12-inch album by the same group can tend at times to be a bit much, you will be vastly impressed by an extraordinary LP called "The Giants of Jazz," Columbia CS 8770. There are no less than 15 tracks by as many groups, and the quantity of music — a full half hour on each side — is on a par with the quality.

I DON'T LIKE BEING COPIED

RAY CHARLES' income may be in the neighbourhood of a million a year, but his home is in a far more modest neighbourhood. For the past two months, on his annual holiday, he has been living quietly in his unpretentious house near 39th Street in Los Angeles, getting as close to relaxation as he is ever likely to get, for it is not really in him to relax.

RAY CHARLES* talks to *LEONARD FEATHER

One day last week, Charles pottered around in his study setting up his Ampex tape recorder for an interview. His mechanical skill is extraordinary; he knows so much about the plane he owns and uses for all his band's trips that it is said he could fly it himself if he could get a licence. (Once, unaided, he drove a motor-scooter around a quarter-mile track, simply by listening to the exhaust of a scooter in front of him.)

Charles today owns a highly successful publishing company, his own recording firm (Tangerine Records, which currently has a hit, "Hardhead" by Louis Jordan), as well as real estate and other holdings; but the material fruits of success have not changed his nervous, intense, music-obsessed personality, the product of a painful childhood marked by Jim Crow, blindness (from age six), loneliness (his parents died when he was in his teens) and poverty.

SINATRA—soul

HUNTER

His fantastic success last year with two LPs of country and western songs proved a point for him. "You can take any song and make anything you want out of it," he said. "If you have two fiddles and a couple of guitars and what they call down in the big-foot country a 'boodle-fiddle,' a string bass that is, and you can make a country and western song out of 'Star dust.' And you can do just the opposite, which is what I did: that is, take what is called a country and western song, and put strings behind it or a big band, and you've got a modern song. It's the background that determines what type of music it is."

Bossa nova

How about all the imitations his initiative has spawned? "People will always take an idea and run it into the ground. There must have been at least 20 other albums: 'Country and Western to dream by,' 'Country and Western to eat breakfast by' . . .

"Tell you what I **REALLY** don't like, while we're on the subject. I object to the idea of another artist taking a song and the exact arrangement note for note, and even trying to sing like I did. Tab Hunter recorded 'I can't stop lovin' you' and it was copied so closely that Marty Paich thought I must have loaned Hunter our arrangement. An artist who is as big as Tab Hunter doesn't need to do that."

Asked about the bossa nova fad, he observed: "There's nothing in it to get so excited about. That rhythmic figure is just the same old thing that's been played for years, only with the last accent delayed by half a beat. I haven't done anything with bossa nova myself and I really don't think there's that much to it."

On youth versus age: "I produced records for Tangerine with Percy Mayfield and Louis Jordan. People were advising me that the kids wouldn't like them, that they go for younger performers. But if an entertainer is a true entertainer his age does not matter. In fact, he mellows with age; Sinatra today has more body, more depth to his voice."

On art versus entertainment: "Our music is a true form of entertainment. No matter what you say about painting or any of the other arts, music will capture anybody. In Paris they listened quietly to every song all the way through, just as if they knew what the words meant; and they came back again and again. They felt what we were doing. In West Germany, too—a stand-up ovation; the same thing in Belgium, Switzerland, Sweden. They even stood up in the rain to hear us. It was a beautiful tribute."

"I guess if the message is there," I said, "it'll be entertainment and art both."

"Right! No question about it," said the world's most successful jazz performer, "it's an art that entertains."

"How about some of these new forms that are more ambitious, that don't try to entertain? Abstract music, atonal jazz, Third Stream?"

Universal

"I've heard some of those things, and it is not the type of music that I'll say I'm dearly in love with. But there's so many different phases of music, and in each phase there's good and bad. Like at one time they said rhythm-and-blues was nothing; then all of a sudden there was a 'Blue suede shoes' that came alone, and one or two others; then it became rock-n-roll, and it became a big thing; but until then, rhythm and blues was scorned. There is some rock-n-roll that is horrible; as far as I'm concerned, I can't play rock-n-roll, but I do play rhythm-and-blues."

RAY CHARLES' MUSIC, IT SEEMS TO ME, IS TOO UNIVERSAL IN ITS APPEAL TO CATEGORISE

Ellington Plays With Symphony

Duke Ellington and his orchestra will join the Detroit Symphony Orchestra tonight in Ford Auditorium for a special concert to benefit the symphony's Pension Fund.

Ellington will conduct his orchestra in his own compositions and then appear as piano soloist when his group joins the symphony to play his composition, "Night Creature." Valter Poole will conduct.

Thomas Schippers will be soloist and conductor in Poulenc's Organ Concerto in G. He will also direct Richard Strauss' "Don Juan." The concert will start at 8:30 p.m.

Jazz critic Leonard Feather will present Ellington after intermission with Downbeat Magazine's Best Band Award.

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APRIL 13, 1963

SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Still Another New Jazz Book

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The Encyclopedia of Jazz")

In the first paragraph of his first book, "The Reluctant Art" (191 pp., $3.50, Horizon Press), Benny Green makes the opening statement: "The curse of jazz music is its hagiography," an abstruse way of saying that jazz musicians are worshipped like saints. Curiously, Green then proceeds to compound the curse by further canonizing four of the deceased giants of jazz — Bix Beiderbecke, Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker and Lester Young — all of whom have been the subjects of absurdly excessive critical attention.

Green, a London saxophonist, is one of the very few working jazzmen simultaneously pursuing a career as journalistic-critic. Though he is a brilliant writer with a stiletto-like thrust at the essences of his subjects, it is his qualifications as a musician that do most to strengthen the value of these stimulating essays.

Goodman

GREEN SHOWS A FREQUENT inclination to look down his pen at the jazz critics incapable of practicing what they preach: "Unpalatable as the truth may be, musicians know more about the art of playing jazz than anybody else." In two of the pieces, he chides the so-called experts for the belatedness of their acknowledgement of Parker and Young.

The Bix chapter, though it implies that the pinnacle Beiderbecke occupied was a little rocky and that he was guilty of artistic irresolution, is by no means the "myth-destruction" implied by the dust jacket notes.

The Holiday study is a masterful autopsy that judges Billie in the contexts of society, the jazz world, music, lyrics, and her contemporaries.

INCIDENTALLY, IT IS IRONICALLY symptomatic of the duality of jazz criticism that almost every side-reference to Ella Fitzgerald, whom Mr. Green has frequently been employed to endorse heartily in album notes, is implicitly derogatory.

The most successful chapter is a fifth one devoted to the only musician among the five surveyed who is still living, Benny Goodman. After acknowledging his talent and pioneer contributions, Green just about abolishes his hapless subject in a caustic and often devastatingly funny analysis of events in the clarinetist's later years.

Technical analyses of various solos are rendered virtually meaningless because of the lack of musical illustrations and

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: "Afro-Bossa," Duke Ellington & His Orchestra (Reprise R-6069). Playing new material, the world's greatest jazz orchestra shows itself further ahead of the rest of the field than ever.

absence of record numbers; it is hard to know what Mr. Green is talking about unless one can listen to the specific solo he had in mind, and even then it is necessary to understand such terms as "descending minor sevenths" and the like.

THIS WILL AUTOMATICALLY disqualify many readers from understanding Green and even many critics from reviewing him.

The works of Andre Hodeir, a distinguished French composer-critic about whom at one point Green becomes inexcusably condescending, at least offered the advantage of actual reproductions of some of the music under discussion, along with an analysis no less enlightened than his own.

It is to be hoped that Benny Green's next book will be bigger, more comprehensive, perhaps more topical, and certainly less argumentative for the sake of argument. Despite these faults and despite a tendency to assume too much esoteric knowledge on the part of the reader, these essays show that Green is a writer of great value. Critics who understand jazz from the inside are a welcome rarity in the field.

APRIL 20, 1963

SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Great Jazz At College Festival

By LEONARD FEATHER

Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz"

If there is any future for jazz, it will be guided by the hands, horns and minds of college musicians.

That is the conclusion I reached recently after attending, as a judge, the fifth annual Collegiate Jazz Festival at Notre Dame U.

In the course of two days of concentrated listening, the panel of judges listened to nine bands and a dozen combos. No group was allowed to play more than 20 minutes. Many managed in that time to say more, and to convey more inspiration and spirit, than some of the country's leading professional groups can show in a whole evening.

DAVE PALIGANOFF, chairman of the festival committee, told me: "There were more applicants this year than ever—from all over the country. Organized college jazz is nothing new, of course—it began in 1948 when Dr. Eugene Hall, at North Texas State U., initiated stage band or dance band credit courses.

"More and more colleges now acknowledge jazz. And since 1959 there have been the National Stage Band summer camps with Stan Kenton—week-long courses for students from 14 to 21, with a faculty that includes nationally known jazz soloists. And as you know, there are also groups like the Berklee School of Music in Boston, which is recognized as THE graduate school of jazz."

JUDGING THE BANDS at Notre Dame was a tough chore. We spent our time bent over complicated adjudication sheets, trying to rate each band or combo from one to five points in each of nine categories: blend, intonation, balance, rhythm, precision, dynamics, interpretation, arrangements and presentation.

After hearing the 21 groups, we picked three bands and three combos to play at the finals. The winning orchestra in the runoff was the Denver U. Stage Band; the best combo was the trio of Bob Pozar, a drummer from the University

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: "The Thundering Herds," Woody Herman, Columbia C3L 24. A memorable three-record package (with photos and fine nostalgic text) from Woody's golden years: 1945-8.

of Michigan. He and his two sidemen—pianist Mike Lang and bassist Ron Brooks—also won individual awards.

The $5,000 worth of prizes included scholarships to the stage band camps plus, for the Pozar group, two weeks of professional work at the Village Vanguard in New York and the London House in Chicago.

MIKE LANG, the winning pianist, is the son of Jennings Lang, a top executive at Revue Studios. Lang, 21, will graduate in June but plans to continue his studies. Like most of the winners I talked to, he is very serious, has a terrifyingly mature knowledge of both classical music and jazz, and will undoubtedly make a successful career in the field both as instrumentalist and composer.

"It was exciting and tremendously encouraging when the trio won," he told me. "We had one advantage: we've been working together for some time, four nights a week, at a bar in Ann Arbor. The audiences there are not very sophisticated, and it's been good experience for us."

Lang, I reflected as I pulled out a gray hair, was born a little late; he was only 14 when Art Tatum died. But he listens avidly to live and recorded jazz, and is acutely conscious of the important traditions in jazz.

It's no wonder that when bandleaders like Herman and Kenton look for fresh talent for their ranks, they turn now to the colleges, where not too many years ago jazz was something played furtively beyond the faculty's earshot. Before too many years have elapsed, I predict, every institution of higher learning in the United States will have an official credit course in the art of playing and writing jazz. About 30 years late, perhaps, but not too late to turn out future generations of Mike Langs.

(Life with Feather is heard Sundays at 8 p.m., KNOB, 98 FM.)

J. EDWARD BAILEY

THE DUKE CONDUCTING JAZZ SYMPHONY*
Not a new necklace, just diamonds and rubies.

MUSIC

JAZZ

The Juilliard Blues

Inside the tight limits of musical formality, fresh ideas seem to die like birds blundering against a window. Pleasant enough music can still be written within the old boundaries, but its most pleasing aspect is likely to be its very familiarity. In their continuing search for an escape into originality, classical composers sometimes reach toward jazz, and lately they have begun to meet jazzmen coming the other way—in search of respectability. Though both schools share an adventurous spirit and an unsmiling sense of high purpose, the temptation that rules their encounters with one another is an unhappy one: the urge to make a lady out of jazz.

No Freedom. However much the classicists have tried, the collision of jazz idiom and classical technique has been mainly the work of jazzmen. Dave Brubeck has been an ardent explorer of quiet waters, but the classic case of the Juilliard blues afflicts John Lewis, whose fascination with the baroque and the *commedia dell' arte* has led his Modern Jazz Quartet into music of great cerebration and even greater anemia. Lewis' music often seems too fragile even to be called jazz; but now a new group of jazz composers has arrived with the claim that they are uniquely "serious"—a priggish way of saying that they've been to school.

The "serious" composers write what they call "classical jazz." Their music is based on jazz materials, but it is embroidered with twelve-tone technique and polyrhythms. Musing last week on the première of his *Forms 1963* at a classical jazz concert in New York, Composer David Epstein pointed out that his music left no room at all for improvisation, the enriching, defining ingredient of nonclassical jazz. "The freedom of an older jazz style," Epstein wrote, "has given way to strict and careful musical planning."

This is like bragging that plucking a rooster makes him crow better. Though jazz composers and arrangers have shown that improvisation is not always essential to good jazz, the scores they write are tailored to fit the styles and sounds of individual musicians. There are no standard jazz compositions that every musician is expected to play in the same way; the rhythmic subtleties that jazz requires defy notation by the composer.

No Swing. Jazz simply does not work unless it swings; and to swing, the beat must be constantly tugged and pushed across the familiar line of four-four balance until the real rhythmic message is felt more than heard. The time values involved are microscopic: big bands rarely manage to swing because the inner rhythms are blurred by imprecise ensemble playing; classical jazz cannot swing because the composer's notation is too rigid.

Beyond such problems, the jazz form is beguilingly simple. Its tunes are mostly based on four eight-bar phrases, the first two and the last identical, the third a "bridge" that resolves them all with a different, modulating melody. In small combo jazz, the first 32 bars are generally played in ensemble "head arrangements" the players have agreed upon; then comes an exchange of "blowing choruses" in which each player takes his turn "cooking" the melody, guided only by its harmonic outline. The song is resolved with a final 32 bars, the same as the first.

The form is so tight and so simple that players led by Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, Jimmy Guiffre and others have abandoned it to hunt down a more satisfying freedom. Coleman and Guiffre both now play atonal jazz, and Miles Davis defected with his discovery of the "interlude," a four- or eight-bar figure laced into a song between phrases. Davis sometimes plays one dominant chord throughout a 16-bar interlude, making only rhythmic variations. Elvin Jones, the most richly inventive of the modern drummers, plays highly abstract polyrhythms that leave the old eight-to-the-bar style of jazz drumming far behind.

* At left, Ellington leads jazz musicians (in front two rows), backed by Detroit Symphony.

Enriched by such experimentation, the true spirit of jazz still belongs to its players, not to composers who study the form at the distance of a good conservatory. Leonard Bernstein has captured the sound of its blue notes—the *appoggiatura* tones that mimic the human voice in lament—and others have used its reiterated play-song melodies. But even among jazzmen, the only composer who has consistently written good jazz for orchestral players without merely repeating George Gershwin is Duke Ellington, and Ellington's "classical jazz" swings only because it is safe, sensual music. "We're going to do this thing," he has said in a little lecture on swinging, "until your pulse and my pulse are the same." His genius is mainly in his knowledge of the dynamic range of orchestral instruments.

Ellington's compositions for jazz band and orchestra usually stay within a *concerto grosso* form that lets the band handle the jazz, while the orchestra plays its own fiddle. After a recent Ellington concert with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Jazz Critic Leonard Feather coolly dissected the Duke's *Night Creatures* concerto: "Ellington played jazz, and the orchestra played classical music. If you put rubies and diamonds on the same string, you don't have a necklace of novel stones—just diamonds and rubies."

Some day someone may actually teach symphony orchestras how to swing; but short of that improbable achievement, the highest moments in jazz will still belong to working jazzmen whose own free sound is their best and clearest standard.

THIS MONTH: MUSIC

Bossa Novocain: The Parting Shot

by Leonard Feather

Bossa Nova, to quote a lyric sung by Arthur Godfrey, is "the heartbeat of the world today." When in Tokyo, ask for Akira Kobayashi's "Bossa Nova" on Nippon Columbia. Genuine Japanese Bossa Nova. For authentic Austrian Bossa Nova, try Lou van Burg's "Bossa Nova Casanova," taped in Vienna. When on Broadway, pick up a pair of Bossa Nova-style shoes, only $9.95 plus tax, available even to customers who walk in not wearing a Bossa Nova Tie. In these shoes move feet that dance the Bossa Nova, which is any one of five different dances, according to whether you study with the Fred Astaire Studios, Arthur Murray, Killer Joe, *Dance Panorama* magazine or Joe Lanza, a Hollywood dancer who for one dollar will send you his Bossa Nova instruction book.

A producer planning a movie called "Bossa Nova" has announced plans to bring the real thing to the cash customers: "I've seen several versions of the dance, so I'm leaving for Rio with my choreographer to see the genuine article." He's in for a surprise. As choreography, the Bossa Nova is entirely an American fiction; Brazilians merely dance the samba.

But by the time the film appears, there may not be an American public for it. Just as the nation seemed ready for Bossa Nova Lipstick (worn by girls who, playing it safe, use only Bossa Nova Deodorant), someone recently rocked the boat with an alarming report: Bossa Nova record sales finally have begun to ease off. Even Bossa Nova-style shoes are not moving as Thom McAn (or Arthur Murray) would like. If the Brazilian beat has not been completely bludgeoned to death, my 64-cruzeiro question of last November (Will Bossa Nova be bastardized like most other forms that started out music and end up Music Business?) can still be answered with a pained affirmative.

There is a bitter irony in this victory of the hucksters, for originally Bossa Nova itself was designed as an escape from the distortion and commercialization of the samba. Nor is the bartering of Bossa Nova by shoe salesmen the only problem. The musicians themselves are enmeshed in an egregious web of claims and counterclaims, bitterness and jealousy, that not even a Solomon with perfect pitch could easily untangle.

The plaintiffs include a large quota of Brazilians. Yankee pirates, they cry, ruined their music. Brill Building businessmen ran off with their royalties. The only authentic Bossa Nova is played on home grounds. Music critics betrayed them by giving credit to Almeida and Bud Shank and claiming that the movement started in Hollywood. Disgruntled North Americans, on the other hand, include race-proud musicians who feel the whites are again taking credit for something the Negroes originated. The best *bossa*, they claim, comes from northern Brazil, where there is a heavier concentration of black Brazilians; and Dizzy Gillespie was playing "Desafinado" before Stan Getz had a hit with it.

HERBIE MANN: *"Do the Bossa Nova" (Atlantic).*
JOAO GILBERTO: *"The Boss of the Bossa Nova" (Atlantic).*
DIZZY GILLESPIE: *"New Wave!" (Philips).*
OSCAR CASTRO NEVES: *"Big Band Bossa Nova" (Audio Fidelity).*
LALO SCHIFRIN: *"Piano, Strings and Bossa Nova" (MGM).*
HI-LO'S: *"The Hi-Lo's Happen to Bossa Nova" (Reprise).*

Other musicians indirectly involved in the network of controversy include Gerry Mulligan, whose recorded Bossa Nova work came little and late but who is a close friend of the Bossa Nova pioneer, Antônio Carlos Jobim, composer of "Desafinado" and "One Note Samba"; Herbie Mann, who feels entitled to the father image because his group for some years has been relaying Latin and African rhythms to U.S. jazz audiences; Stan Getz, who now says: "Who knew about Bossa Nova? I just thought I was recording an album of Brazilian songs"; and guitarist Charlie Byrd, who, though co-billed with Getz on the "Jazz Samba" LP that pushed the canoe over the falls, has had only an ant's share of the publicity.

Some of these grievances could not be properly assessed without a battery of lawyers. Concerning the musical claims, it is possible to apportion the credits only on the basis of the record. Jobim's failure to derive great financial success from his tunes, his resentment at the use of an American writer's lyric for "One Note Samba" instead of the English lyric he wrote himself can be more easily understood than his complaint that "SHOW magazine said we got Bossa Nova from Laurindo Almeida. We never even heard him. Gerry Mulligan influenced us."

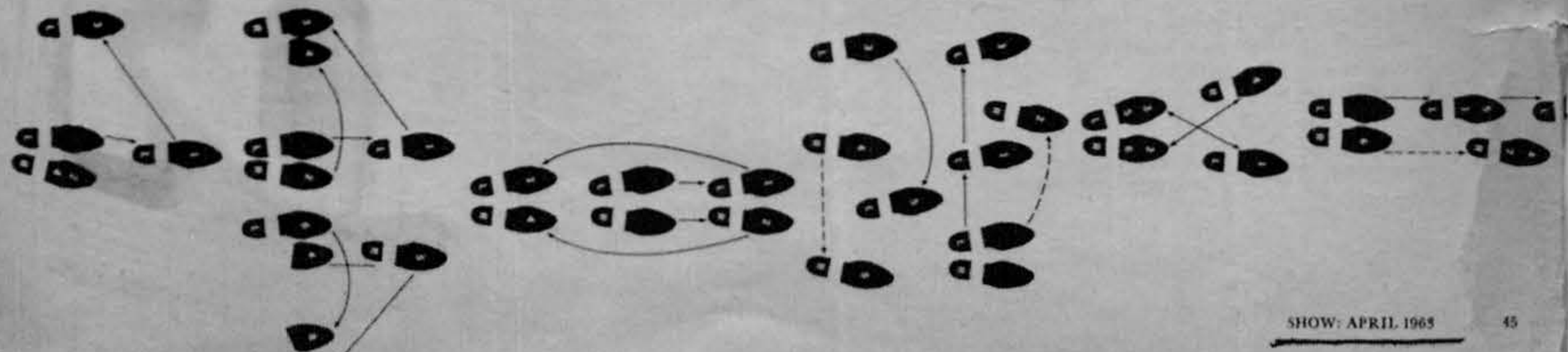
The article about which Jobim complains [SHOW, November 1962] quoted one hypothesis that credited Bossa Nova in part to Almeida, the guitarist from São Paulo, and his Hollywood colleagues, but mentioned that a second theory attributed the trend to the popularity in Brazil of records by Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk.

To both, I would now add a vital point that was not originally apparent: several different types of performance have been called Bossa Nova. Some are vocal and some instrumental. Some lean heavily on jazz improvisation, and others are no more directly related to jazz than Frank Sinatra to John Coltrane. The founders of Bossa Nova are songwriters and singers and guitarists, not jazz musicians. For three years, Vinicius de Morais, the poet-playwright-novelist-diplomat, former Brazilian consul in Los Angeles and author of "Orfeu Negro" on which the film was based, has combined his diplomatic service with heavy duty on behalf of Bossa Nova. Last year he reactivated it, playing and singing his songs at Rio's new Bon Gourmet nightclub, along with co-founders João Gilberto, the papa (pope) of Bossa Nova, and Jobim.

The world of men like Vinicius de Morais, Gilberto and Jobim is one of poetry and aesthetics, of Portuguese lyrics and lightly jazz-inflected melodies, in which the natural swing of jazz and the long improvised lines based on a set chord pattern are of no moment. The non-vocal Brazilians who do attempt to incorporate jazz into Bossa Nova betray their polarization immediately: they would like nothing better than to develop the technique and natural feeling that might enable them to be mistaken for "Cannonball" Adderley or some other American counterpart. Obviously, their jazz is no more "authentic," in the sense of genuine origin or authority, than the American drummer who clicks off a few rhythmic clichés is authentically Brazilian. But we are dealing with a fluid term. Can authentic early New Orleans-style jazz be played by a trombonist from Indianapolis? Can an authentic bullfight be presented in Yankee Stadium?

Authenticity is not the sticky art of staying glued to a basic concept; it is the honesty and conviction with which a concept can be projected, either in its original form or modified by the emotions and environment of its adapter. If music is the international language, not just a regional dialect, surely the Brazilian singer or guitarist has no more right to run from Birdland, screaming "phony Bossa Nova," than the New York jazzman to denounce Sergio Mendes as a frustrated Horace Silver.

To get down to the latest specifics in record form: because it takes into account all the most →



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Hollywood Bowl Battle of the Bands

June 28, 1963

THE MUSICIANS' VOICE, APRIL, 1963

Whitey Mitchell

Rewriting History for Fun and Profit

Rewriting history has always been a fascinating sport, especially popular in totalitarian states. For example, Adolf Hitler rewrote the history of the Aryan race (which didn't take very much rewriting since it was largely a mythical group up to that time). Unfortunately, he developed a rather fatal case of writer's cramp, and has not been heard from lately.

Fun-loving Chairman Khrushchev, on the other hand, is heard from constantly these days, and he's been bitten by the rewriting bug, too. Marshall Joseph Stalin, a former hero of the U.S.S.R. suddenly became a "non-person" in Kremlin eyes, and this non-person, along with countless likenesses and statues ceased to exist. Stalingrad became Volgagrad, and history was rewritten so as not to mention his name. His bones were even removed from their place of honor and allowed to decompose in an obscure grave.

However, it takes quite a bit of imagination to attempt to rewrite history in this country, what with such annoying things as freedom of the press, and an informed public, and all. You have to kind of admire the folks over at the Hearst Syndicate, for instance, for their ability to pretend that there is no Jack Paar, and that there never was one. Only trouble is, who is that brash fellow who keeps appearing on N.B.C. every Friday evening?

And then, there's the International Musician, a magazine currently attempting to pretend that there is no Buddy De Franco. As you may have heard by now, Buddy was conspicuously absent from the otherwise excellent series "Giants of Jazz" by Leonard Feather, even though Mr. Feather, a respected chronicler of jazz and jazzmen, had included in the article as submitted a "substantial tribute" to him. Of course the whole thing was made plausible by the statement in the ensuing issue of the International Musician to the effect that the magazine is devoted to the interests of those members of the Federation who are considered *loyal* members.

I'm going to watch with special interest the further career of Buddy De Franco, the international musician who has recently become a non-person to the International Musician. If this gimmick really works, I could create my own non-persons, at least in my own scribblings about music and musicians, and they could all be New York bass players. Just picking names at random from the Union Directory, I could start with, let's say, Milt Hinton, Jack Lesberg, and George Duvivier. Then, if that worked out O.K., I could go after Bob Haggart, Joe Benjamin, Eddie Safranski, Sam Bruno . . . then the cats on the west coast . . . and then Chicago . . . and tomorrow THE WORLD . . .

Ed. Note: *Buddy DeFranco has won the* Down Beat *Readers' Poll* 14 *times, the* Down Beat *International Jazz Critics Poll* 3 *times, the* Playboy *poll* 4 *times, and the* Metronome *poll* 7 *times.*

LEONARD FEATHER / JUDGE

Author Leonard Feather's books on jazz are greatly acclaimed. "The Encyclopedia of Jazz", in particular has been dubbed the Bible of the entire jazz world. Mr. Feather is the most internationally celebrated of the contemporary jazz critics. He became prominent through contributions to Metronome and Downbeat Magazines. As a concert producer and promoter, he organized the only jazz concerts ever to be presented at New York's Metropolitan Opera House and the memorable Esquire and Playboy jazz concerts. As a talent scout, Feather, discovered George Shearing and arranged Sarah Vaughn's and Dinah Washington's record Debuts. A musician and composer in his own right, he has recorded with his all-star orchestra on MGM.

He is currently a regular writer for SHOW. He is now heard daily on KNOB at 4 p.m.

Last year when he attended Benny Goodman's premiere in Moscow, he became the first jazz critic to report at first hand on the U.S.S.R. Jazz scene.

He is an active musician, composer, arranger, writer, and lecturer in the Jazz-world.

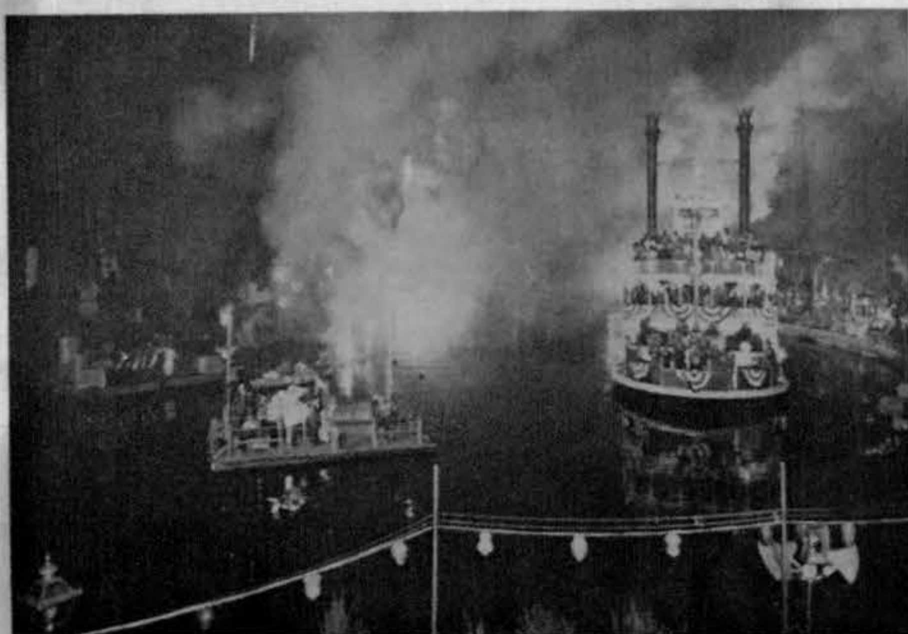
Dixieland på Disneyla

Det ser ut som om Walt Disney sakta men säkert är på väg att bli den traditionalistiska jazzens goda fé. I höst presenterades det tredje årliga programmet med Dixieland at Disneyland i den berömda nöjesparken i Anaheim, Kalifornien, och det visade sig bli det mest omfångsrika och bäst producerade hittills.

Denna jazzfestival i miniatyr bestod av en 90 minuters show, som presenterades två kvällar i rad. Alla orkestrar, som deltog, fick också över weekenden spela på olika estrader och nöjeshallar i andra delar av Disneyland. Spektaklet självt kallades emellertid "Salute to Dixieland" och ägde rum varje kväll i deltalandet.

Ja, naturligtvis var det bara det konstgjorda deltat i den likaledes konstgjorda Mississippifloden, som ingår i den vanliga Disneyrekvisitan. I anledning av detta speciella spektakel hade tusentals sittplatser placerats utmed den halvcirkelformade flodstranden mitt emot en stor grönskande ö, som jämte flodbåten och andra tidstypiska inslag hjälpte till att skapa en atmosfär från sekelskiftet.

När ljusen gick ned började en stilriktigt klädd folkgrupp sjunga en spiritual ackompanjerad av ett band som brukar arbeta på Disneylands flodbåt, "The Young Men from New Orleans": Michael DeLavy trumpet, Paul Barnes klarinett, Harvey Brooks piano, Alton Redd (Vi Redds pappa) trummor och Johnny St. Cyr banjo och kapellmästare.



LEONARD FEATHER

rapporterar om Walt Disneys stora jazzfestival och bilden här ovan visar den paralyserande finalen.

Dixie på flottar

Under sången (kören var Albert McNeil Choir) framfördes ett tal av Dixieland-impressarion Frank Bull. Han talade om släktskapet mellan tidig blues, bomullsfältens sångare och andra traditionella former, som formade Dixielandmusiken. Bakom flodens krök började gradvis ett avlägset ljud höras och det första bandet blev synligt: The Teddy Buckner Sextet med kapellmästaren på trumpet, Willie Woodman trombone, Caughey Roberts klarinett, en fin pianist vid namn Chester Lane, Arthur Edwards bas och Jesse Sailes trummor. Buckners band hade placerats på en stor flotte, åtta meter i fyrkant, som långsamt rörde sig framåt utmed flodstranden under den korta speltiden och därigenom fick alla delar av publiken tillfälle att se de spelande i närbild. Bull introducerade Buckner, som i sin tur namngav sina musiker. Musikerna — och det gällde alla deltagande under kvällen — var klädda i granna uniformer med randiga byxor och halmhattar.

När Buckners band började komma till slutet av sitt sista nummer och försvann bortom kröken, kunde vi uppfatta ljudet från nästa grupp och en ny flotte uppenbarade sig och på den New Orleans All Stars. De hade speciellt samlats för detta tillfälle av Joe Mares (bror till framlidne Paul Mares, den berömde trumpetaren från New Orleans) och anmärkningsvärt nog visade det sig vara tre negrer och tre vita musiker. Dessa musiker tyckte påtagligen att det var roligt att spela tillsammans, men de skulle aldrig få tillstånd att stå på samma estrad i sin hemstad på grund av lagarna i Louisiana. Negermusikerna var Paul Barbarin trummor, mest känd som medlem i Armstrongs stora band 1930, vidare Thomas Jefferson trumpet och sång, och Waldron "Frog" Joseph på trombone. De vita var Chink Martin tuba, Raymond Burke klarinett och Stanley Mendelson, tidigare medlem i Dukes of Dixieland, på piano. Disney hade låtit dessa musiker flyga hit för de två kvällarna och gruppen åtföljdes av sin icke spelande ledare, Joe Mares, och deras Dixielandstandards spelades med inspiration men kanske lite tungt.

Ett dramatiskt ögonblick under show'n blev det då spotlighten flyttades från floden till ön bakom den, där Clara Ward Singers befann sig och bjöd på en otroligt dynamisk och exciterande avdelning, som gjorde åhörarna nästan lika hysteriska som sångerskorna. Ward Singers har lanserats på Disneyland hela sommaren i ett rum som heter The Golden Horseshoe. De har dragit så stora skaror dit, att de redan kontrakterats för hela sommaren 1963.

Nästa grupp, som kom seglande nedför floden, var mycket, mycket lämplig för det här tillfället — The Firehouse Five Plus Two. Den gruppen bildades för 14 år sedan på Disney Studios, och ursprungligen bestod den av tricktalare och andra tekniska medarbetare, anställda av Disney, som spelade traditionell jazz som hobby. Trombonisten Ward Kimball är alltjämt kapellmästare och gruppen låter precis som den är: en hjärtlig, välmenande men tekniskt begränsad orkester av icke yrkesmusiker.

Kontrasten blev ju speciellt slående då nästa grupp, The Dukes of Dixieland, kom flytande in. Bandet förstärkt med Herb Ellis på gitarr (som medverkar på alla inspelningar och ströjobb på västkusten) hade överlägset den bästa rytmsektionen under kvällen. Med Gene Schroeder på piano, Bab Casey på bas och Charlie Lodice på trummor svängde septetten på ett helt riktigt sätt, vilket bevisade att traditionell jazz mycket väl kan ha en modern och flytande rytmsektion. Klarinettisten Jerry Fuller (som snart skall lämna orkestern) och trumpetaren Frank
flera utmärkta solon fast
vetvis ställde de andra i
Fred Assunto och fader J
den senare också på banj
gruppen på ett mindre in

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varma lördagskväll upps
Det var ingen avgift
musikaliska attraktioner
liga inträdesavgiften till

Dixieland at Disneylan
som en årlig institution
med åren — och med
bara hoppas att Walt D
av framgången, också vi
serie med modern jazz.

Detroit Symphony Orchestra

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THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1963 — 8:30 P.M.
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Assisting Conductors

THOMAS SCHIPPERS
VALTER POOLE

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Mr. Schippers conducting the Symphony:

STRAUSS, Tone Poem, "Don Juan"

POULENC, Concerto in G (in one movement),
for Organ, String Orchestra, with Timpani
soloist: Mr. Schippers

—INTERMISSION—

Mr. Ellington conducting his Orchestra:

Group of Specialties

Presentation: Mr. LEONARD FEATHER

Mr. Poole conducting both Orchestras:

ELLINGTON, Night Creature

The Steinway is the official piano of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra
Mercury Recordings

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GIANTS OF JAZZ

THE FLUTISTS

Eighth of a Series

by Leonard Feather

The flutist is a comparative newcomer to jazz. (Incidentally, the term "flautist" is an affectation. "Flutist" was used much earlier and is the more correct term.) Strange as it may seem to a newcomer in the field, there was virtually no such thing as a jazz flutist until the middle 1950's, with very rare exceptions.

There was no particular reason for the late arrival of this instrument on the jazz scene, except that it simply was not part of the normal equipment of the dance band musician. Trumpets, trombones and clarinets were the only horns in early New Orleans or Dixieland jazz; the various saxophones were gradually added until, by the end of the 1920's, it was normal for a band to include a three- or four-piece reed section whose members doubled on clarinets.

The first flute double of any consequence was credited to Wayman Carver, a musician from Portsmouth, Virginia, whose uncle had been a flutist and director of a municipal band. Carver, who took up flute in the 1920's, later became a saxophonist in name bands and rose to prominence with Benny Carter's orchestra. It was on some records made early in 1933, with a band assembled by

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Wayman Carver

Buddy Collette

Eric Dolphy

Bud Shank

Paul Horn

Herbie Mann

Jerome Richardson

Frank Wess

Harry Klee

Roland Kirk

Carter for the British composer-conductor, Spike Hughes, that Carver first made conspicuous use of the flute in both solo and ensemble roles.

For a decade after those recordings Carver was known internationally as the first and only jazz musician to play the flute. He was prominent in the Chick Webb band from 1934-9, playing occasional solos on flute, but lapsed into obscurity during the 1940's. (Carver subsequently left the jazz scene to become Associate Professor of Music at Clark College in Atlanta, Georgia.)

The only known experiment with jazz flute to have made any impact during the 1940's was a single 78 r.p.m. record of *Caravan*, cut in 1944 by Ray Linn's orchestra, that featured a flute solo by Harry Klee, now a leading Hollywood studio musician.

The jazz flute era may be said to have started more or less simultaneously on the East Coast and in Southern California in 1953, through the respective efforts of Frank Wess and Bud Shank. Wess had been studying flute in Washington since 1949, but it was not until soon after June of 1953, when he joined the Count Basie band as featured tenor saxophonist, that his piquant, airy solo flute style earned him a national audience. Similarly Bud Shank, then playing alto sax with Howard Rumsey's combo, had been experimenting with the flute for some time before his early recording with various West Coast groups drew attention to his additional talent. (He played flute in the 1950-51 Stan Kenton band, but not as a jazz soloist.) Despite his mastery of the flute as an improvisational medium, Shank has rarely played it in the past few years, preferring to concentrate on alto saxophone.

The publicity accorded to the early experiments of Wess and Shank, and the obvious artistic success of the flute's belated adoption into the family of jazz, led to a swift increase in the number of saxophonists doubling on flute. By the end of 1956 there were far more new jazz flutists than clarinettists and the instrument was accorded a separate voting category in the annual *Down Beat* poll. The first winner was Bud Shank, in a close race with Herbie Mann.

Mann was the first musician to establish himself as flutist-leader of a jazz combo. Deeply concerned with the possibilities of incorporating into jazz various forms of ethnic music, and the many new instruments that this entailed, Mann experimented with a whole family of flutes, including the bass flute, shepherd's flute or cane flute, and others. He has a collection of more than twenty flutes from all over the world and has demonstrated in his performances the striking variation of sounds available through them. More than any other American jazz musician, Mann has shown himself capable of adapting himself brilliantly to the requirements of every style with which he has been associated: Afro-Cuban, Semitic, and, among the more recent forms, bossa nova. For the past six years Mann has been the most popular jazz flutist, touring internationally with consistent success.

Another combo to make early and prominent use of jazz flute was the Chico Hamilton Quintet. The original flutist in the Hamil-

(Continued on page forty-nine)

OVER

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Harry James -

A Long Way From the Paramount

by Geoffrey Marne

Modern music has had its share of virtuosi in both the jazz and popular music fields. Though it has become a cliché in jazz circles that instrumental prowess in itself is not enough, it is no less axiomatic that any creative end, in any musical area, can be reached faster and more effectively by a performer who is in complete technical command of his horn.

Harry James has been a prominent part of the musical scene since December, 1936, when he joined Benny Goodman's orchestra as a featured soloist. In all the years since then, only a handful of trumpet masters (Maynard Ferguson, Cat Anderson and Al Hirt come to mind) can be said to have approached his remarkable combination of talents as all-around instrumentalist and improvising jazz musician.

Harry Haag James (his middle name is that of the circus in which his father worked as bandmaster and his mother as a trapeze artist) was born March 15, 1916, in Albany, Georgia, where the circus happened to be playing a two-week stand.

James' background as a child prodigy has been recounted so often that a brief resumé should suffice. Studying with his father, he was a regular member of the troupe at the age of ten, not only playing trumpet solos but also working in a contortionist act. At fourteen, while he was attending high school in Beaumont, Texas, one of his solos won him a state championship. Within a year he was jobbing around with local and territory bands. Ben Pollack, whose orchestra had been a talent nursery for such stars as Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden and Glenn Miller, gave James a measure of prominence by taking him on tour in 1935-6. Toward the end of the Pollack incumbency James made his record debut. One of the sides he cut, *Peckin'*, became something of a hit, but by the time it was released he had joined Goodman.

It was his jazz solo work that earned him the chair in Benny's brass team and consolidated his popularity as a soloist during his two years with the band. His brash, melodically unpredictable and inventive style, as hard-swinging and full-toned as that of his team-mate, Ziggy Elman, established him as one of the most exciting performers among the swing band soloists. These were the years when the big band phenomenon was at its peak, and it seemed a logical time for James, as a glittering centerpiece, to head a group of his own. By the time he left Goodman and formed the first James orchestra in January of 1939, he had won three annual *Down Beat* readers' polls and seemed headed for immediate triumph in his own right.

Ironically, the outcome of this venture was very different from the jazz fans' expectations. After a couple of years of only moderate success (during which he expanded his repertoire to record *Eli Eli*, *The Carnival of Venice* and *The Flight of the Bumble Bee)*, he scored the long-delayed home run with a sweet, melodic ballad, a few months after a string section had been added to the orchestra. *You Made Me Love You* was recorded May 20, 1941, and for James it meant the difference between looking for the next job, if any, and sifting which offers to accept out of the dozens available.

This was the first of James' million-selling single records. Not long after its impact, several others (including a couple that had been recorded earlier) contributed to the fast-growing snowball of the band's success. The 1939 *Ciribiribin*, which became the band's theme (one early version had a chorus by the band's first male vocalist, Frank Sinatra), the instrumental *Two O'Clock Jump*, *Moonlight Becomes You* with Johnny McAfee's vocal, a couple of items featuring Helen Forrest *(I Had the Craziest Dream* and *I've Heard That Song Before)*, as well as *Easter Parade*, all stemmed from the 1939-42 period and all hit the million mark. James' appearance at the Paramount on Broadway was a signal for rioting fans, special police squads, and learned columns by Max Lerner on the social significance of the swing cult.

The rest of the 1940's were years of constant touring and unflagging success. James, who had been married in 1943 to Betty Grable, decided to settle down in Los Angeles with his wife and daughters and spent most of the early 1950's in semi-retirement, occasionally reorganizing the band for a tour. After an appearance in *The Benny Goodman Story* in 1955, he became active on a full-time basis again, taking the band on its first European tour in the fall of 1957.

Significantly, in recent years, now that he has the necessary financial security and contracts that guarantee him all the work he can find time for (including six months out of every year at the Flamingo in Las Vegas), James has presented a band that uses no strings; he does not concentrate heavily on ballads as did the old *You Made Me Love You* orchestra, and his orchestra has been cited by musicians and critics as one of the most consistently impressive of the few remaining large jazz-oriented ensembles. Its style is often

compared with that of Count Basie, largely because of the use of similar arrangements (Neal Hefti and Ernie Wilkins have made many contributions to the libraries of both bands), and because of James' taste for firmly swinging rhythm sections along lines similar to Basie's.

James today is playing with the vigor and enthusiasm that fired him in his first days of recognition. His jazz idols, as always, are Louis Armstrong and Muggsy Spanier, though he has studied and admired the work of Dizzy Gillespie, the late Fats Navarro and many others of the various modern (i.e. post-swing) schools.

Harry once explained his broad-mindedness to me with these significant words: "I think there's room in our profession for a wide variety of styles, and I can't see any reason for knocking any artist or any style just because it doesn't happen to be your own. What we need in music is more students and fewer people knocking what they don't like or can't understand.

"Too many musicians in recent years have played as if they were trying to run before they could walk. The foundation, the background and schooling, are indispensable. Otherwise what comes out of your horn is just a jumble. It's essential to become a musician first and foremost, not an exhibitionist."

James points out that his audiences today are receptive to both the new and the old in his book. "We're happy to have a library that represents so many phases of music. As you know, we've recorded new versions of *Cherry*, *Sleepy Lagoon*, *Music Makers* and most of the old hits; but we also did a whole album of Neal Hefti originals, a five-part blues ballet by Charles Albertine, and a variety of modern instrumentals by Ernie Wilkins, Jay Hill and Bob Florence. We like to try out new numbers on the road, break them in at college proms and hotels and ballrooms. In fact, we just like to play. I think this is about as good a band as I could possibly want to have, and I'm very fortunate to have such a wonderful bunch of men."

The stability of the band's personnel is one key to its success. Most of the men have been with James continuously for many years or have rejoined him after long absences. The years in which the following first played with James are included in parentheses. On trumpets are Nick Buono (1940), Fred Koyen, Larry McGuire, Rob Turk; trombones are Ray Sims, Joe Cadena, and James McQuarry on bass trombone. In the sax section are Willie Smith (1944) and Joe Riggs, altos; Corky Corcoran (1941), Dave Madden, tenors; Ernie Small, baritone (doubles on trombone, flute, etc.). In the rhythm section are pianist Jack Perciful, guitarist Dempsey Wright, bassist Red Kelly; and James, never easy to please when it comes to drummers, was proud and relieved when Buddy Rich, who had toured with him in Europe in 1957, rejoined him last year.

On the James agenda at this writing are an MGM record album for which the band joins forces with a Dixieland contingent featuring Matty Matlock and Eddie Miller; a six-week stand in Las Vegas, ending late in April; dates in Reno and Lake Tahoe, a possible European tour, and Labor Day weekend at Disneyland.

It's no wonder James and his men play their music with energetic conviction. Musically and geographically, they always know where they're going. Too few bands nowadays can make that statement; and too few instrumentalists can claim a record of achievement, both artistically and financially, to compare with that of Harry James.

Copies of "Subsidy Makes Sense," which first appeared as a series of articles by Hope Stoddard in the "International Musician," are available for organizations and individuals who are campaigning for Federal Aid to the Arts. Write for free copies to the International Musician, 39 Division Street, Newark 2, New Jersey.

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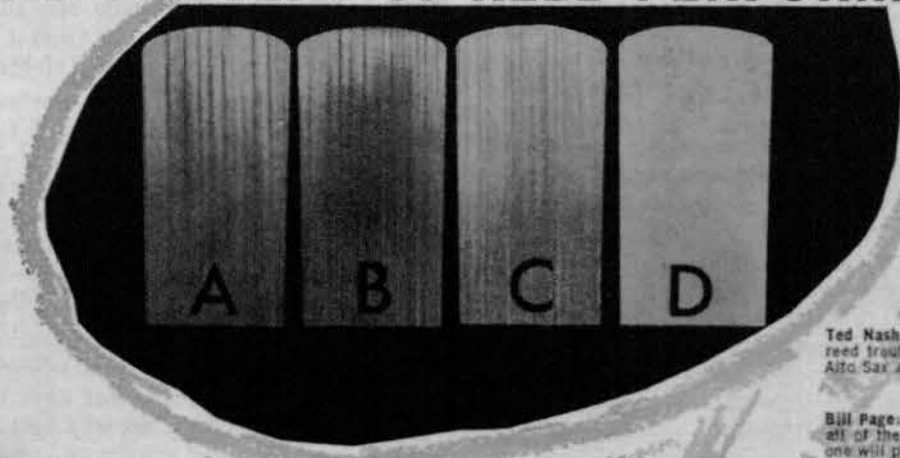

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The Really REAL Story Of The Origins Of Bossa Nova OR They Stole My Music

By

PROF. S. ROSENTWIG McSIEGEL

A Down Beat *irregular since 1951, and increasingly irregular as time goes by, Prof. S. Rosentwig McSiegel can truly claim that his story is, in essence, the story of jazz itself. One of the foremost sousaphone players of the 1890s, he also was among the first to do everything. Herewith is another of his exclusive revelations in the chronicle of musical history.*

Prof. McSiegel may not be reproduced, in whole or in part.

The Irish philosopher and wit Patrick O'Latunji once observed that "facts are stubborn things." No facts have been more recalcitrant, or slower in emerging, than the truth about what is now known as bossa nova.

In the last year I have maintained a dignified calm while the jackals have devoured an art form for which I have never attempted to take any credit. But a man can take only so much. The time has come to speak out. The fact that I was responsible for bossa nova will, of course, be ignored by the mythstorians.

This is no novelty to me. When soul music emerged, I let Horace Silver take all the credit. While my own funk was known for miles around, I recalled wistfully the words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "I should not dare to call my soul my own." (According to my source [Bartlett's], she wrote this in *Ibid*, and I can understand just how she felt.)

The truth about bossa nova goes back to the early days of the riverboats. After I had given up hope of teaching Bunk Johnson the right changes to *Flee as a Bird* (a tune later popularized in slightly altered form by Sleepy Matsumoto), I abandoned my New Orleans teaching gigs and fled, as a bird, to New England.

Although Boston at that time had segregated unions, I was able, with the help of careful makeup and a slight change of name (to McSweeney), to arrange transfer to Gentile Local 793625.

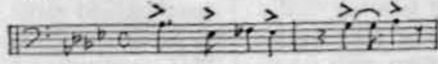
The Massachusetts Bay Line was employing combos regularly on its nightly runs to New Hampshire, and I lost no time in determining that sousaphone players within 793625's jurisdiction were in short supply. It was not long, either, before I discovered that they were in even shorter demand.

In any case, for three months I had to sweat out my card. I killed time manufacturing surgical equipment for George Wein's father and scouting secondhand clothes for George Frazier.

Boston, like New Orleans, had had its Storyville, but economic conditions were so poor that the area in which they were located was known as the Red Ink district. (Storyville ultimately was closed down by order of George Wein, the surgeon's son.) In those days, however, there were still a few jobs available, and as soon as my three months were up I joined Pete Moss and his five-piece trio (cornet, banjo, tuba, player piano, and Sideman) at one of the district's most exclusive fun palaces, operated by a cousin of Mahogany Hall's Lulu White. They called it Mahogany Hall East.

Word about our exotic rhythms spread like a smudge fire. One of our biggest request numbers was a riff tune I had dreamed up entitled *Shave and a Haircut Two Cents* (this wasn't in pre-inflation days; this was *before* pre-inflation). One night a dramatic and entirely fortuitous change was brought about in our rending of this tune. As I was about to go into the final note of the basic figure, an earth tremor shook the neighborhood. As a result, I played it slightly behind the beat, so that what had been:

came out:



It was not long before this evolved into:

Before long, our novel approach to this opus created a great demand for the trio. A critic for the *Christian Science Monitor* described us as "lambently angular." *Metronome*, then a brass-band publication, hailed it as "coruscatingly opaque." Nat Hentoff had fewer words at his command then and had to settle for "ecstatically inchoate." On the strength of these encomiastic panegyrics, it was not long before a scout from the Massachusetts Bay Line spotted us, and we were set for a trial run about the SS *Dill Picou*.

At that time the riverboats were plying regularly between Boston and Dover, N.H. As we developed our style, we noticed in our listeners' reactions a curious relationship to its temblor-induced origin: there was a sharp upsurge in seasickness. But those who remained vertical around the bandstand invariably asked the identical fascinated question:

"What kind of lambently angular music is that you're playing?"

Since we had no name for it, it occurred to me that the two terminal points on our nightly route would make as good a handle as any. "This," I answered one evening, "is Boston-Dover."

The rest, of course, is history. By the classic process of elision the t and d vanished, and bossa nova was born.

But this was just the beginning.

After the popularity of riverboat music had run out of steam, we all drifted westward and found ourselves in Culver City, Calif., playing background music on movie lots, where tear-inducing moods were required by the stars of the old silents.

One of these stars was John Gilbert, then playing opposite Greta Garbo. His peculiarly high-pitched, nasal voice seemed unsuited to talking pictures, which were then ready to emerge, but ideal for the Boston-Dover style, with a dashing Latin touch added. Persuading him to change his name to Joao Gilberto, I accompanied him on his first trip to Rio. But language problems came between us. Every time he said "obrigado" I assumed he wanted backing and began playing an ad lib obligato. I was fired and sent home in ignominy.

The rest, of course, is hysteria. My part was soon forgotten. The road of the pioneer is ever hard. Who today, for example, remembers my 1912 prediction that jazz could not continue to be confined to 3/4 and 5/4 time—that an effort would have to be made to transmute the idiom into a 4/4 feeling? For all one can read about it in the history books it might never have happened. And who wrote the note that Cole Porter used for the verse of *Night and Day*, the note that then inspired Antonio Carlos Jobim to create his original *One-Note Samba*?

Most significant of all, which group was it that spent its entire career playing *Slightly out of Tune*?

But that's life. The poor grow weak, and the rich grow strong, and them as has, Getz. But I still maintain I was the first musician with the new flair, regardless of race, Creed, or Taylor.

Any time you want the whole truth, don't take my word for it. Just check the facts with George Wein's father.

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DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Jazz Abandons Midtown N.Y.

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

"Man, am I sick of this town. Nothing's happening. I sure wish I could get away from here for good and maybe move out West."

The speaker was Philly Joe Jones, a man so respected that drummers in Japan and Yugoslavia imitate his style. This foreign fame is of little help to him at home. His disillusionment typified an attitude I found during a recent visit to New York.

The city that once provided theaters like the Paramount and ballrooms like Roseland for the name bands, and the world's most famous jazz thoroughfare, 52nd Street, for the combos, now has none of these outlets.

Jones

WHERE ARE THE swinging clubs of yesteryear? What spots have come along to take their place?

Birdland still exists, but the atmosphere there, as Philly Joe stood at the bar lamenting his fate, was about as bright as Madame Tussaud's. Making music in the gloom were the well known combos of Chico Hamilton and Ramsey Lewis; listening were barely 50 customers. Basie and other big stars, preferring the more lucrative field of concerts, college dates and overseas tours, no longer play there.

It isn't just Birdland that's suffering. "This whole midtown area is dying," one musician told me. "The real jazz action is moving down to Greenwich Village."

HE WAS 90 PER CENT RIGHT. Basin Street, a major jazz club a couple of years ago, was now sporting a pop singer and a dirty comedian. Condon's, with which Eddie Condon no longer has even a tenuous connection, has cut down on its music and caters to twisters. The Roundtable, which started out a few years back as a smart jazz supper club, stars an Egyptian belly dancer. The Embers, where musicians have long fought a losing battle with customers' conversation, uses anemic piano trios or cautious muted-trumpet quartets.

Almost all the 52nd Street spots have been razed.

The only midtown spot where I found good music and good business was the Metropole, where Woody Herman's great band, visible through the plate glass windows, lured passersby at 48th Street and Seventh Avenue. Splayed across

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: "Jazz Samba Encore!", Stan Getz-Luis Bonfa (Verve 8523). Even more charming than original.

the wall of the narrow room, high up in back of the long bar, the thundering Herman Herd roared at the beer-drinkers like a row of 16 stereo speakers, in a continuous barrage of joyously inhibitionless sound.

The Village was indeed jumping. Bola Sete, the brilliant Brazilian guitarist, played everything from bossa nova to a Bach gavotte and Villa Lobos in a Village Vanguard show co-starring the best vocal duo in jazz, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral. The Gerry Mulligan Quartet swung with his usual studied casualness for a good crowd at the Village Gate. Al Cohn and Zoot Sims and the hero sandwiches still make the Half Note an agreeable rendezvous.

THEN THERE'S the uptown scene. The Harlem clubs are almost totally ignored by night club guides in the white press; yet it was here that I found guitarist Tiny Grimes, now in his second year at the Purple Manor; a good show at the Count Basie Bar; and other pleasant, intimate rooms.

I wouldn't trade any of the spots I saw for the amiable atmosphere of Shelly's Manne Hole in Hollywood. New York is a nice place to visit, but I know just how Philly Joe must feel.

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Yolande Bavan Swings In Sari

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

The latest and most piquant example of how jazz can draw diverse peoples together is Yolande Bavan, the 27-year-old singer from Colombo, Ceylon, who last year took the place of another British-born singer, Annie Ross, in a trio then known as Lambert, Hendricks and Ross.

A tiny, eloquent girl with a typically clipped Indian-type British accent, Yolande is constantly surprising herself with unexpected abilities.

She surprised herself when, after going to England in 1956 to work as a singer, she was offered a part in a television play. "But I'm not an actress," she protested. Reluctantly she took the job, and it turned out she WAS an actress, remaining on the stage or before the television cameras for a couple of years. She even appeared with the Old Vic company, playing Cleopatra in the George Bernard Shaw play.

She surprised herself again when, after Dave Lambert happened to hear her sing one high note to a Dizzy Gillespie record during a party in London, she was invited to join Lambert and Jon Hendricks in their highly sophisticated jazz trio.

Yolande

"But I can't — I'm not a jazz singer,'" she told Hendricks over the transatlantic telephone.

THE NON-JAZZ SINGER, persuaded to the contrary, secured an emergency visa, flew across and was on the stage with the trio in Schenectady the very same night, without a moment's rehearsal. U.S. audiences found the sight of the sari-clad singer unique and delightful.

She has been disappointed, however, with the attitude of the music audiences in this country: "America doesn't treat jazz as well as I expected. Sometimes musicians have to wait until they're dead to be remembered.

"I love jazz but I don't like the surroundings, the things that happen around jazz. They make it distasteful for people who don't know the music. It leads them to think that when

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: "Affinity," Oscar Peterson Trio (Verve 8516). Beautiful, natural, cohesive swinging throughout.

they see me, I'll have the split skirt up to here, and the long cigarette holders . . . and they see things on the TV, people getting drunk and all, with a jazz background. It reminds me of the way people think of India; they think of the maharajah sitting on a throne, yet there are not too many maharajahs in India, but there's an awful lot of poverty."

There are many artists here, Yolande added, who make things bad for themselves: "They have chips on their shoulders. I have never had that defensive feeling, and I don't think it should be grafted onto an art form."

"Agreed," I said, "but some angry young people feel music is a fitting place to bring out hostility, aggression . . ."

"IT CAN BE DONE, SURE; but not while you're working in a club; you can't be hostile. People are funny. I'm always worried about representing my country, and I have this constantly in mind. Because if I do something, they're not going to say Yolande Bavan did this or that; they'll say 'A Ceylonese girl did this.'"

"I don't think anyone need worry about how you represent your country," I said. "The only question is, will you continue to represent it as a singer?"

"Singing is a great experience, but I found acting more rewarding and I'll probably go back to it. Maybe on ballads, on Gershwin or Harold Arlen songs, I feel I can manage, because when I left Ceylon I set out to be that kind of a singer. But this trio . . .! Having sung alto in the school choir, I knew I could sing low, but now I'm an octave and a half above where I thought I could go. But still, I'm always thinking to myself, what if I open my mouth and nothing comes out?

"Honestly," said the only Indian girl jazz singer, a member of America's No. 1 jazz vocal group, "I still don't think I can sing."

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SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Carmen McRae Vs. The Critics

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

Miss Carmen McRae, one of a handful of completely dedicated and thoroughly versatile popular chanteuses (you could squeeze the lot of them into a single telephone booth), knows just how it feels to be typed.

Recently, reviewing her LP, "Something Wonderful," Columbia CS 8743 (worth at least a four-star rating in my book), a leading critic sneered through his pen and observed: "Miss McRae is proving that she can handle show-type tunes, which might mean the end of her association with jazz. There's no jazz here, which is why there's no rating."

Said Miss McRae when I showed her this latest example of snobbery in print: "It's awful to be typed. I like to sing jazz, but my goodness, that's not the only medium in music. I just couldn't go through my whole life improvising on tunes forever and ever. Besides, don't you think jazz is something you feel rather than something you hear?"

CARMEN McRAE
Is she typed?

"It is," I agreed, "especially on the vocal level. And I'm sure that with your background you'll never forget the feeling."

I was referring to her extensive studies as a pianist. A thorough musician with a keen ear, she earned much basic training as vocalist with the bands of Benny Carter, Count Basie and Mercer Ellington (Duke's son), then worked as a pianist in the famous jazz crucible known as Minton's Play House in New York.

"I HAD A LOT of encouragement as a pianist, but singing primarily what was I always wanted to do. I was very fortunate in my late teens to be associated with people like Billie Holiday, Art Tatum and Count Basie, but I was in such awe to be on first-name terms with them that I could never summon up the courage to sing in front of them."

After beginning her solo vocal career in the early 1950s, catering mainly to jazz audiences, Carmen worked her way out of this limited field. She made brief appearances in a couple of films (remember the night club scene in "The Subterraneans"?) and recorded with lush string ensembles for such commercially-oriented labels as Decca and Kapp.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Herb Ellis, "Three Guitars in Bossa Nova Time," Epic BA 17036. With Laurindo Almeida plus some of Ellis' colleagues from Donn Trenner's band on the Steve Allen show. Includes the first ¾ bossa nova — a unique three-beat b.n. treatment of Ray Brown's "Gravy Waltz."

FOR ONE REASON or another, the last three Columbia albums on which she appeared were all subjected to critical harassment. "The Real Ambassadors" comprised excerpts from the delightful play by Mr. and Mrs. Dave Brubeck, with Carmen in the romantic lead opposite Louis Armstrong. Its simple, logical message wasn't intellectual enough for most of the pundits, who looked down their noses at it. Then came "Lover Man," a collection of songs associated with the late Billie Holiday. "People got an entirely wrong impression about it; I had disc jockeys and friends calling up and saying, 'Gee, you don't sound a bit like Billie.' I wasn't trying to! It was a dedication, not an imitation."

"It's hell when reviewers don't like something," said Carmen, "but what can you do except the best you know how?"

"Don't worry about the critics," I said. "Just go on making the public happy. Remember what Herbert Bayard Swope said: 'I can't give you a formula for success, but I can certainly give you a formula for failure: Try to please everybody!'"

MAY 18, 1963 →

SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Milt Jackson: 'TV Ruins Jazz'

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

By now, it is the worst kept secret in show business that the "vast wasteland" of television is ruining the entertainment profession in general and the motion picture industry in particular.

Recently I was confronted by a new approach to television criticism. According to Milt Jackson, the perennial award-winning vibraharpist with John Lewis' Modern Jazz Quartet, TV should be indicted on an additional charge: It is ruining jazz.

"I've been on a lot of television programs in the last 10 years," Jackson said. "Not one show in 10 presented the music decently, with good sound reproduction, intelligent dialogue to introduce the group, or good camera work.

"Sometimes during my vibes solo, they would show a close-up of John Lewis playing the piano, or during his solo they'd concentrate on me. They never seemed to know whether to show the hands or the face or both or neither.

"ONE BIG NETWORK SHOW, we were supposed to do only two tunes. Then they decided they only had time for one. At the last moment they cut that solitary number down to about a minute and 40 seconds."

As Jackson also points out, television and the movies between them have missed opportunities to preserve aurally and visually some of the memorable musical events of this century. Art Tatum, Charlie Parker and others now lost forever had little or no representation on film or videotape.

"Even the people they do present," he added, "suffer from the fact that so few producers realize a jazz TV show has to be as carefully planned as a drama or variety show.

"THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS, of course, like the series Bobby Troup had a few years ago, 'Stars of Jazz'; and one that Duke Ellington did, a CBS color spectacular around 1957 called 'A Drum is a Woman.' And a year or two ago, we did a special with Harry Belafonte in which the quartet was excellently presented — but that was only because Belafonte himself was in charge; and he likes the group and understands our music. People like this can be a great help to jazz."

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: "Marian Montgomery Swings for Winners and Losers," Capitol ST 1884. A remarkable new jazz singer, with splendid accompaniment by Dick Hyman and his group.

"Are things any better overseas?" I asked.

"Yes; we've done some fine shows in Japan, where we gave a joint performance with the Tokyo Symphony; in Rome, where they seemed to know how to present us; and in West Germany, where the television is pretty good except when they try to imitate the style of American vaudeville shows."

Ralph Gleason's educational series, "Jazz Casual," and of course the "Jazz Scene USA" series (discussed earlier in this column) seemed to be the only current rays of light in the video vastness of wasted musical opportunities.

"THE EDUCATIONAL CHANNELS are the most receptive to shows like that," said Jackson. "They know that music and all the arts are part of education, so they figure Jazz belongs; but to the mass of American society, jazz still doesn't have this accepted place, though it's bound to in due course."

Though Jackson didn't know about it, I have since learned that a large number of musical shorts made in the 1940s and '50s by Universal are to be inspected, edited and reissued within the next year.

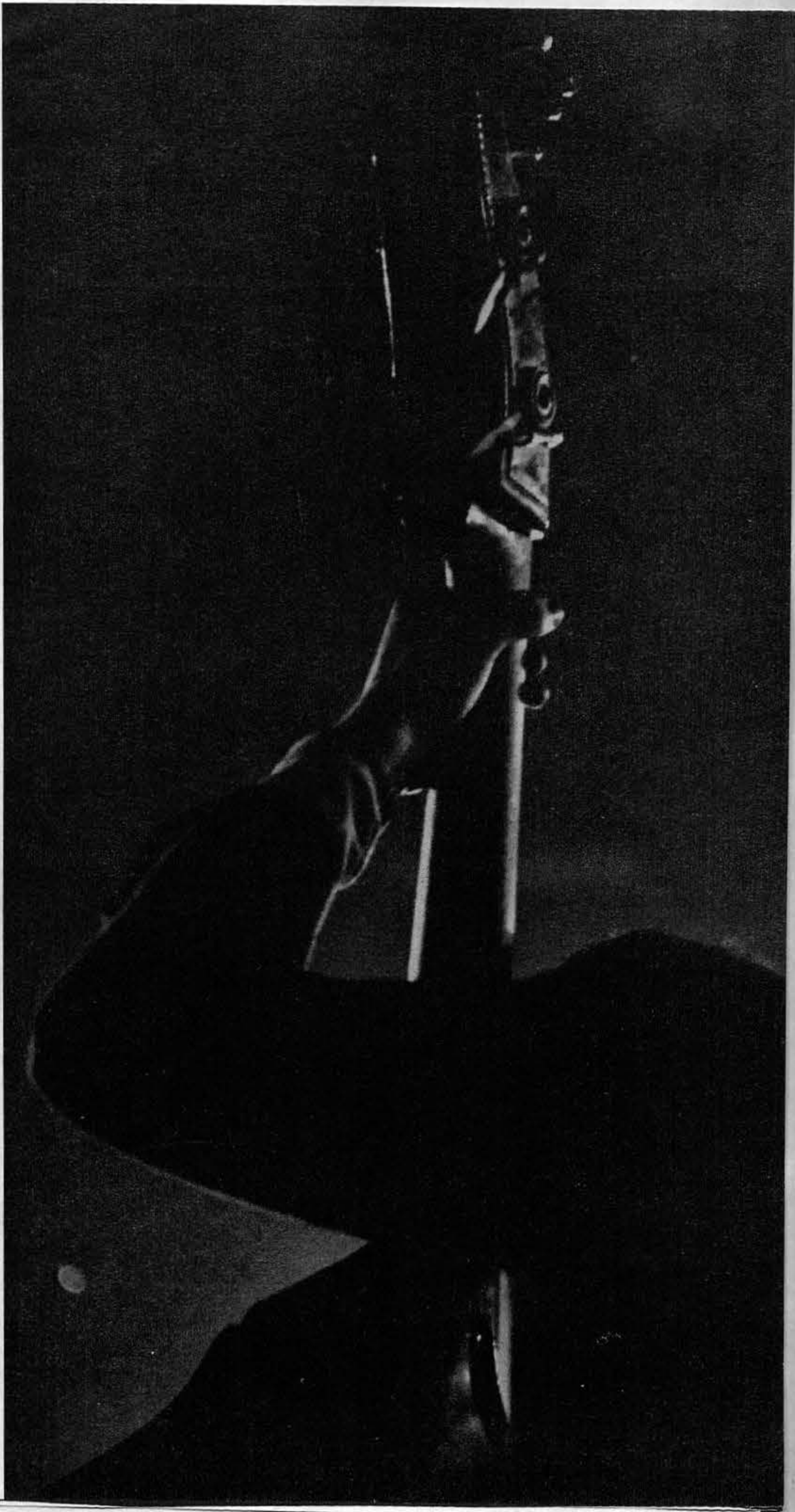
Though there is much waste footage devoted to dancers and comedians, the shorts did include first-rate music by Ellington, Basie, Billie Holiday, Charlie Barnet, Nat Cole's Trio, Benny Carter and others.

Many of these hardly ever reached the kind of audience at which they should have been aimed. With the wheat sifted from this celluloid chaff, plenty of unexpected treats should be in store for the fast-increasing audience that now accepts jazz as top-priority art rather than second-class entertainment.

LES CORDES LE SWING ET LE CHEVALET

INITIATION AU JAZZ

PAR LEONARD FEATHER



SAMUEL JONES

HENRY GRIMES

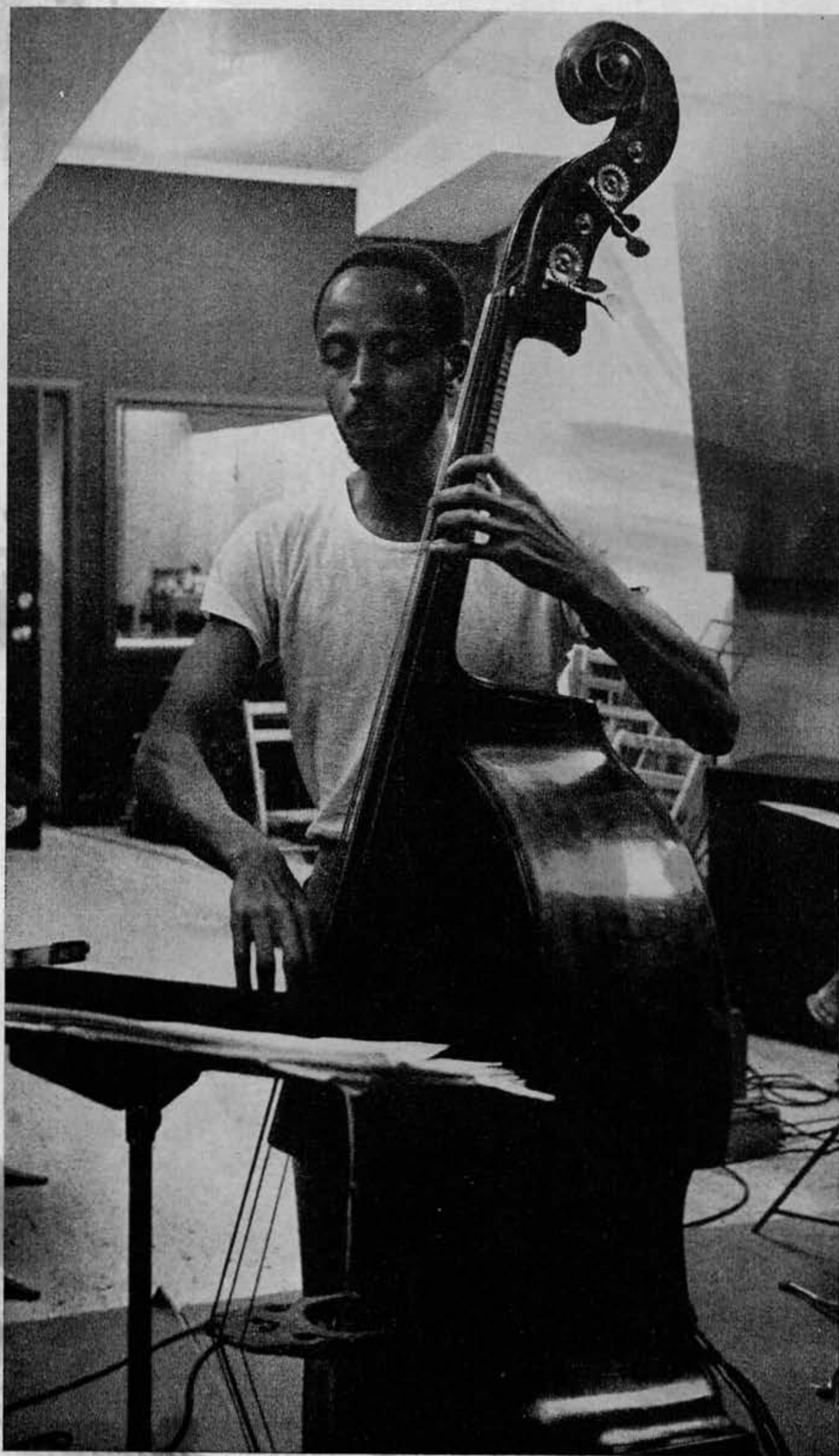
GEORGE MORROW

WENDELL MARSHALL

Il semble que le premier contrebassiste qui ait tenté d'échapper à la monotonie engendrée par l'accompagnement basé sur les fondamentales des accords ait été Walter Page. En effet, au sein de l'orchestre de Count Basie, il mit au point une technique appelée « walking bass » (basse ambulante) qui consiste à développer une ligne mélodique à caractère contrapunctique. Cette « invention » fait de Walter Page le musicien de transition entre le « slap bass » de la Nouvelle-Orléans et le jeu des bassistes de l'ère moderne : la voie était ouverte à l'invention mélodique, à la complexité harmonique.

Bien qu'il fût un novateur, Walter Page ne recueillit pas les lauriers qu'il était en droit d'attendre. En effet, le premier contrebassiste qui put véritablement accéder à une certaine notoriété fut John Kirby, musicien qui avait joué du tuba chez Fletcher Henderson et s'était converti à la contrebasse chez Chick Webb. En 1937, à la tête de son propre sextette, il étonna le public par sa sonorité légère, l'agilité de son jeu et l'utilisation intelligente qu'il faisait de la technique introduite par Walter Page. Très proche par sa manière de John Kirby, Billy Taylor fut également un excellent contrebassiste des années trente. De même Bob Haggart qui accéda à la célébrité au sein de l'orchestre de Bob Crosby en interprétant un morceau intitulé « Big Noise from Winnetka » au cours duquel le batteur Ray Bauduc frappait les cordes d'Haggart avec ses baguettes.

Jimmy Blanton, qui entra dans l'orchestre de Duke Ellington en 1939 presque en même temps que Billy Strayhorn et Ben Webster, est, avec Walter Page, la figure-clé de l'histoire de la contrebasse en jazz. En tant qu'accompagnateur, il développa la technique de la « walking bass » avec une sûreté harmonique et une profondeur de sonorité sans précédent. En tant que soliste, il



PERCY HEATH

bilité de rivaliser avec les solos des instruments à vent. Douglas Watkins, décédé l'an passé, fut un accompagnateur suprêmement décontracté dont le jeu, dynamique et puissant, anima les groupes d'Horace Silver et Donald Byrd. Sam Jones enfin, est un soliste très attachant et un accompagnateur très imaginatif.

Ce panorama ne serait pas complet si nous omettions de citer quelques contrebassistes qui, sans appartenir à une école précise, sont unanimement appréciés par leurs confrères musiciens. George Duvivier en premier lieu, avec Ray Brown le plus remarquable accompagnateur actuel dont les lignes mélodiques sont toujours d'une stupéfiante justesse ; Gene Wright, membre du Dave Brubeck quartet; Monty Budwig; Gene Ramey dont l'enthousiasme constant pallie certaines déficiences instrumentales; Peck Morrison; Wilbur Ware au jeu agressif et déroutant; Butch Warren dont la vélocité à l'archet est confondante ; Whitey Mitchell, frère cadet de Red; Joe Benjamin.

Une tendance récente dans les milieux des bassistes américains consiste à priver la contrebasse de sa fonction principale — la formulation du tempo — pour l'intégrer au groupe mélodique de l'orchestre. Scott La Faro fut le principal artisan de ce mouvement. Sa mort prématurée, en 1961, l'empêcha de mener à bien cette tentative. Charlie Haden, Gary Peacock et Chuck Israels tentent, avec une audace moindre, de suivre ses traces.

Du style « slap bass » aux tentatives contemporaines, le chemin parcouru par les contrebassistes est énorme; il est en quelque sorte le symbole des progrès techniques accomplis par le jazz grâce à des hommes désireux de tout connaître, de tout vaincre, de trouver des voies nouvelles pour s'exprimer pleinement et renouveler sans cesse leur discours.

Leonard FEATHER

(Traduction de Nelly HEROUT)

FIN

JAZZ on CAMPUS Workshops

By Leonard Feather

The jazz campus workshop is one of several manifestations, all of them happily on the increase, that have helped in recent years to draw attention to the importance of jazz on the academic level.

The mounting popularity of stage and dance bands at colleges and schools, the accelerating attendance at various band clinics around the country, the establishment of credit courses in an ever-larger number of institutions of higher learning, all are straws in the wind, indicating a development that could and should have taken place two or three decades ago but could not because of the stigma attached to jazz as a music allegedly lacking in "respectability."

How did this transformation take place? How could a music once ignored or angrily rejected by teachers achieve its present place in the curricula of so many highly regarded colleges?

In general one can answer that the initiative was taken out of the hands of old-line educators and picked up by younger men who, not too many years removed from college themselves, had been attracted to this music during their teens and had gone on to a career playing in dance bands or jazz groups. Later on, having had their fill of the road, they may have decided to settle down somewhere, earn a degree in music education and apply their practical knowledge and experience to the teaching of something for which there was such a conspicuous lack of educational facilities during their own days as students.

The celebrated prototype, of course, was Dr. Eugene Hall. Ten years of name band experience with Nick Stuart, Bob Strong, Isham Jones, Ray McKinley and many others, followed by three years as staff arranger and producer at NBC in Fort Worth, Texas, gave him the background that enabled him, in 1947, to embark on the career that established him as a pioneer in modern music education. From 1947 until 1959 he was on the faculty at North Texas State in Denton, setting up a musical education program leading to a major in dance band work. Hall was the first educator to place jazz on a formal credit basis. He transferred in 1959 to Michigan State U. and lately has moved over to a new junior college, the College of the Desert in California.

Hall was a charter member of the team involved in the National Stage Band Camps (also known as the Stan Kenton Clinics) held annually since 1959. As dean of the clinics Hall set up a routine that included informal workshop discussions, two hours of music theory daily, and concerts by Kenton or by faculty groups or visiting orchestras. The workshop talks might be about dynamics, the blending of a sax section, rhythmic nuances or some other detail pertaining to any or all of the instruments in use.

Another important music figure who has become significantly involved in the jazz education and workshop movement is Buddy Baker, who has been in charge of the jazz workshop band and classes in theory at Indiana University.

Baker recently reported that the successful reception accorded to college jazz at Indiana U. had led to considerable expansion of the program. To the two seven-piece ensembles already rehearsing daily was added a third large orchestra. Preparations were under way for a concert in conjunction with a vocal group, the Belles of Indiana.

Significantly, Baker stated that the youthful orchestra members were not merely becoming adequate or capable section men but in many cases had begun to develop into promising soloists. In one band, he said, every member of the saxophone section is skilled in both ensemble and solo capacities.

At Olympic College in Bremerton, Washington, Ralph Mutchler, director of the jazz workshop, is developing two workshop bands and has planned a number of dance and concert appearances for both. Even though many of last year's players had graduated, he found that the increased enrollment made it relatively simple to put the new groups together. Olympic, where courses in improvisation and orchestration are available to students, the interest in jazz and dance band music, as at so many other colleges, is reported to be at an all-time high.

Many more instances could be cited, too numerous to list here in full, of programs along similar lines. In addition to the workshops and clinics at universities, there is expanded activity at music schools that have already had a firm identification for some years with the encouragement of jazz studies. Most noteworthy among these is the Berkelee School of Boston, which lately reported close to 250 students from a dozen countries and about thirty-five states, all of them enrolled in a professional diploma course or in a degree program in collaboration with Boston Conservatory. George Wiskirchen, in his regular *Jazz on Campus* column in *Down Beat*, reported in January that the first graduates of the degree program accounted for better than 50 per cent of the honors graduates of the conservatory last year.

The success of the campus programs, it seems to this writer, can be attributed to several important and inter-dependent factors.

First and foremost, there is a growing tendency among youths of college age to become serious about a career in jazz and dance music, and among parents to recognize the validity of such an ambition. A generation ago or less, this would have been unthinkable. Today parents can hardly fail to be impressed by the dedication with which these programs are undertaken by the faculties and encouraged by everyone in and out of the

colleges who comes into contact with the workshops.

Second, there is the fact that at certain colleges and clinics—the Kenton clinic is an outstanding example—the student is attracted by the possibility of studying and making personal contact with a well known musician, a successful artist who may be one of his personal idols. The presence of such celebrated figures as Johnny Richards, Russ Garcia, John La Porta and Donald Byrd at the Kenton clinics undoubtedly has lent a touch of glamour to the normally colorless educational program.

Third, the examples are multiplying rapidly of brilliant careers already well under way as a result of college student work. The most celebrated case is that of Paul Winter, whose sextet won the Georgetown Intercollegiate Jazz Festival in 1961. One of his musicians, the pianist Warren Bernhardt, was the winner as best individual soloist at the same festival, and another sideman, baritone saxophonist Les Rout, had been nominated as the best musician on his instrument in the Collegiate Festival at Notre Dame.

What happened to Winter is too well known to need much repetition here. Within a few months they were selected to tour Latin America under the Cultural Exchange Program; soon after their return they performed for Mrs. Kennedy and an audience of youngsters at the White House; their first Columbia LP was released; they were seen on national television shows and found themselves in heavy demand for night clubs and concerts all over the country.

Obviously this kind of thing is not going to happen to every student group, but it is a healthy indication of the heights to which one can aspire.

Perhaps just as valuably, the campus workshops have become a potential source of talent for the name bands. Stan Kenton observed recently: "Years ago a band like Woody Herman's or mine was hard pressed to replace a departing member. But now the musicians coming out of the colleges have more than enough ability to step right into any top band or even into the studios. It's a thrilling, unprecedented thing. There are more and better musicians now than ever before, and if the ability I see in college students all over the country is any indication, there will be many more."

Because of the difficulties of keeping a big band together nowadays in the highly competitive area of dance music, Stan Kenton says the workshops and clinics offer a unique opportunity to develop college - underwritten bands that can spend a great deal of time together, and that the results, in terms of section and ensemble work and general team spirit, are quite extraordinary.

This is a remarkable tribute and one that is well deserved. I have heard enough of these bands, and seen enough of the students at workshops where I have lectured, to know that no exaggeration is necessary. What inspires me personally, every time I visit a college to speak, emcee a concert or just visit and listen, is the mere fact of the existence of these programs. When my own education was under way (this happened to be in England, but the situation was exactly the same in this country) the mere idea of a jazz workshop officially endorsed by a school or college, not to mention a credit course in jazz playing or arranging, would have seemed like something out of science fiction.

The workshop for the aspiring jazzman of the 1920's, 1930's, and for the most part the 1940's, too, was the second-string traveling band, or, failing that, the night club or rehearsal room where we had to catch a name jazzman in a spare moment and try to pry some information and advice out of him. It's probably hard for today's college-age student to realize that the privileges and opportunities open to him today are of such recent origin though the music involved is around a half century old. It can be truthfully said that the campuses of America provide the material for the fine professional bands of tomorrow.

Johnny St Cyr on record again

—by—
LEONARD FEATHER

JOHN ALEXANDER ST CYR is one of the more durable veterans of New Orleans jazz. For the past nine years he has been living quietly in Los Angeles, gigging occasionally with traditional groups.

Last week St Cyr celebrated his 73rd birthday in splendid style, but recording his first major record session under his own name. Though he has been leading his combo of jazz veterans for the past three summers on the riverboat "Mark Twain" at Disneyland, St Cyr had never recorded the group before.

The personnel includes Mike De Lay, trumpet; Sam Lee, clarinet; Harvey Brooks, piano and Alton Redd, drums. For the record session the group was augmented by John "Streamline" Ewing on trombone and Chuck Hamilton on bass.

ALTON REDD

St Cyr, who only a week earlier had been released from a hospital following a successful second operation for cataracts on his eyes, was in good humour and good musical form as he led the group through "Flee as a bird," "Didn't he ramble," "Just a closer walk with thee," "St James Infirmary" and an original blues he had written for the occasion, "Comin' home."

The recordings will be included among the illustration in "The world of traditional jazz," a combination textbook and record album now being produced by myself for release to educational channels. The documentary is being published by Irving Mills' American Academy of Music.

JOHNNY ST CYR

One of the sessions produced last week for this series revived a name once celebrated in jazz circles, the Mills Blue Rhythm Band. Under the direction of Benny Carter, a special orchestra was assembled to recreate, in stereophonic sound, some of the writing and playing styles heard in early jazz bands.

Ragtime compositions by Scott Joplin, James Scott and James P. Johnson will be represented in the album by ragtime pianist Wally Rose, who flew to Los Angeles last week to record.

Two sessions were recorded in New York, during my visit there early in April, for inclusion in the "World of traditional jazz" package.

MELODY MAKER
MAY 4, 1963

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APRIL 11, 1963 35¢

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

THE NEED FOR RACIAL UNITY IN JAZZ

A SECOND DOWN BEAT PANEL DISCUSSION ON RACE RELATIONS IN JAZZ

GEORGE SHEARING

GERALD WILSON

RED MITCHELL

JAMES TOLBERT

LEONARD FEATHER

JOHN TYNAN

THE NEED FOR RACIAL UNITY IN JAZZ

A PANEL DISCUSSION

The following discussion was held last month in North Hollywood, Calif. It is, in some ways, a continuation of a discussion held last year and published in **Down Beat** as **Racial Prejudice in Jazz.** The second discussion, however, is concerned more with instances of racial unity in jazz and ways of obtaining it.

All of the participants are on varying terms of intimacy with the subject at hand and present their views from personal perspective.

THE PARTICIPANTS:

George Shearing — one of the best-known jazzmen and leader of a quintet that through the years has always been integrated.

Gerald Wilson — arranger, big-band leader, and trumpeter whose services are continually in demand in the Los Angeles area, a veteran of the Jimmie Lunceford Band.

Red Mitchell — one of the outstanding bassists in jazz and formerly co-leader of a quintet with Harold Land.

James L. Tolbert—attorney, president of the Hollywood-Beverly Hills chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, nephew of Lester and Lee Young, and amateur trumpeter.

Leonard Feather — Down Beat contributing editor, long-time jazz commentator and fighter of racial discrimination.

John Tynan—Down Beat associate editor in Los Angeles.

Tynan: Last spring *Down Beat* ran a two-part feature, *Racial Prejudice in Jazz.* It stirred a good deal of comment both within the music profession and from the lay public. Our purpose today is to place emphasis on an aspect of race relations in jazz which might be summed up by the phrase racial *unity* in jazz.

Feather: I would like to ask the gentlemen on the panel whether we can evolve from this discussion some ways of accentuating the positive. Much of what was said in the original discussion tended to accentuate the negative, or the differences that existed, allegedly, between white and Negro musicians. It seems to me that at this time in history it would be valuable to arrive at some mutual understanding about how better relations can be established, not just in jazz or music but in society as a whole.

A basic problem raised originally was that of the relationship of jazz to race—the extent to which jazz has to be the product of one race. The feeling of Max [Roach] and Abbey [Lincoln] seemed to be that jazz, having been created by the Negro, was a Negro preserve, and the white musician in effect was an intruder or interloper.

I hope we can show today not only that this is becoming less and less the case, as time goes by and social and musical relationships improve, but also that we can actively work toward integration in every sense.

George Shearing may have some thoughts on this, not only because of the interracial groups he has led for many years, but because he was involved in a pioneer effort in interracial management in jazz; the case of John Levy, George's manager, set an important precedent.

Shearing: Let me say first that in selecting men for my group I do not say that a colored person has more drive, more power for the rhythm section. There are times when this is true, but it has nothing to do with race; it is individual. You may say, for instance, if you want more drive in a rhythm section, get a colored bass player; if you want somebody with a classical approach, get a white bass player. But then how about somebody like Jimmy Bond? A great guy with the bow, a great all-around musician. And then how about our illustrious friend here Red Mitchell, who can drive?

When I pick a man, I ask: can he do the job in an all-around capacity? . . .

As for John Levy, he always had a desire to work in a managerial capacity—he helped Stuff Smith out quite a bit before he came with us. John has been with us since 1948, and, as you say, his case is unique. But I have never thought of it in any other terms than can the man do the job? If he can, then for goodness sake *give* him the job! And don't let any promoter or anybody else interfere or try to let you change the personnel of your group.

I've been through all this many times, cases where a guy will say, "I'd love to use your group, but I'd like to suggest that you—". You know, the old story. And I will say to people like this, "My dear fellow, there isn't anybody in this country that has that kind of money, that could change me. I hand-picked my group, and this is the way it's going to stay. When you grow up, I'll come to work for you."

Tynan: A personal reflection: as a kid, when I started listening to jazz, the race issue didn't figure in it at all. I didn't know Fats Waller was a Negro until I was 18 or 19.

Shearing: Even after you heard him sing?

Tynan: Even then. It was music, it was jazz, and that was that. But in recent years we've had this running, festering sore that seems to have been growing worse, and I'd like to find out from Gerald what, in his opinion, was the cause.

Wilson: This is hard for me to answer, because from my standpoint I have noticed a continuing improvement in relations in my field. I've made my

THE PARTICIPANTS:
(Left to right)
Red Mitchell,
James Tolbert,
Leonard Feather,
John Tynan,
George Shearing,
Gerald Wilson.

ALL PHOTOS BY ROBERT SKEETZ

living in music all my adult life, and as George said, if you can do the job, that's what is wanted most of all. Sure, the fight for equal rights is going on and has to go on, but from where I see it things have been getting much better, not worse.

Feather: I have observed an attitude among white musicians that is not actively prejudiced, but is rather passive, only it has the same effect. A rather sad instance comes to mind: Neal Hefti, after he'd moved out here a couple of years ago, was trying to get a good band together for a record date and was discussing the personnel with the contractor, who told him the names of the men who were set. Neal wasn't quite satisfied. At one point he said: "Gee, aren't there any good colored musicians around?" And the contractor said: "Oh, you want some? I'll get them"—as if this were an entirely different subject. As a result, Al McKibbon and a couple of others got in the band. This is an example of segregated thinking—probably not malicious, but unfortunate, and an awful lot of this kind of thing still exists.

Wilson: Yes, I happened to be one who worked with Neal—I've worked with him off and on for years. I know problems like this exist, but we are continually trying to break them down.

Feather: It seems to me it's the contractors that have to be broken down. All the contracting is in the hands of a few powerful men, and there are very few Negro musicians they will hire, and then only for certain types of jobs. How many Negro contractors are there for studio work here in Los Angeles?

Wilson: Not one.

Feather: Jim, you're the president of the Beverly Hills-Hollywood NAACP. Can you suggest methods of breaking down this kind of attitude?

Tolbert: We are living in a very subtle climate. In some ways Gerald is right; yet I'm not sure that the festering sore John alluded to isn't worse, but it isn't really out in the open where it can be treated. Among the working musicians there has always been a very healthy attitude—they've met together, jammed together. In this town Local 767, the segregated local, used to be right next door to my house. It was not unusual for many prominent white musicians to come down and sit in.

Among working musicians this has been true almost throughout the history of jazz. It seems to me it is rather the buyers of talent who have to go through this education that George talked about. If a man owns a club and tells a leader who has less fortitude than George Shearing, "I like your band, but there are certain objectionable individuals in it," then this weaker person might easily give in and say, "I have a responsibility to myself and my family and my other musicians."

It certainly is partly an economic problem. And the buyers of talent are always clever enough to have token minority representation. Right now you'll find Benny Carter, who wrote *M Squad,* and Gerald get jobs other Negroes don't get. This isn't enough; and it isn't because Negroes play jazz with more guts than anybody else.

Tynan: Doesn't it go back, for example, to MCA and other big booking agencies and their policy for so many years of selling white groups only? And Negro groups only! Without a doubt the booking agencies should assume a major portion of the blame.

Tolbert: The booking agencies have compounded a problem that grew originally out of a sociological situation. Let's face it: when jazz was enjoying its first commercial popularity, when Basie and Ellington were finally accepted to a point where they could make money, it was on a basis of all-Negro packages only. Not necessarily because there weren't any good white musicians, but just that the exposure wasn't there. You didn't have this public acceptance of jazz as an art form that could also make money for people. In 1963 the whole country is conscious of jazz as our only original art form, and it's now fashionable to be associated with jazz. The social climate is entirely different; but the problem that we are talking about could have been eradicated long ago if booking agents hadn't formed a policy of selling certain talents to the buyers.

Shearing: Let's get back for a moment to a specific case. I was speaking a moment ago about Jimmy Bond. Do you know how well he's doing around town?

Mitchell: He's doing very well.

Shearing: Doesn't this indicate a closing up of the fester? Here is a great bass player who can do anything, play everything you put in front of him, and play in any kind of group. If he is doing well, perhaps this is a sign of a generally improved attitude.

Mitchell: Jimmy is a good case in point. We have discussed our common problems as bass players many times, by the hour, and we have many problems, but most of them are in the area of getting a good recorded sound and things like that—musical problems. To both Jimmy and myself the racial issue is one of the least of the subjects for discussion.

Tolbert: George, I hope you're right in concluding that the success of Jimmy Bond indicates this fester is being closed. I'm not entirely convinced. There have always been one or two fellows around like Jimmy who were doing well financially. Take the case of my uncle, Lee Young. Around 1943 *Down Beat* had a headline: "Color Loses Lee Young His Job." He had been hired for the Jack Carson program, which was a network show. He did it for two weeks; he was supposed to be on for 26. As soon as somebody upstairs found out that he wasn't the right skin pigment, they blew the whistle and said, "Wait a minute. We've made a mistake." And even today, there is still this subtle lack of integration.

Shearing: Maybe you can find a bunch of musicians and line them up one after the other. One plays good jazz

SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

A Bouquet From Maxie

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

Biographical books written by jazz musicians (or ghosted for them), though not yet very numerous, have tended to fall into one of three categories.

There are those that aim for literary quality and introspection (Artie Shaw's "The Trouble with Cinderella"); a few that have clearly been planned with an eye to sensationalism and a possible sale of motion picture rights (the highly inaccurate "Really The Blues" by Mezz Mezzrow and "Lady Sings the Blues" under Billie Holiday's byline); and some that just played for comedy (Wingy Manone's "Trumpet on the Wing" and a couple of books co-authored by Eddie Condon).

Max Kaminsky's "My Life in Jazz (242 pp. Harper & Row, $4.95), however, falls into none of these pigeonholes and, happily, loses nothing in the process of establishing a new yet extremely simple approach. It is the plain story, told in language that is neither excessively literary nor painfully journalese, of a trumpeter who, if such a specimen can be said to exist, is a typical jazz musician.

AT 54, KAMINSKY IS OLD ENOUGH to have been a part of every jazz scene since Dixieland, yet young enough in years and spirit to have retained a zest for playing and a sense of involvement. His recollections are not mere strings of anecdotes; factual and chronological, they involve dozens of major musical names of the past 40 years, from Bix, Pee-Wee Russell and Louis Armstrong to Goodman and Dorsey, Gillespie and Parker and even Belafonte.

Having learned from personal observation through the years that there is not a hostile bone in Kaminsky's body, I was pleased to find much of this amiability and lack of neuroses reflected in the narration (written in collaboration with V. E. Hughes).

Only in rare instances does the author take on an adversary. It is made abuntantly clear that Artie Shaw, in whose civilian and Navy orchestras he worked, did not incorporate all the qualities Maxie seeks in a leader or a human being. The chapters in which he is seen as Musician 2/C Kaminsky in Shaw's Navy band in the Pacific are the most informative ever written about jazz musicians on active and dangerous duty during World War II.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Clare Fischer, "Surging Ahead" (Pacific Jazz PJ-67). The most important new jazz pianist of the year.

Kaminsky also talks with what little rancor he can muster about the inroads of modern jazz on the world of traditional jazz, and about the role of the critics.

UNDERSTANDABLY, he resents their part in propagandizing for newer jazz developments, but just as understandably he contradicts himself by praising such standard bearers of the modern revolution as Gillespie and Parker.

Perhaps his only conspicuous weakness is a shallowness in the evaluation of Negro artists with whom he has worked. His claim that Billie Holiday's months with the Artie Shaw band were happy is sharply at variance with what Miss Holiday told this writer; and it is hard to accept his proposition that Hot Lips Page "was only 46 when he died (but) sure had a good time; to him every day was a ball . . ." etc. But it is characteristic of Kaminsky that he would look for the happier side of his colleagues' personalities.

AT THE END of his travelogue of a 4½-month Far East tour under State Department auspices with Jack Teagarden's Sextet, Kaminsky observes: "It is a beautiful world, and everybody should have a chance to live in it — all kinds of people, all kinds of culture, and all kinds of music." In the jazz world peopled more and more by sick and embittered performers, it is delightful to see expressed such a starkly simple philosophy.

Fifty years from now, when some historian wants to know what the world of a typical jazzman was like in the mid-20th century — a world of bands and combos, theaters, one-nighters and concerts and tours, camaraderie and honesty and love of music — I hope he will pick up Max Kaminsky's "My Life In Jazz."

MAY 25, 1963

SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

The Beer Cats Sell The Blues

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

I'd like to add my two bars' worth to the medley of comments on last week's CBS International Hour, the first jazz special show in some time on U.S. television.

In some respects, the program bore out the recent comments in this column by Milt Jackson about the mishandling of jazz by the networks. The audio gave the impression of having been handled by a team that normally balances the sound for a baseball game. They had the Count Basie trumpet section out in left field and the entire Gary McFarland orchestra somewhere in back of the dugout.

The selection of artists for the show was as admirable as the choice of material was deplorable. I find it hard to believe that Stan Getz and McFarland were themselves responsible for the decision to team up on, of all things, the melodically primitive "C Jam Blues."

TEDDY WILSON'S USE of the song "Love," played too fast and too close to the melody, reduced him almost to the level of a cocktail pianist. Teddy's second number, "Honeysuckle Rose," also played too fast, featured an endless musical ping pong game with drummer Jo Jones in which the crudity of the camera work was starkly exposed.

Having worked off all my hostilities against these negative factors, I can turn with relief to the many pleasing aspects of the show. Basie's opening number, featuring the two flutes, was delightful. Jack Teagarden was his indomitable and timeless self on "Basin Street Blues" and "Lover"; Carmen McRae sounded and looked superb on "Just in Time;" Muddy Waters got the show into high gear with a rhythm and blues number, "Got My Mojo Working"; Lambert, Hendricks and Bavan, though they took "Avenue C" much too fast, managed to get good rhythmic mileage out of the incomprehensible lyrics.

AN ADMIRABLE initative was the inclusion of a long-neglected singer, Lurlean Hunter, whose splendid treatment of "I Left My Heart In San Francisco" was the highlight of the show.

Unhappy memories of the old Timex spectaculars, in which comedians were imposed on jazz shows as masters of ceremonies, made it doubly pleasant to find Willis Conover, the Voice of America music expert, handling this role smoothly and in good taste.

The most gratifying moment of the whole hour came at the middle commercial, when Conover and Miss Hunter were displayed, united and delighted, as they sold a brand of beer.

Any beer company that takes the initiative to show integrated commercials in a major program, on a major network, gets my business every time. Yours too, I hope.

JUNE 1, 1963
VALLEY TIMES

international MUSICIAN

Workshops

JAZZ on CAMPUS

By Leonard Feather

The jazz campus workshop is one of several manifestations, all of them happily on the increase, that have helped in recent years to draw attention to the importance of jazz on the academic level.

The mounting popularity of stage and dance bands at colleges and schools, the accelerating attendance at various band clinics around the country, the establishment of credit courses in an ever-larger number of institutions of higher learning, all are straws in the wind, indicating a development that could and should have taken place two or three decades ago but could not because of the stigma attached to jazz as a music allegedly lacking in "respectability."

How did this transformation take place? How could a music once ignored or angrily rejected by teachers achieve its present place in the curricula of so many highly regarded colleges?

In general one can answer that the initiative was taken out of the hands of old-line educators and picked up by younger men who, not too many years removed from college themselves, had been attracted to this music during their teens and had gone on to a career playing in dance bands or jazz groups. Later on, having had their fill of the road, they may have decided to settle down somewhere, earn a degree in music education and apply their practical knowledge and experience to the teaching of something for which there was such a conspicuous lack of educational facilities during their own days as students.

The celebrated prototype, of course, was Dr. Eugene Hall. Ten years of name band experience with Nick Stuart, Bob Strong, Isham Jones, Ray McKinley and many others, followed by three years as staff arranger and producer at NBC in Fort Worth, Texas, gave him the background that enabled him, in 1947, to embark on the career that established him as a pioneer in modern music education. From 1947 until 1959 he was on the faculty at North Texas State in Denton, setting up a musical education program leading to a major in dance band work. Hall was the first educator to place jazz on a formal credit basis. He transferred in 1959 to Michigan State U. and lately has moved over to a new junior college, the College of the Desert in California.

Hall was a charter member of the team involved in the National Stage Band Camps (also known as the Stan Kenton Clinics) held annually since 1959. As dean of the clinics Hall set up a routine that included informal workshop discussions, two hours of music theory daily, and concerts by Kenton or by faculty groups or visiting orchestras. The workshop talks might be about dynamics, the blending of a sax section, rhythmic nuances or some other detail pertaining to any or all of the instruments in use.

Another important music figure who has become significantly involved in the jazz education and workshop movement is Buddy Baker, who has been in charge of the jazz workshop band and classes in theory at Indiana University.

Baker recently reported that the successful reception accorded to college jazz at Indiana U. had led to considerable expansion of the program. To the two seven-piece ensembles already rehearsing daily was added a third large orchestra. Preparations were under way for a concert in conjunction with a vocal group, the Belles of Indiana.

Significantly, Baker stated that the youthful orchestra members were not merely becoming adequate or capable section men but in many cases had begun to develop into promising soloists. In one band, he said, every member of the saxophone section is skilled in both ensemble and solo capacities.

At Olympic College in Bremerton, Washington, Ralph Mutchler, director of the jazz workshop, is developing two workshop bands and has planned a number of dance and concert appearances for both. Even though many of last year's players had graduated, he found that the increased enrollment made it relatively simple to put the new groups together. Olympic, where courses in improvisation and orchestration are available to students, the interest in jazz and dance band music, as at so many other colleges, is reported to be at an all-time high.

Many more instances could be cited, too numerous to list here in full, of programs along similar lines. In addition to the workshops and clinics at universities, there is expanded activity at music schools that have already had a firm identification for some years with the encouragement of jazz studies. Most noteworthy among these is the Berkelee School of Boston, which lately reported close to 250 students from a dozen countries and about thirty-five states, all of them enrolled in a professional diploma course or in a degree program in collaboration with Boston Conservatory. George Wiskirchen, in his regular *Jazz on Campus* column in *Down Beat,* reported in January that the first graduates of the degree program accounted for better than 50 per cent of the honors graduates of the conservatory last year.

The success of the campus programs, it seems to this writer, can be attributed to several important and inter-dependent factors.

First and foremost, there is a growing tendency among youths of college age to become serious about a career in jazz and dance music, and among parents to recognize the validity of such an ambition. A generation ago or less, this would have been unthinkable. Today parents can hardly fail to be impressed by the dedication with which these programs are undertaken by the faculties and encouraged by everyone in and out of the

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JAZZ WORKSHOPS ON CAMPUS 18
BY LEONARD FEATHER

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colleges who comes into contact with the workshops.

Second, there is the fact that at certain colleges and clinics—the Kenton clinic is an outstanding example—the student is attracted by the possibility of studying and making personal contact with a well known musician, a successful artist who may be one of his personal idols. The presence of such celebrated figures as Johnny Richards, Russ Garcia, John La Porta and Donald Byrd at the Kenton clinics undoubtedly has lent a touch of glamour to the normally colorless educational program.

Third, the examples are multiplying rapidly of brilliant careers already well under way as a result of college student work. The most celebrated case is that of Paul Winter, whose sextet won the Georgetown Intercollegiate Jazz Festival in 1961. One of his musicians, the pianist Warren Bernhardt, was the winner as best individual soloist at the same festival, and another sideman, baritone saxophonist Les Rout, had been nominated as the best musician on his instrument in the Collegiate Festival at Notre Dame.

What happened to Winter is too well known to need much repetition here. Within a few months they were selected to tour Latin America under the Cultural Exchange Program; soon after their return they performed for Mrs. Kennedy and an audience of youngsters at the White House; their first Columbia LP was released; they were seen on national television shows and found themselves in heavy demand for night clubs and concerts all over the country.

Obviously this kind of thing is not going to happen to every student group, but it is a healthy indication of the heights to which one can aspire.

Perhaps just as valuably, the campus workshops have become a potential source of talent for the name bands. Stan Kenton observed recently: "Years ago a band like Woody Herman's or mine was hard pressed to replace a departing member. But now the musicians coming out of the colleges have more than enough ability to step right into any top band or even into the studios. It's a thrilling, unprecedented thing. There are more and better musicians now than ever before, and if the ability I see in college students all over the country is any indication, there will be many more."

Because of the difficulties of keeping a big band together nowadays in the highly competitive area of dance music, Stan Kenton says the workshops and clinics offer a unique opportunity to develop college - underwritten bands that can spend a great deal of time together, and that the results, in terms of section and ensemble work and general team spirit, are quite extraordinary.

This is a remarkable tribute and one that is well deserved. I have heard enough of these bands, and seen enough of the students at workshops where I have lectured, to know that no exaggeration is necessary. What inspires me personally, every time I visit a college to speak, emcee a concert or just visit and listen, is the mere fact of the existence of these programs. When my own education was under way (this happened to be in England, but the situation was exactly the same in this country) the mere idea of a jazz workshop officially endorsed by a school or college, not to mention a credit course in jazz playing or arranging, would have seemed like something out of science fiction.

The workshop for the aspiring jazzman of the 1920's, 1930's, and for the most part the 1940's, too, was the second-string traveling band, or, failing that, the night club or rehearsal room where we had to catch a name jazzman in a spare moment and try to pry some information and advice out of him. It's probably hard for today's college-age student to realize that the privileges and opportunities open to him today are of such recent origin though the music involved is around a half century old. It can be truthfully said that the campuses of America provide the material for the fine professional bands of tomorrow.

DOWN BEAT JUNE 20

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

McSiegel False Claimant!

Your May 9 issue contained a story by a Prof. McSiegel in which he states, "they stole my music." It is astonishing how people want to become famous, using even the meanest ways for that purpose. Such is the case of the professor. I believe he must have dreamed that he invented the bossa nova. His story seems like a fairy tale. Either he is a dreamer, or he is crazy. Bossa nova is Brazilian because it was born in Brazil, and it is universal because it was accepted by everyone—but the envious—throughout the world.

Bossa nova is not only a rhythm; it is a symbol of change. It represents a kind of renaissance in Brazilian culture. It is the musical representation of a people whose capacity for progress is recognized all over the world. Its manifestation is shown throughout the arts, industry, and other developments. Bossa nova is many things: it is the international prize winning film *The Promise Keeper;* the new architecture represented by Brasilia; the new Brazilian literature, already well known in Europe; the outstanding position held by Brazilian painting and arts in general. It is the soul of a new Brazil. Bossa nova is a feeling, not only a rhythm.

It may be true that Prof. McSiegel has discovered the rhythm of *Blame It on the Bossa Nova,* which is not Brazilian bossa nova at all.

Joao A. de C. Silva
Waco, Texas

USSR

Despite recent criticism of jazz by government officials (in Moscow jazz life has all but died out), there is much activity in Leningrad. Recent players at the Leningrad Jazz Club were fluegelhornist **German Lukjanoff,** trombonist **Constantin Bacholdis,** and the **Boris Mideny** Quartet — all from Moscow. Expected also is **Vladimir Serwakasheff** and his group to participate in the second anniversary of the Leningrad University Jazz Club.

Aleksey Satashev, head of the Moscow Jazz Club, left the jazz scene. The reasons are unknown . . . *The Modern Orchestra,* a book written by Prof. **Rogal-Levitsky,** was published recently in Moscow. One chapter is devoted to the structure of the jazz band. It is an intelligent analysis of a jazz band, its voicing, harmony, the part played by improvisation, and so on.

The American Exhibition of Technical Books opened in Leningrad. The collection on display had a few books on jazz, including Leonard Feather's *The New Edition of the Encyclopedia of Jazz;* Marshall Stearns' *The Story of Jazz,* and Barry Ulanov's *The History of Jazz in America.* These books were very popular with visitors. There were always a lot of people standing there and asking the guide questions on jazz, some of which caused the guide to seem uncomfortable . . . The Leningrad Jazz Club's festival, held April 20-22, featured such groups as the **Seven Dixie Lads, Vladimir Sewakasheff's, Golstain-Nosov's,** and **Yuri Vikharieff's** from Leningrad, and two West Coast groups (one from Tallin, Estonia, and the other from Riga, Latvia)

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Jazz Critic and Lecturer

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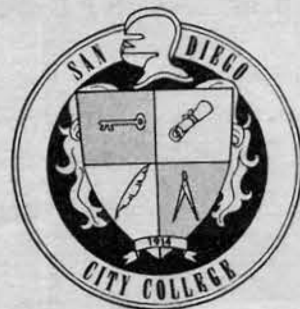

MAY 23, 1963

JUNE 8, 1963

SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Disney Brings Back The Bands

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz," Crown Publishers)

If big bands are dead, as so many of us have been implying these last 10 years, Walt Disney hasn't heard anything about it.

Neither have the 13,781 fans who jammed into Disneyland on Saturday evening last, to turn the second annual Panorama of Big Bands into one of the most successful evenings in the history of the fun empire.

Starting at 9 p.m., on five different bandstands, wall-to-wall music blanketed the area, furnished by the orchestras of the Elliott Brothers (Disneyland's excellent regular group), Charlie Barnet, Les Brown, Lionel Hampton and Gene Krupa.

IT WAS A NOSTALGIC night, even to the sight of the pretty, prim girl vocalist seated on the bandstand (Lynn Franklin with Barnet, Susan Morrow with Brown). But there were factors that reminded us stingingly of the passage of time. Singing with Brown was a handsome 23-year-old by the name of Les Brown Jr. (Butch Stone told me, "When I joined this band, he was six months old.") And the present state of the big band business was symbolized by the fact that two of the orchestras heard here had to be specially assembled for the occasion: Gene Krupa nowadays normally leads a quartet, and Charlie Barnet normally plays golf.

The Krupa group included such men as trombonist Frank Rosolino (of the Steve Allen show) and trumpeter Don Fagerquist, who worked for Gene in 1948 when he really had a big band. The audience, ranged along benches in front of the band, concert style, reacted uproariously, even though the performance was more than a little stiff.

Krupa

"This was the first time I've fronted a big band in more years than I can remember," Krupa told me. "It's fun; but I'm getting too old for this kind of thing."

THE OTHER BANDS all played in areas where dancing was permitted, though everywhere crowds of fans clustered around the bandstands. Musically, the best of the five was the Barnet band, composed of top Hollywood musicians. Barnet's soprano saxophone, leading the way on "Early Autumn" and the like, helped to establish this as jazz-oriented dance music of the highest order.

"Is this a jazz band or a dance band?" one youthful GI asked. "Both," I told him. "They all had to be dance bands at one time."

At the Plaza Gardens, Lionel Hampton ran repeatedly through his entire repertoire ("Flyin' Home," "Midnight Sun" and the blues), to the wildest reception of all. "I've never seen anything like this in the U.S.," he commented. "It's like a European audience."

Weaving his way in and out of the five areas, clearly having the time of his life, was a swing band fan by the name of Walt Disney.

"Are you going to make this a regular event?" I asked him.

"Positively! I'm delighted with the reaction. Next year I hope to do it on an even bigger scale — with seven bands."

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Life With Feather

Summer Seminar With Mr. Winter

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz," Crown Publishers)

"If jazz were basically a Russian music, you can be sure there wouldn't be any groups left in Moscow or Leningrad — they'd all be out on world tours."

This thoughtful observation was made recently by Paul Winter when his sextet played a benefit at the U.N. for UNICEF, the U.N. world agency for child care.

The jazz-is-our-best-ambassador theme has been played so often that the grooves are wearing thin; yet there are many congressmen, it seems, whose hearing aids must have been tuned out. Pressure against the sending of U.S. jazz overseas has been a subtle and malicious factor rooted largely, it would seem to me, in the reluctance of Southern congressmen to indorse the dispatching of racially mixed groups. I asked Winter whether his interracial sextet, the first student combo ever sent overseas under State Department auspices, was subjected to any indoctrination on this subject.

"There was a 30-minute indoctrination," said Winter, "in which they told us not to eat the lettuce; also, because of the altitude, not to play tennis in La Paz; and that's all. Of course, they knew we'd done extensive reading of 35 recommended books about Latin America; but basically they wanted us to be ourselves.

"At one post-concert seminar in La Paz, I was about to answer a question about U.S. discrimination when our bassist Richard Evans, who's Negro, cut in with: 'The discrimination in our country is not as bad as your own discrimination here against Indians.' Some of the non-Communist students applauded, and even the Communists were friendlier afterwards."

"How much of the music did they really dig?"

"The rhythm gets to them all, throughout Latin America. The most intelligent reactions on the harmonic and melodic level were in Brazil, because they themselves have a very high music-cultural level. But the big cities in every country have many informed jazz listeners; in Buenos Aires there are an amazing number, more percentagewise than in New York."

IT WAS DURING the tour that Winter, an alto saxophonist, gave up his plan to go to law school and decided to keep intact the combo with which he had won the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival at Georgetown U. On arrival home he found and invitation to the famous White House concert, at which he played for children of the diplomatic corps and for Mrs. Kennedy.

"Mrs. Kennedy, as a cultured person, showed a sensitivity to what we did; you could tell from her reactions while we played and the questions she asked us."

Winter now has two LPs, one based on the White House concert ("Jazz Premiere: Washington," Columbia CL 1997) and one composed of bossa novas the sextet heard in Brazil, (Col. CL 1925). A third, due out soon, was recorded on campus during his recent U.S. concert tour.

His closing reflection was one we shall all bear in mind. "Jazz isn't only the most valuable music for cultural exchanges, but also the most logical. It's the most integrated activity in the whole field of the arts—inherently integrated, by the very fact that it's a combination of African rhythms and European melodies and harmony. This is something that could have only happened in the U.S."

And never, he could have added, at the University of Alabama.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Charlie Byrd, "Once More!" (Riverside 454). Unusual approach to bossa nova, featuring four cellos, with brilliant arrangements written, and guitar solos played, by Byrd. (He opens next Wednesday for a run at Shelly's Manne Hole.)

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INGENUE JULY 1963

Our guest columnist this month—from The Ingenue Disc Jockey Advisory Council—is Johnny Gilbert, who deejays "The Johnny Gilbert Show" 6 to 10 A.M. Monday through Friday and 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Saturdays over KAYO, Seattle, Washington.

JAZZ IS SOUNDING OUT ALL OVER!

□ "No matter what kind of music teens start out liking, they end up with jazz." So Leonard Feather, one of the world's foremost jazz authorities, tells me. Why? "Because young people love *discovery*. And the more they listen to jazz, the more they find in it."

How to intro real jazz to teens? "The best way," says Feather, "is a jazz festival, where you eat and breathe jazz every minute you're there."

And with summer's open-air doings at hand, jazz festivals are bursting out all over. The Newport Jazz Festival at Freebody Park in Newport, R.I. (July 4, 5, 6, 7) and the Monterey Jazz Festival at Monterey, California—just south of San Francisco—(Sept. 20, 21, 22) are the country's two biggest jazz fests, attracting both jazz addicts and amateur admirers the world over. Newport '63 will feature such jazz bigwigs as Dave Brubeck, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Kenton, Thelonious Monk, Pee Wee Russell, Dakota Staton, Nina Simone and Nancy Wilson, among others. The Monterey Festival will feature Mel Torme, Harry James, Billy Eckstine, and John Lewis and his Modern Jazz Quartet. Most of them will also swing over to The Ohio Valley Jazz Festival in Cincinnati on Aug. 23, 24, and 25, with a possible side-trip to The American Music Festival in Detroit Aug. 3 and 4. Los Angeles may join the jazz jubilee kick this summer, too.

Then there's a flock of music making meets that spotlight jazz in part. One such—The Forest Hills Music Festival in New York—which focuses on Ella Fitzgerald and Dave Brubeck July 13 and on Ray Charles (yes, he's a jazz artist, too) August 3. Chautauqua, N.Y. usually includes jazz as one phase of its all-arts festival each summer. For ticket and program info, write the festival c/o its city. And if you're really ambitious, there are jazz fests this summer on the French Riviera and even as far away as Leningrad!

If you can't make a festival in person, why not produce your own right at home with a few of the following albums, each recorded live:

Dizzy Gillespie at Newport (Verve). Dizzy dazzles with a dilly of a drivin' disc. **Ellington at Newport** (Columbia). They still talk about that exciting July 7, 1956 night when the Duke transformed 7,000 people into one responsive wave. **Woody Herman's Big New Herd at the Monterey Jazz Festival** (Atlantic). Pied-piper Woody whips up a wild waxing of teen-tempoed tantalizers. **Newport 1958—The Dave Brubeck Quartet** (Columbia). Brubeck's brazen keyboard cantering deserves an O-Boy for O-riginality. **George Lewis & Turk Murphy at Newport** (Verve). Vintage New Orleans Dixieland wailed in an easy knee-wobblin' way. **Quincy Jones at Newport '61** (Mercury). Jazz genius Jones sparkles via his special brand of arrangements and self-penned tunes. **Ray Charles at Newport** (Atlantic). Rhythm Blueser Ray's first staging (vocals, piano and sax) before a jazz audience wowed even the most skeptical. ■

Frequent jazz moderator-emcee Father Norman O'Connor, Newport Jazz Festival producer George Wein and Duke Ellington plan for a bigger and better '63 jazzarama.

Trumpeter jazz giant, Dizzy Gillespie, making his horn a horn-o'-plenty for the Newport enthusiasts.

UN PROGETTO DI FEATHER

◆ L'instancabile Leonard Feather, da tempo trapiantato in California, ha iniziato la realizzazione di una opera intitolata « *The World of Traditional Jazz* » che consisterà in una serie di incisioni realizzate ad hoc e di un testo esplicativo, e che verrà distribuito nelle biblioteche, nelle scuole e così via. Per cominciare, Feather ha inciso dei brani col veterano Johnny St. Cyr, con una formazione pressappoco identica a quella che nelle ultime tre estati questi aveva diretto sul *riverboat* « Mark Twain », costruito per il divertimento dei visitatori di Disneyland. Di questa seduta, e delle altre realizzate per la sua opera, Feather ci parlerà diffusamente nel prossimo numero di *Musica Jazz*.

EL ORDEN, MERCEDES, ARGENTINA, MARCH 10 1963

"JAZZ FORUM"

Por Raúl Alberto Vallese

LA NUEVA EDICION DE LA ENCICLOPEDIA DEL JAZZ

Poco tiempo atrás recibimos la "Nueva Edición de la Enciclopedia del Jazz", publicada en 1960 en Nueva York. Este libro es una ampliación de la primera edición aparecida en 1955. Esta es una obra única en el género y por lo tanto goza del beneplácito de todos los que gustan del jazz.

Primero conozcamos algo sobre su autor, uno de los mejores críticos mundiales de jazz, el señor Leonard Feather. El señor Feather, inglés de nacimiento, se encuentra en los Estados Unidos de Norteamérica desde el año 1935. Su personalidad se proyecta a través de numerosas publicaciones, tanto en revistas al igual que en libros, especializados o no en la materia.

La presentación del único volumen que integra esta enciclopedia es de alta calidad y brinda un digno marco a su contenido.

Pasemos al análisis del material. El clásico prefacio está destinado por el autor, al agradecimiento hacia las personas que prestaron su colaboración. Ya en el texto nos enfrentamos en primer término con un índice de las ilustraciones fotográficas que forman parte de la obra. En número de 213 brindan una amplia visión de las principales figuras de este arte, desde la "Original Dixieland Jazz Band" de 1917 hasta el "Modern Jazz Quartet" de 1960.

Las "Apreciaciones" están dedicadas a referirse al libro y al jazz; la "Enciclopedia del Jazz" vista por Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman opina sobre "El Rumbo del Jazz" y el conocido crítico John Hammond nos habla "Acerca del autor".

El capítulo siguiente "Sesenta años de jazz", una perspectiva histórica", es una pequeña pero exacta historia de esta música. "Cronología" nos muestra año tras año, desde 1900 hasta 1960 cuáles fueron los principales eventos jazzísticos, qué artistas nacieron, quienes fallecieron, los temas que fueron famosos en cada año. También se nos presenta una "Anatomía del jazz", la cual permite entrar en contacto con los detalles que componen la parte de técnica musical en jazz. "Jazz en la sociedad americana" refleja la situación y real tratamiento de este arte en el país del norte. Los mejores nombres en jazz están en las listas que presenta "Gigantes del Jazz".

La parte central está dedicada ampliamente a dar pormenores biográficos acerca de los músicos, cantantes, compositores de jazz o relacionados parcialmente con este ritmo. Los biografías comprenden una apretada pero correcta recopilación de datos que van desde la fecha de nacimiento, pasando por las actuaciones que realizó hasta la fecha del fallecimiento en su caso o el domicilio actual en su defecto.

Los capítulos siguientes que completan esta enciclopedia son: "El Jazzman como Crítico", "Encuestas Internacionales", "Jazz en el Extranjero", "Jazz y Música Clásica", escrito por Gunther Schuller; "Historia del Jazz en Discos", "Días de nacimiento de los músicos", "Lugares de nacimiento de los músicos", "Organizaciones, agencias representantes y escuelas de jazz", "Compañías de discos" y por último "Bibliografía: Libros y Periódicos".

Esta es una obra que no debe faltar en la biblioteca del buen amante del jazz. Pero tropezamos con la dificultad de que como está publicada en inglés su difusión es relativa, por lo tanto creemos que su edición en castellano contribuiría enormemente al conocimiento del jazz, principalmente en América Latina. De todos los libros sobre el tema aparecidos hasta el momento, no hay duda alguna que la "Nueva Edición de la Enciclopedia del Jazz" es la que satisface en más alto grado las exigencias de todo aficionado al jazz.

Just Jazz — WESTPORT (CONN.) TOWN CRIER

Jazz At Disneyland

By Leonard Feather

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At the Plaza Gardens, Lionel Hampton ran repeatedly through his repertoire ("Flyin' Home," "Midnight Sun" and the blues), to the wildest reception of all. "I've never seen anything like this in the U.S.", he commented. "It's like a European audience."

Les Brown, who has rescinded the retirement he announced a few months ago, told me: "The younger fellows in my band have never seen an audience like this. They don't realize that this was a typical night in the old days. Because the crowd is so enthusiastic, the guys are playing their best, so it's mutually stimulating.

Weaving his way in and out of the five areas, clearly having the time of his life, was a swing band fan by the name of Walt Disney.

"Are you going to make this a regular event?" I asked him.

"Positively : I'm delighted with the reaction. Next year I hope to do it on an even bigger scale— with seven bands."

Incidentally, a $5.50 admission price for the evening included access to all the bands along with other groups (such as Harvey Brooks' New Orleans veterans playing on the riverboat Mark Twain), and unlimited use of all the other Disneyland attractions; on this basis a hefty gross was racked up.

The evening proved beyond a doubt, then, that there is a profitable audience for big bands, but perhaps not in many cities. It would be wonderful if other promoters, taking a hint from the fat take achieved on this occasion, were to attempt to imitate the idea on a smaller scale in other towns. Even if they don't, the big band fans owe Walt Disney a vote of thanks for reminding us that they still exist.

BILLBOARD - JUNE 22

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Just from a novelty standpoint alone this album should get wide play by jazz deejays. The album features original jazz tunes written by Russian composers. There are six tracks played by a small tight-sounding modern group under the leadership of piano and vibes man Vic Feldman with outstanding soloists like Nat Adderley, Harold Land, Herb Ellis and Carmel Jones. The music is very much in the Horace Silver-Cannonball Adderely groove and should cause considerable comment.

VARIETY - JUNE 28, 1963

Lee Wiley TV Biopic

Rights to biofilm blues thrush Lee Wiley have been acquired by the Bob Hope anthology series at Revue studios, with David Rayfield to script "The Lee Wiley Story" for producer Dick Berg. Leonard Feather is technical advisor.

Alfred Hayes has been set to adapt Paul Brickhill's tome, "War Of Nerves," another seg in the series.

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SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Nat King Cole: Man And Image

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

Success has not spoiled Nat King Cole, but it clearly has changed him. To Nat Cole, the millionaire singer, international traveler and show business personality, the figure of King Cole, pianist, trio leader and instrumental award winner of the early and middle 1940s, by now must seem like some distant figure whom he can scarcely identify as himself.

Nat today is big business. Every move he makes, whether on stage or in his office, is made in calculated terms of the maximum commercial value or in terms of the "image" he wishes to preserve with the public.

Not only does he refuse to play more piano (because of the harm this might do to his conception of the image); he now even has a song about his reasons for not playing piano.

Cole

I AM NOT OFFERING these observations as criticism of Nat; they are simply facts that deserve to be reported, as in his recent decision that he no longer needs Carlos Gastel, his personal manager for more than 20 years.

The other day I discussed with Nat his forthcoming reunion with Ted Heath. It was while he was touring with Heath's band in 1956 that a white hooligan jumped on the stage and attempted to attack Nat. (This happened in his native town of Birmingham, Alabama.) Despite such incidents, and despite his failure to acquire a national sponsor for his 1956-57 NBC television series, Nat is not bitter.

"They certainly should have more Negroes on TV," he told me, "but I'm not anxious to get into a regular series situation. It ties you down too much.

"THIS WILL BE MY FIRST real tour of Britain since 1954, even though I have been back there a couple of times for television work and for a command performance."

Nat has been criticized in some Negro circles for failing to take any direct action in the current racial crisis. It is his opinion, though, that performers should not become

RECORD OF THE WEEK: IKE QUEBEC: "Blue and Sentimental," Blue Note 84098. Quebec on tenor sax, Grant Green on guitar. A posthumous reminder of the brilliant tenor man who died a few months ago.

politicians, that the trips south by Dick Gregory and others did not necessarily accomplish anything, and that he can play his part by making financial contributions.

"When I get back from England," he said, "in addition to taping special TV shows with Judy Garland and Jack Paar, I'll be taking out my own show, 'Sights and Sounds,' for a 15-week tour, and when we reach Los Angeles for a show on August 8 at the Shrine Auditorium, I'm going to divide all proceeds of the concert between the N.A.A.C.P., the Congress On Racial Equality (CORE) and Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

Nat Cole is a reserved, sometimes aloof, always dignified figure who commands the respect of millions. He has long known exactly what he wanted, and today he has almost everything a man in his position can secure, with one obvious exception. To those who decry the loss of King Cole and the Hines-style piano and the trio and the passion for music, one can only point that from Nat's point of view jazz's loss is show business' gain.

JUNE 22, 1963

Life With Feather

Nat King Cole: Man and Image

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz", Crown Publishers)

Sucess has not spoiled Nat King Cole, but it certainly has changed him. To Nat Cole, the millionaire singer, international traveler and show business personality, the figure of King Cole, pianist, trio leader and instrumental award winner of the early and middle 1940s, by now must seem like some distant figure whom he can scarcely identify as himself.

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Not only does he refuse to play more piano (because of the harm this might do to his conception of the image); he now even has a song about his reasons for not playing piano.

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"They certainly should have more Negroes on TV,' he told me, 'but I'm not anxious to get into a regular series situation. It ties you down too much. There is lots of money in a syndicated show, the last show I did in England was given its fourth repeat performance on U.S. television last Sunday night.

"This will be my first real tour of Britain since 1954, even though I have been back there a couple of times for television work and for a command performance.

"This time I'm going to take along my little boy Kelly—he's four and it will be a great experience for him. My daughter Sweetie, who's 13, will be going too, but we will be leaving the twins at home—they are 21 months now—and also Cookie; she's 18 and spending the summer as a counselor in a camp."

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"We have twelve singers in the show, six boys and six girls. I hope some day I may be able to take a show like this to England. Meanwhile, we have something of an innovation coming up: we're going to stage the entire show into the Latin Casino in Philadelphia for three weeks, which is very unusual for the night club business."

JUNE 22, 1963
LAS VEGAS SUN

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Jazz And The Movies

IT'S TIME THEY GOT TOGETHER

By LEONARD FEATHER
Valley Times TODAY
Special Writer

For the past thirty years, jazz and the world of motion pictures have been carrying on an intermittent flirtation that has shown signs now and then of maturing into romance.

Marriage seems impossible, though, because of religious differences: jazz is descended from a long line of artists while movies, by faith, are inescapably an industry.

This is sad, for the couple may be more compatible than the in-laws realize. Jazz, more than any other music of this century, is fresh, essentially American, and capable of expressing a limitless variety of moods.

Yet the use of jazz as part of the plot line or for background scoring, has been severely circumscribed by the movie makers' myopia.

HENRY MANCINI of Northridge, one of the luckier exceptions, who has blended jazz and non-jazz material skillfully in many pictures, explains the problem:

"There's so much talk about runaway production. On the musical level the trouble is runaway conception. There is no need to lean on nineteenth century or mid-European music to achieve moods. That was the essence of our success with Peter Gunn on television. We have so much fine indigenous music hidden in the popular field; composers shouldn't

HENRY MANCINI

feel they are lowering themselves by using jazz.

"I remember when the Susan Hayward picture, I Want To Live, came out in 1958, Dimitri Tiomkin belittled Johnny Mandel's fine jazz score; he said it was too limited. I got sore and wrote an angry letter, but didn't mail it. Well, now you can quote me. I think it's short-sighted to say anything is musically impractical.

...."The John Lewis score for the Belafonte picture, Odds Against Tomorrow, showed how effective a partial jazz influence can be. As for my own work, jazz is one of many forms that I employ. Young musicians studying to become motion picture writers should prepare themselves for the use of every type of music; eventually I'd like to believe that my barriers that still exist will be broken down."

MANCINI, of course, has won innumerable "Grammy" awards and two Oscars; he is rightly considered a pioneer for his incorporation of jazz in both TV and movie scores. But Johnny Mandel has a very different story to tell.

"People all assume I won an Oscar or a nomination for I Want To Live," Mandel says. "I didn't, and the picture did me more harm than good, because it typed me a jazz writer; the producers think you can't break into anything else. Oh, I've written movies since then; I just finished one, in fact, but it was so awful I'm not even going to tell you what it's called.

"For a year or two, around the time Peter Gunn hit, they were using jazz scores for everything. The big mistake was, they all identified jazz with beat, time, motion — which, of course, it needn't denote at all.

"They have not even

Continued on Page 3

VALLEY TIMES JUNE 29, 1963

AGE OF JAZZ, MOVIES

scratched the surface yet for the possibilities of jazz in movies. Hank Mancini is given a freer hand than most writers because he had already established himself with non-jazz scores for several years before he earned the jazz identity. The rest of us are not so lucky. Even Elmer Bernstein was typed as a jazz writer for a little while, after his 1955 success with Man With the Golden Arm.

Bernstein, a North Hollywood resident, confirms this: "Golden Arm was not at all typical of my writing, yet I was typed by it. Luckily the producers who think more creatively don't go in for that sort of foolish generalization."

ANOTHER major factor, of course, has been Hollywood's arch - conservative policies on the use of Negro artists. There is a bitter irony in the fact that Duke Ellington, one of the greatest figures in 20th Century music, was 60 years old before Hollywood finally assigned him the job of writing a film score (Anatomy of a Murder in 1959). His second score, for Paris Blues, won him an Academy nomination; but there is still no stampede for his services.

Basie

Ellington

As recently as the early 1950s, producers indulged in the preposterous practice of substituting a Negro musician on camera, and letting the white musician record the sound track, rather than show the democratic spectacle of a white member in an otherwise Negro band; the same policy in reverse was adopted when Negroes played in white bands.

Even more paradoxical is the fact that several brilliant Negro jazz writers and performers have had to go abroad to get their first real movie breaks. Quincy Jones, the most versatile young writer of the past decade, wrote his first score for a picture in Sweden; Thelonious Monk for one in France. Miles Davis, Charlie Mingus and Art Blakey have had comparable experiences as on - camera performers in foreign movie and TV productions and are still waiting for their first offer from Hollywood.

ALTHOUGH MOST of the important jazz artists—composers and performers — are Negro, the ugly fact is that Hollywood has conveniently blinded its eyes to this, on the odd assumption that their sales in Mississippi or Alabama might be hurt by the extensive integration of these major talents. The fact that an enormous overseas market would more than compensate for the negligible loss they might suffer in the Southern states never seems to have occurred to them.

Perhaps today, with the stiff competition of TV, the outlook may brighten. Along with more mature and daring plot lines, the producers may finally realize that a motion picture of lasting value, with a limitless market all over the world, might be made by taking, for example, the life story of Duke Ellington or Count Basie as a theme. Earlier Hollywood music biographies have been to film documentaries what Nick Kenny is to modern poetry. Jazz fans still have painful memories of The Benny Goodman Story, The Gene Krupa Story and, most pathetic of all, The Five Pennies, purportedly based on the life of Red Nichols.

If and when Hollywood is willing to assume a modicum of intelligence on the part of its audiences at home and abroad, along with an interest in the facts of life, the results will give us what the NAACP has long been rightly clamoring for. And if, at the same time, the producers and directors acknowledge Mancini's point about the flexibility and desirability of jazz as a background mood medium, we may finally emerge from the three-decade era of darkness that has equated jazz in the movies with the tritest cliches of the 25 cent novel. Like Mancini, I'd prefer to believe that that day is not too far away.

(Leonard Feather is author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz," Crown Publishers.)

Is "Racism" A Menace?

JAZZ AT THE CROSSROADS

The debate continues between those who claim jazz is an exclusive Negro creation and those who say its roots are fastened in the total American experience, but how important is the question and what will the quarrel do to jazz itself?

BY LEONARD FEATHER

(Reprinted by permission from Hi/Fi-Stereo Review)

IN PHILADELPHIA a few months ago jazz singer Dakota Staton filed suit in a Federal District Court against the leader of the Black Muslim cult. She claimed that a New York disc jockey had denounced her, a New Jersey nightclub proprietor had refused to book her because he feared he would be boycotted, and various other misadventures had befallen her because many associated her with the cult's advocacy of Negro nationalism. This was happening, Miss Staton declared, because the public was confusing the Black Muslims with the orthodox Moslem faith of which she and her husband are devout advocates.

In Clarksdale, Mississippi, according to a recent issue of JET, the most popular recording on the juke box at Aaron Henry's Fourth Street drugstore was *A White Man's Heaven Is A Black Man's Hell.* The tune, written by two Black Muslims, was getting more plays than records by Ray Charles.

In Los Angeles, New York, and

Salvo, has been picked up for the London group . . . Check out the "Philosophizin'" cut in the new *Jimmy Dean* album. Sounds like a hit to me . . . New *Jaye Joseph* label here kicking with "Movin' Out" by *The Greasers.*

Leonard Feather and *Jack* (Mercury) *Tracy* are co-penning an anthology of musical humor, "Laughter from the Hip" . . . *Dave Pell* produced the new Liberty break-out by *The Blisters,* "Shortnin' Bread" . . . *The Castells* back in the hit picture for Era with "What Are Little Girls Made Of?"

Published in HONG KONG

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'Keyboard comet'

The famous jazz authority — Leonard Feather, once wrote of Horace Ward Martin Tavares Silver, "he is the most important new keyboard comet to flash across the jazz firmament in recent years."

This took place some time ago, but Horace Silver is still recognised as one of the top modern jazz pianists.

He can be heard in "Keyboard Corner" over Commercial Radio on Monday at 8.15 pm.

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Retour aux sources

Leonard Feather, notre correspondant aux Etats-Unis, et Irving Mills, de l'*American Academy of Music*, supervisent actuellement l'enregistrement d'une série de disques qui seront réunis dans une anthologie intitulée *The World of Traditional Jazz*. Cet ouvrage qui, d'ores et déjà, s'avère imposant — il groupera trois microsillons et plusieurs pages de textes analysant en détail chaque morceau interprété et retraçant l'Histoire des premiers styles de jazz — est destiné aux bibliothèques et discothèques de collèges et universités américaines.

Johnny St.Cyr, vétéran de la Nouvelle-Orléans s'il en fut — il vient de fêter son soixante-treizième anniversaire —, banjoïste des orchestres de Kid Ory (1914-16), Fate Marable (1920-22), King Oliver (1923), Jimmie Noone (1924) et Louis Armstrong (1925-27) a pu, en cette occasion, diriger sa première séance d'enregistrement importante. Entouré de Mike de Lay (trompette), John Ewing (trombone), Sam Lee (clarinette), Harvey Brooks (piano), Chuck Hamilton (basse) et Alton Redd (batterie), Johnny St. Cyr, en parfaite forme physique malgré l'intervention chirurgicale (cataracte) qu'il avait subie la semaine précédente, interpréta *Flee as a Bird*, *Didn't he Ramble*, *Just a Closer, Walk with Thee*, *St. James Infirmary* et un blues original composé par ses soins, *Comin' Home*.

JOHNNY ST CYR
Bon pied sinon bon œil

Une des sessions destinées à être incluses dans l'album de Feather et Mills a voulu faire revivre un orchestre qui connut jadis la célébrité, le *Mills Blue Rhythm Band*. Sous la direction de Benny Carter, un orchestre de choix fut formé : Rex Stewart et Teddy Buckner (cornet), Jewell Grant et Ben Webster (ténor et clarinette), Rozelle Gayle (piano), Ulysses Livingston (banjo et guitare), Red Garland (basse et tuba), Earl Palmer (batterie) et George Washington, tromboniste qui appartint en 1932 au *Mills Blue Rhythm Band*. Pour la première fois depuis trente ans, Benny Carter joua du saxophone soprano pour se livrer à la re-création de l'arrangement que Don Redman, alors chez Fletcher Henderson, écrivit en 1924 sur *How come you do me like you do*. Parmi les autres thèmes gravés au cours de cette session, notons *The Duke steps out*, pièce d'Ellington datant de 1928, *Blues in my Heart* et *Queer Notions*. Il y a trente ans de cela, lorsque Hawkins enregistra cette dernière œuvre, la trame harmonique qui comporte quelques accords augmentés parut être révolutionnaire. Aujourd'hui, elle est encore, selon Leonard Feather, un excellent tremplin pour l'improvisation.

Deux sessions furent enregistrées à New York au début d'avril. La première mit en vedette Olive Brown, une nouvelle chanteuse de blues découverte par le saxophoniste Earl Warren. Bien qu'elle soit âgée de trente-neuf ans et ait derrière elle vingt ans de métier, Olive Brown, née à St. Louis et fort active dans la région de Detroit, n'avait jamais été le centre d'intérêt d'une séance d'enregistrement. Accompagnée par Buck Clayton (trompette), Cliff Jackson (piano) et Al Hall (basse), la chanteuse s'appliqua à faire surgir du passé le souvenir de Bessie Smith. La seconde session new-yorkaise groupa autour du cornettiste Wild Bill Davidson quelques représentants du style Dixieland : Edmund Hall (clarinette), Cutty Cutshall (trombone), Eddie Condon (guitare), Willie Wayman (basse) et Hap Gormley (batterie).

D'autres éléments seront bientôt gravés pour compléter cet ouvrage d'information et de culture qui, dans six mois, sera à la disposition de tous les collégiens et étudiants américains. Espérons qu'ils y apprendront à aimer le jazz et la race qui le créa.

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MELODY MAKER JUNE 8, 1963

YOLANDE takes over

by LEONARD FEATHER

THE latest and most piquant example of how jazz can draw diverse peoples together is Yolande Bavan, the 27-year-old singer from Colombo, Ceylon, who last year took the place of another British-born singer, Annie Ross, in a trio then known as Lambert, Hendricks & Ross.

RELUCTANT

A tiny, eloquent girl with a typically clipped Indian-type British accent, Yolande is constantly surprising herself with unexpected abilities.

She surprised herself when, after going to England in 1956 to work as a singer, she was offered a part in a television play. "But I'm not an actress," she protested. Reluctantly she took the job, and it turned out she was an actress, remaining on the stage or before the television cameras for a couple of years. She appeared with the Old Vic company, playing Cleopatra in the George Bernard Shaw play.

She surprised herself again when, after Dave Lambert happened to hear her sing one high note, to a Dizzy Gillespie record, during a party in London, she was invited to join Lambert and Jon Hendricks in their highly sophisticated jazz trio.

"But I can't—I'm not a jazz singer," she told Hendricks over the transatlantic telephone.

The non-jazz singer, persuaded to the contrary, secured an emergency visa, flew across, and was on the stage with the trio in Schenectady the very same night, without a moment's rehearsal. U.S. audiences found the sight of the sari-clad singer unique and delightful.

She has been disappointed, however, with the attitude of the music audiences in the States: "America doesn't treat jazz as well as I expected. Sometimes musicians have to wait until they're dead to be remembered.

DEFENSIVE

"I love jazz, but I don't like the surroundings, the things that happen around jazz. They make it distasteful for people who don't know the music. It leads them to think that when they see me, I'll have the split skirt up to here, and the long cigarette holder . . . and they see things on the TV, people getting drunk and all, with a jazz background.

"It reminds me of the way people think of India: they think of the maharajah sitting on a throne, yet there are not too many maharajahs in India, but there's an awful lot of poverty."

There are many artists here, Yolande added, who make things bad for themselves: "They have chips on their shoulders. I have never had that defensive feeling, and I don't think it should be grafted on to an art form.

SCHOOL CHOIR

"Singing is a great experience, but I found acting more rewarding and I'll probably go back to it. Maybe on ballads, on Gershwin or Harold Arlen songs, I feel I can manage, because when I left Ceylon I set out to be that kind of a singer. But this trio . . .! Having sung alto in the school choir, I knew I could sing low, but now I'm an octave and a half above where I thought I could go. But still, I'm always thinking to myself, what if I open my mouth and nothing comes out?

"HONESTLY," SAID THE ONLY INDIAN GIRL JAZZ SINGER, A MEMBER OF AMERICA'S NO. 1 JAZZ VOCAL GROUP, "I STILL DON'T THINK I CAN SING."

Life With Feather:

Jazz And Crisis In Integration

The recent wave of racial demonstrations throughout the U.S. may have many repercussions in the world of popular music and jazz.

By LEONARD FEATHER

For the most part, racial relationships among jazz musicians themselves have been, on the surface, better than in almost any other profession. N e g r o e s and whites work together constantly in recording studios, night clubs and concerts. The combos of Dave Brubeck, George Shearing, Gerry Mulligan, Charlie Byrd, Stan Getz for years have included at least one Negro member; those of Miles Davis, Cannonball Adderley, Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Rollins, Charlie Mingus have used at least one white musician for extended periods.

AMONG THE BIG BANDS, Count Basie currently has a white trumpet player, as does Duke Ellington; Maynard Ferguson's band has had a mixed line-up for years; Stan Kenton has a Negro girl singer; and Benny Goodman, who pioneered at this sort of thing, almost always includes Negro talent. Harry James' band is all-white; Woody Herman has used a number of Negro artists but happens to have none at the moment. Les Brown, incredibly, has never hired a Negro sideman in almost 30 years as a leader.

What the NAACP has been complaining about, though, is the situation in the mass media and at the executive level. I can speak with authority, for on three different occasions in the past few years I have been consulted about major musical TV shows for which a key figure was required as bandleader and-or master of ceremonies.

EACH TIME, I SUGGESTED the man who, by every logical yardstick, would be the perfect choice, and for whom all sponsors would clamor were he white: Duke Ellington. Each time I received the identical evasion: **"Of course we'd love to, but the ad agency (or the client) wouldn't hear of it."**

I have had similar experiences in recommending Negro singers or musicians for various movies, TV shows and other jobs. As Jack Gould recently observed in the New York Times, for every Ed Sullivan who makes liberal use of Negro talent there are numberless producers who tacitly omit Negroes to avoid alleged commercial complications.

AFTER MORE THAN a quarter century in and around jazz, I have also become cynical about some white musicians who, for all their goodwill and assurances that **"I don't care what color a man is as long as he can play,"** fail to take any active part in securing better general conditions for their brothers. When the chips are down and a crisis arises, few will practice what they preach.

Even their good will is questionable at times. One mediocre white musician, who runs a jazz club outside a major city, for years has hired as few Negroes as possible in an effort, as he has explained, to "keep out the colored trade." Recently he withdrew his sponsorship from a local radio station because it was running public service announcements dedicated to brotherhood!

THE READER MAY FIND it hard to believe that even in jazz the Negro is at a disadvantage. He may notice that in a few employment areas Negroes may be preferred and whites subjected to reverse prejudice; but what he doesn't see is the manipulation at the networks, the Jim Crow hotels and restaurants during road tours, the lies and evasions at the realtor's office when the musician wants to buy a home. And he doesn't see all those good jobs going to members of the white unions in cities that still have two segregated A.F. of M. locals.

How can a Belafonte or a Sammy Davis Jr. complain, I'm sometimes asked, when he earns tens of thousands of dollars a week? The answer is simple: he would rather earn much less and have more freedom, including his own weekly, nationally sponsored TV show. Under the present anti-American conditions, if he makes $50,000 a week that's still something he can't buy. And that, among other reasons, is why we are having those demonstrations.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Woody Herman; "Encore: the best Band of the Year" (Philips 600-092). A gas of a session, recorded live at Basin Street West, in Los Angeles.

Life With Feather

'Gravy Waltz' On Gravy Train

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz)

It's been said, and I could have said it myself, that the hardest way to write a hit song nowadays is (a) to be mentally over 12 years old, (b) to be able to read and write music, (c) to have it recorded for an album rather than a single record.

It's pleasant to report an exception to all three rules. "Gravy Waltz" was written by Ray Brown, who is (a) 36, (b) probably the most brilliant bass player in jazz and author of a brand new book, "Ray Brown's Bass Method," (c) a member of the Oscar Peterson Trio, which has recorded the tune in a Verve album called "Affinity."

DESPITE THESE terrible handicaps, Ray Brown expects to net a substantial five-figure income from "Gravy Waltz."

Allen

Recently, when the Peterson group was in town, I learned from Brown the curious story behind the song.

"Actually, I wrote it years ago, around 1958," he said. "At that time, Herb Ellis was playing guitar with the trio. For the past year Herb has been a member of the band on the Steve Allen show.

"Herb has really been like a godfather to the tune. He showed it to Steve Allen a year ago; Steve liked it and wrote lyrics for it.

"In the meanwhile, Herb recorded it with a group of his own for Verve. When he switched to Epic Records he recorded another version of it. His second Epic album was a bossa nova set, and Herb recorded it for the third time!

"By now, Steve had been plugging it on the show, in instrumental and vocal versions.

"They've been playing it three times a night for I don't know how many weeks."

Oddly enough, Ray, who has won innumerable jazz polls as the No. 1 bassist, has been active only intermittently as a composer, and has done almost no writing in the past couple of years.

BY NOW, there are 22 records of "Gravy Waltz:" the teen-agers are lapping them up. The best seller is by the Steve Allen orchestra, under Donn Trenner's direction, on Dot.

Ray Brown takes it all in stride while concentrating on a more important challenge: he wants to shoot a par golf game. He already shoots in the 70s.

Incidentally, the other night I heard what was probably the most knocked-out version of Ray's hit ever sung. The performer was Ella Fitzgerald, who from 1948 to 1962 was Mrs. Ray Brown.

They have a son, 13, who lives in Beverly Hills with his mother; Ella informs me that Ray Brown Jr. is developing unusual talent as a drummer. Maybe he can get into this songwriting game, too. I have a good title suggestion for his first hit: "Son of Gravy Waltz."

July 6, 1963

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SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC
DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Ella Fitzgerald Fights Back

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

There are moments when some of the great artists of our day, who are in this profession precisely because of their artistry, begin to wonder whether they are wasting their time.

Because Ella Fitzgerald is generally acknowledged as having reached the ne plus ultra stage in vocal achievement, she no longer plays the jazz clubs but is generally quartered in fancier, high-priced boites. These rooms can meet her price.

RECENTLY I CAUGHT Ella toward the close of a wearing engagement in just such a club. Greeting me hoarsely, she opened the door to a small dressing room. Located near some washing and drying machines below the club, the room was ventilated only by a single small and totally inadequate fan.

Miss Fitzgerald

"How's it been?" I asked, then quickly added: "Don't bother to answer."

"It's not just sitting here in the heat all the time between shows," said Ella, "it's what happens during the shows that bothers me. I try to give them a nicely balanced program and sing some pretty ballads. I have some lovely songs to sing, like 'My Ship', with my guitarist, Les Spann, doubling on flute. But they won't sit still for that.

"In fact, they won't sit still, period. Here am I trying to sing for them, and there they are greeting each other and visiting one another's tables and calling the waiters

Ella's story is typical of the fate of many major artists in a sense, her success is her handicap, forcing her to wor in rooms where many visitors are motivated by snob appe and too many expect her to concentrate on up tempos and bop numbers.

Fortunately she is often able to rise above these conditions, and on recent dates, her incomparable voice has been aided by a superb accompanying group that includes the legendary Roy Eldredge on trumpet and flugelhorn (in jazz any great soloist over 50 is qualified as a legend), and a fine pianist named Tommy Flanagan.

AFTER Ella's account of her night club woes, I was moved to write a special piece of material for her to use in those emergencies during which, up to now, she has either stopped altogether or else ad libbed, into lyrics of whatever song she was singing, a special admonition to the crowd.

The new tune is called "I'd Like To Keep On Singing For You." Part of the lyric goes as follows: ". . . when your drinks have been drunk and your dinner's been dined or your supper's been supped, I hope you won't think me rude for a brief interlude if I interrupt. . . . I know there's some folks came to hear me sing, and they're the ones who suffer, you see: I ask you just for their sakes why don't you give me a break, so I can keep on singing for you . . ."

Paradoxically, this is the only song I've ever written that I hope Ella never has to perform. But she's keeping it around for a noisy day.

July 13 1963

by Leonard Feather

Gerald Wilson

"Genius, that power which dazzles mortal eyes," wrote the late Henry Willard Austin, "is oft but perseverance in disguise." The dividends of perseverance, reinforced by genuine talent, have accrued at last to the benefit of Gerald Stanley Wilson.

Today Wilson's credits as a top-ranking writer include innumerable arrangements for Ray Charles, some of them heard in Charles' "Modern Sounds in Country and Western Music," which has been on the best seller lists every week for more than a year; and arranging-conducting for many albums by Nancy Wilson, Al Hibbler, Bobby Darin and other singers. In addition, instrumental albums by his own big band on "World Pacific" have been consistently well received; moreover, his talents as a mature and warmly inventive trumpeter are slowly being brought into focus. Writing assignments keep him so busy, however, that he rarely has a chance to reassemble his orchestra (composed mainly of top Hollywood studio musicians) for an in-person appearance.

That the early 1960s have proved so kind to Gerald Wilson is all the more remarkable when one recalls how he started out the 1950s — so short of jobs that he had to retire from music to run a grocery store. After a year out of the profession (but still studying constantly) he started "working my way up all over again from the bottom," as he recalls it.

Born September 4, 1918, in Shelby, Mississippi, Wilson studied piano with his mother. "My father

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was a musician, but not professionally. I was the youngest of three children; my brother became an architect and a certified public accountant; and I have a married sister. I went to school in Memphis—that was eighty miles from home; I was at Menassa High, where Jimmie Lunceford had once been a teacher.

"I bought my first trumpet, brand new, for $10.25 from a mail order company, in 1931. I had a private teacher for a couple of years in Memphis; then we moved to Detroit.

"I had four years of intensive overall musical training at Cass Technical High in Detroit. We all had to take piano, harmony and orchestration, one percussion class, and one string instrument class. Frances Hellstein of the Detroit Symphony, who was my trumpet teacher, was also Julius Watkins' French horn teacher.

"During those years I began to play with local musicians. One fellow who played saxophone and violin, and wrote arrangements, was Gloster B. Current, who today is national director of branches of the NAACP. One of my first jobs was in his band. From there I went to the band led by Cecil Lee at the Plantation Club, which included some real pros—men like Karl George and Todd Rhodes."

After two years with the Plantation band, Wilson went out on the road, working in Saginaw, Michigan, with Chick Carter's band, in which a fellow-trumpeter was Snooky Young (later a Lunceford man, now on staff at NBC in New York). But he had been with this group only a short time when a wire came from Lunceford, offering Wilson a trumpet chair in place of Sy Oliver, who had quit to join Tommy Dorsey as staff arranger.

"I already knew all the fellows in the band," he recalls. "Sy had let me sit on the bandstand with him; and Lunceford had heard me at Cass Tech. It was a thrill to join him; that band had been struggling for nine years and had just reached the crest. It was a wonderful, superbly disciplined orchestra. Playing and writing for it was one of my most memorable experiences."

Wilson toured with Lunceford from August, 1939, until April, 1942. At that point he decided to settle in Los Angeles, where he began playing and writing for various local leaders including Les Hite, Benny Carter and Phil Moore. The call of the draft saw him in the Navy for a year (1943-4) as a member of the remarkable band at Great Lakes Naval Training Station in Chicago, where his colleagues included Willie Smith, Ernie Royal and Clark Terry.

Wilson's career as a bandleader began a few months after his return to civilian status. He organized his personnel in November, 1944, and within six months was on the road, visiting New York for a booking at the Apollo Theatre.

The band's success was musical rather than economic; though Wilson broke it up in 1947 and soon afterward resumed the sideman life (with Count Basie), he refuses to summon any but pleasant memories of that first venture.

After two years off and on with Basie, he spent six months in the Dizzy Gillespie big band. It was after the Gillespie orchestra disbanded that things began to slow up and Wilson reached the low point that led to his temporary separation from the profession.

His resurgence began with eighteen months in San Francisco. "I had a band there," he says, "and built up a nice following; but that's a hard place to keep a band together. I went back to Los Angeles and started again—again! And slowly but surely things began to happen.

"One important thing through the years was that Duke Ellington was always very good to me. I had a standing offer to write arrangements for the band, which I did several times; and I played with Duke on several occasions, including the recording of the sound track for the film *Anatomy of a Murder*."

Wilson also credits Buck Ram, the songwriter who for some years has been manager of a vocal group, the Platters, with helping to establish him in the recording field. From rock 'n' roll single-record assignments he advanced to album-type pop music work and then to jazz sessions as a leader.

Another friend to whom Wilson pays tribute is Albert Marx, the former head of such musically progressive record companies as Musicraft and Discovery. Marx, impressed by Wilson's talent as a jazz writer, helped to arrange the deal whereby his albums for World Pacific were recorded. The first, entitled *You Better Believe It!*, was such a success that it was soon followed by another, even more impressive set, entitled *Moment of Truth*.

During the past couple of years Wilson's fields of operation have expanded to include frequent forays in television and motion pictures. He did the scoring for half a dozen scenes in the picture *Where the Boys Are;* was one of the writers for

(*Continued on page forty-five*)

Gerald Wilson

(*Continued from page nineteen*)

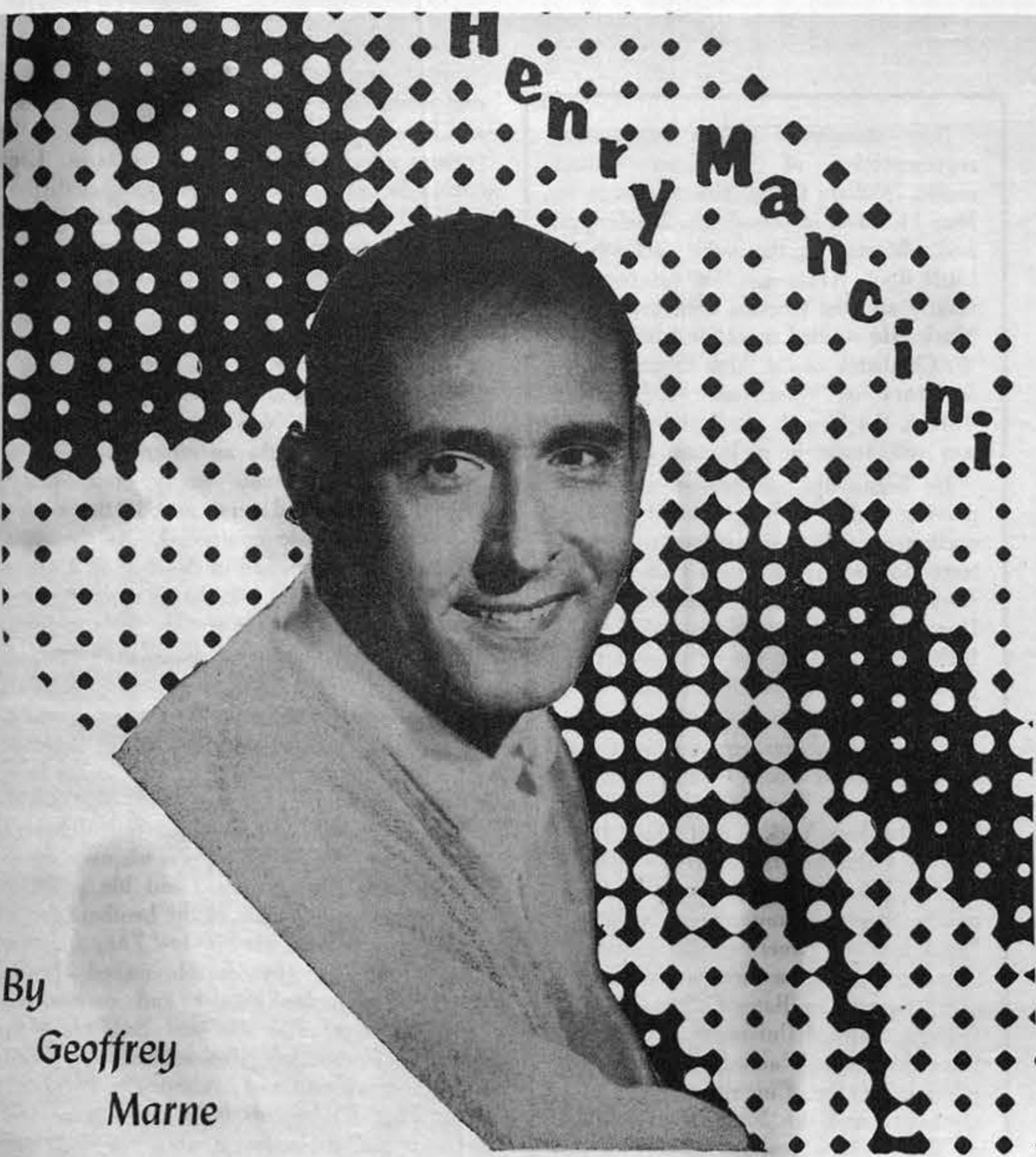
a Ken Murray TV spectacular; worked on a project with the noted comedy actor-writer Mel Blanc, and, in general, showed that no matter what type of music was involved, he was ready to handle the assignment, not just capably, but with dedication and enthusiasm.

His jazz arrangements have included *Hi Spook* and *Yard Dog Mazurka* for Lunceford; *El Gato* and *Virgen de la Macarena* for Ellington (also a recent arrangement of *Perdido* in Duke's *Piano in the Background* album); *Guarachi Guaro* for Gillespie; and for Basie a *Royal Suite* in seven movements that was performed at Carnegie Hall in 1948 but, because of the recording ban at the time, was never recorded. Wilson's personal favorite among his own band's recent recordings is *Josefina*, named for his wife. Among his best vocal background credits are *You Are My Sunshine* for Ray Charles and, as outstanding examples of his writing for strings, *Laughing on the Outside* and *I'm a Fool to Want You* for Al Hibbler.

Most significantly, at forty-four Wilson is vigorously youthful in his outlook. This has been reflected both in his playing and his writing. Though he came to prominence as a product of the swing era, his early writing idols—Sy Oliver, Pete Rugolo and other distinguished figures of the 1930s or '40s—have been supplemented by an interest in such contemporary composers as Gil Evans. Similarly his list of trumpet preferences has expanded to include not only Dizzy Gillespie and Clark Terry but Miles Davis and Carmell Jones. Unlike many who rose to prominence around the same time, he has never abandoned his early jazz identification, preferring to remain true to the cause of honest modern music, while applying his ever-increasing knowledge and craftsmanship to the distillation of new ideas. Never an opportunist, never willing to sell out his esthetic convictions, he has shown that musical sincerity eventually pays off.

"There's only one attitude, as far as I'm concerned," he says. "Don't be discouraged; study very hard, equip yourself for any situation that may arise, and keep striving to progress."

One need only examine the work of Gerald Wilson to be convinced that here is one artist who practices what he preaches.



THE MANCINI GENERATION

By
Geoffrey
Marne

Henry Mancini has become so much an accepted part of the contemporary musical scene that many music students, particularly his younger admirers, probably do not realize the full extent of the role he has played as a pioneer.

Although he had earned substantial recognition for a number of motion picture scores, it was his music for the television series, *Peter Gunn*, that established a much-imitated pattern in this medium and triggered a long series of best selling albums for Mancini and others based on jazz-oriented background scores for TV shows.

The *Peter Gunn* period ended for Mancini in 1961, when he returned to motion picture scoring. Since then his successes have been even more numerous and remarkable. To the list of awards and nominations (including two of the NARAS "Grammy" awards in 1958, three more in 1960, two Oscars in 1961 for *Moon River* and the score from which it came, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, and five more Grammies in 1961) were added recently another Grammy for *Baby Elephant Walk* and another Academy award for the title song from *Days of Wine and Roses*.

Mancini takes all this kudos in stride. A quiet, somewhat diffident man with none of the typical personality traits normally ascribed to a Hollywood big shot, he has changed little during the days of Oscars and Grammies.

Recently, in his office on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, he discussed with this writer some aspects of the West Coast television and movie music scene.

"There's been so much talk about runaway production," he said, "that we've lost sight of another important factor. For too many years, background music was the victim of what you might describe as 'runaway conception.' There was too much of a tendency to harp on nineteenth century or mid-European music. That was the essence of how *Peter Gunn* helped to change the situation. We have so much indigenous music hidden in the popular forms. No composer should ever feel he is lowering himself by using jazz or any other type of music for TV or motion picture backgrounds. If a writer feels that a comedy sequence can be enhanced, for instance, by the use of twist music or some bossa nova rhythms or anything else, why not?

"I remember when Johnny Mandel's excellent score for the picture *I Want to Live* came out, he was criticized by one prominent Hollywood composer for using jazz in this manner; the complaint was that this was too limited a form. This is untrue, of course; not only that, but the writers who have used jazz are capable of work that is far beyond the steady four-beat music usually understood by this term. John Lewis' conception in the Belafonte picture, *Odds Against Tomorrow*, was

another excellent example of the direction in which motion picture scoring can and eventually will go."

"What comparison would you make between TV and motion picture work?" I asked.

"When I went back to pictures after those years in TV," said Mancini, "it was like taking off the lead shoes. Actually, there is no difference between the musical requirements for the two media; it's just that television is so much more demanding, so time-consuming; when you have to come up with a new idea and new themes, every week for months on end, it becomes very wearing after a while."

"What are your normal working habits?"

"After six years in an office with a nine-to-five routine at Universal Studios, during the 1950s, I'm glad to be able to keep my own hours nowadays. Being your own boss, you can pace yourself. I rarely work late into the night; I like to work at home or, of course, any place where there are no interruptions.

"I'll have two more pictures out this year. Recently I've been working on *Pink Panther*, a picture that was shot in Italy with David Niven, Peter Sellers and Capucine. The plan was to record in Rome, but I managed to insist that it be brought back here. This is due out around Christmas and, before that, in the fall, *Charade* will be released, featuring the title song that I wrote in collaboration with Johnny Mercer."

Mention of Mercer, Hank's lyric writing partner on the two Oscar award winners, *Moon River* and *Days of Wine and Roses*, led to a question concerning their method of working.

The Music Comes First

"I believe we have a perfect relationship for a song writing team. We don't collaborate in person; I simply make a piano track of the melody, give it to him, and never see the lyric until it's finished. Johnny always says, 'You write the theme as you see it; basically it must be a melody.' Usually I have no particular lyric concept in mind; *Moon River* didn't even have a title when Johnny was called in to do a lyric for the melody I had written. Actually, of course, I don't consider myself a song writer as such; I only write on assignment."

Although more than three million Mancini albums have been purchased in the past three years, Hank seems to be even prouder of the comparatively modest sales of his book on orchestration, *Sounds and Scores*. Published last year by Northridge Music Corporation and distributed by G. Schirmer, the work is unique in that it includes three seven-inch LP records in an envelope enclosed with the book. It provides an excellent style guide, not only for those anxious to follow the specific techniques of music in the Mancini manner, but for students of all contemporary orchestration.

"I've been very happy to find that this book has been used in a number of colleges," said Mancini. "Bob Share, who helped to edit it, has been using it at the Berklee School of Music in Boston. So have Eugene Hall, the pioneer music educator who started the whole modern concept of college dance band instruction, Paul Tanner in his courses at U. C. L. A., Norman Layden at Columbia University, and a number of others.

Student Needs

"I am constantly receiving letters from young students who want to know how to continue their studies, how to become professional musicians. Of course, even though I hope my book will be helpful, it isn't the entire answer. The young instrumentalist has to find a teacher of his particular instrument to guide the way; and the young arranger not only needs a teacher, but a good orchestra to play the things he writes. The school that doesn't have an active playing group can't help him; so it's important to choose a school to fit his needs.

"After college, the student may find places to apply his craft in local surroundings, but the more talented ones, if they happen to live in small towns, may find that the lack of challenge and opportunity makes them restless. My advice to them at this point would be 'Go where the action is'; that is to say, if you want to write for films and TV, Hollywood is the place. If you play an instrument, you have the best chances for success in New York, Hollywood or Chicago.

Friends in Your Field

"Another important word of advice that I think will help every young musician is this: try to meet as many people in your own field as is humanly possible. If you arrange or compose, get to know as many arrangers and composers as you can. The same applies for woodwind, brass, string or percussion players."

Mancini has applied this precept as close to home as possible. "My son Chris, who will be thirteen years old on July 2, studied piano for a couple of years, and nothing happened; but then suddenly he came home from military school with a trumpet, and now he's really interested; comes down to our record sessions to watch Conrad Gozzo and the other trumpet players."

Mancini, who was thirty-nine last April 16, is married to the former singer Ginny O'Connor. In addition to Chris, they have twin daughters, Monica and Felice, eleven, both of whom show promise as pianists and singers.

Mancini's prestige today is at an even more extraordinary peak than it reached at the time of the first *Peter Gunn* impact. As these words are written, the biggest selling album in the United States is one by singer Andy Williams, for which *Days of Wine and Roses* is the title song; Williams' *Moon River* album is also high on the list after more than a year on the best seller charts. Three of Mancini's own RCA Victor albums are currently selling consistently: the most recent is *Our Man in Hollywood*, on the charts for the past five months; the *Breakfast at Tiffany's* set, with no less than ninety weeks as a best seller; and the *Hatari* LP, on the charts for almost a year.

Spiralling Pattern

This is quite a list of accomplishments by the standards of any artist, but an examination of the years of dedicated work that preceded his successes reveals a steady and consistent pattern of musically valid writing. Mancini's style has always remained strongly personal, whether he writes for flutes (his own original instrument), Hammond organ and lush strings (as in *Mr. Lucky)*, amplified harmonica (as in *Moon River)* or even such unexpected media as the autoharp, employed to underline the appearance of the villain in *Experiment in Terror*.

For the scoring of the African picture *Hatari*, Mancini baffled the studio piano tuner by deliberately arranging for the instrument to be left somewhat out of tune. The result was an eerie quality that gave the music some of the mysterious feeling appropriate to the theme. In the same picture a scene featuring Elsa Martinelli taking three baby elephants down the road to a lake to give them a bath was underlined by a calliope playing a boogie-woogie rhythm as background for a high E-flat clarinet. This seemingly incongruous concept was, of course, the award-winning *Baby Elephant Walk*.

Ideas like these, as well as straightforward and attractive melodic concepts such as those that produced the Oscar winning songs, offer impressive evidence of the personal yet adaptable talents that have established Henry Mancini as the founder of a new generation in motion picture and television writing.

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Wednesday, July 3, 1963

Just Jazz

Gravy Waltz On Gravy Train

By Leonard Feather

It's been said, and I could have said it myself, that the hardest way to write a hit song nowadays is (a) to be mentally over 12 years old (b) to be able to read and write music, (c) to have it recorded for an album rather than a single record.

It's pleasant to report an exception to all three rules. "Gravy Waltz" was written by Ray Brown, who is (a) 36, (b) probably the most brilliant bass player in jazz and author of a brand new book, "Ray Brown's Bass Method," (c) a member of the Oscar Peterson Trio, which has recorded the tune in a Verve album called "Affinity."

Despite these terrible handicaps, Ray Brown expects to net a substantial five-figure income from "Gravy Waltz." Recently, when the Peterson group was in town, I learned from Brown the curious story behind the song.

"Actually I wrote it years ago, around 1958," he said. "At that time Herb Ellis was playing guitar with the trio. For the past year Herb has been a member of the band on the Steve Allen show.

"Herb has really been like a godfather to the tune. He showed it to Steve Allen a year ago; Steve liked it and wrote lyrics for it.

"In the meanwhile, Herb recorded it with a group of his own for Verve. When he switched to Epic Records he recorded another version of it. His second Epic album was a bossa nova set, and Herb recorded it for a third time! It was probably the world's first bossa nova waltz—not to mention the first example of an artist recording the same tune in three successive albums.

"By now Steve Allen had been plugging it on the show, in instrumental and vocal versions. Then it became so popular that he began to use it as one of the brief sign-on themes that the band plays coming back after the commercials.

"They've been playing it three times a night for I don't know how many weeks, and of course I get a performance credit for every station where the show is seen."

Oddly enough, Ray, who has won innumerable jazz polls as the No. 1 bassist, has been active only intermittently as a composer, and has done almost no writing in the past couple of years.

The tune is only the third illustration in musical annals of the jazz waltz as a popular success. The first well known 3/4 opus written by a jazz musician was "The Jitterbug Waltz," written by the late Fats Waller in 1940. Then in 1959, when Duke Ellington scored the music for the film "Anatomy of a Murder," he collaborated with Peggy Lee on extending the melody (and adding lyrics) to one of the themes. This was "I'm Gonna Go Fishin'," never a juke-box hit, but already a minor jazz standard.

By now there are 22 records of "Gravy Waltz;" the teenagers are lapping them up. The best seller is by the Steve Allen orchestra, under Donn Trenner's direction, on Dot. Ray Brown takes it all in stride while concentrating on a more important challenge: he wants to shoot a par golf game. He already shoots in the seventies.

He also makes albums of his own: a delightful example is "Ray Brown Big Band," featuring Cannonball Adderley, on Verve 8444. Switching from bass to 'cello, he cut a unique set entitled "Ray Brown Jazz 'Cello" a couple of years ago (Verve 68390). Highly recommended to all gravy waltzers.

Incidentally, the other night I heard what was probably the most knocked-out version of Ray's hit ever sung. The performer was Ella Fitzgerald, who from 1948 to 1962 was Mrs. Ray Brown. They have a son, 13, who lives in Beverly Hills with his mother; Ella informs me that Ray Brown Jr. is developing unusual talent as a drummer. Maybe he can get into this songwriting game, too. I have a good title suggestion for his first hit: "Son of Gravy Waltz."

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Bill Evans, "Interplay" (Riverside 445). The lyrical beauty of Evans' piano beguilingly teamed with Freddie Hubbard's tasteful trumpet and Jim Hall's sensitive guitar. An original title number and five standard tunes.

Life With Feather

Jazz and the Integration Crisis

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz," Crown Publishers)

The recent wave of racial demonstrations throughout the U.S. may have many repercussions in the world of popular music and jazz.

For the most part racial relationships among jazz musicians themselves have been, on the surface, better than in almost any other profession. Negroes and whites work together constantly in recording studios, night clubs and concerts. The combos of Dave Brubeck, George Shearing, Gerry Mulligan, Charlie Byrd, Stan Getz for years have included at least one Negro member; those of Miles Davis, Cannonball Adderley, Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Rollins, Charlie Mingus have used at least one white musician for extended periods.

Among the big bands, Count Basie currently has a white trumpet player, as does Duke Ellington; Maynard Ferguson's band has had a mixed line-up for years; Stan Kenton has a Negro girl singer; and Benny Goodman, who pioneered at this sort of thing, almost always includes Negro talent. Harry James' band is all-white; Woody Herman has used a number of Negro artists but happens to have none at the moment. Les Brown, incredibly, has never hired a Negro sideman in almost 30 years as a leader.

What the NAACP has been complaining about, though, is the situation in the mass media and at the executive level. I can speak with authority, for on three different occasions in the past few years I have been consulted about major musical TV shows for which a key figure was required as bandleaders and-or master of ceremonies. Each time, I suggested the man who, by every logical yardstick, would be the perfect choice, and for whom all sponsors would clamor were he white: Duke Ellington. Each time I received the identical evasion: "Of course we'd love to, but the ad agency (or the client) wouldn't hear of it."

I have had similar experiences in recommending Negro singers or musicians for various movies, TV shows and other jobs. As Jack Gould recently observed in the New York Times, for every Ed Sullivan who makes liberal use of Negro talent there are numberless producers who tacitly omit Negroes to avoid alleged commercial complications.

After more than a quarter century in and around jazz, I have also become cynical about some white musicians who, for all their goodwill and assurances that "I don't care what color a man is as long as he can play," fail to take any active part in securing better general conditions for their brothers. When the chips are down and a [illegible] withdrew his sponsorship from a local radio station because it was running public service announcements dedicated to brotherhood!

The readers my find it hard to believe that even in jazz the Negro is at a disadvantage. He may notice that in a few employment areas Negroes may be preferred and whites subjected to reverse prejudice; but what he doesn't see is the manipulation at the networks, the Jim Crow hotels and restaurants during road tours, the lies and evasions at the realtor's office when the musician wants to buy a home. And he doesn't see all those good jobs going to members of the white unions in cities that still have two segregated A.F. of M. locals.

How can a Belafonte or a Sammy Davis Jr. complain, I'm sometimes asked, when he earns tens of thousands of dollars a week? The answer is simple: he would rather earn much less and have more freedom, including his own weekly, nationally sponsored TV show. Under the present anti-American condition, if he makes $50,000 a week that's still something he can't buy. And that, among other reasons, is why we are having those demonstrations.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Woody Herman; "Encore, the Best Band of the Year" (Philips 600-092). A gas of a sesion, recorded live at Basin Street West, in Los Angeles.

JULY 20, 1963

SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Jazz And Integration

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Ellington

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SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

A New Book Of The Blues

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

Ever since the birth of jazz it has been claimed intermittently that no reliable method exists for writing this music down, and that in the absence of accurate notation the only way it can really be documented is through records.

This, of course, is a half-truth. Admittedly, many of the subtleties of improvisation involve the spontaneous creation of mathematical subdivisions of time, as well as nuances of timbre and phrasing, that are virtually impossible to translate under our present system of musicology.

ORCHESTRATED JAZZ faces a less serious problem: given a group of musicians with any kind of feeling for the idiom, it is usually possible for them to sight-read with accuracy and a modicum of feeling any jazz arrangement put in front of them.

Probably one of the hardest forms to notate is the blues song. Most vocal folk blues, the product of unlettered performers who in many cases made up both melody and lyrics as they went along, have to be subjected to more or less arbitrary decisions when they are put on paper.

THERE HAVE BEEN a number of blues books in the past, notably an anthology by W. C. Handy, and more recently Jerry Silverman's "Folk Blues" (Macmillan), but the most impressive effort of its kind to date is "The Book Of The Blues," Leeds Music Corp., 301 pp., $7.50, edited by Kay Shirley and annotated by Frank Driggs. The latter has provided brief histories of the songs and their composers, along with staggering lengthy lists of recordings. Guitar chord diagrams are used throughout.

John Hammond and Orrin Keepnews, of Columbia and Riverside Records respectively, wrote introductions for the book, which includes 100 compositions of both urban and country origin, written by such early figures as Big Bill Broonzy and Spencer Williams, as well as a few pop songwriters.

RECORD OF THE WEEK: It need hardly be added that Mahalia Jackson remains to the gospel field what Ella Fitzgerald is to pop singing. Her latest album, recorded live during her European concert tour, has been released on Columbia CS8526.

The titles include "Cherry Red," "Cow Cow Blues," "Pine Top's Blues," "Squeeze Me," "Tain't Nobody's Bizness," "West End Blues." I recommend the book without reservation to anyone and everyone interested in studying the blues form.

RECORDS: The so-called pop gospel trend has produced a rash of new releases involving a number of groups, all approximately equal in exuberance though not in conviction or musical value. Most of the live performances by the three groups on "Introducing the Sweet Chariot" (Columbia CS 8861) produce a brand of vocal performance that rapidly loses interest. One of the groups in this album has a whole LP to itself entitled "Shoutin', Wailin', Hard-Drivin' Pop Gospel" by the Sweet Chariot Singers, Columbia CS 8862.

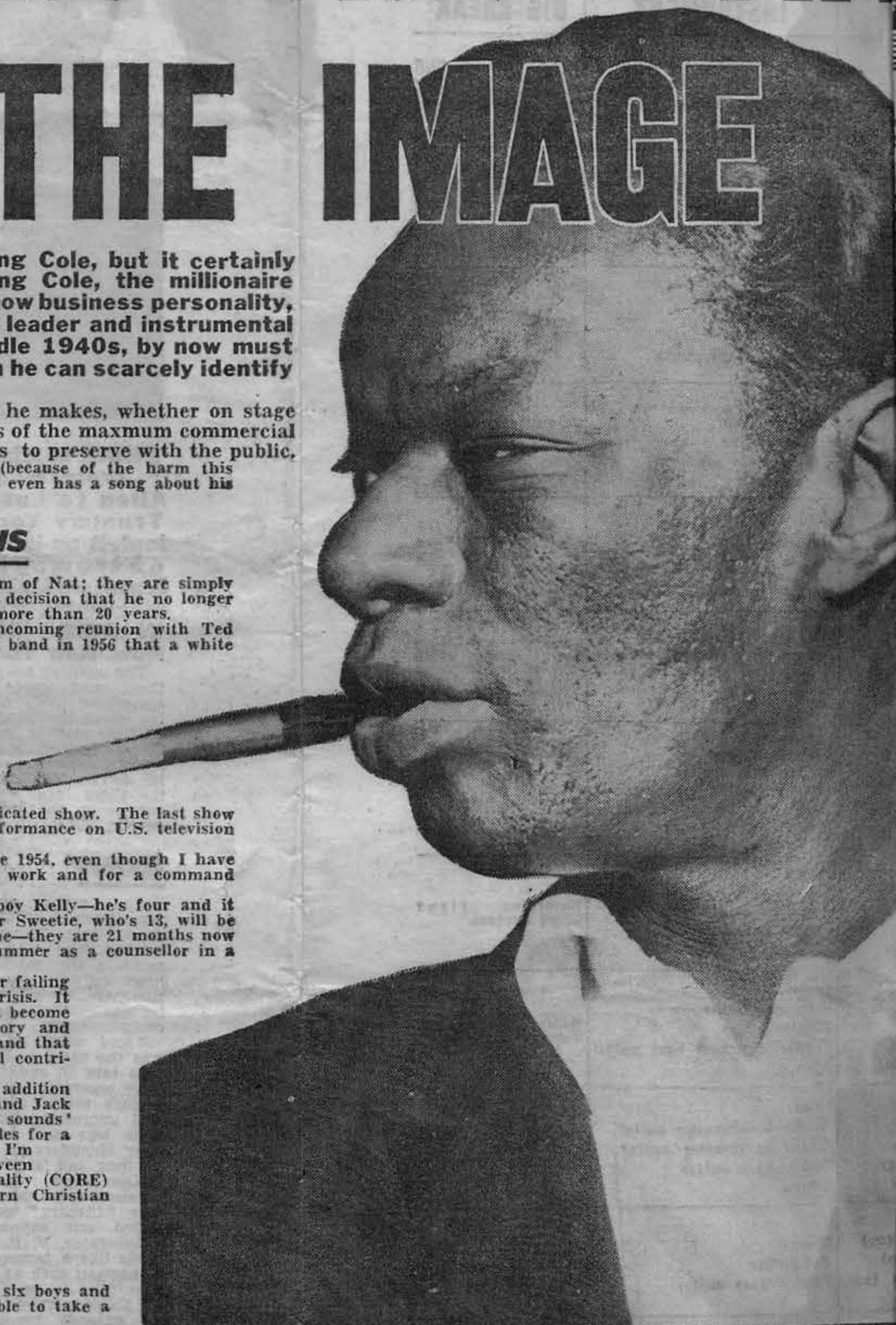
The celebrated Ward Singers, now in residence at Disneyland, have an album recorded at the park on Vista 3318. Bessie Griffin, one of the most powerful and impressive lead voices among the newer groups, is featured with the Gospel Pearls in a set on Liberty 3310. The most consistently satisfying gospel group on records, it seems to me, is the Staple Singers Quartet, composed of a father, son and two daughters. Mavis Staples is an inspiring lead contralto and the group achieves consistent excitement in "Hammer and Nails," Riverside 3501.

NAT COLE—THE MAN BEHIND THE IMAGE

SUCCESS has not spoiled Nat King Cole, but it certainly has changed him. To Nat King Cole, the millionaire singer, international traveller and show business personality, the figure of King Cole, pianist, trio leader and instrumental award winner of the early and middle 1940s, by now must seem like some distant figure whom he can scarcely identify as himself.

NAT today is big business. Every move he makes, whether on stage or in his office, is made in calculated terms of the maxmum commercial value or in terms of the "image" he wishes to preserve with the public.

Not only does he refuse to play more piano (because of the harm this might do to his conception of the image), he now even has a song about his reasons for not playing piano.



RACIAL CRISIS

I am not offering these observations as criticism of Nat: they are simply facts that deserve to be reported, as is his recent decision that he no longer needs Carlos Gastel, his personal manager for more than 20 years.

The other day I discussed with Nat his forthcoming reunion with Ted Heath. It was while he was touring with Heath's band in 1956 that a white hooligan jumped on the stage and attempted to attack Nat. This happened in his native town of Birmingham, Alabama.

Despite such incidents, and despite his failure to acquire a national sponsor for his 1956-57 NBC television series, Nat is not bitter.

"They certainly should have more Negroes on TV," he told me, "but I'm not anxious to get into a regular series situation. It ties you down too much. There is lots of money in a syndicated show. The last show I did in England was given its fourth repeat performance on U.S. television last Sunday night.

"This will be my first real tour of Britain since 1954, even though I have been back there a couple of times for television work and for a command performance.

"This time I'm going to take along my little boy Kelly—he's four and it will be a great experience for him. My daughter Sweetie, who's 13, will be going too, but we will be leaving the twins at home—they are 21 months now—and also Cookie. She's 18 and spending the summer as a counsellor in a camp."

Nat has been criticised in some Negro circles for failing to take any direct action in the current racial crisis. It is his opinion, though, that performers should not become politicians, that the trips south by Dick Gregory and others did not necessarily accomplish anything, and that he can play his part by making major financial contributions.

"When I get back from England," he said, "in addition to taping special TV shows with Judy Garland and Jack Paar, I'll be taking out my own show 'Sights and sounds' for a 15-week tour, and when we reach Los Angeles for a show on August 8th at the Shrine Auditorium, I'm going to divide all proceeds of the concert between the NAACP, the Congress on Racial Equality (CORE) and Dr Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

INNOVATION

"We have twelve singers in the show, six boys and six girls. I hope some day I may be able to take a show like this to England. Meanwhile, we have something of an innovation coming up. We're going to take the entire show into the Latin Casino in Philadelphia for three weeks, which is very unusual for the night club business."

HOLLYWOOD EXCLUSIVE from LEONARD FEATHER on the eve of Cole's tou[r]

While in Britain, Nat will also do a BBC programme with the Ted Heath band, a virtual one-man show of the type apparently not accessible to him through American television media.

Ironically, it is in Britain, where there is neither a language barrier nor a colour barrier, that he seems to have found the most comprehensive range of outlets for his talents.

Among Nat's closest friends nowadays are song publishers and business executives. One of them is handling the independent record company he formed last year (his own recordings do not, of course, appear on his KC label); another will take over in the running of his own management organisation when the association with Gastel ends on December 31.

He maintains little contact offstage with the combo of musicians who are part of his travelling entourage. Recently he sent them a notification that they would be on five weeks' vacation.

While they are compensating for the sudden worklessness by trying to find record sessions and other freelance jobs around town, Nat is relaxing with the charming Maria and their children in their handsome Los Angeles home.

EXCEPTION

Nat Cole is a reserved, sometimes aloof, always dignified figure who commands the respect of millions. He has long known exactly what he wanted, and today he has almost everything a man in his position can secure, with one obvious exception.

TO THOSE WHO DECRY THE LOSS OF KING COLE AND THE HINES-STYLE PIANO AND THE TRIO AND THE PASSION FOR MUSIC, ONE CAN ONLY POINT OUT THAT FROM NAT'S POINT OF VIEW, JAZZ'S LOSS IS SHOW BUSINESS'S GAIN.

MELODY MAKER - JULY 6, 1963

In jazzier days—the original KING COLE trio

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YOLANDE BAVAN at the high spots

by LEONARD FEATHER

AT LEFT: Yolande Bavan, and (below) in full voice with jazz vocalists Dave Lambert (on her right) and Jon Hendricks during an engagement at the Jazz Gallery in New York City.

SHE'S AMERICA'S SOLE CEYLONESE JAZZ SINGER

THE latest and most piquant example of how jazz can draw diverse peoples together is Yolande Bavan, the 27-year-old singer from Colombo, Ceylon, who last year took the place of British-born singer, Annie Ross, in a trio then known as Lambert, Hendricks and Ross.

A tiny, eloquent girl with a typically clipped Indian-type British accent, Yolande is constantly surprising herself with unexpected abilities.

She surprised herself when, after going to England in 1956 to work as a singer, she was offered a part in a television play. "But I'm not an actress," she protested. Reluctantly she took the job, and it turned out she WAS an actress, remaining on the stage or before the television cameras for a couple of years. She appeared with the Old Vic company playing Cleopatra in the George Bernard Shaw play.

SHE SURPRISED herself again when, after Dave Lambert happened to hear her sing one high note, to a Dizzy Gillespie record, during a party in London, she was invited to join Lambert and Jon Hendricks in their highly sophisticated jazz trio.

"But I can't — I'm not a jazz singer," she told Hendricks over the transatlantic telephone.

The non-jazz singer, persuaded to the contrary, secured an emergency visa, flew across, and was on the stage with the trio in Schenectady the very same night, without a moment's rehearsal. U.S., audiences found the sight of the saree-clad singer unique and delightful.

AMERICAN AUDIENCES ★★★★

She has been disappointed, however, with the attitude of the music audiences in America: "America doesn't treat jazz as well as I expected. Sometimes musicians have to wait until they're dead to be remembered.

"I LOVE JAZZ, but I don't like the surroundings, the things that happen around jazz. They make it distasteful for people who don't know the music. It leads them to think that when they see me. I'll have the split skirt up to here, and the long vigarette holder....and they see things on the TV, people getting drunk and all with a jazz background. It reminds me of the way people think of India; they think of the maharajah sitting on a throne, yet there are not too many maharajahs in India, but there's an awful lot of poverty."

MUSIC & HOSTILITY ★★★★

There are many artists in America, Yolande added, who make things bad for themselves: "They have chips on their shoulders. I have never had that defensive feeling, and I don't think it should be grafted onto an art form."

"Agreed," I said, "but some angry young people feel music is a fitting place to bring out hostility, aggression......"

"It can be done, sure; but not while you're working in a club, you can't be hostile. People are funny. I'm always worried about representing my country. and I have this constantly in mind. Because if I do something, they're not going to say Yolande Bavan did this or that; they'll say "A Ceylonese girl did this.

"I don't think anyone need worry about how you represent your country," I said. "The only question is, will you continue to represent it as a singer?"

SINGING OR ACTING? ★★★★

"SINGING is a great experience, but I found acting more rewarding and I'll probably go back to it. Maybe on ballads, on Gershwin or Harold Arlen songs, I feel I can manage, because when I left Ceylon I set out to be that kind of a singer. But this trio ......! Having sung alto in the school choir, I knew I could sing low, but now I'm an octave and a half above where I thought I could go. But still, I'm always thinking to myself what if I open my mouth and nothing comes out?

"Honestly," said the only Indian! girl jazz singer, a member of America's. No. 1 jazz vocal group. "I still don't think I can sing."

(INDIA) CEYLON SUNDAY TIMES JUNE 30TH

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THE TIME

WHEN the police dogs of Bull Connor snap at Negro children marching for their freedom in the streets of Birmingham; when the President of the United States calls upon the nation to right the long-standing wrongs suffered by our Negro citizens and by those of other minority groups; when Americans round a century of Emancipation in which there has been no true emancipation; it is time for artists of the motion picture, radio and television industries to join their fellow citizens in the struggle to secure for Negroes, as for all other Americans, the simple basic rights which are guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.

WE believe that respect for the dignity of all men and women must be recognized throughout our entertainment industry, among its artists and craftsmen, its labor and management, its guilds and unions.

WE believe further that there exists a great, silent reservoir of good-will that has not yet been mustered, partly because it has not found a common voice with which to speak, and partly out of individual fear, self-censorship, or reticence.

WE believe the time has come for us to express that good-will in a strong and common way, for white men of good-will to find each other and, in concert with those of other races, to change the face of our entertainment industry, not because it has become politically or economically expedient to do so, but because it is right.

WE believe that the selfishness, ignorance, fear or simple carelessness which, whether by omission or design, has been responsible for discrimination in our industry, is in the past. We wish to acknowledge that it has existed and continues to exist and resolve that we shall bring it to an end and go on from there.

WE believe that we must create a new tomorrow today and that we are capable of correcting our own mis-

STANLEY ADAMS
JAY ADLER
WALLACE THOMSON ALBERTSON
STEVE ALLEN
EDWARD ASNER
JAMES ARKATOV
INA BALIN
SY BARTLETT
ARNOLD BELGARD
BLUMA BELGARD
GENE BENTON
POLLY BERGEN
MR. AND MRS. ALAN BERGMAN
WHITNEY BLAKE
WILLIAM BLOOM
MARGARET BLY
RAY BRADBURY
DAN T. BRADLEY

MARLON BRANDO
ROBERT BRAY
BENNY CARTER
VERA CASPARY
ROBERT CLEAVES
ROBERT COHN
RUDY COLE
TWILA WANG COLE
BETTY CONNOR
JACK COOPER
MAXINE COOPER
OLIVER CRAWFORD
BILL DANA
SAMMY DAVIS, JR.
JANET DUDLEY
JOHN DUNKEL
PHILIP DUNNE
CHANA EDEN
BLAKE EDWARDS
FRED ENGEL

EVELYN EVANS
RAY EVANS
LEONARD FEATHER
JACK X. FIELDS
MICHAEL FOX
ANTHONY FRANCIOSA
JUDY FRANCIOSA
GERALD FRIED
VIRGIL FRYE
MARTHA FULLER
BEN GAZZARA
DORIS GELBERT
ADELE GEORGE
BARBARA GOLDING
DAVID GOLDING
JOHN H. GOLTZ
SY GOMBERG
GILBERT GREEN
ED GROSSMAN
GEORGIA HANNI

CURTIS HARRINGTON
TEMPLE HATTON
GEORGE HAUPTMAN
CHARLTON HESTON
MARSHA HUNT
CALVIN JACKSON
ARTHUR P. JACOBS
JULIUS ROBERT JOHNSON
IKE JONES
MICHAEL J. KANE
ANNA KAREN
HAL KATZ
BRUCE KAY
ROSEMARY KAY
JOHN T. KELLEY
TONI KIMMEL
BURT LANCASTER
JOSEPH LANDON
BERNICE S. LAWSON
LINDA LAWSON

IS NOW . . .

takes. In this spirit we call upon ourselves and upon our colleagues to resolve these simply stated things:

1. As employers and employees, as guilds and unions within the entertainment and communications industries, to insist upon and institute procedures whereby equal opportunity for employment shall be guaranteed to Negroes and to members of all minority groups.
2. As artists, to present an honest and realistic image of the Negro as he exists in modern American society, one in nine, bad and good, rich and poor, ubiquitous in metropolitan and rural America, a person taking his equal place in the society he shares.
3. As individuals, to be alert to any injustices against any minority group, and to assume individual responsibility to correct them or to bring them to the attention of those who can.

WE writers can include in our scripts roles for Negroes that reflect their natural, equal life-roles in every-day America.

WE actors can insist upon sharing the microphone and screen with Negro actors.

WE producers and directors can, in our management of production, ensure an equitable and accurate place for Negroes in each project.

WE members of the creative guilds can insist that our entire industry follow the example we have set within our guilds and integrate in a full, not token, way. And we call upon all Studio heads to do the same.

FINALLY, we call upon those who finance, those who sponsor, those who distribute our artistic product to join in the crusade against discrimination.

LET us all, let Hollywood which has led opinion in so many ways over the years, lead now by its example.

AND THIS WE RESOLVE TO DO.

JOANNA LEE
ERNEST LEHMAN
AL LEWIS
EDWARD LEWIS
ROBERT W. LIGHT
EDUARDO MADERAS
SIG MAITLES
GERTRUDE MARKS
GERSON MARKS
JERRY H. MARKUS
BARBARA LUNA McCLURE
DOUG McCLURE
PAT MEMSIC
LAWRENCE MENKIN
DAVID MILLER
NATE MONASTER
EASON MONROE
THOMAS G. NEUSOM
PAUL NEWMAN
MARIANNA NEWTON
R. H. S. NEWTON
ALEX NORTH
SHERLE NORTH
MICHAEL PARKS
SARAH JANE PAXTON
FRANK R. PIERSON
NOAM PITLIK
JAMES S. POLLAK
CLINT POWELL
ROBERT PRESNELL, JR.
ANDRE PREVIN
DAVID RAKSIN
CHARLES REDUS
FRANCES REY
MARTIN RITT
DAVIS ROBERTS
JEROME ROSS
JANICE RULE
BARBARA RUSH
JOHN RUST
LEO SALKIN
ALBERT SAPAROFF
LAURENCE SCHWAB
ROSE SERBER
JACK SHER
ABBIE SHUFORD
GEORGE SLAFF
ART SMITH
ROBERT H. SOLO
MILTON SPERLING
CAROL STAGER
SHELDON STARK
FRED H. STEINMETZ
STEWART STERN
JOSEPH STRICK
MAXINE STUART
ARTHUR L. SWERDLOFF
EDITH L. SWERDLOFF
BEN TAYLOR
EMANUEL THOMAS
MADELINE THOMPSON
LEE TRAINOR
TURNLEY WALKER
MR. AND MRS. DAVID G. WALLER
EARL L. WALTER
MILDRED P. WALTER
WALTER N. WATTS
MAX WEINBERG
JAMES WHITMORE
MRS. IRVING L. WIEDER
PATRICIA WILLARD
ROBERT W. WILLIAMS
ALAN WOODS
JOANNE WOODWARD
NEDRICK YOUNG

DAILY VARIETY – JULY 17, 1963

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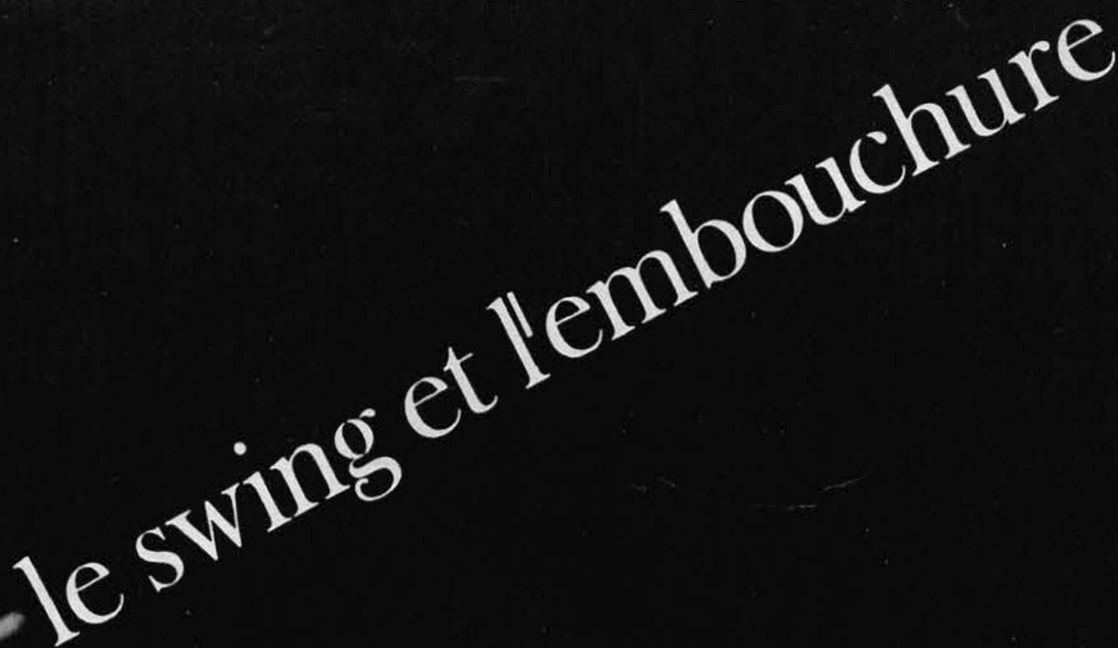

le swing et l'embouchure

Initiation au jazz par Leonard Feather

La trompette, le trombone et la clarinette furent les seuls instruments à vent utilisés lors des débuts de la musique négro-américaine. Les saxophones ténor, alto et baryton leur furent progressivement adjoints et, vers la fin des années vingt, ceux-là conquirent un indiscutable droit de cité dans l'orchestre de jazz. En revanche, aussi curieux que cela paraisse, il n'y eut rien qui, à de très rares exceptions près, ressemblât à une flûte dans l'instrumentation jazziste, et cela jusque vers le milieu des années cinquante. La faible puissance sonore de l'instrument,

Jazz Magazine

les clés le swing et l'embouchure

son expressivité réduite aussi, en sont très certainement la cause.
Le premier flûtiste de quelque importance fut Wayman Carver, musicien de Portsmouth (Virginie), dont l'oncle avait été flûtiste et chef d'un orchestre municipal. Carver choisit la flûte dans les années vingt et se tourna ensuite vers le saxophone, acquérant une petite célébrité dans l'orchestre de Benny Carter. C'est en des faces gravées au début de 1933 — avec un orchestre réuni par Carter pour le compositeur et chef d'orchestre anglais Spike Hughes — que Wayman Carver fit un important usage de la flûte, à la fois dans les parties collectives et les solos. Plus tard, Carver joua occasionnellement des chorus de flûte au sein de la formation de Chick Webb (entre 1934 et 1939) puis, à partir de 1940, sombra dans l'obscurité. Il a aujourd'hui délaissé la scène du jazz pour se consacrer à l'enseignement de la musique au « Clark College » d'Atlanta.
Au cours des années quarante, la seule tentative qui, sur la flûte, ait revêtu quelque importance, est constituée par une version de « Caravan » gravée en 1944 par l'orchestre de Ray Linn. Le solo de flûte était l'œuvre de Harry Klee, aujourd'hui musicien fort apprécié à Hollywood.
Son véritable départ jazziste, la flûte, l'a pris en 1953, presque simultanément sur les côtes est et ouest, grâce aux efforts respectifs de Frank Wess et Bud Shank. Frank Wess jouait de la flûte à Washington depuis 1949 mais ce ne fut qu'après juin 1953, mois au cours duquel il se joignit à Count Basie, que son style à la fois aérien et incisif lui valut une réputation qui ne s'est pas démentie depuis lors. De même, Bud Shank, alors altiste chez Howard Rumsey, s'était livré à quelques expériences de flûte dans l'orchestre de Stan Kenton, entre 1950 et 1951, avant que son premier enregistrement avec un groupe West Coast n'attire l'attention sur ce second aspect de son talent. En dépit de sa maîtrise technique sur cet instrument, Bud Shank n'en a que très rarement joué au cours de ces dernières années, préférant se consacrer à l'alto.
La publicité accordée aux tentatives de Wess et Shank, leur réussite sur le plan esthétique, eurent pour conséquence l'accroissement rapide du nombre des saxophonistes adoptant la flûte comme second instrument. Vers la fin de l'année 1956, le nombre des nouveaux venus sur la flûte étant plus important que celui des jeunes clarinettistes, la revue "Down Beat" décida de créer une catégorie spéciale dans son référendum annuel. Le premier vainqueur fut Bud Shank qui battait de peu Herbie Mann.
Herbie Mann fut le premier flûtiste leader d'une formation de jazz. Profondément intéressé par les musiques du monde entier, soucieux de renouveler constamment la sonorité de son groupe en s'en inspirant, Herbie Mann est depuis six ans le flûtiste de jazz le plus célèbre des Etats-Unis. Son goût pour l'exotisme — il possède une collection qui groupe plus de vingt flûtes provenant de toutes les parties du globe — n'a pas manqué de captiver l'intérêt du public américain toujours à l'affût de nouveauté.
Autre formation qui fit un usage précoce de la flûte : le Chico Hamilton Quintet. Le premier flûtiste du groupe fut Buddy Collette, musicien versatile également à son aise sur la

clarinette et le ténor. Paul Horn suivit ses traces, qui aujourd'hui dirige son propre combo et se livre à une importante activité cinématographique. Entre 1958 et 1959, le flûtiste du groupe fut Eric Dolphy, l'un des jazzmen en qui certains voient l'une des valeurs du jazz de demain.

Dizzy Gillespie, volontiers supporter de toute innovation, a introduit plusieurs flûtistes dans son quintette. Parmi ceux-ci : Les Spann, mieux connu comme guitariste; Leo Wright, soliste très original doté d'une technique poussée ainsi que d'une inspiration très personnelle ; James Moody enfin qui joua du ténor dans le grand orchestre de Gillespie vers 1948 puis adopta la flûte, obtenant sur cet instrument des résultats impressionnants, surtout sur le plan de la sonorité, très personnelle parce que chaude et pleine.

L'un des reproches souvent adressés aux flûtistes de jazz vise leur tendance à ne pas chercher un style qui soit spécifique à la flûte et à se contenter d'adapter leur langage habituel de saxophoniste. En de nombreux cas, ce reproche est parfaitement fondé mais il existe aujourd'hui plusieurs musiciens auxquels cette réserve ne peut s'appliquer. Paul Horn, déjà cité, est parvenu à créer un langage et une sonorité avec l'aide des moyens propres à cet instrument ; Yusef Lateef aussi, préoccupé comme Herbie Mann par l'exotisme.

Le style le plus personnel, souvent brodé d'humour, est celui créé par Roland Kirk, extravagant personnage dont les solos « song-flute » ne laissent pas d'étonner, intrigants qu'ils sont par l'unisson voix-souffle : un peu à la manière de Slam Stewart, Kirk fredonne les lignes mélodiques qu'il joue. En dehors de cet étrange procédé, Kirk est un excellent flûtiste lorsqu'il se décide à jouer d'une manière plus conventionnelle.

Parmi les autres flûtistes de quelque renom, il y a lieu de citer Dick Healey, membre de l'ancien « Australian Jazz Quintet »; Sam Most, soliste inventif au jeu très véloce : Ralph Gari qui, après quelques mois d'activité dans les cercles du jazz, est retourné à la variété ; Jerome Richardson qui, en dehors de son activité de saxophoniste ténor et de flûtiste, enregistra le premier solo de piccolo de l'histoire du jazz (Hi-Fi Suite, 1956) ; Dave Newman, soliste de Ray Charles ; Moe Koffman, instrumentiste canadien ; et le regretté Bobby Jaspar.

De nos jours, la flûte occupe une position comparable à celle de la clarinette dans les années trente. Elle possède une place importante sur la scène du jazz et certains instrumentistes tentent de combler le retard de son incorporation à l'art qui nous occupe en cherchant à en exploiter toutes les possibilités. La sonorité mince et tendue de la flûte était encore inconnue aux oreilles des amateurs de jazz des années quarante. Aujourd'hui, elle appartient au domaine de l'habituel. On peut même songer qu'un jour un musicien soucieux de nouveauté l'associera à une formation Dixieland. Qui sait si le jazz traditionnel qui, pour notre joie à tous, a la vie dure, ne connaîtrait-il pas ainsi une troisième jeunesse ?

Leonard FEATHER.
(Traduction Nelly HEROUT).

SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC
DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Laughter From The Hip

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz," Crown Publishers)

Contrary to the impression sometimes given by certain overpublicized minorities, most contemporary musicians are neither fumbling illiterates nor humorless eggheads. Many, in the vast area between these extremes, are hip, witty characters, as I hope the following random examples will show:

Not long ago, after Stan Getz had hit pay dirt with the Jazz Samba album that started the whole bossa nova movement in this country, he was chatting with a friend at the 1963 Awards banquet in New York of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. The friend extended his congratulations to Getz, whose record of "Desafinado" from the album had just been awarded a "Grammy." Poking him in the ribs, he added, "Hey, Stan, you're getting big as a house, man. How much have you put on?"

GETZ BEAMED and replied: "Oh . . . about thirty thousand dollars."

David Raksin, the Hollywood composer-conductor, is best known as the writer of "Laura" and almost equally respected for his fast way with a word. On one celebrated occasion he he had an encounter with Hugo Friedofer, a talented but irascible composer. Ford a while, Raksin noticed, Friedhofer had been unusually quiet and very kindly toward everyone. But then one day at a meeting he finally let go at some character of whom he disapproved, tore him to verbal shreds and left the pieces lying around the conference table. Then he pointed directly at Raksin as if ready to take him on as a verbal opponent. Raksin looked him straight in the eye and observed: "Hugo . . . somebody has been putting umbrage in your Miltown!"

EDDIE CONDON, the veteran guitarist and symbol of Dixieland jazz, once called columnist Robert Sylvester to tell him that he needed tickets for a very popular musical, as he expected a 65-year-old aunt on a visit to New York.

"It'll be very difficult," he was told. "But if it's that important to you, you could go to the speculators and maybe pick up a seat for $50."

Condon thought this over.

"No," he decided at last. "After all, she's only 65."

Duke Ellington is well known as a master of conversational tact. Once he attended a luncheon at which Prof. Marshall Stearns, head of the Institute of Jazz Studies, introduced him to writer James T. Maher. Ellington graciously acknowledged the introduction, without showing any sign that he recognized Maher.

"You know, Duke," said Stearns, "I've been introducing you to Jim once a year for at least the last five years."

Without losing a beat, Ellington smiled and replied, "Yes, and it's been a greater pleasure every time."

Managers can be funny too. Marthda Glaser, Erroll Garner's perennial protector, was informed by an impresario that he had arranged for a fine new piano to be brought in for Gardner's next concert. "It's a six-foot concert grand," he boasted.

With a straight face, Martha said, "I'm sorry, but Erroll's only five feet three."

Flustered, the impresario said, "Well, I'll see what we can do about exchanging it."

JOHNNY PARKER, the bandleader on the Arthur Godfrey show, tells the story of a friend named Silvio Sprigato, a pianist, who died a few months ago. Sprdigato made a deal to open with his trio at a New York club, but being a gypsy at heart he changed his mind and began to make plans for a trip to Florida.

When he failed to show up on the job, the club manager called the Sprigato home in a towering rage. Silvio placed a handkerchief over the mouthpiece and in a heavily disguised voice stated: "Silvio is not here. . . He has gone far away. . . We don't know when he'll be back."

The manager, not entirely satisfied by this explanation, asked: "Who am I speaking to, please?"

Silvio immediately gave birth to a new legend by replying: "This is my father."

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Don Byas With Springs—"April In Paris" (Battle 6121). Recorded in Paris with the 50-year-old expatriate tenor saxophonist, whose sound is as warm and gentle as ever.

August 3, 1963

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Life With Feathers

Gospel According To Pearl Bailey

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz," Crown Publishers)

Miss Pearl Bailey, whose incomplete image with the general public is that of a comedienne, has a few cogent thoughts about the current "pop gospel" trend.

Despite her association with humorous material material, Miss Bailey has a background as a night club singer and band vocalist and is a skillful interpreter of any kind of song, from the dramatic "Suppertime" to a ballad like "Come Rain or Come Shine" or a jazz standard like "Gee Ain't I Good To You." Gospel songs, it should hardly be necessary to add, come well within her extensive range.

The other evening I visited Pearl at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles, Ambassador Hotel. Incidentally, I noticed her brother-in-law, Tony Bellson, playing drums in the show. Louis Bellson has temporarily rejoined the Duke Ellington band in which he worked before he and Pearl were married in 1952; Ellington is in Chicago in the big "Century of Negro Progress" show.

I asked Pearl for her views on Mahalia Jackson's widely syndicated condemnation of the "blasphemous" use of gospel music in night clubs.

"Mahalia Jackson is a wonderful artist and I have the greatest respect for her," she replied, "but I disagree on this point.

"I've been singing this kind of music myself since I was eight. My father, who is now 80 years old, is a minister. My brother Bill, too, became a minister for a while. And as far as I'm concerned, I think night club audiences NEED to hear a little more about the Lord."

"Have you ever heard any complaints about 'Eli Eli' being sung in a night club? That's a religious song too.

"I enjoy hearing gospel music performed for a large, appreciative audience of people who might not ordinarily get to hear it. For instance, I went to hear the Ward Singers at Disneyland, and they thrilled me."

Gospel music, Miss Bailey added, is supposed to be jubilant and happy, a reminder of the Biblical invocation to "make a joyful noise unto the Lord."

"We used to dance to that kind of music when we were kids. And don't forget, they had some pretty swinging bands in those churches, and still do.

"Naturally I don't approve of twisting or doing anything disrespectful to this music; but if it's sung in the spirit that was originally intended, then the more different places it can be heard in the better."

"As long as you feel that way," I said, "and as long as you have the appropriate background, why haven't you made some gospel records?"

"Funny you should ask," said Miss Bailey, reaching into a 12x12 envelope. "Listen to this. We recorded it last Monday."

For the next 40 minutes I was treated to a preview of the unique Bailey sound applied not only to such standard gospel favorites as "Ezekiel Saw The Wheel," "That Old Time Religion" and "Standing In The Need of Prayer," but also to straightforward and beautiful interpretations of "Ave Maria" and the waltz "Peace on Earth."

"I got a wonderful feeling of exuberance making this album," said Pearl.

So, I might add, did I while listening to it. Veteran Bailey fans, who at this point may be a trifle tired of "Tired" and perhaps find "New Shoes" old hat, will be delighted to hear in this Gospel Pearl a different aspect of her great talent. It'll be out soon on Roulette. Watch for it, and don't spend your money on second-rate gospel albums in the meanwhile.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: — Miles Davis Sextet — "Seven Steps to Heaven" (Columbia CS 8851). Magnificent Miles moods with, among others, Victor Feldman on Piano.

103

By Leonard Feather

Red Norvo - Jazz with Finesse

Jazz in its first evolutionary years was an unweeded garden. Its exponents for the most part were relatively unlettered men with limited technical scope and little reading ability. It was not until the late 1920's that the first great virtuosi began to bring this idiom effectively beyond the folk music class. Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter and Buster Bailey were among these pioneers. Among the handful of artists of that day who can claim to have concerned themselves with the musical developments of each era, and to have worked with continuous success through all these phases, Red Norvo stands very close to the top of the list.

A professional musician from 1925, Norvo came to international attention as a jazzman after he recorded, in 1933, two solos on the xylophone, an instrument never previously employed in jazz. Norvo, who switched to vibraphone in 1943, has remained the only jazz figure ever to have achieved prominence as a xylophonist.

More significantly, he has been for thirty years a symbol of the unhurried, gently swinging approach to improvisation, and has been the leader of many small groups, and one memorable orchestra, that succeeded in translating this style into ensemble terms.

Red was born Kenneth Norville on March 31, 1908, in Beardstown, Illinois, the youngest of four children and the only redhead in the family. "Father was a railroad man," he says. "He had a pal at the station who liked to play blues piano, and that got me interested. Later this man had a music store and I used to hang around, playing all the first Fletcher Henderson records. And I heard jazz on the steamers on the Illinois River; Bix Beiderbecke and Frankie Trumbauer played on one boat out of St. Louis."

When he was eight, Red's mother sent him to the same teacher who had instructed his sister, Portia. He took a dozen lessons before the teacher realized he could not read music; Portia had been helping him memorize. At twelve, visiting his two brothers in Rollo, Missouri, he was fascinated by a xylophonist at a local theater. Soon, by selling a treasured pony and saving slowly, he was able to buy his first xylophone for $135. By his third year in high school he was playing for the weekly assembly. During the spring vacation in his senior year he went to Chicago with a small group assembled by a classmate, Dorothy Green. In Chicago he met an agent, Jack Tebo, who launched his professional career soon after by sending him on the road with a seven-piece marimba band, Forrest Hardy's Collegians.

Twice during the next couple of years Red tried to complete his education, but music

interfered. He enrolled at the University of Illinois, but was immediately called away for a vaudeville tour with the Collegians. In 1929 he enrolled at the University of Detroit, but four months later he called Tebo and landed another job.

Red's name was changed when, after the Collegians, he worked for the Paul Ash band in Chicago. Ash introduced him variously as Norvik, Norwarth and Norvo. Red decided this last was good enough to keep.

It was after he left Ash that Red was forced, for the only time in his career, to conform to what was then the vaudeville stereotype of the xylophonist as a novelty instrumentalist, complete with tight black evening pants, sash, and full sleeved blouse. He even played the *Poet and Peasant* Overture, and the pipes of his instrument were hidden by a little drape with a monogram emblazoned on it. On one number he did a tap dance routine during the breaks. This brought him considerable success for awhile on the Orpheum Circuit, where he earned as much as $650 a week. Soon after, in a Chicago vaudeville show, the *Flaming Youth Revue,* Norvo played the xylophone, tap danced and even sang. The show was on tour for eighteen months, including a visit to California.

During this time Norvo rapidly lost whatever interest he might have had in this type of music and became more and more fascinated by jazz, and friendly with its performers. Nevertheless, two or three years elapsed before he was accepted by fellow musicians as more than a curiosity; his unusual choice of an instrument undoubtedly was a primary reason.

Red spent most of 1930 in St. Paul working in radio; then for several months he worked for Victor Young in Chicago on an NBC radio series.

In those days Paul Whiteman was a consultant at NBC in Chicago. He invited Red to play on some shows he was assembling with Ferde Grofé and Roy Bargy. It was during these broadcasts that Red got to know the singer on the show, Mildred Bailey. Mutual musical and personal admiration led within a year to marriage, and the Norvos went East with Whiteman.

Settling in New York, Red fulfilled the residence requirements, filling in some time by gigging with Meyer Davis groups. He worked for another year with Whiteman, then freelanced with various groups around New York. In the fall of 1934 he assembled, for a record date, a memorable "Swing Septet" whose performances have often been reissued all over the world; his sidemen included Jack Jenney, Artie Shaw, Charlie Barnet and Teddy Wilson.

Red's days as a jazz combo leader began in earnest in 1935, when he had a pianoless group at the Hickory House on 52nd Street, featuring Dave Barbour on guitar and Eddie Sauter on mellophone. This being the dawn of the swing era, when every popular jazz soloist thought in terms of forming his own full orchestra, Red made this seemingly logical move the following year, when he and Mildred were billed as "Mr. & Mrs. Swing." Their twelve-piece band, with colorful Sauter arrangements that were far ahead of their day, had limited commercial success but left a legacy of many superb recordings from 1936 to 1939.

Mildred fell ill for awhile and Red kept the band going without her; the band recorded with her early in 1942, but not long after that Red was leading a small combo that was set for a USO overseas tour. The group spent ten weeks in a rehearsal hall and cut some fine V-Discs, featuring Ralph Burns and Flip Phillips, but the tour fell through.

Since that time Red has led every kind of combo but a bad one. He spent a couple of years as a sideman—1945 with Benny Goodman and 1946 with Woody Herman—but said he felt somewhat "drowned out" by these extrovert big band sounds.

Divorced from Mildred, he settled in California in 1947 with his second wife, Eve Rogers, the sister of Shorty Rogers, who had played in the V-Disc combo. He returned East briefly in 1949, leading a sextet that included Dick Hyman, Tony Scott and Mundell Lowe.

Probably the most memorable Norvo group in the recollection of younger present-day jazz fans, who cannot reach back to the Mildred Bailey days, is the trio he led through the 1950's. First the bassist was Charles Mingus, later Red Mitchell; the orginal guitarist was Tal Farlow, then Jimmy Raney took over. Later sidemen were Bill Dillard and Jim Wyble on guitar, Gene Wright and Red Wootten on bass. All were musicians who measured up to the high caliber always expected in a Norvo unit; they achieved many extraordinary peaks of subtlety and finesse in the brand of chamber-music jazz that has been Red's chief identification.

In January of 1954 I assembled a concert package show entitled *Jazz Club U.S.A.* and took it on an eight-country tour of Europe. This was Red's first in-person contact with overseas fans and his first extended experience with concert audiences. The results were mutually gratifying. He and Raney and Mitchell made a deep impression; not only in Scandinavia, where they already had a healthy following, and in Germany and Switzerland, where the audiences were invariably receptive, but even in Paris, where Red had not been a particular favorite and the critics had awaited him with some misgivings.

His visual personality had much to do with this conquest of the skeptics. His seemingly casual hold on the mallets, his variety of facial expressions as he dusts the vibes with them—from surprise to elation to archness, from wonder to disbelief to anger to ecstasy—all are a natural part of his personality that provide the logical parallel to his improvisational style.

Unlike almost any other prominent vibraphonist, Red does not use the motor; the sound, consequently, is closer to that of his original medium, the xylophone. Though his technique has improved steadily through the years, his basic stylistic approach has undergone few modifications; yet he is completely at ease with musicians of the various modern schools and always surrounds himself with young, stimulating talents.

As far back as 1945, when "bebop" was the most controversial word in jazz, Red used its two creators, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, as sidemen on a catalytic record session. Ever since then he has kept abreast of new trends. For the past five years he has expanded from trio to quintet format, using such admirable sidemen as Wyble on guitar, Charlie Kennedy on alto sax, Don Greif on bass and Moke Romero on drums. Occasionally his whole group, including Red, has been taken over and fronted by Benny Goodman.

Red has built a different kind of following lately, moving out of the sphere of jazz clubs and concerts to work mainly on the Lake Tahoe-Las Vegas-Hollywood circuit, often in tandem with various singers. Frank Sinatra, one of his perennial admirers, has used him in clubs and on records; Dinah Shore has featured his group on her television shows; and for the past year he has been booked jointly with Mavis Rivers. This has reminded some spectators of the memorable Norvo-Bailey team, as Mavis has traits of timbre and personality that recall Mildred in her heyday.

Though he went through some wild days in the Chicago Jazz era and lived the life of those times, Red today is a sedate, suburbanite type, never drinking or night-clubbing, preferring to spend time quietly at his Santa Monica home with his twelve-year-old-son Kevin, fifteen-year-old daughter Portia and nineteen-year-old stepson Mark. He is an expert at several hobbies such as the refinishing of furniture and the collecting of Bennington ware, pewter and Copenhagen china.

In or out of music, he can summon great determination at times. At one point the relaxed California life made him considerably overweight; a strict regimen brought him down to his present slim contours, nothing having been added in recent years except the trim red beard.

Though he neither gains nor seeks the patronage of those who equate swinging with decibel-power, Red Norvo has remained a uniquely valuable figure, in an area of jazz expression that sometimes seems in danger of being submerged under the weight of crashing drummers and billowing, bellowing tenor men. It would be an object lesson for many of today's jazzmen, as well as a treat for new audiences, were they given a chance to hear his present group at one of the jazz festivals or Eastern night clubs, if he could only be lured away from his present Western security. In 1963 as in 1933, most musicians would find that there is plenty to be learned from a study of the musical philosophy of Kenneth Norvo.

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Pearl Bailey Defends Pop Gospel

By LEONARD FEATHER
Valley Times TODAY Special Writer

Miss Pearl Bailey, whose incomplete image with the general public is that of a comedienne, has a few cogent thoughts about the current "pop gospel" trend.

Despite her association with humorous material, Miss Bailey has a background as a night club singer and band vocalist and is a skillful interpreter of any kind of song, from the dramatic "Suppertime" to a ballad like "Come Rain or Come Shine" or a jazz standard like "Gee Ain't I Good To You." Gospel songs, it should hardly be necessary to add, come well within her extensive range.

Miss Bailey

THE OTHER evening I visited Pearl at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles' Ambassador Hotel, and asked her views on Mahalia Jackson's widely syndicated condemnation of the "blasphemous" use of gospel music in night clubs.

The brunt of Miss Jackson's argument was that the pop gospel singers are "greedy, blasphemous church folk who are getting rich in the wrong way . . . the word of God is too precious to be so degraded by presenting it in a night club. These people are taking a precious thing and stepping on it. Just like the American flag stands for something, so does gospel music." Miss Jackson added, "It's almost like spitting in God's face."

Miss Bailey says she can't go along with this position.

"Mahalia Jackson is a wonderful artist and I have the greatest respect for her," she said, "but I disagree on this point.

"I've been singing this kind of music myself since I was 8. My father, who is now 80 years old, is a minister. My brother, Bill, too, became a minister for a while. And as far as I'm concerned, I think night club audiences need to hear a little more about the Lord.

"Have you ever heard any complaints about 'Eli Eli' being sung in a night club? That's a religious song too.

"I enjoy hearing gospel music performed for a large, appreciative audience of people who might not ordinarily get to hear it. For instance, I went to hear the Ward Singers at Disneyland, and they thrilled me."

GOSPEL MUSIC, Miss Bailey added, is supposed to be jubilant and happy, a reminder of the Biblical invocation to "make a joyful noise unto the Lord."

"We used to dance to that kind of music when we were kids. And don't forget, they had some pretty swinging bands in those churches, and still do.

"Naturally I don't approve of twisting or doing anything disrespectful to this music; but if it's sung in the spirit that was originally intended, then the more different places it can be heard in the better."

"As long as you feel that way," I said, "and as long as you have the appropriate background, why haven't you made some gospel records?"

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Continued on Page 9

PEARL

Continued from Page 1

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"I got a wonderful feeling of exuberance making this album," said Pearl.

So, I might add, did I while listening to it. Veteran Bailey fans, who at this point may be a trifle tired of "Tired" and perhaps find "New Shoes" old hat, will be delighted to hear in this Gospel Pearl a different aspect of her great talent. It'll be out soon on Roulette. Watch for it, and don't spend your money on second-rate gospel albums in the meanwhile.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Miles Davis Sextet — "Seven Steps to Heaven" (Columbia CS 8851). Magnificent Miles moods with, among others, Victor Feldman on piano.

("Life With Feather" can be heard Sunday nights, 8 p.m., KNOB, 98 FM)

VALLEY TIME TODAY — AUGUST 10, 1963

FM NEWS

KNOB jazz critic Leonard Feather has returned to his regular Sunday evening show, Life With Feather, at 8:10 pm. During his eight week absence from the station, Feather has been writing a book entitled "Laughter from the Hip, to be published this fall. KNOB station management has also announced an expansion of coverage of the forthcoming Monterey Jazz Festival this fall . . . with on-the-spot interviews handled by Leonard Feather, Sleepy Stein, Chuck Weisenberg, and Bob Shayne.

LADY DAY
—stirring

MELODY MAKER
AUGUST 10, 1963

In concert with Lady Day...

THIS summer is a good one for the ranks of BILLIE HOLIDAY lovers, which include most people with sympathetic ears for jazz singing, because it has brought us two Holiday albums plus a couple of tracks on the "Swing Street" set.

A few weeks ago, I reviewed "The Lady sings," a collection from the middle and late Forties which showed Billie still at the height of her powers, so far as control goes.

Now we have a live concert album—rare in the Holiday discography—made in Europe during the 1953-54 winter tour of Leonard Feather's "Jazz: USA" **(UNITED ARTISTS ULP1026).**

All this singer's work is stirring, but the different periods affect us in different ways. By 1954, the singing had lost strength and such exuberance as it once possessed; but it had even gained in rhythmic quality, and in its capacity to disturb.

On the first side of the LP—seven songs closely associated with her, all accompanied simply by piano, bass and drums—Billie was singing well for the time, though a little inconsistently.

"Blue moon", and "All of me" are only fair, and Carl Drinkard's piano is too prominent and rather too honky for this Lady.

"Them there eyes," which Billie could make into an intriguing swinger, is partly defeated by Elaine Leighton's drumming and the romping piano (good in itself but unkind to Billie's lazy timing).

It is left to "My man," "I cried for you" and "I cover the waterfront" to provide solid evidence of her uncanny ability to instil meaning into quite ordinary lyrics.

The second side presents a jam session, not distinguished aside from Billie's contributions, featuring men (and women) from the **Red Norvo** trio, **Buddy de Franco** quartet and **Beryl Booker** trio.

"Billie's blues" and "Lover come back" are the numbers, and Lady really carved into them. A pity she had so few choruses.

Throughout the album I get the feeling Billie was not in the grandest company. Some of de Franco's clarinet belongs manifestly to another musical species. All the same, the tapes making up this "**LADY LOVE**" LP were a "find."

AUGUST 17, 1963

SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Square Slant On Hip Talk

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz," Crown Publishers)

Back in 1954, preparing the first edition of the "Encyclopedia of Jazz," I included a glossary of terms used by musicians. In later editions, the glossary was omitted, mainly because so many of these words change their meaning or become obsolete very fast, and a large number of them were synthetic. As I pointed out, such terms as "licorice stick" for clarinet, the favorite with dramatic and fiction writers, never had any currency among musicians.

Though the glossary was adequate within its limitations, clearly it never reached the eyes of Harold Wentworth and Stuart Berg Flexner. They are the editors of the "Dictionary of American Slang" (Thomas Y. Crowell, 669 pp., $7.50), the book that has recently aroused controversy since a couple of Bowdler-minded pedagogues stimulated sales by objecting to its use of many terms considered tabu in polite society.

MESSRS. WENTWORTH AND FLEXNER clearly did a comprehensive and much needed job in compiling this unique work. From the overall reference standpoint, it is invaluable. Unfortunately, its chief weakness is the attempt to explain some of the misunderstood and evanescent jazz terms.

In order to understand the colorful language of the hipster musician, with its great mobility, it is almost mandatory to be a part of the jazzman's world. The editors, unable to qualify in this respect, obviously turned to second hand sources that were of little value.

For example, there was frequent recourse to the book "Satchmo—My Life in New Orleans" which, because some naive editor mangled Louis Armstrong's colorful and authentic writing style, was an inaccurate guide even in 1954 when it was first published.

THE DICTIONARY CONTAINS not a single reference to "funk" or "funky music," about which so much has been written in recent years; nor are the current fad terms "soul," "soul music," "soul food," etc., included. The editors are so uninformed they believe a combo is "usually composed of three or four members." (Actually, of course, almost all the best known combos nowadays are quintets or sextets.)

They also have a paragraph on the blues in which W. C. Handy, world famous for decades as the Father of the Blues, is not even mentioned, though there is a quotation from a book by Jelly Roll Morton, whose absurd claims to have invented jazz have long since been discounted.

Perhaps the errors of commission are even more serious than those of omission. Words that were never really common parlance among musicians are inserted. For example, in all my 30 years in music I have never heard a trombone referred to as a slush pump, a double bass as a vein, a clarinet as an agony pipe. These and other such fictions are all to be found in the Dictionary, along with gate, lick, send, hepster (sic), hipcat (sic) and jive, which, according to Wentworth and Flexner "replaced jazz to some extent ca. 1938 45, linguistically as well as musically." Either I was asleep during those seven years or the editors obtained their information from Samuel Goldwyn.

PERHAPS THE TIP-OFF to the editors' attitude toward jazz can be found in the pairing off of subjects on the cover of the book, which boasts that the contents include "more than 20,000 definitions and examples from American slang of: Food & Liquor; Movies & Theater; Circus & Carnival Life; Jazz & Sex..." Jazz is to sex as hand is to glove.

The state of jazz has been benefited not one whit from the insistence of so many of its chroniclers on making semi-literate characters out of its practitioners. The hopeless inaccuracy in the definition of so many jazz terms in the "Dictionary of American Slang" will only help to add to the confusion, and to distort further, in the eyes of the next generation, the truth on this subtle and elusive subject. I recommend that you keep the book away from your children, not for Dr. Rafferty's reasons, but for those listed above.

—"Life With Feather" may be heard Sunday evenings, 8 p.m., KNOB, 98 FM.

AUGUST 24

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SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Jazz Hits New Popularity Peak

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

Though you would never know if you judged by the short shrift it gets from American movies and television, jazz today is at an unprecedented peak of popularity in the land that once spawned it and spurned it.

For evidence, you could point to the great success of this year's Newport Jazz Festival, or the fact that advance sales for the next festival at Monterey (Sept. 20-22) are up 35 per cent over last year's at a comparable time.

No less significantly, you could turn to the page that lists top-selling LPs in The Billboard, the leading trade guide to realistic facts and figures.

Brubeck

The album "Woody Herman 1963: Encore" (Phillips 600-092), recommended not long ago in this column as the album of the week, is now on the best-seller chart, the first Herman album in many years to make such a great and quick impact. The jazz organist Jimmy Smith, still enjoying a phenomenal vogue, has been on the list for 15 weeks with "Hobo Flats" (Verve 8554).

COUNT BASIE, OF WHOM SOME Cassandras said a couple of years ago that his band could not survive the departure of Joe Williams, has a non-vocal album way up on the chart: "This Time By Basie: Hits of the 50s and 60s" (Reprise 6070) as well as a vocal set, "Sinatra and Basie" (Reprise R 1008).

Nor should we forget the persistent sellers. Dave Brubeck's Columbia "Time Out" has been on the best seller list for the incredible stretch of 136 weeks; Ray Charles' "Modern Sounds in Country & Western Music" (ABC-Paramount) for 71 weeks, and its follow-up twin, Vol. II of the same, for 43 weeks.

Cannonball Adderley's "Jazz Workshop Revisited," (Riverside), a sequel to his first top seller, has been an established hit for 22 weeks. Then there are many other items by quasi-jazz artists or superior, jazz-rooted pop performers. Peggy Lee has two excellent Capitol albums on the list, "I Am A Woman" and the more recent "Mink Jazz." Nat Cole and Nancy Wilson, both on Capitol, and Hank Mancini on RCA Victor are all represented.

Miss Lee

ANOTHER REFLECTION of the new horizons attained by jazz is the flock of recent LPs clearly aimed not at hard-cored jazz fans, but at listeners who are pop-song oriented, and can appreciate a jazz performance of familiar material. Two excellent examples are "The Music of Richard Rodgers Played by America's Greatest Jazzmen" and "The Music of George Gershwin Ditto" — both on the Moodsville label and each featuring tracks by Sonny Rollins, Gene Ammons, Billy Taylor, Red Garland et al.

In conclusion, let me hasten to point out that (a) I don't expect every jazz artist to outsell Little Stevie Wonder, (b) the fact that an album is jazz, or non-jazz, doesn't automatically classify it as good, or bad. Kai Winding, a fine jazz trombonist, has cracked the charts with something called "Soul Surfin'." Shorty Rogers has hopped on an overloaded bandwagon with his latest release, "Gospel Mission." Well, we can [illegible] that Herman, Basie et al made it by the direct route. Good, honest jazz can sell; any time those doubts beset you, just pick up a copy of Billboard.

"Life With Feather" is heard Sundays 8 to 9 p.m. on KNOB, FM 98.

białe i czarne

W czasie kryzysu rasowego w USA (maj rb.), gdy w wielu miastach amerykańskich odbywały się demonstracje na rzecz poparcia ludności murzyńskiej, właśnie otrzymaliśmy jeden z nowszych numerów „Down Beatu" (z 11.IV.63 r.), zawierający m. in. dyskusję pod aktualnym tytułem: „Potrzeba jedności rasowej w jazzie".

Przytaczamy wyjątki z tej ciekawej rozmowy na temat integracji rasowej wśród muzyków jazzowych. Udział wzięli: pianista George Shearing, aranżer i kierownik big-bandu, b. członek orkiestry Jimmy Lunceforda, Gerald Wilson, kontrabasista Red Mitchell, bratanek Lester Younga — adwokat i prezes murzyńskiej organizacji James Tolbert, oraz dwaj przedstawiciele redakcji: Leonard Feather i John Tynan.

Feather: W ub. roku zamieściliśmy dwa artykuły na temat równości obu ras w jazzie. Otrzymaliśmy wiele listów. Niektórzy, np. Max Roach pisali, że jazz jest muzyką murzyńską, a każdy biały to swego rodzaju intruz. Nie zgadzam się z tym i proszę o zabieranie głosu.

Shearing: Od dawna już w moich zespołach grają zarówno czarni jak i biali. Często Murzyni wykazują więcej wrodzonego rytmu, ale jest to odczucie indywidualne, nie ma nic wspólnego z rasą. Dobieram muzyków pod kątem ich umiejętności i przydatności w zespole. Nie obchodzi mnie kolor skóry.

Tynan: Zawsze chętnie słuchałem jazzu i nigdy nie zastanawiałem się nad kolorem skóry muzyka. Miałem już chyba 19 lat, kiedy dowiedziałem się, że Fats Waller jest czarny...

Wilson: Zresztą sytuacja jest z każdym dniem lepsza.

Feather: Czasem zdarzają się przykrości. Kiedy Neal Hefti organizował orkiestrę, agent przedstawił mu kilkanaście nazwisk. Neal krzywił się trochę i wreszcie spytał: „Czy nie ma u was jakichś dobrych muzyków murzyńskich?" Na to zdziwiony agent: „Nie wiedziałem, że pan gra z Murzynami. Zaraz panu kilku zaprezentuję". Taki pasywny segregacjonizm jest zły.

Tolbert: Kwestie ekonomiczne są ważne. Agenci artystyczni niechętnie angażują czarnych z uwagi na nastawienie właściciel sal i lokali. Wielkie nazwiska, jak: Benny Carter czy choćby Gerry (Wilson) nie mają kłopotu z pracą. Niegdyś uznawano wielkość orkiestr Basiego czy Ellingtona, ale jako murzyńskich zespołów. Dziś Ameryka uznała jazz za swoją sztukę narodową i dumna jest z wielkich muzyków obu ras.

Shearing: Kto dobry tego angażuję.

Feather: Jeśli chodzi o jazz nie jest tak źle. Ale powiedzcie, czy są jacyś muzycy murzyńscy na etatach w radio czy TV? Nie. Jedynie w Nowym Jorku i to zaledwie dziewięciu muzyków, a wszystko pod wpływem nacisku politycznego. A czy biali koledzy nie starali się, by było ich więcej? Musimy walczyć, żeby zespoły mieszały się spontanicznie.

Wilson: Mam 18-osobowy zespół. Angażuję równie chętnie białych, czarnych, Chińczyka lub Meksykanina. Byle dobrze grał.

Mitchell: Jakże często się zdarza, że nie zatrudniają kogoś bo jest biały...

Feather: Czy widział ktoś Murzyna w zespole Harry Jamesa lub Les Browna? Albo białego u Duke'a czy Counta? A szkoda. Dopóki jednokolorowe zespoły nie staną się dziwolągiem — sytuacja się radykalnienie poprawi.

Tynan: Poprawi się i to niedługo. Ale jazz jest też zależny od ogólnej sytuacji społecznej.

Feather: Rok 1963 jest stuleciem deklaracji Lincolna o emancypacji. Miejmy nadzieję, że tę rocznicę uczcimy pełną integracją na naszym odcinku.

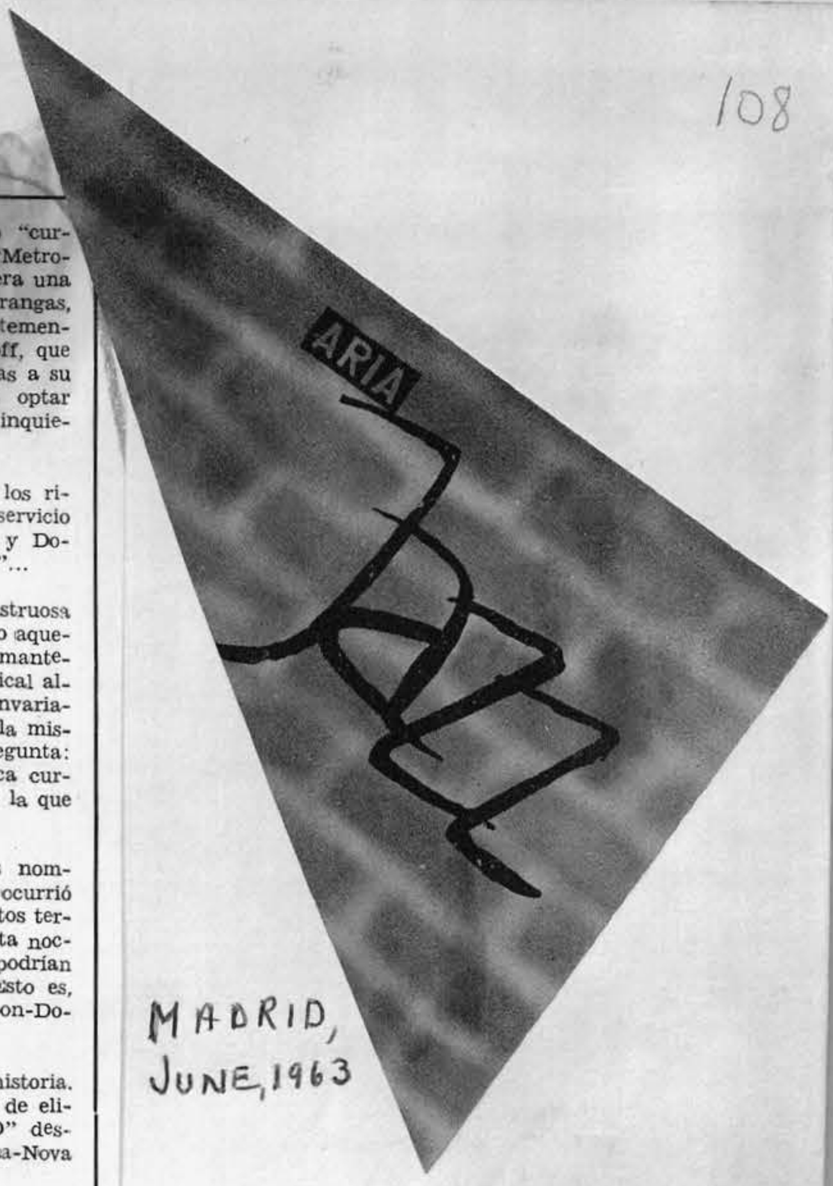
Opr. J. B-ki

Jadą w gości, jadą...

- **Bossa Nova Combo** (Sadowski, Kruszyński, Gawrych, Skorupka, Sidorenko, Urbańska) uda się 29 czerwca do Pragi, gdzie weźmie udział w tzw. „Polskiej Niedzieli".
- **Kwintet Andrzeja Trzaskowskiego** „The Wreckers" (Namysłowski, Urbaniak, Sandecki, Jędrzejowski) udał się na festiwal jazzowy do Bolonii. Występ 30 maja.
- **Zespół Andrzeja Kurylewicza** (Karolak, Dyląg, Dąbrowski) i Wanda Warska będą reprezentować polski jazz na festiwalu w Juan — Les — Pins w dniach 30 i 31 lipca.
- Planuje się też na jesieni wyjazd **„Wreckersów"** i **„New Orleans Stompers"** do NRD i **Kurylewicza** do Paryża na występy w klubie „Blue Note".
- **Kwintet Jerzego „Dudusia" Matuszkiewicza** (Sadowski, Bartz, Sidorenko, Gawrych) jedzie na sierpień i wrzesień do ZSRR, by towarzyszyć polskiej ekipie solistów estradowych.

UWAGA!

Wzorem lat ubiegłych w połowie lipca ukaże się arcyciekawy PODWÓJNY NUMER „JAZZU", bogato ilustrowany. Zarezerwujcie go zawczasu w kioskach „Ruchu". 32 strony, cena 10 złotych.



LA verdaderamente VERDADERA historia de los orígenes de la Bossa Nova", o, "Me han robado mi música". Este es el títu'o de otro artículo que podemos leer en el mismo número de Downbeat del 9 de mayo. El autor de este artículo se llama profesor S. Rosentwig McSiegel (por lo menos eso dice). El caso es que a continuación de tal título sigue la serie de divulgaciones más disparatados y más extraordinarias que haya podido leer en mi vida. Nunca nos habíamos reído tanto en la sala de redacción. Es uno de los pocos, pero muy buenos, artículos humorísticos sobre jazz que se haya publicado en estos últimos años. "Downbeat", por su parte, se complace en unas líneas en presentarnos al "eminente profesor". (Nos gustará saber quién se esconde detrás de este pseudónimo).

"El profesor S. Rosentwig McSiegel puede realmente proclamar que su propia historia es, en esencia, la historia del jazz mismo. Uno de los más brillantes técnicos del "sousaphone", durante la década de los años 1890-1900, fué en realidad el que primero lo hizo todo. Aquí nos vuelve con una de sus revelaciones exclusivas de la crónica de la historia de la música."

En la imposibilidad de reproducir este artículo que realmente no tiene desperdicio, me limitaré a transcribir algunas de sus frases que tiene tanto sabor como fantasía. El principio ya es prometedor:

"El filósofo y gran pensador irlandés Patrick O'Latunji, dijo una vez: "Los hechas son cosas testarudas." Nunca unos hechos han sido tan testarudos o tan lentos en emerger como los que hacen resaltar la verdad de lo que hoy se conoce como la Bossa Nova" (...)

(Nota: Para los aficionados españoles que no lo supieron, el que verdaderamente se llama Olatunji es un "jazzman" negro especialista de Tam-Tam, procedente de Nigeria, que reside ahora en los Estados Unidos.)

"La verdad acerca de la Bossa-Nova se remonta a la primera época de los riverboats. Después de haber abandonado toda esperanza de enseñarle a Buck Johnson a tocar correctamente los acordes de "Flee as a bird" (una canción popularizada más tarde, pero de forma alterada por "Sleepy" Matsumoto). Abandoné mi Nueva Orleáns y mis trabajos de enseñanza y huí, como un pájaro, a Nueva Inglaterra.

Aunque Boston tenía entonces sindicatos segregacionistas, pude, gracias a un maquillaje cuidadoso y un ligero cambio de nombre (McSweeney) arreglar mi ingreso en el "Gentile Local 793625" (...)

"Empecé a trabajar con Pete Moss y su trio de cinco instrumentos (corneta, banjo, tuba, pianista y Sideman)" (...)

"Uno de nuestros más solicitados números era el tema "riff" que yo había compuesto en sueños, titulado "Shave and a haircut two Cents" (Afeitado y corte de pelo, dos centavos, el verdadero título de la canción es "Afeitado y corte de pelo, diez centavos"). Esto no era durante los días de la preinflación, sino antes de la pre-inflación." (...)

El profesor, luego nos revela cuáles fueron las reacciones de la crítica.

"Un crítico del "Christian Science Monitor" describió nuestra música como "curvadamente angular". "Metronome", que entonces era una publicación para charangas, la calificó de "brillantemente opaca". Nat Hentoff, que tenía ya pocas palabras a su disposición, tuvo que optar por estáticamente inquieta." (...)

"En aquella época, los riverboats prestaban servicio regular entre Boston y Dover (New Hampshire)"...

"...había una monstruosa oleada de mareos. Pero aquellos que conseguían mantenerse en posición vertical alrededor del estrado, invariablemente nos hacían la misma fascinada pregunta: "¿Qué clase de música curvadamente angular es la que tocáis?"

Como no teníamos nombre para ello, se me ocurrió pensar en los dos puntos terminales de nuestra ruta nocturna y me dije que podrían servir para el caso. "Esto es, dije una noche: "Boston-Dover".

El resto, claro, es historia. Por el clásico proceso de elisión, la "T" y la "D" desaparecieron y la Bossa-Nova había nacido." (...)

Al llegar al final de su artículo el profesor nos muestra su resignación.

"Mi contribución fué pronto olvidada. La ruta del pionero siempre ha sido dura. ¿Quién, hoy en dia, por ejemplo, se acuerda de mis predicciones en 1912, cuando dije que el jazz no podia seguir siempre limitado a interpretaciones en tiempos de 3/4 o de 5/4, y que un esfuerzo tendría que ser hecho para transformar la expresión del jazz en un "feelin" de 4/4?" (...)

MADRID, JUNE, 1963

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THIS MONTH: MUSIC

Jazz Piano: Soul, Skill and Serenity

by Leonard Feather

LES McCANN LTD.: *"The Shampoo at the Village Gate" (Pacific Jazz).*
BOBBY TIMMONS: *"Sweet and Soulful Sounds" (Riverside).*
McCOY TYNER: *"Reaching Fourth" (Impulse).*
OSCAR PETERSON: *"The Sound of the Trio" (Verve).*
ANDRE PREVIN: *"Four to Go" (Columbia).*
PHINEAS NEWBORN JR.: *"A World of Piano!" (Contemporary).*
SHELLY MANNE-BILL EVANS: *"Empathy" (Verve).*
"CANNONBALL" ADDERLEY-BILL EVANS: *"Know What I Mean?" (Riverside).*
DON FRIEDMAN: *"Circle Waltz" (Riverside).*

In Art Tatum, jazz piano found its first complete virtuoso. During the half-century that has linked ragtime with Erroll Garner, only Tatum managed to absorb all the varying styles of jazz piano—from "stride," with its volleying left hand, to "horn-piano," with its fusillades of single right-hand notes; from bop's harmonic experiments to a concern, typical of the Fifties, with rich chords and a full left hand. There was, it seemed, no place for the instrument to go beyond Tatum; his death in 1956 apparently closed the book on the development of jazz piano.

Around the same time, the success of such pianoless combos as Gerry Mulligan's and Chico Hamilton's provided an ironic counterpoint to Tatum's loss. Pianos got in the way of the rhythm section, we were told; the instrument, more encumbrance than embellishment, had reached a dead end. Well, the wind is blowing the other way these days. Though a few combo leaders like Mulligan, Hamilton and Sonny Rollins have dispensed with it, the piano remains unmatched as a swinging jazz instrument, and it is heard almost everywhere.

Most of today's jazz piano can be arbitrarily divided into three groups. Despite considerable overlapping (and without considering such unbrandable mavericks as Garner, Dave Brubeck and Thelonious Monk), they can best be defined as the Soul, Skill and Serenity Schools.

The soul merchants are the most numerous. Horace Silver, a 35-year-old pianist who was discovered by Stan Getz, was their founding father; their legion now includes Ramsey Lewis, Red Garland, Wynton Kelly and a remarkable young newcomer named McCoy Tyner. Many of them are children of the jazz revolution of the 1940s, who, having absorbed the bop traditions of that phase, now superimpose on them the basic chords, so like church harmonies, from which so much jazz sprang in the first place. This use of "funky" sounds or simple harmony derived from gospel is characteristic of a growing tendency to acknowledge their roots.

Evans: A hummingbird's wings

The English critic Francis Newton has observed that the return to tradition is "the deadliest of all symptoms in an art based on technical evolution." Yet a study of the soul pianists shows that while some, like Ramsey Lewis, do indeed move as clumsily as a man walking backwards, others, including McCoy Tyner, continue to go forward with only an occasional glance over the shoulder to remind themselves where they've been.

One of the most commercially successful of the soul-miners is 27-year-old Les McCann, from Lexington, Ky., who once sang in a Baptist church choir and is determined to let none of us forget it. When not distilling Instant Emotion and emphasizing it with such disingenuous titles as "Someone Stole My Chitlins" or "Filet of Soul," he brings a measure of taste and sophistication to such works as Arlen's "Out of This World" and Gillespie's "Woody'n You." In the final analysis, though, he sounds like a man who is not quite sure whether he is playing the Saturday night jam session or the Sunday morning services.

Bobby Timmons, a composer-pianist of great talent, became identified with the soul fad when his blues tunes "Moanin'" and "This Here" had a surprise success. He has evolved into an admirable modern soloist who can move, almost without pause, from a gentle "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most" to a driving "Why Was I Born?"

The soul style in general relies too heavily on a few chords and intervals. But there are signs that some of the soul pianists, notably Timmons and Tyner, are looking for a broader, more expressive sound; they are learning that the Blues alone won't do it for them.

Of the three new approaches to the piano, the Skill School is the most spectacular. Its adherents are endowed with a nearly boundless facility, and they move fast. The most dependable constituent of this select society is Oscar Peterson who, it seems, is never happier than when he is launching endless cascades of jubilant eighth notes into stereophonic space. Like other major artists of this virtuoso school, among them Bernard Peiffer and Martial Solal, he is no less a master of the simple, direct statement than of technical complexity. This is made clear in his delicate and thoughtful "Ill Wind," appropriately dedicated to Art Tatum.

Rival pianists claim Peterson has an unfair advantage in that he is a four-armed performer. His additional limbs, taken on in 1951, belong to bassist Ray Brown. By now Peterson and Brown play as though they were directed by one brain. A few months ago Peterson magnanimously loaned Brown to André ("I Lead Three Lives") Previn. The result (also helped along by the presence of Peterson's ex-guitarist Herb Ellis and of drummer Shelly Manne) is "Four to Go," one of Previn's best jazz albums to date. Since Brown's clear tone and consistently stimulating beat could make Liberace sound like Marian McPartland, it is not astonishing that he brings out the best in Previn, who in provocative company is still capable of reaffirming his place among the elite of the Skill School.

Most astonishing of the dexterous modernists is Phineas Newborn Jr. As small, timid and frail as Peterson is big and burly, Newborn belies his meek manner with a relentlessly aggressive style. His technique can handle any mechanical problem, and he has, moreover, a quick, sensitive response to the interaction of melody and harmony. One of his most effective devices is the use of parallel lines, both hands improvising identical melodies an octave apart. His album "A World of Piano!" passed almost unnoticed after its release last year (Newborn lives in Los Angeles; most jazz critics are in New

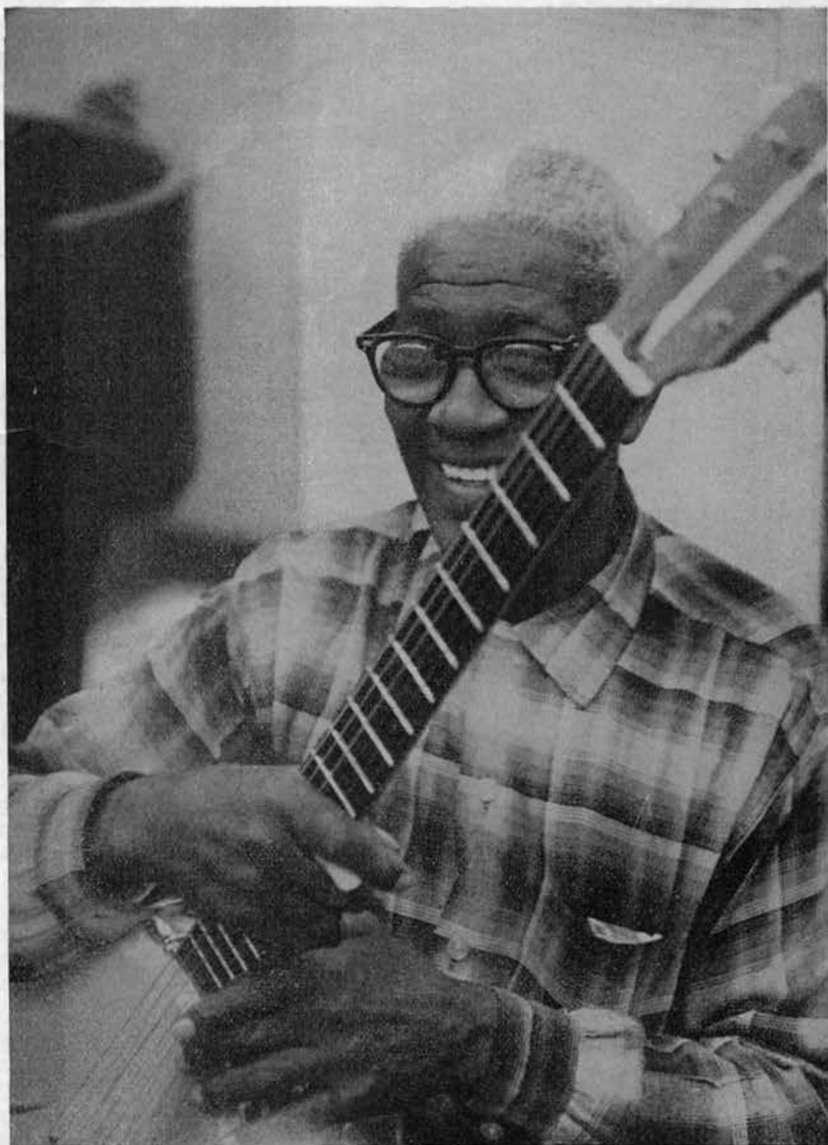
York and tend in any case to be skeptical of technical perfection). This is, nevertheless, the most stunning piano set since Tatum's salad days in the late 1930s.

Softer spoken than Peterson & Co. is the group of lyrical young composer-pianists who make up the Serenity School. Their direction was first charted by Bill Evans. The objectives of this New Wave of jazz intellectuals are, first, to create new harmonic patterns; second, to swing without hammering—to assert tersely yet subtly, rarely rising above a mezzo-forte. The introversions of the Serenity School are best served by such ballads as Gordon Jenkins' "Good-bye," which Evans plays in both the Manne and Adderley sets. Evans' harmonic colors are so vivid that one is no more conscious of his technical agility than of a hummingbird's wing movements.

Understatement being one of the less salable commodities in the inevitably commercial world of jazz, Evans' school at present consists of a very small band of rebels, among whom Don Friedman stands out as the most promising newcomer.

Each of the three groups of pianists has its special area of appeal. The soul stylists address themselves to listeners for whom the beat is a primary concern; the skill vendors to those who are particularly interested in pianistics, in the instrument itself as a vital source of jazz energy; and the serenity school to an audience engrossed in the ethos of jazz at large, the introspective seekers after a more intellectual appeal, one in which lyricism and subtlety are more essential than either funky chords or swift, flighty scales.

Clearly, no instrument that can provide so rich a variety of styles has reached an impasse. Perhaps it is significant, too, that the greatest individual figure in jazz history is a pianist, Duke Ellington; the greatest instrumental virtuoso in the first 50 years of jazz was a pianist, Tatum; the most important contemporary composer-arrangers are for the most part pianists: Gil Evans, John Lewis, George Russell, Clare Fischer. Far from believing in the obsolescence of the piano, we would be safer, in fact, in predicting that the art of jazz may depend in large measure for its next developments on new directions plotted at the keyboard.



Johnny St. Cyr durante la seduta d'incisione organizzata nel giorno del suo settantatreesimo compleanno da Leonard Feather, che ce ne dà notizie in questo scritto.

JAZZ PER LE BIBLIOTECHE

John Alexander St. Cyr è uno dei pionieri del jazz di New Orleans rimasti più a lungo sulla breccia, anche se negli ultimi nove anni, durante i quali ha vissuto a Los Angeles senza fare molto parlare di sè, ha suonato soltanto saltuariamente con dei complessini tradizionali.

Il 17 aprile scorso St. Cyr ha celebrato il suo settantatreesimo compleanno con solennità, prendendo parte come capo orchestra alla prima importante seduta di registrazione della sua vita. Per quanto avesse diretto un complessino di veterani del jazz durante le ultime tre estati sul *riverboat* « Mark Twain » a Disneyland, St. Cyr non aveva mai inciso prima con questo complesso. In questa occasione, all'organico regolare costituito da Mike De Lay (tromba), Sam Lee (clarinetto), Harvey Brooks (piano), e Alton Redd (batteria), sono stati aggiunti John « Streamline » Ewing (trombone) e Chuck Hamilton (contrabbasso).

St. Cyr, che soltanto una settimana prima era uscito dall'ospedale dove era stato felicemente operato per la seconda volta di cataratta, era di ottimo umore e in buona forma dal punto di vista musicale, come dimostrò dirigendo il suo gruppo nell'esecuzione di *Flee As A Bird, Didn't He Ramble, Just A Closer Walk With Thee, St. James Infirmary* e un blues originale da lui scritto per l'occasione e intitolato *Comin'Home.*

Queste incisioni saranno incluse in « *The World of Traditional Jazz* », un album composto di dischi e di un lungo testo, la cui realizzazione è curata dal sottoscritto e che sarà distribuito nelle scuole e nelle biblio-

Valley Times TODAY

Sat., Aug. 31, 1963

ENTERTAINMENT PREVIEW SECTION

TV LOGS • SCREEN • MUSIC • DRAMA • RADIO BOOKS • RECORDS

Disney Tells About Love For Music

By LEONARD FEATHER
Valley Times TODAY Special Writer

Walt Disney is a musical realist whose pragmatism has paid off. The other day, lunching in the commissary at the Disney Studios in Burbank, he told me the story of his lifelong love affair with music.

"My Dad was a fiddler," he said, "and he was going to make a violinist out of me. He bought me a violin with mother-of-pearl inlay—he probably got it at a hockshop for maybe five bucks.

"Dad and my uncle worked on the first railroad to run to Denver, but they were laid off, and then Dad took his fiddle, and with two other guys he played in front of saloons with the hat down on the sidewalk. That way they were able to live for a while. That was back around the 1880s.

"MY DAD USED to fiddle for dances around Kansas, too. I still have the violin he played. As for my own fiddling, he gave up on me. For the violin you have to have a good ear; I didn't get far, though he never let me forget that he'd spent the money for that violin."

"When did you musical listening experience really begin?" I asked.

"That came about mostly through my use of music with pictures. Even before we had sound on film we tried to get the theater organists to play specific tunes to the silents, though this was hard to control. I did my first cartoon in 1920, and by the time sound came in we'd been thinking about it for a long time and were all set with a system for synchronizing.

"It all started with Mickey Mouse. That's how the expression Mickey Mouse Music came about; what the term meant was, like if someone walked down the stairs the music would go boom, boom, boom along with the action.

"THEN I DID the Silly Symphonies, based entirely on music, from 1929 for about 10 years. I used 'The Hall of the Mountain King' and other themes of that kind. No dialogue; nothing but music, and with as large an orchestra as I could afford, till I finally used the whole Philadelphia Symphony.

"Did you know that we were using stereo in 1938-'39? In fact, we used nine channels, and reproduced it on three channels. Between Stokowski and the use of the Philadelphia Academy of Music —marvelous acoustics—and all the musicians and

Continued on Page 6

DISNEY AND MUSIC

Continued from Page 1

the time, I spent $400,000 for the music alone in 'Fantasia.' We had a mike over each choir. You hear that score today in stereo, and it's still perfect."

"What's your favorite score of all the pictures you've ever made?"

"I'd say 'Snow White,' in 1937. We had some very successful songs out of it—'Some Day My Prince Will Come,' 'Whistle While You Work,' 'Heigh Ho,' 'One Love,' 'Wishing.' One of my top studio men, Frank Churchill, wrote the music. Frank had been working in the studios a long time; he went back to the days when he used to play organ on set to put the actors and actresses in the mood, for silent movie scenes.

"I ALSO enjoyed making 'Lady and the Tramp,' in 1952. Peggy Lee did the score for that, and she did a couple of the voices too. She's a talented, sensitive girl; we'd sit around telling the story of the movie, and we'd look around and see Peggy with tears in her eyes. She worked with Sonny Burke on the score, and she really gave him some good ideas to take down on the piano.

"Do you think there's still a future for musical films?" I asked.

"Why, certainly. Right now Julie Andrews is working with us on 'Mary Poppins.' She plays the lead opposite Dick Van Dyke. It's a real musical—we have lots of songs in it.

"My experience with music has all been based on the need for it; my previous interests were entirely with the mechanics of animation. But I've used music so much, and whenever I can use anything, I become deeply interested in it.

"As for types of music, I'm a tolerant individual; I like all kinds."

(Next week: Disney, jazz and Disneyland.)

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SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Disney In The Land Of Music

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz)

"Mr. Disney," I said, "I've noticed during the past couple of years that jazz of various kinds has been very prominently used, and a large number of musicians have gained regular employment, at Disneyland. How did this come about?"

"Disneyland isn't a place," Walt Disney answered, "it's many places, and this has to involve many forms of entertainment and many types of music. This was a main part of the original concept.

"As for what it developed into, you can thank Tommy Walker, my director of customer relations, for the ideas. I had him set up this division of special events, and Tommy came right in before the park was first opened in 1955 and began to organize it. All I can take credit for is helping him get the budget.

"I TOLD HIM I WANTED an old fashioned town band. Tommy was reluctant to mention it, but his father, Vesey Walker, was one of the outstanding band masters right after Sousa. So Vesey Walker led the town band right from the start and still works there on weekends.

"From the old fashioned town band, it went to the traditional jazz band. Since we had a whole Mississippi riverboat and levee setting, and since Louis Armstrong and so many other great musicians used to play in the bands on those riverboats, it was logical to hire a genuine New Orleans style band to play aboard the Mark Twain. Since 1960, Harvey Brooks' group, featuring New Orleans musicians like Johnny St. Cyr, has been a great popular attraction every summer."

Disney

I asked how Disney's interest in big bands developed.

"I first met Benny Goodman around 1938 at the Palomar Ballroom. We were with Rupert Hughes and his wife; she was a writer too, and she'd heard the King of Swing was coming to town and wanted to do an article on Benny. I'd been too busy making cartoons to know anything about him; but I enjoyed the music, and since then Benny has been in and out of my life.

"All of my interest came out of wanting to do something with music in connection with my work, and as soon as this happened, I would take time out and go and bone up on it."

"Do you think," I said, "that some day you may make a motion picture with some kind of a jazz theme?"

"That," said Disney, "would depend entirely on the story. There would have to be a strong story idea to inspire me to do it. Just to start out and do something about a history of jazz would be limiting myself too much to a select group.

"WHEN I MAKE a film, I have to keep in mind what the audiences expect of me, and I've got to reach everyone everywhere.

"But as far as Disneyland is concerned, I'm very happy Tommy has given it this high level of musical identification. As far as I'm concerned, my only feelings are, if they're what the public wants, then I say get 'em."

SEPT. 7, 1963

The Victor Feldman All Stars Play the World's First Album of Soviet Jazz Themes (Äva) is a surprising set; the six numbers, all composed by Soviet musicians, indicate that Western jazz not only has penetrated the Iron Curtain but has done it with considerable vigor. Feldman employs two task forces: one includes Nat Adderley and pianist Joe Zawinul, the other, Herb Ellis and Carmell Jones. Tenor man Harold Land and the rhythm section perform on both sides. The recording confirms the old cliché (and truth is the ultimate cliché) of the universality of jazz.

PLAYBOY MAGAZINE
OCT., 1963

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SCREEN DRAMA MUSIC

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

Life With Feather

Funny Girl, Wild Sound

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz)

"But what can I write?" I said. "You're the most written-about singer of the year; everything's been said."

"One thing nobody ever talked about," said Barbra Streisand. And in the next few minutes she convinced me she was right.

The point is that what has happened to Barbra Streisand in the area of phonograph records—namely, that she has become a best selling artist immediately with an album of straightforward ungimmicked music — is extraordinary in these days of pseudo-folkniks, rock 'n' roll vocal groups, freak hit instrumentals and generally second-rate music.

"All the people who sing my kind of songs," Barbra said, "sell only to 'in' type audiences, and sell about 400 copies. Four of the tunes in the first album were not even in tempo. I just sang ad lib. They told me you couldn't SELL that kind of thing. I said that was the only way I wanted to do it."

Miss Streisand

TRUE AGAIN; moreover, girl singers in general tend to sell far less readily nowadays than male singers. (Nancy Wilson is the only other recent exception.) Mike Berniker, Miss Streisand's A and R man at Columbia, can be very proud: her first album is well over the 100,000 mark and has been on the best seller list for six months, while the second, released only a couple of weeks ago, has already reached 70,000.

"It's a wild kind of thing," Miss Streisand continued. "It proves my point that anything that's truly real, musically genuine, is commercial. Hip people dig it, but the people in Arkansas dig it too, because the songs are beautiful. And I can get additional groups of people interested by doing unexpected pieces of material, like 'Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf'—which I did just because it's the last kind of song you'd expect to hear in the sophisticated settings where I work. And 'Happy Days Are Here Again' goes into another market, too.

"PEOPLE YELL, 'You gotta be commercial!', but they forget that when Belafonte first sang folk songs, that was considered a way-out, uncommercial thing too. Why are Da Vinci and Van Gogh famous all over the world? You don't compromise with quality.

"You know, originally they turned me down at Columbia. RCA Victor turned me down, too. But then I was in the original cast album of 'I Can Get It For You Wholesale' for Columbia and that established me indirectly; I became a personality on records, and John S. Wilson of the New York Times said I was the only good thing in the album—even though I just did a comedy song and not much else.

"It's a wild thing, and a gratifying experience. I'm not the dedicated singer type, you know. I never even had a victrola. I got to hear a bunch of records through an actor friend who has a big collection."

"Do you read music?"

"No, but if I like a song I can remember it after one hearing."

Needless to say, my Album of the Week for this week can hardly be anything else but "The Second Barbra Streisand Album" (Columbia 2054, stereo 8854). It contains many of the songs that have established her recent in-person performances, such as the one I saw at Los Angeles' Cocoanut Grove, among the most exciting experiences of the year.

Miss Streisand has been compared with Judy Garland, Lena Horne and Ethel Merman, which does her an injustice. She is not melodramatic like Garland, strident like Merman or sultry like Lena; she is, rather, the complete actress-singer. To me—and this is the kindest compliment I can pay her—she sounds like a combination of Barbra Streisand, Barbra Streisand and Barbra Streisand.

(Life with Feather is heard Sunday at 8 p.m. on KNOB, 98 FM.)

Incense Hall

SEPT. 14, 1963

(SEE SEPT. 21
4 PAGES AHEAD)

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NEWS from revue STUDIOS Universal City, Calif.

September 11, 1963

"Feather On Jazz," first filmed television program to shatter the language barriers in the field of international jazz through narration and commentary aimed at specific foreign markets, has been completed according to an announcement yesterday (10) by MCA-TV.

Leonard Feather, internationally-known music expert and author of "The Encyclopedia Of Jazz," wrote the commentaries and was on camera for the filmed narration of the unique jazz program. The unusual commentary will be highlighted by the inclusion of personal anecdotes and stories about the greats of the music world with whom Feather enjoyed personal relationship.

Feather's multi-lingual editing was set through Harold Jovien Premiere Artists Agency.

* * * *

115 VALLEY TIMES

Life With Feather

Blonde Singer Comes Home

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

Among the many agreeable sights and sounds at the Monterey Jazz Festival were the attractive blonde head and misty-timbered voice of Miss Helen Merrill, a most unusual singer.

Her Monterey appearance enabled Miss Merrill to remind more than 7,500 listeners that she was back on the U.S. jazz scene after four years.

"I had to come home sooner or later," she told me. "I didn't want people to start thinking of me as a refugee."

In 1959, Miss Merrill left for London with one suitcase and one 10-year-old son. Leaving the former at a variety of hotels and the latter at a Swiss school, she booked herself from job to job, with no plan—quite a contrast to the normal course for an American singer, who organizes ahead through booking agencies and managers.

Her Mercury albums having preceded her, she found no trouble getting work. "I did jazz festivals, TV and radio in France and Germany; toured Scandinavia with Stan Getz; worked at a gambling casino in Beirut, Lebanon. I was all over Europe, and went to Brazil and Japan."

THE COUNTRY THAT HELD HER longest was Italy. "I originally went there at the invitation of Romano Mussolini, the pianist, and sang with him on the Italian Riviera. Soon I did TV, made records for two companies and recorded songs for a film called SMOG."

"Is Mussolini really a good musician?'

"Yes, and he's doing very well. Jazz was prohibited during his father's dictatorship, but apparently not at his home. He described his father to me as a fond parent and a very simple man."

The latter, I commented, is the unlikeliest proposition of the century. Miss Merrill said Romano is haunted by his father's ghost, but he keeps busy pleasing the public with a commercialized brand of jazz.

"How well are the American expatriates doing?"

"Some are very successful. Kenny Clarke, the drummer, for instance, is constantly on call for record sessions and concerts, in Paris and all over the Continent. But there are plenty who are barely getting by. Some of them work at the Blue Note in Paris, where I think they charge more for a drink than anywhere else in the world, but the pay is generally less than you would get at, say, the Village Vanguard."

A HIGHLIGHT OF THE MERRILL meanderings was a visit to the land of her ancestors. Croatian by birth, she saw the schoolhouse her parents attended on the island of Krk (that's right, Krk) in the Adriatic, then took part in a

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Jimmy Woods Sextet — "Conflict" (Contemporary 7612). Intense, challenging modern sounds, featuring three of the hornmen (Woods, Carmell Jones, Harold Land) who were prominent in Gerald Wilson's great band at Monterey.

jazz festival at Bled, Yugoslavia, where the talent was mostly local.

"How did it compare with Western style jazz festivals?" I asked.

"You don't see as much lipstick or smell as much perfume, but the people seemed happy and enthusiastic. John Lewis, the leader of the Modern Jazz Quartet, was visiting there and played piano as a favor when I sang. John loved the Yugoslav people; in fact, he wound up marrying the sister of the leader of the Zagreb Jazz Quartet."

Japan, with its more sophisticated tastes, provided Miss Merrill with some of her happiest memories. "Not all the Japanese musicians are imitative; some have real talent. They're up to date, too; John Coltrane and Bill Evans are already major influences."

A type of presentation commoner overseas than at home, Miss Merrill says, is the small recital, held in a hall that seats about 600, where people listen extraordinarily quietly. "It's entirely unlike the big concerts and festivals; to me it's the perfect way to present a singer."

The American public, thank God, has grown up a little during Miss Merrill's absence. Since her filter-tipped sound is as individual and attractive as that of any jazz chanteuse since Billie Holiday, I hope she'll find work commensurate with her wonderful talent.

(Hear "Life With Feather" Sundays at 8:05 p.m. on KNOB, 98 FM)

SEPTEMBER 28, 1963

AFTER LAST NIGHT — By Will Jones

New Theater May Be Two

The Twin Cities area's next new theater probably

$275 winnings . . . Jack Tracy, former Nordeaster, and former Down Beat Editor, now west coast boss for Mercury Records, has written a new book with Leonard Feather for fall publication by Horizon . . . Called "Laughter from the Hip," it's a collection of funny stories about jazz musicians . . . A lot of people wanted me to write a book about jazz, but I couldn't get interested," said Tracy. "This is more fun."

MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE

OCTOBER 5, 1963

Mills Music Widens Scope Of Educational Coverage

HOLLYWOOD—Mills Music is broadening its educational coverage with two new projects: A series of play-a-long LP's spotlighting outstanding pop instrumentalists, and in-depth studies of jazz through de luxe album-book sets.

In announcing the new ventures, Irving Mills, president of the world-wide publishing firm, stated the LP's would feature top soloists around the country playing entire selections for the benefit of music students to study and play along with.

Six albums have already been recorded here, featuring Murray McEachern, trombone; Ted Nash, alto sax; Harry Klee, flute; Clarence Sherock, trumpet; Babe Russin, tenor sax, and Abe Most, clarinet.

Mills hopes to sell the complete project to a record company for distribution. He stated he has not as yet contacted any diskery with the proposal.

The exec anticipates next using top studio men in New York and Chicago to expand the instrumental series, still unnamed.

All the tunes in the LP's will, of course, be from the Mills catalog, and the pubbery hopes the music student playing along will become enthused enough to purchase the sheet music.

Mills said he hopes the first LP's will be available to the public by the end of the year.

Mills further revealed that the company would tie in with instrument manufacturers in exploiting the individual artists in retail stores.

For the second project, vet jazzman Mills has signed critic Leonard Feather to write two books: The World of Traditional Jazz, 1900-1930, and The World of Modern Jazz, which will each be packaged with three LP's featuring veteran jazzmen performing historic selections but using today's modern recording techniques. The jazz jackages will be released by a Mills subsid, American Academy of Music, and should be available in the next few months.

Mills said the price for the complete package has not yet been determined, but figures from $19 up to $24 were being discussed.

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guest on Ed Sullivan's CBS-TV show on Oct. 6 . . . Leonard Feather has completed a tv film series titled "Feather On Jazz" for Revue Productions . . . Columbia Records diskers, Earl Wrightson, Lois Hunt, Teri Thornton and The I's With Jamie will entertain at

VARIETY - SEPT 18

Hip Laffs

Jack Tracy, Coast director f Mercury Records and onetime ja scribe, has collaborated with Leo ard Feather on a volume of mus biz anecdotes, "Laughter From th Hip," which Horizon Press will r lease Oct. 24.

The book will recount stories the "characters" in music, chief the performers, as personally co lected by the authors over th years.

VARIETY SEPT. 25, 1963

116

Report On Jazz Fest: 'A Ball'

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The Encyclopedia of Jazz")

DAVE HOLLAND, Editor

10 Wed., Sept. 25, 1963 VALLEY TIMES

The music and musicians for the sixth annual Monterey jazz festival, which ended Sunday night, came from New York and Las Vegas, Tokyo and Sao Paolo, and even from Accra, Ghana.

But the figure who stood out as the weekend's most vital contributor of hard-swinging, straight-ahead, honest-to-Bird jazz was the leader of an 18-piece band from Los Angeles.

Gerald Wilson, the 44-year-old arranger whose band was the house group for this year's event, gave renewed meaning to big band jazz and received a standing ovation on his last appearance at the record-breaking festival, for which $123,000 was grossed in 29,600 admissions at five concerts.

THE RACIAL composition of the band (almost half the sidemen are white) was an encouraging reminder, for those who merely preach about integration, of how successfully it can be practiced.

The all-white band of Harry James, which replaced Wilson's group at the closing concert, played pleasantly in a quasi-Basie vein but fell far below the Wilson level in arrangement interest and solo excitement.

For the rest, it was a generally admirable festival, though musically much more conventional than usual. The policy of commissioning special new orchestral works was abandoned, but the audience, comfortable in the splendid new County Fairgrounds arena, didn't mind.

THE FAMILIAR festival faces were on hand. Dizzy Gillespie's quintet broke it up with his muted bossa nova treatment of "Desafinado." The Dave Brubeck Quartet confined itself chiefly to instrumental versions of tunes from "The New Ambassadors," which Brubeck had presented much more attractively last year as part of an all-star vocal extravaganza.

Gerry Mulligan's Quartet was delightful, as always, featuring superbly honed interplay between the leader's baritone sax and Bob Brookmeyer's valve trombone.

John Lewis, musical director of the festival, who led his Modern Jazz Quartet through a bland but pleasant set on one show, perked up when teamed with Brazilian born guitarist Laurindo Almeida of Sherman Oaks on a later show, in Jobim's "One Note Samba" and Bonfa's "Morning of the Carnival."

NOSTALGIA, rather than musical value, was the major consideration at the Saturday matinee. The 73-year-old Mom Teagarden sat in with her sons Jack and Charlie to rattle off a couple of ragtime antiques; then sister Norma Teagarden took over the piano capably for the rest of the set.

At the same show a veteran banjoist, Elmer Snowden, received a hero's welcome. His sidemen included a 71-year-old bassist, Pops Foster, and a 17-year-old drummer, Tony Williams. They got along fine.

VOCALLY it was a rewarding weekend. Helen Merrill's Meaning of the Blues," superbly accompanied by John Lewis, was a moment of deep, brooding beauty. She is the Miles Davis of song.

The Andrews Singers sang real gospel, not pop gospel. Jimmy Witherspoon dug up the bare bones of the blues. Carmen McRae had the audience in the palm of her throat.

Jon Hendricks not only stole the show from his partners, Dave Lambert and Yolande Bavan, with his bop vocal on "Cousin Mary," but later sang a remarkably effective solo set that ranged from "I Wonder What's Become of Sally" to Duke Ellington's "Come Sunday.

WHEN SUNDAY did come, he wrote and sang an election campaign song for and with Gillespie (" . . if you wanna make government a barrel of fun, vote Dizzy! vote Dizzy!"). Hendricks' talent, versatility and good humor made him the surprise hit of the festival.

A Japanese saxophonist, Sleepy Matsumoto, who made three rather disorganized appearances, sounded as good as the winner at the average U.S. college jazz contest. (And that's not bad.)

EMCEES included the amiable Jimmy Lyons, the festival's manager, and jazz expert John Hammond, whose delightfully informal, informative and fearless comments even took on the festival operators as a target.

In the entire weekend there were only two sour notes. One was the childishly eccentric, insufferably rude deportment of Thelonious Monk, who stumbled around the stage while his sidemen were trying to concentrate on their solos.

The other was a stiff set by the pseudo-New Orleans sextet of Turk Murphy, whose rhythm section was as light as a week-old doughnut and steady as a falling rock.

But these brief blue points were soon forgotten in the course of a thoroughly enjoyable five-course banquet of sounds.

All in all, Monterey was a ball.

DAILY MIRROR, Thursday, September 19, 1963 PAGE 21

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naked

'utter confusion and madness'

—THAT'S ORNETTE COLEMAN

SINCE the fall of 1959, when he moved to New York, Ornette Coleman has been the subject of more violent disagreement among jazzmen and critics than anyone in the field since Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker.

An important difference can be noted between Coleman's position and that of the bop pioneers. Whereas Dizzy and Bird were soon accepted by musicians and mercilessly denounced by all but two of the jazz critics of the day. In Ornette's case the critics, with a few exceptions, were quick to join in a chorus of ecstatic praise while most musicians tended to react negatively.

LEONARD FEATHER

America's foremost jazz writer, talks about the world's leading jazzmen

This does not prove that the anarchistic music of the altoist-composer is necessarily less valid than that of his predecessors; it is, nevertheless, an important clue to Coleman's artistic recognition.

He has enjoyed more printed praise in the past five years, including serious scholarly analysis, than Charlie Parker enjoyed in the whole peak decade of his career (from 1945 until his death).

BAFFLING

The baffling part of all this is that on both sides there are men of good will; on both sides, critics and musicians who are knowledgeable and respected among their peers.

To gain a perspective of some musical reactions it is enlightening to observe some comments offered by jazzmen who heard Coleman records during the "Blindfold Test" in Down Beat.

ART FARMER —approach

Art Farmer, reviewing Ornettes' **Endless**, said: "I like Ornette's approach to writing. I wish I could see more of a link between the writing and the solos. It's like a building without any foundation and something's got to keep it up in the air. Even an atom-powered submarine has to go back home to base sometimes."

COURAGE

Benny Carter, commenting on Ornette's **"Embraceable You"**, said: "I have Ornette's first album and didn't particularly care for that, but I did think his writing was very promising, and his playing was much better than this. . . . From the very first note, it's miserably out of tune. . . . I'll give it two stars for courage."

Zoot Sims, not sure who he was listening to, said of **"The Sphinx"**: "The alto player sounded like he was playing slide alto! Both he and the trumpet player sounded like the changes were too much for them, and the tempo . . . they never got off the ground."

Ruby Braff, of "Mind and Time": "Once I heard Charlie Parker sound a little bit like that when he was completely sick . . . utter confusion and madness . . . terrible!"

Herbie Mann: "Ornette has a wonderful sense of humor, and the compositions are very interesting. But I don't think he plays his compositions as well as he wrote them."

SCHOOL

On the other hand, **John Lewis**, one of the first champions of Coleman and, through his MJQ Music Company, publisher of almost all his music, feels that he represents the first new ground broken in jazz in 20 years.

So do **Gunther Schuller** and other musicians. There is no doubt that lately some Coleman influence has been felt; an album by **Prince Lasha**, a flautist in Los Angeles, featuring **Sonny Simmons** on alto, makes it clear that a school of Coleman followers may have started.

SHREWD

Some observers believe that Coleman illustrates the old story of the Emperor's clothes; the critics, they say, are all scared to admit that the Emperor is really naked.

Others believe Coleman is a shrewd and subtle man who is putting on the world with a brand of musical and verbal double talk.

Talking to Coleman, or reading his observations on his own music, does little to clarify the mystery of the man. What do we learn by hearing that he wants to "groove myself by saying something since nothing says nothing to me"?

Or the qualification: "Music comes closest, and I trust it enough to think that music might make it for me."

VIRTUE

Of his atonality: "I think Coltrane just makes it harder for himself, using a chord base. Look what he's got to do to himself to get any thing out of it.

"Playing popular songs means you're not playing at all your own music . . . it's got to hold you back. I think writing, or at least arranging, is going to do itself in anyway."

Colman plays like a man obsessed with the need for newness as a virtue per se; he ignores the fact that rejection of any value, whether it be tonality or form or correct intonation, subtracts something from the creation of any art, for which a new value must compensate.

PATHETIC

The most important difference between Coleman and Parker can easily be demonstrated, thanks to Ornette's unhappy (some would say disastrous) attempt to play a popular song. What he did to **"Embraceable You"** shows every pathetic lack in his competence as an instrumentalist. The Emperor indeed lies naked in the street.

EXPERTS

Musical salvation for Coleman lies in the need for him to ignore or reject the wildly exaggerated praise heaped on him by experts, and to concentrate either on improving his control of the saxophone, establishing the "home base" to which Art Farmer so aptly referred—or else just give up playing altogether and concentrate on writing.

At 33, the Texas-born plastic sax man has earned very little general acceptance, despite the critical brouhaha, and works only sporadically.

Perhaps Abraham Lincoln was right with that line that began "You can fool some of the people some of the time. . . ."

next week **ROLAND KIRK**

Sept. 21, 1963

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NEW FRONTIERSMEN—2

KIRK —he made a dream come true—literally

main objective—the creation of a mood

"PEOPLE put me down for using gimmicks," says Roland Kirk, "but I don't do anything for a gimmick effect—I do it because it sounds right to me musically."

LEONARD FEATHER this week discusses Roland Kirk, the controversial American multi-instrumentalist, who flies into London this week and opens his season at London's Ronnie Scott Club, tomorrow (Friday). He stars at the Jazz Jamboree's concert at St Pancras Town Hall on Monday evening.

Kirk can claim, without much fear of contradiction, to be the greatest manzello player, and the foremost stritch soloist, in the history of the world.

Some might say this is too easy, since he is the only manzello or stritch player. This, too, would be hard to contradict.

Nevertheless, Kirk has shown in his work on more conventional horns like tenor sax and flute that he is a remarkable instrumentalist in any medium, and that he doesn't have to play more than one horn at a time to prove it.

Water hose

Kirk's works have been unusual from the start. He was born August 7, 1935, in Columbus, Ohio. To all intents and purposes he has been blind since the age of two, able to see nothing but light.

"I was about six years old," he says, "when I tried to get some musical sounds out of— a water hose. Later on I got to play trumpet in the school band, but the doctor saw me playing it and he thought the pressure would be too much strain, so I switched to clarinet and, later, sax.

"How the stritch and the manzello started . . . well, there was this dream I had. I saw myself playing three horns at once.

"So next day I went down to a musical instrument store and asked to try out all the different reed instruments.

"Nothing seemed to have exactly the sound I wanted, so they told me to come back the following week.

"I went back and the man took me down into the basement of the store and showed me what he described as the scraps. That's where I found the manzello and stritch."

'Song flute'

Both horns were and are in a dilapidated condition. The manzello looks as though most of the parts were constructed from an alto, except for its large, flat bell.

The stritch looks like a soprano sax that took too many vitamin pills.

Nobody is quite sure how either instrument originated or whether any other models exist.

As well as making a dream come true by playing stritch, manzello and/or tenor simultaneously, Kirk soon developed the amazing "song flute" effect.

In this, like Slam Stewart of old, he hums a melody in unison with his playing — a considerably harder feat on flute than on bass—"actually, it's not humming, it's a sound from down in my throat."

Roland's media of expression, and the multi-horn gimmick, should not confuse the listener into losing the main point, namely, the quality of his playing.

Coltrane

It would be easy to cite the usual influences: clearly, Coltrane is not unknown to him, but there is nothing consciously imitative about Kirk's style on any instrument.

His main objective is the creation of a mood, regardless of whether he plays one horn, at a time or more.

When the atmosphere is one of excitement, Roland will pick up what he calls his siren, actually an old metal hunting horn, that he keeps slung around his neck.

"At the end of a solo, or wherever it seems to me that a solo has reached a certain level of excitement," he says, "I blow the horn."

Though he has not reached the top plateau of commercial success in the U.S. jazz field, Roland now works steadily at night clubs in Greenwich Village, and occasionally in Los Angeles and other cities.

With the success has come an increasing tendency to express on the bandstand a verbal as well as a musical personality.

Semi-satire

One night I heard him introducing "We Free Kings", which he based on the traditional Christmas carol "We Three Kings". He went into a rambling, semi-satirical Biblical narration, freely laced with hip terms. The spoken introduction lasted fifteen minutes, the music itself ten.

Like Dizzy Gillespie, Roland Kirk feels there is nothing wrong with establishing a rapport with one's audience.

And just as Dizzy was in

SHOW - OCTOBER, 1963

MUSIC

Spitting in God's Face: Pop Gospel

by Leonard Feather

GOLDEN CHORDS, NATHANIEL LEWIS SINGERS, SWEET CHARIOT SINGERS: *"Introducing the Sweet Chariot" (Columbia).*
GOSPEL CHORDS: *"The Irresistible Gospel Chords" (Dauntless).*
GOSPEL PEARLS STARRING BESSIE GRIFFIN *(Liberty).*
MAHALIA JACKSON: *"Recorded in Europe During Her Latest Concert Tour" (Columbia); "The World's Greatest Gospel Singer" (Columbia).*
STAPLE SINGERS: *"Hammer and Nails" (Riverside); "This Land" (Riverside).*
SWEET CHARIOT SINGERS: *"Shoutin', Wailin', Hard Drivin' Pop Gospel" (Columbia).*
WARD SINGERS: *"The Famous Ward Gospel Singers" (Vista).*

After 60 years of separate but equal existence, two of the chief sources of jazz have finally come together: religious music is now being performed for profit in nightclubs. Doormen wear white choir robes; winged but bare-legged angels serve the drinks; and gospel singers pose as popular performers. In New York, the singers at the Sweet Chariot ("The Nite Club With Soul") record live at the club. Sitting in at the session are "the chic East Siders deserting the boutique dinkiness of their normal habitat to 'git some soul,'" the liner notes explain. One Negro is named in the accompanying list of soul-seekers, who include George Maharis, Neil Sedaka and Diana Dors. And so the classic pattern of American jazz begins to repeat itself: the Negro originates, the white gapes, then imitates, finally cashes in.

Meanwhile, in Chicago, where a second Sweet Chariot recently opened, Mahalia Jackson, who has ferociously guarded the gospel heritage for years, has taken a predictably dim view of Pop Gospel. "People find it easy to hurt the Lord, when there's money in it," Miss Jackson recently said, in a newspaper interview. "I brought the Gospel up over 35 years ago and elevated it to places like Constitution Hall and Carnegie Hall. I turned down an offer in Las Vegas to sing for $25,000 a week. I'll never sing anyplace where they serve liquor.

"I hate to see these greedy, blasphemous church folk getting rich the wrong way. This thing is like a skunk passing, and the smell is getting stronger all the time.

"The gospel has always meant good news and glad tidings. It's meant to help people, to save them. And nobody's going to be saved by singing it or listening to it in one of those places. It's like spitting in God's face."

At present the gospel groups are all Negro, though I expect any number of white Baptists to emerge at any moment singing Negro church music for a $3 cover charge. But the material and performance by Negroes, conveniently, can reaffirm the average white American's strange view of the "typical" Negro as a simple, religious creature. It is easier to shake a sympathetic tambourine at the Sweet Chariot and cry "You people were just born with that rhythm!" than to accept the intellectualism of John Lewis or the sophistication of Lena Horne.

The gospel songs represent an outgrowth, in a slightly secularized form, of the spiritual, which in turn represented an advance beyond the crudities of minstrelsy. The gospel groups normally employ such traditional material as "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" as well as the shouting "jubilee" songs based on the call-and-response pattern ("Down by the Riverside," "Bye and Bye"). Since the move to accommodate Mammon, there has been a shift of accent; on the more recent of the recordings listed, a large percentage of the material is of the up-tempo hollering variety. This guarantees a highly charged and immediate emotional response. But in no other respect have gospel performances changed. Contrary to the implications of Miss Jackson's remarks, the music has not become counterfeit because gin is available from waitresses who are half undressed.

The typical gospel group today includes a powerful lead singer and three or more respondents, who are as likely as not to be girls with high-pitched voices, like choirboys. Originally the form was all vocal, but as Miss Jackson has pointed out, "First they added a piano and then the organ and pretty soon the drum."

The fact is that the pianos and organs do little but play simple tonic and dominant chords, which is just what the singers themselves do as a group. With or without instrumentation (and whether the setting is a church or a nightclub), the essential musical components remain the same. There are a few incongruities: Afro-Cuban bongos with the Gospel Pearls, boogie-woogie eight-beat effects by The Chords.

Lyrically, the songs are simple tales that recount a Biblical incident or merely evoke joy by praising the Lord. For instance, "Two Little Fishes" from the Gospel Pearls album goes:

Oh a crowd of people went to the desert/to listen to what the good Lord said/oh all day long they heard his mighty word/but they got hongry and had to be fed/with only two little fishes and five loaves of bread . . .

The melodies are primitive exercises that depend heavily on the fervor of interpretation. Occasionally, a hand-on-heart Tin Pan Alley song like "I Believe" may be included for a change of pace. Miss Jackson, of course, is an exception to all the rules. She sings whatever songs move her, religious or secular; and she uses no vocal group, her call needing no response but the emotional reaction of the listener to the might and beauty of her voice.

As often as not, gospel music is just a simple brand of vocal-group jazz. The Staple Singers, whose powerfully swinging beat is one of the many attractions of their honest, well-blended sound, may have been confused to find themselves winners of a 1962 *Down Beat* jazz critics' poll *(Continued on page 122)*

ers over the common run of contemporary plays. It marks a further gain for a young writer becoming a major figure on our stage."

The remaining four of the sacred seven more or less agreed in his enthusiasm. At the season's end the Drama Critics Circle named the Albee play the best play of the year.

And so the critics stagger on, playing their disorganized but potent role as handmaidens to abject disaster or stunning success. □

SPITTING IN GOD'S FACE: POP GOSPEL

(Continued from page 47)

Miss Jackson, too, may consider it an affront to her dignity to liken her music to jazz (she penitently confides that the only "slip" in her career was an appearance at the Newport Jazz Festival); nevertheless, the most compelling performances by the best gospel artists involve a natural conversion to jazz of material intended for sacred use.

The overlap is clearly shown in the earlier recordings of Ray Charles and his shrill, gospel-like Raelets. Charles is a vast musical tent who shelters gospel, bop and blues under one roof; in his "Ain't That Love," the tambourines are down to one, but otherwise the texture of the performance is identical to that of, say, "It's All Right" by the Nat Lewis Singers in the Sweet Chariot LP. But Charles has a superior beat and vocal timbre.

An unfortunate by-product of the unholy grasp for the gospel dollar, and the reluctance of the better church singers to perform in clubs, is the sudden prominence of a number of groups that lack the essential qualities of this music: strong, assured voices, spirited and cohesive teamwork and an innate accuracy of intonation, without which the bending and slurring of blue notes may seem more accident than design. Few of these values are to be found in the humdrum repetitions of the Sweet Chariot Singers and the out-of-tune, utterly resistible Gospel Chords. The Herman Stevens group, under the powerful lead of Helen Bryant, is cast in the same over-familiar mold but at least seems to have the courage of its conventions.

Is pop gospel sacrilegious? It is true that the urgent repetition of the words Holy Ghost, in "Something's Got a Hold of Me" by the Ward Singers, leaves a strange taste, especially when one recalls that it was recorded before a boisterous nearly all-white crowd at Disneyland, where the Wards pull down a good salary every summer. But in this exchange of supply and demand, it is the demanders who accept, at nonreligious face value, a liturgy never intended for the entertainment of either whites or Negroes. It is hard to blame the singers, many of whom have suffered great economic insecurity, for accepting their new situation pragmatically.

Nor is the music being entirely debauched. As long as a Mahalia Jackson can hold an audience spellbound, as she has from Los Angeles to Tel Aviv, and as long as there are groups like the Staple Singers that can present gospel music without hysterical overstatement or melodic monotony, there is no need to assume that the idiom can be killed by kindness. Let Miss Jackson's worried soul rest at ease. The concert halls that are her pulpits nowadays will be around long after the Sweet Chariot doormen have turned the lock on the last swinging Saturday night.

The jazzman they call the musical . . .

HYPNOTIST!

COLTRANE—ANTI-JAZZ OR THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE?

"MUSICAL nonsense!" snorted John Tynan, West Coast editor of Down Beat. "A horrifying demonstration of what appears to be a growing anti-jazz trend." Tynan, one of the most good-natured of critics, was not merely trying to stir up a controversy when, in 1961, he wrote this assessment of John Coltrane; he was, in fact, echoing views that had long been uttered privately by countless respected jazzmen.

HYSTERIA OF THE TIMES

Yet for every musician or critic who fears that the Coltrane approach is destroying swing, the vital essence of jazz, there is another who sees in him the wave of the future; and for every moment of what some of us have called anti-jazz there is another moment of Coltrane music, past or present, that reveals the man's prior relationship to swinging, tonal jazz as well as his probing, challenging nature. It is as misleading to generalise about all his music under the anti-jazz heading as it is to brand Ella Fitzgerald a pop singer; some writers, present company included, have been remiss in not pointing this out.

The avant garde pianist Cecil Taylor, who recorded with Coltrane a few years ago, says significantly: "Coltrane has a feeling for the hysteria of the times."

It might be claimed that Coltrane has moved with the times, for there was no implied hysteria in the solos that brought him to prominence. His favourite tenor men during his formative years were Dexter Gordon, Sonny Stitt, Sonny Rollins and Stan Getz. (Ironically, Rollins lately seems to have been digging a few tricks out of Coltrane's bag.)

The times, for Trane, began in Hamlet, North Carolina, September 23, 1926. His father, a tailor, played several instruments as a pastime.

Coltrane began his studies on E Flat horn, then took up clarinet, and played alto sax in high school. "I always wanted to play tenor, though," he says.

"My first important influence was Lester Young; but on alto I dug Johnny Hodges, and still do. It was a happy experience when I got to play in his band in 1953-4."

'You have to keep on examining everything that's going on around you, in music and in life'

After studying in Philadelphia at two music schools, Trane worked locally in 1945 with a cocktail combo, then saw duty in a Navy band that went to Hawaii. Discharged in 1946, he worked with the blues band of Eddie Vinson, through 1947-8, playing tenor.

"By that time, I had come under Bird's influence. I learned simplicity from Lester, and got emotional messages from several of the saxophone players of the day—Hawkins, Ben Webster and Tab Smith."

NEW FRONTIERSMEN—3

Trane worked for a while in Philadelphia with the combo of Jimmy Heath, but by 1949 both he and Jimmy had alto chairs in Dizzy Gillespie's big band. Later he played tenor in Diz's sextet.

SWEEPING

Between Diz and the Hodges job came a year with the rhythm and blues group of Earl Bostic, of whom Trane once said: "He's a very gifted musician and showed me a lot of things on my horn."

It was during his 1955-7 tours with Miles Davis that Trane developed the sweeping, rapid-lined style with many implied passing chords and the busy clusters of notes which Ira Gitler christened "sheets of sound."

After working with Thelonious Monk, Red Garland and Donald Byrd, Coltrane rejoined Miles in January 1955 and stayed off and on to April 1960. Since then he has led his own quartet, doubling more and more on the soprano sax he took up three years ago.

Answering his critics, Trane says: "I wish they would explain what they mean by anti-jazz. People have so many different definitions of jazz, how can anti-jazz be defined? And as for swinging, there are so many different ways to swing, too; a heavy four, or the Basie type feeling, or the kind that our group gets. How can you answer someone who says you don't swing?"

Trane's success, it seems to me, is based partly, though inadvertently, on a sort of musical hypnosis.

INTENSITY

Often he develops a mood in which audiences find consistent, building intensity, with influences from many cultures: West Indian, Oriental, African, Arabic. Often a single monotoona-like performance in a club, built on one or two chords, may go on for a half hour, an hour or even 90 minutes.

Coltrane once admitted: "If I'm going to take an hour to say something I can say in ten minutes, well, I'd better say it in ten minutes."

A few of his records, mainly ballads and studio recordings prove he can achieve a mood and make his point in four or five minutes, yet his latest LP devotes almost all its space to two 14-minute tracks.

UGLINESS

A quiet, intense, articulate man whose manner reflects none of the seeming anger and frustration of his music, Coltrane continues to experiment as player and composer.

"I want to find new avenues, look into different approaches to music. You have to keep on examining everything that's going on around you, in music and in life."

Those who hear in his music only ugliness and nihilism should consider what he once told Don De Michael: "It's more than beauty that I feel in music . . . The main thing a musician would like to do is give a picture to the listener of the many wonderful things he knows of and senses in the universe. That's what music is to me."

NEXT WEEK: Eric Dolphy

● ROLLINS

● GORDON

● STITT

Hip Jazz Club A Showcase For Talent

By LEONARD FEATHER
Valley Times Special Writer

A few weeks from now the Hollywood club known as Shelly's Manne Hole will celebrate its third anniversary. It is remarkable for any jazz club to last three years, but especially one that is owned and operated by a jazz musician and brings in top-price attractions such as John Coltrane and Miles Davis.

The big name policy is a recent innovation, since Shelly knocked down a wall and enlarged the capacity from 110 to 200; but the congenially hip atmosphere has been there from the start, and this is the open secret of Shelly Manne's success.

"I didn't want to make a big business thing out of it," says the 43-year-old drummer, who looks 33, "I just wanted a place where all of us musicians could relax and enjoy ourselves without all that drink-hustling pressure."

THE NEW YORK-born Manne, whom older visitors recall as the star of the old Woody Herman Herd (1949) and the Stan Kenton bands of 1947-8 and 1950-1, has been a busy free-lance Hollywood studio musician since he settled in California in 1952. He needs the extra headaches of club-running the way Sammy Davis Jr. needs more talent. But, as he explained it to me, "I feel much freer playing in the Manne Hole than I ever felt anywhere before. Instead of waiting to get off the stand, I can't wait to get to the job and start playing. The band gets a freer and more exciting sound, too, I think, just from knowing that our audiences are there strictly to listen to the music."

The first things you see on entering the Manne Hole (located at 1608 N. Cahuenga Blvd., just north of Selma) will probably be a heavy beard and equally heavy pair of horn-rimmed glasses. Deftly concealed behind them are Rudy Onderwyzer, Manne's capable manager. Amsterdam-born, he is a stockholder in the corporation and a music lover himself, given to self-expression in the form of Dixieland-style trombone. (He even played at the club himself on one matinee session, but promptly discovered that the Manne-type fan is strictly modern-oriented.)

"Running the club," he says, "has been a whole musical education for me."

It's not surprising. Except when Manne is out of town or has turned the bandstand over to a nationally known group such as John Lewis and his Modern Jazz Quartet, Manne's own quintet plays every Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Cur-

Continued on page 9

VALLEY TIMES - SEPT. 21, 1963

SHELLY MANNE
Musician, proprietor.

CARMEN McRAE
First top-name singer.

HIP JAZZ CLUB

Continued from Page 1

rently with him are Conte Candoli, the trumpeter who now doubles as a member of the Donn Trenner band on Steve Allen's show; Joe Maini on alto sax, Russ Freeman on piano, Monty Budwig on bass.

ALSO FEATURED on weekends is a singer; Helen Humes, Big Miller, Ruth Price and Irene Kral have worked here many times. For the past few weeks the vocal guest has been Helen Merrill, making her first U.S. appearance after almost four years overseas. (More about Miss Merrill in a future column.)

During the week the club uses a different small combo every night; a typical week will include, for example, Bill Perkins' group on Monday, Teddy Edwards' combo on Tuesday, followed by the quartet of Joe Gordon on Wednesday and Howard Roberts' group on Thursday.

Two excellent albums have been recorded at the club, a two-LP set by Shelly's combo (Contemporary 7593-4) and one by Ruth Price with the Manne men (Contemporary 7590). Andre Previn plans to cut an LP there soon.

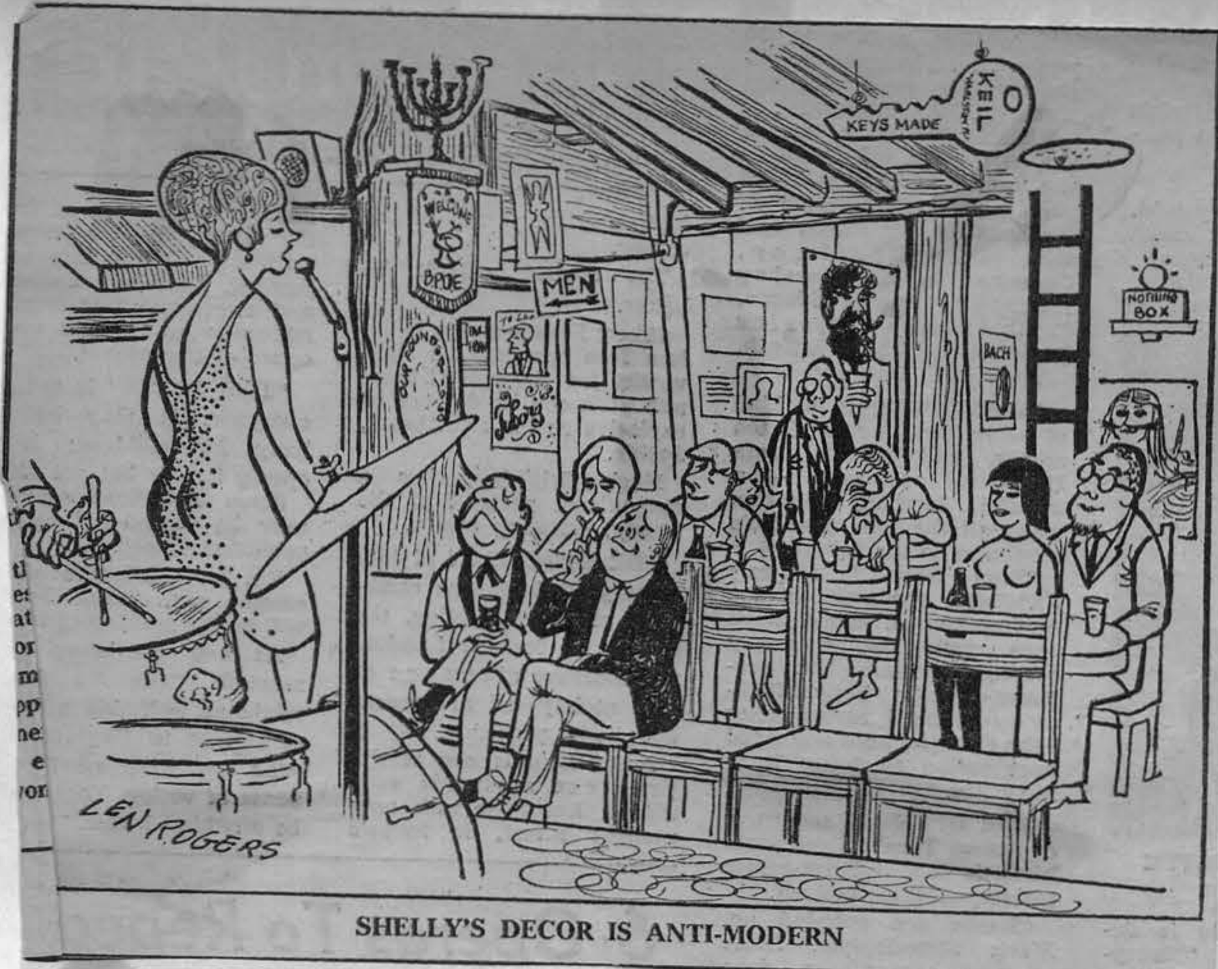
The club's policy is ideal for those of us who are concerned with music, and with a varied menu, rather than with ostentation; but for Manne it was not easy to maintain, especially since he did not have, and still lacks, a license to sell hard liquor, the main source of income for most night clubs. But simply by peddling beer and wines, pizza and steaks, goodwill and good sounds, he hurdled the first year with a small loss, and by the end of the second was doing well enough to feel that the time had come for expansion and the importation of top names.

THE ECONOMICS of this operation are delicate. During the non-name periods there is no admission charge on weeknights. (Single night scale for a sideman is a little over $16, and $24 for the leader.) When a big name is appearing the admission may range up to $2 or $2.50—still not very much when you consider, for instance, that a famous trumpet player asked and got $6,000 to work ten days (and, at that, was cutting his regular price as a favor to Shelly). To take in $600 a night to pay the talent alone, and hundreds more to pay the rest of the overhead, in a room that seats 200, obviously is not the way to get rich quick. The Manne Hole broke even on this attraction and felt it had been worth it for the prestige and pleasure involved.

Next week another experiment will begin: for the first time Shelly's will play a top-name singer when Carmen McRae opens Sept. 27 for ten days.

The decor of the Manne Hole is stylishly anti-modern. Hanging from a beam halfway across the room is a large key on a chain. On the walls are ancient newspapers, album covers, autographed photos of Hollywood characters of yesteryear, a

(Continued on page 10)



SHELLY'S DECOR IS ANTI-MODERN

JAZZ CLUB

(Continued from page 9)

satirical portrait of the Mona Lisa, a "nothing box" that keeps flashing on and off meaninglessly; elsewhere in the room are a life-size cut-out of Commander Whitehead and other odd paraphernalia. A ladder painted on one wall leads up to a pseudo-manhole cover; another manhole, looking more like a painted drumhead, smiles at you with Shelly's face and bears the legend: "Founder and Owner, 1960 A.D."

IN OTHER WORDS, there's nothing pretentious about Shelly Manne's place from any point of view — decor, prices, food or furniture. But you can be sure of an enjoyable evening and of not being subjected to the clatter of dishes, or the babble of customers more interested with one another's conversation than in the music they supposedly came to hear (which is what you get when you go to the typical jazz club). It's not surprising that after visiting Shelly's a few times Steve Allen was so taken with the place that he volunteered to work there as a sideman, for union scale, in Terry Gibbs' Quintet. He attracted more of the Hollywood-type crowd than the club usually gets, but still it was a ball for all.

Nor is it amazing that while the Manne Hole has kept rolling along, at least a half dozen other clubs in the Los Angeles area have given up the jazz policy or closed altogether. Shelly's good taste and patience have paid off, and when you hear him talk about it you realize that this is one of those rare examples of how to succeed in business by **really trying.**

"I'm trying to give people the best music I can," he says, "the kind I like to listen to myself; and I like to give them the fairest possible break on the prices. And what's so wonderful is that by doing this, I'm having the time of my life!"

DAILY VARIETY DAILY — Mon., Oct. 14, 1963

Tomes And Tallow Still Not Going Steady Despite Merchandising Matchmakers

Whether the printed word is a vital appendage to recorded sound, or whether book and disk merchants can live quite well without each other, has emerged a question of trade import. To some bookshop owners, even the word "disk" is vulgar — and vice versa.

"I couldn't care less about 'em!" snaps Louis Epstein, owner of Pickwick Bookshop in Hollywood, about wax. "We've had a few — a couple of 'Alice In Wonderland' albums, but they don't move. I don't want to get into the record business. My business is books."

'Paperback Records'

By same token, Lloyd Dunn, Capitol Records veepee, recently waged a new sales campaign, dubbing a new, low-priced line "Paperback Records," which eliminated even the liner notes to help cut down overhead.

But that's the extreme, Dunn admits. "Liner notes are still in demand, so we're putting them back on. But as far as books and records together, it's worth while only if they have a natural affiliation — and you don't find that very often because you're dealing with two different media."

Irving Mills' Views

Taking the opposite view is music publisher Irving Mills. He hired jazz critic Leonard Feather to write a 100-page hardcover book to coincide with 3 albums for package called "The World Of Traditional Jazz" — to sell in book shops, libraries and schools — not disk shops — for around $19.95.

"I'm aware many books have been written on jazz," Mills states. "But my thought this time was to get a book neither hip nor text-style — primarily for kids in school bands."

Bob Connor, sales manager of Beverly Hills branch of Western Publishing Co., speaks negatively of the adult book market being tailored to tallow. "The only thing we do constantly for the record companies is the juvenile 'Record Reader' for Disney. So far we've done very little publishing for the adult record market."

"We haven't had the greatest luck even in getting them into book stores," moans Jimmy Johnson, exec veepee of Walt Disney Music Co. He was referring to the $3.98 disk line with Dumbo, Pinocchio, Snow White and a score of other Disney characters which come with book in one bundle. "In my experience with them (book dealers), they've been extremely reluctant to take them on. Actually, the regular retail record outlets — record shops, department stores — they've worked best for us, anyway."

Even disk dealers don't dig deluxe items, according to Capitol's packaging and design topper, Fred Rice. "Modern merchandising methods make deluxe packaging stated. "With the upsurge of rack jobbing and discount stores, dealers simply can't afford to handle them."

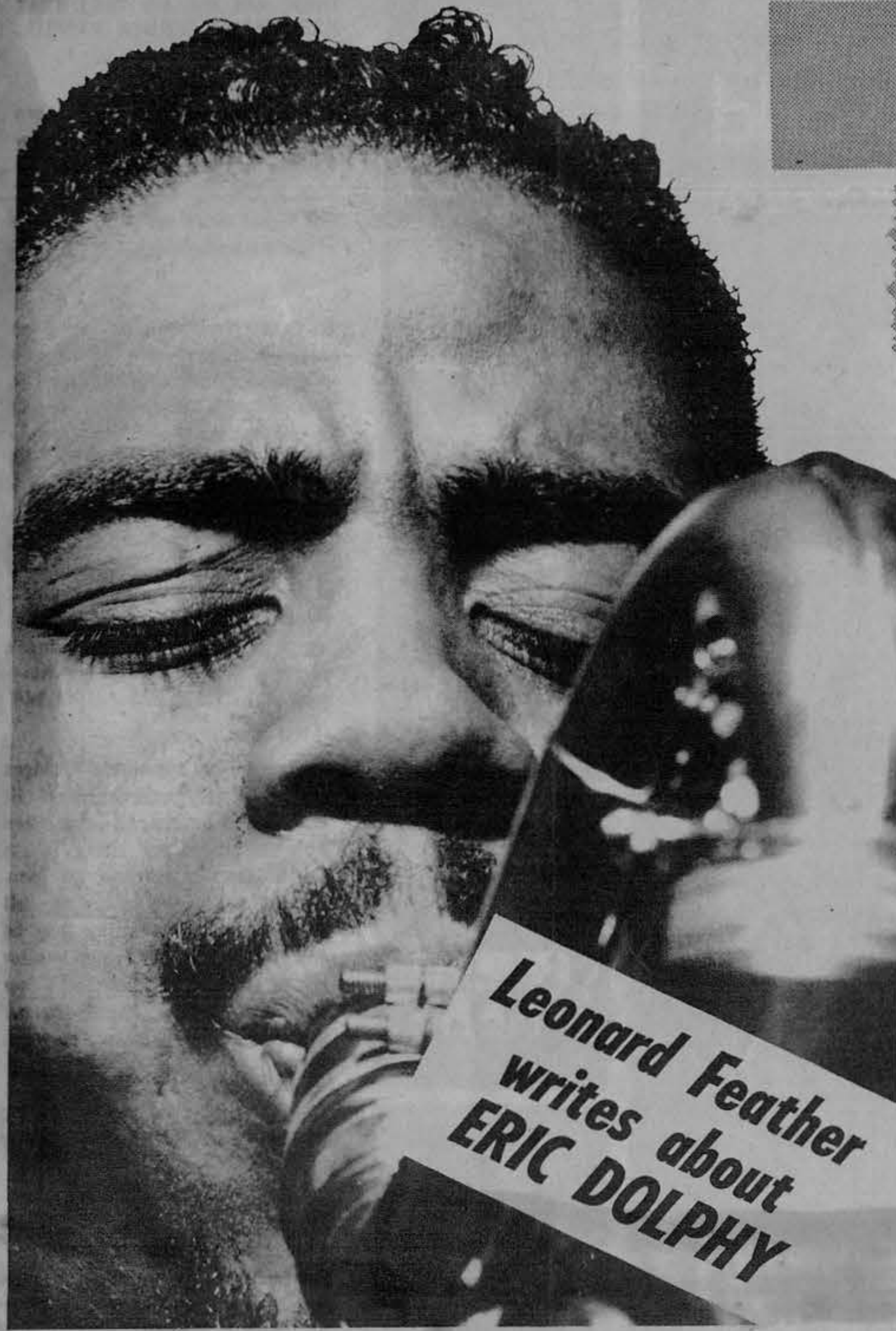
Surface Noise

Point of interest was Capitol's deal with Harcourt-Brace, New York book pubbery, of about a year ago. Both had agreed to produce and release simultaneously book and disk counterpart titled "Clair De Lune" — biog of Debussy. They figured that by doubling promotional efforts, they'd double sales. Books would be sold in book shops with reference to the disk and vice-versa. Promotion came off as planned but not sales; neither book nor disk ever got off the ground.

Rare hopeful note for whole book-disk merger prospect came from Ethan Caston, veepee of Wallich's Music City: "I don't object to books with records at all; as a matter of fact, the two items tie in quite logically. But our problem is space. Where do we shelve a big package like that?"

It remains to be seen, then, whether or not this "new frontier" in marketing (reportedly arriving for past umpteen years) can successfully marry these two perfectly compatible commodities. At the moment, the split is wide enough to drive a ten-ton tome through it.

WHY SHOULDN'T I IMITATE BIRDS?



"WHY shouldn't I imitate birds? I can remember when the birds used to whistle along with me, back home in California and i'd drop whatever I was doing and play along with them. Sure it's deliberate; I've always liked birds and I like to sound like them."

These reflections represent a segment of the musical philosophy of Eric Allan Dolphy, the Los Angeles born saxophonist, flautist and bass clarinetist, who at 35 is one of the most admired members of the "new thing" cult and a close associate of John Coltrane.

NEW FRONTIERSMEN—4

CHICO HAMILTON

ORNETTE COLEMAN

I first became fully aware of Dolphy during his 1958-9 incubency in the Chico Hamilton Quintet. While the group was on tour as part of the "Jazz for Moderns" package which I was emceeing, Hamilton opened his set with a number that featured Dolphy on bass clarinet.

It was probably my own ignorance and reactionary ears that led me to the conclusion that there were some intonation problems, for a couple of years later Eric explained, in an interview with Don De Michael, his acceptance of quarter tone intervals.

QUALITY

"That's the way birds do," he said. "Birds have notes in between our notes—you try to imitate something they do and, like, maybe it's between F and F sharp, and you'll have to go up or come down on the pitch.

"It's really something. . . . Indian music has something of the same quality—different scales and quarter tones. I don't know how you label it, but it's pretty."

Eric's albums, on the Prestige-New Jazz labels, have titles like **"Far Cry", "Outward Bound"** and **"Out There"**—the last has a cover design showing a saxophonist floating in space on a huge bass fiddle over a metronome that towers above a surrealistic planet.

Several sheets of music are seen floating behind the saxophonist in the distance. Perhaps they are old Bird manuscripts.

Dolphy says of the title number of the **"Far Cry"** LP that "One of the meanings is that it's a far cry from the direct impact Bird had when he was alive, and his position now. Oh, people still talk about him, but how many still listen to his records?

TONAL

"I wrote this to show that I haven't forgotten him or what he's meant to me. But the song also says that as great as he was, he was a far cry from what he could have been. And finally, it says that I'm a far cry from being able to say all I want to in jazz."

Dolphy's main relationship to Parker is tonal and rhythmic. At his best, he can swing in much the way Bird did. Melodically, he is, to use his own term, a far cry from Bird's pristine warmth and spontaneous communication.

Harmonically, where Bird might have worked an E Natural into a B Flat Seventh, Dolphy may be more concerned with the relationship to a G Flat or a B Natural.

The organisation and construction of his solos, and more particularly of his compositions, are quite different from those of the 12-bar blues and 32-bar "I Got Rhythm" era.

Study a Coltrane work and you may find a 7-bar main phrase, a nine-bar release, and blowing passages that seem to defy mathematical definition.

On alto, Eric has much of the Parker sound; on flute his timbre is thin and elusive; on bass clarinet rubbery and flatulent. Some of his most interesting work lately has been heard on Trane's albums such as **"Coltrane Live at the Village Vanguard."**

His technical ability, which seemed limited in the Chico Hamilton days, has been increasing and his sound at times lacks the chilliness that sometimes envelops the standard-bearers of the new thing.

BUGGED

Though he has been likened to Ornette Coleman, Dolphy feels the comparison is unnecessary. "I get bugged," he says, "when people compare us—I've known Ornette for a long time, and we agree about a good many things. But I'm just playing myself, the same as he is."

Eric's up-tempo performances and compositions are virtually atonal in the sense that there is no feeling of a basic key to return to; but the concept of blowing on changes is by no means completely discarded, and on the slower pieces, such as **"Serene"**, the relationship to tonality is unmistakably evident.

Eric has been associated with Gunther Schuller in some "third stream" experiments and is determined not to be stereotyped or held back.

STRIVE

After he had left Coltrane in the spring of 1962 to form his own group, he told Nat Hentoff: "There's so much to learn and so much to try to get out. I keep hearing something else beyond what I've done. There's always been something else to strive for.

"The more I grow in my music, the more possibilities of new things I hear. It's like I'll never stop finding sounds I hadn't thought existed . . . "

I'M SURE ERIC DOES INDEED HAVE A LOT MORE TO SAY IN MUSIC —MORE, INCIDENTALLY, THAN THE BIRDS CAN EVER TEACH HIM.

Las Vegas

Life With Feathers

Jazz Hits New Popularity Peak

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz," Crown Publishers)

Though you would never know if you judged by the short shrift it gets from American movies and television, jazz today is at an unprecedented peak of popularity in the land that once spawned it and spurned it.

For evidence, you could point to the great success of this year's Newport Jazz Festival, or the fact that advance sales for the next festival at Monterey, Cal. (Sept. 20-22) are up [illegible]% over last year's at a comparable time.

No less significantly, you could turn to the page that lists top-selling LPs in The Billboard, the leading trade guide to realistic facts and figures.

The album "Woody Herman 1963: Encore" (Philips 600-092), recommended not long ago in this column as the album of the week, is now on the best-seller chart, the first Herman album in many years to make such a great and quick impact. The jazz organist Jimmy Smith, still enjoying a phenomenal vogue, has been on the list for 15 weeks with "Hobo Flats" (Verve 8554).

Count Basie, of whom some Cassandras said a couple of years ago that his band could not survive the departure of Joe Williams, has a non-vocal album way up on the chart: "This Time By Basie: Hits of the 50s and 60s" (Reprise 6070) as well as a vocal set, "Sinatra and Basie" (Reprise R 1008).

Nor should we forget the persistent sellers. Dave Brubeck's Columbia "Time Out" has been on the best seller list for the incredible stretch of 136 weeks; Charles' "Modern Sounds in Country & Western Music" (ABC Paramount) for 71 weeks, and its follow-up twin, Vol. II of the same, for 43 weeks. The Stan Getz-Charlie Byrd set "Jazz Samba," the one that touched off the bossa nova brush fire, has now been on the charts for exactly a year and shows no signs of easing off.

Cannonball Adderly's "Jazz Workshop Revisted," (Riverside), a sequel to his first top seller, has been an establised hit for 22 weeks. Then there are many other items by quasi-jazz artists or superior, jazzrooted pop perfomers. Peggy Lee has two excellent Capitol albums on the list, "I Am A Woman" and the more recent "Mink Jazz." Nat Cole and Nancy Wilson, both on Capitol, and Hank Mancini on RCA Victor are all represented.

Another reflection of the new horizons attained by jazz is the flock of recent LPs clearly aimed not at hard-core jazz fans, but at listeners who are pop-song oriented, and can appreciate a jazz performance of familiar material. Two excellent examples are "The Music of [illegible] Rodgers Played by [illegible] Greatest Jazzmen" "The Music of George Gershwin Ditto" — both on the Moodsville label and each featuring tracks by Sonny Rollins, Gene Ammons, Billy Taylor, Red Garland et al. The same label even has a set called "Miles Davis and John Coltrane Play Richard Rodgers" with Miles featured on five of six long tracks, Coltrane on three.

Aimed at the same market is a splendid new release called "J.P.'s Broadway," "A Sleeping Bee," "The Sweetest Sounds" and the like. It is encouraging to know that America's foremost jazz trombonist among the crowd around 44th Street.

Ray Charles' latest, "Ingredients in a Recipe for Soul" (ABC-Paramount), is of course a cinch for that Billboard tabulation. The arrangments were by Benny Carter, Marty Paich, Sid Feller and Johnny Parker; the material includes two of Mel Torme's best compositions, "A Stranger in Town" and "Born to be Blue."

In conclusion, let me hasten to point out that (a) I don't expect every jazz artist to outsell Little Stevie Wonder, (b) the fact that an album is jazz, or non-jazz, doesn't automatically classify it as good, or bad. Kai Winding, a fine jazz trombonist, has cracked the charts with something called "Soul Surfin'." Shorty Rogers has hopped on an oveloaded bandwagon with his latest release, "Gospel Mission." Well, we can be thankful that Herman, Basie et al made it by the direct route. Good, honest jazz can sell, any time those doubts best you, just pick up a copy of Bilboard.

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Life With Feather: Oct. 11, 1963

'Songwriters' Given Tips In New Book

By LEONARD FEATHER

If the statistics I've heard are accurate, a new book called How **To Get Your Song Recorded** by Robert Rolontz (103 pp., Watson-Guptill Publications Inc., $2.50) is going to be a runaway best seller. (The statistics say that five out of every four Americans think they can write songs.)

Mr. Rolontz, as music editor of the trade paper Billboard, spent years learning all the labyrinthine ins and outs of the music business. He makes no bones of the fact that in the popular record field it's more business than music. He also points out that of the 5,000 or more single records released in this country each year, only about 200 ever become hits, and less than half of these really become big sellers.

FIGURES LIKE THESE do not seem to discourage the determined songwriter. Accordingly, Mr. Rolontz explains how much you can make from a hit; how the record and publishing businesses operate; how to protect your song by copyrighting it; and the roles of such organizations as ASCAP, BMI, the American Guild of Authors and Composers.

He even tells you how to start your own record label (many writers and publishers, in desperation, use this technique for getting their material on record), and your own publishing company (nowadays all the top name artists and almost all the record companies have their own publishing affiliates).

The book concludes with alphabetical lists of record manufacturers, wholesalers, recording studios, pressings plants, and music publishers. If you are not discouraged by the enormous odds against you I'm sure you will find Mr. Rolontz's guide of great value.

I can only disagree with one statement. At one point Rolontz observes that **"for the burgeoning composer the basic tool is knowledge of the music itself. The study of music, and harmony and composition, is a necessary part of the composer's trade."**

NOW THIS IS TRUE if your ambition is to become a real musician and write real music. But this book is based on the precept that the song you want to get recorded is aimed at the single record market; and you only have to turn on any AM radio station to realize that the biggest hit songs nowadays could be, and often are, written by musical and scholastic semi-illiterates. Even some of the A & R men at the record companies cannot read or write music; as Mr. Rolontz points out, they need a demonstration record to study a song submitted. In this money jungle of rock 'n' roll hits, surfing songs and the typical trivia of today's market, musical education may be a handicap. So may ethics; the ugly subject of graft (payola), still rampant in this field despite all the scandals, is carefully avoided in this book, though it can be a major factor in making or breaking a potential hit.

ON THE OTHER HAND, if you have the even greater patience it takes to design songs for more than ephemeral single - record value —i.e., the type that usually starts in a Broadway musical, TV show or movie and is recorded mainly on LPs—then a thorough knowledge of the languages of music and English will help your melody and lyric immeasurably.

Having been a professional writer of both words and music all my adult life, I can issue a warning based on experience: don't get into this profession without limitless patience or limitless funds. But if nothing will deter you, by all means turn to Mr. Rolontz for help.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: "Basie In Sweden," Roulette 52099. Cut in Stockholm in August 1962, with Louis Bellson's drumming revitalizing the rhythm section and some unbilled but impressive blues singing by Irene Reid.

● VICTOR FELDMAN

Soviet jazz

VICTOR FELDMAN ALL STARS: "The world's first album of Soviet jazz themes." Ritual (a); Blue church blues (a); Madrigal (a); Vic (b); Polyushko Polye (b); Gennadi (b). (MGM C954).

(a)—**Feldman** (vibes), **Nat Adderley** (cnt), **Harold Land** (tnr), **Joe Zawinul** (pno), **Bob Whitlock** (bass), **Frank Butler** (drs). Hollywood. 26/10/62.

(b)—**Feldman** (pno, vibes), **Carmell Jones** (tpt), **Land** (tnr), **Herb Ellis** (gtr), **Whitlock** (bass), **Butler** (drs). Hollywood. 12/11/62.

DURING Benny Goodman's trip to Russia, both Victor Feldman and Leonard Feather were impressed by a number of Soviet jazzmen.

So much so that they brought back tapes and Feather arranged for Feldman to record some Soviet tunes.

The result is a little disappointing and presents unsuitable material. The general mood of the compositions is sombre.

Two groups were used and the second was the more successful, perhaps being lucky in having the best material.

—B.D.

TV fame for Lee Wiley — but no singing . . .

from BURT KORALL

LEE WILEY is someone special. Those who, at one time or another, have been exposed to the touching sound of her voice and expressive way with a lyric, seldom forget the experience.

Some of you under thirty justifiably might ask: "Who is Lee Wiley?" That's easy. She's a great singer who no longer sings.

The 1930s were her biggest years.

RETIREMENT

She sang with the Leo Reisman band, enjoyed a long and extremely "educational" association with the late composer-arranger-conductor Victor Young in radio, was professionally involved with Pops Whiteman and other leading musical figures of the time, and had her own radio show.

The 1940s found her still very much admired and employed, usually with jazz musicians in the background. During the next decade, she often appeared as a single in nightclubs, but picked her spots.

There were some great records.

The last few years of Lee Wiley's life have been spent quietly in what she lightly describes as "retirement".

Suddenly, a little over three months ago, her name began to appear regularly in music trade magazines and on the "amusement" pages of our newspapers. A TV show concerning an incident in her life was in the planning stage.

"It came as a complete surprise to me," says Lee. "One night, after I'd been asleep for several hours, I was awakened by the telephone. The call was from California. Leonard Feather was at the other end; he spoke about this show . . .

"Frankly, I didn't pay too much attention, it being so late and everything," she recalls. "I couldn't believe it. I haven't worked in so long. Who would remember me?"

Yet everybody I talked to wanted to know where Lee had been. What had been occupying her time? Was she making a comeback?

"I don't miss working," she told me. "I guess I decided not to go on with it some time ago. I never was geared to be a nightclub singer or a business.

DIFFERENT

"I sang because I wanted to; it never occurred to me that singing could be placed on a commercial basis. You know, when I think back on the one-nighters I did — the long, impossible hops and the bad conditions under which we had to perform — I feel I'm well out of it!

"You change, I suppose," she went on "Besides, I don't think there is that much happening now. The music business is different. The artists don't seem too concerned about art. There are so many copies, particularly in jazz.

"Who among the younger players impress me? Stan Getz, he's the only one.

"Singers? I liked Sarah Vaughan before she became affected. She has great facility; she sings the right way — from the diaphragm. Ella is too mechanical; she sounds like a little girl.

TALENT

"There have been some great ones, though," she declared. "Miss Waters, Billie Holiday, and Helen Humes always sang and told their stories well. I hear Helen is active again. Great! We need singers like that."

"I like different singers for different things," she explained. "Anita has the right feeling in her singing. Matt Monro has taste—you know I came across him quite by accident while watching television.

"Barbra Streisand has a great young talent and much enthusiasm. When she settles down and sings more simply, she'll have it all."

She spoke with particular warmth of Bunny Berigan.

"Bunny came so close to expressing instrumentally what I always tried for in my singing.

"He played simply and with great feeling; had a fine tone and good control. I looked forward to working with him on those 'Saturday Night Swing Session' radio shows. It was an experience."

'I feel I'm well out of it'

"We were surrounded by good music in those years," she said wistfully. "We expressed a concern for music. I suppose we were musical snobs. Bunny, Stacy, Tommy Bud Freeman and all the guys had no use — and showed it—for people who didn't try or just didn't have it.

Then she returned to the subject of the TV show, "Something About Lee Wiley."

"Piper Laurie is playing me and I feel she'll do a great job."

Would she sing on the sound track? Her answer was "No." There would be no singing . . .

As it turns out, however, there will be singing. When the show is telecast, a comparative unknown by the name of Joy Bryan will be heard singing such Wiley favourites as "I've Got a Crush on You," "Sometimes I'm Happy", "Sugar" and "Street of Dreams".

Why not use Lee Wiley or at least her records? The show's press representative says that the people directly involved with the "creative" aspects of the show feel Lee's voice wouldn't pair well with Miss Laurie's speaking voice.

How do you like that? Miss Bryan might well be talented. But why send a child to do a woman's work?

PERHAPS LEE WILEY IS BETTER OFF LIVING QUIETLY OUTSIDE THE MAINSTREAM OF SHOW BUSINESS.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN JAZZ WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

Gary McFarland—five years ago he couldn't read music

FIVE years ago he could barely read music. He didn't even play a musical instrument until he was in his 20s. Yet today Gary McFarland is one of the most respected new arrangers in jazz. Born in Los Angeles, McFarland was interested in jazz from childhood, but it was not until he was in the Army, after having attended San Jose City College in California, that he began to study the vibraphone.

NEW FRONTIERSMEN

by LEONARD FEATHER

"For quite a while in my early 20s," says McFarland, "I had no real direction. While I was in the army I tried to learn trumpet, but gave it up; bought a valve trombone, that only lasted six weeks.

"I finally started to write in 1957, just picking out melodies at the piano. I started orchestrating when I joined a rehearsal quartet in San Francisco in the spring of 1958.

"I won a partial scholarship sponsored by Down Beat and while at Berklee School of Music I began writing for Herb Pomeroy's band in Boston.

"This was invaluable experience, not only because it provided an outlet for my creative efforts, but because of Herb's constructive criticism and encouragement — something that every beginning writer needs."

Gary worked in New York in September of 1960 and brought a couple of charts in to Gerry Mulligan, who was rehearsing his big band.

"I walked in right off the street as a stranger to Gerry, but after he had run down the first chart he said 'Make this one little alteration and send me your bill.' I thought 'Do you get paid for writing arrangements?'"

The next important step for Gary was his own album, consisting of jazz versions of tunes from the Broadway show **"How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying".** He was also heard providing big band backing for Anita O'Day in an album called **"All the Sad Young Men".**

Invention

His great versatility and melodic invention were well displayed on an album with Stan Getz, **"Big Band Bossa Nova".** More recently, he has been writing for Bob Brookmeyer.

McFarland's latest LP, "The **Garry McFarland Orchestra, Featuring Bill Evans"** is the most remarkable demonstration to date of his unusual musical thinking.

Using two violas, two cellos, alto, flute, clarinet, piano, guitar, bass, drums and his own vibraphone, McFarland contrived an extraordinary pastel of moods, now reflective, now buoyantly happy, sometimes blues-drenched and sometimes avant garde in conception.

"Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn and Gil Evans were very influential in my early work," says Gary, "and are still extremely important to me.

"The person who has influenced my recent efforts, not only as a song writer but also in orchestration, is Antonio Carlos Jobim. What I've learned from Jobim has most to do with spacing — that is, not overwriting, and to trust the frankness of simplicity.

"His influence has also extended into my songwriting—mainly breaking away from the thirty-two bar form, something that he has done in a natural and unique manner."

Unilke most arrangers, McFarland considers himself first and foremost a songwriter rather than an orchestrator.

As he commented recently, "Since songwriting is my predominant interest, and because I feel that the interpretation is as important as the creation, I have formed a new group to present my new material, and also to interpret other songs.

● GERRY MULLIGAN —'send me a bill'

"Incidentally, we have just recorded an album for Impulse entitled **'A Point of View — Introducing the Gary McFarland Sextet.'**

"This album exemplifies my use of a strong melody as opposed to complicated and / or clever chord changes as the foundation of a song: that is, chords in conjunction with, not instead of, melody."

Striking

At 29, Gary McFarland is a most striking example of the proof that you don't have to be a child prodigy to develop into a great jazz artist.

In fact, it might even be said that his case is an outstanding example of how to succeed in jazz without really trying.

BUT, NOW THAT HE HAS SUCCEEDED HE IS TRYING MORE SERIOUSLY THAN EVER BEFORE, AND WITH EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS.

NEW FRONTIERSMEN

DON ELLIS

ANYTHING GOES!

(like pouring salt into pianos and playing on waste paper baskets) with DON ELLIS

DON ELLIS is an avant-gardist compared with whom all previous avant-gardists are mediaevalists.

A tall, thin, gaunt-looking blond-haired trumpeter and composer, Ellis was born in Los Angeles July 25, 1934. He has had every kind of playing experience from ultra-modern combos such as George Russell's to the big bands of Charles Barnet, Lionel Hampton, May McKinley, Maynard Ferguson and Woody Herman.

His credo is a hint of music. "Anything in teh entire world can be the rightful working material for the artist," he says. And he has proved it from California to Poland.

Last October, invited to play at the Jazz Jamboree in Warsaw, he gave Third Stream concerts with local musicians. At a restaurant in Stockholm he presented his so-called "happenings" as part of his performances.

In addition to playing (or sometimes instead of playing) he and his men would use sticks and brushes on the piano; pour salt into it; crawl around under it; use a paint-brush on the strings; or just stand around for minutes looking at it, doing nothing.

Stravinsky, too

His "anything in the world" philosophy has extended to records. On one track of his World Pacific LP, bassist Gary Peacock plays a passage on waste paper basket and stool in 7/8 rhythm, followed by drummer Nick Martinis playing in 5/8 and 4/4 simultaneously.

"People are thinking differently now, more broadly," Ellis says. "The new wave of ideas is affecting everyone, even Stravinsky. This has made some of the avant-garde ideas of a few years ago, both in jazz and classical music, seem completely out of keeping with the mood of today.

"And as I told our audience in Stockholm where there was a controversy about us, you can no more expect modern jazz musicians to play in the style of Dizzy and Bird than you could expect them to play Dixieland, because Diz and Bird are as old fashioned to us as Dixie was to them.

"Jazz is an expression of freedom, and to place any restrictions of any kind whatever on that freedom is to narrow its range and objectives."

Don's own playing is a unique amalgamation of every influence imaginable, from Louis and Bix and Rex Stewart to Dizzy and Fats Navarro and Clifford Brown.

As for his compositions, he may stretch anywhere from the blues to atonality and complete rejection of all the conventional melodic, harmonic and rhythmic values.

Currently Don is back at college: "I am studying for a Ph.D. in composition at UCLA (University of California at Los Angeles), and am also a teaching assistant there. I need to get more deeply into some aspects of music, especially composition, and I have a drive to do more concentrated study.

Louis Armstrong

Rex Stewart

Dizzy Gillespie

Still playing

"I have given up my group for the moment, but I haven't stopped performing.

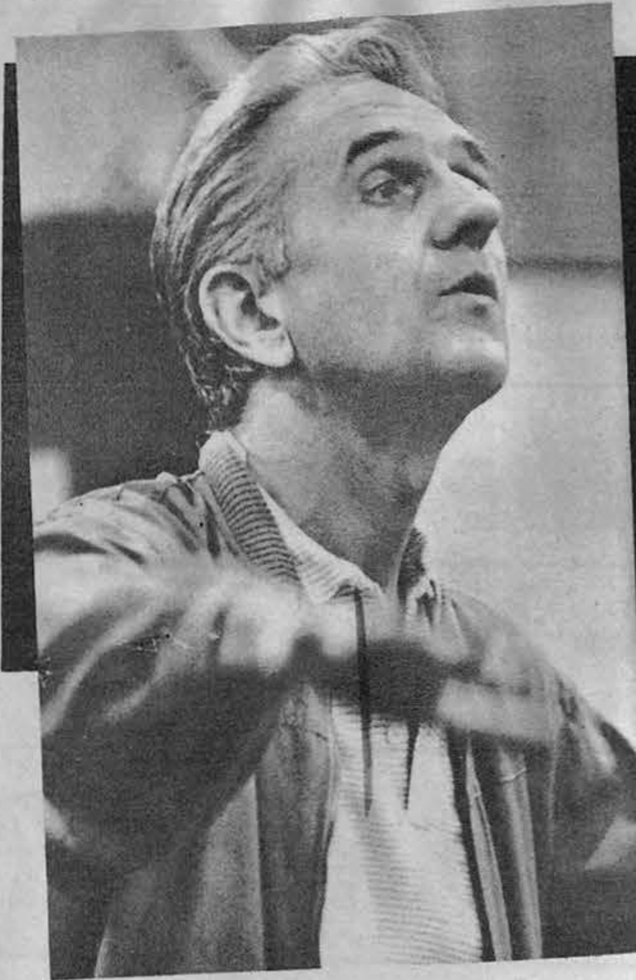
"There are economic factors too. Most great innovators have been ignored in their lifetime, or were put to death, or had to go hungry. Few could make a living doing what they wanted. This is also true in jazz to some extent.

living by stagnating, or arresting their development at one level, while the public catches on and their music becomes 'popular'.

"I see immense potential in jazz and improvised music. I refuse to stay on one level waiting for the public to catch up. By the time they do, hopefully I will be one hundred times further advanced than I am now.

"And what then? Perhaps this makes it clearer why I want to try and educate people at the same time I develop myself and support my family. This way I can remain artistically unfettered."

Leonard Feather



GIL EVANS SHOULD BE KNIGHTED

NEW FRONTIERSMEN by LEONARD FEATHER

'Everyone whose music gave me beauty has taught me something'

MELODY MAKER

RECENTLY, at a Hollywood cocktail party celebrating the birthday of Mrs Miles Davis, I was surprised to run into the towering figure of Gil Evans.

"What are you doing in town, Gil?"

"I'm working with Miles on some material for a show. Fred Brisson signed us to do the theme and background music for 'Time of the Barracudas,' which will star Laurence Harvey and Elaine Stritch. We're going to record the music out here next week."

"And what have you been doing the last couple of years since I last saw you?"

"Nothing at all. Just studying, learning things I felt I had to learn. The last thing I did was the album 'Out of the Cool' in 1960."

UNIQUE

And so a new chapter was unveiled in the strange history of Ian Ernest Gilmore Green, the Canadian composer (born in Toronto in 1912 of Australian parents) who is known professionally as Gil Evans, and who has been rated by many musicians as the greatest jazz writer since Ellington.

He is literally unique in several ways. Unlike the other arrangers, he does not concern himself with composition—almost all his writing has consisted of orchestration of other people's themes. Unlike the others, he has never been concerned with material success, only with artistic achievement and broader understanding.

And his reputation in jazz rests on an association with a single musician whose playing dovetails perfectly with Gil's writing.

ANALYSE

In fact, Miles says: "I'd give my left arm to be able to write like Gil. I used to send him arrangements of mine to analyse—and he'd tell me I had the right ideas but used too many notes.

"Nowadays I just sketch out what I want and tell Gil—and even when we collaborate on the telephone he always comes up with exactly what I had in mind."

The tall, gaunt-looking Gil is unique in another respect: he never really played an instrument until he reached the age of 40, when he took up piano seriously for the first time.

PIONEER

Until then, leading his own band in Stockton, California from 1933-8, arranging for Skinnay Ennis until 1941, and then writing for Claude Thornhill until 1948 (with time out for 1943-6 Army service), Evans stayed entirely in the background, a non-playing writer whose use of French horns and delicate tone-colour combinations for Thornhill revolutionized popular dance band music in the 1940s and led to the formation in 1949 of the Miles Davis Capitol recording band, which employed a nucleus of Thornhill sidemen.

Evans was a pioneer in the use of many devices that were later to become common in jazz: not only the use of such instruments as French horns and tubas in modern voicings, but also the employment of sudden shifts of metre, of rich, thick tone clusters, of a departure from the old-fashioned saxes-brass-rhythm concept of big band jazz.

Though he has been likened to Ellington, Evans says: "I don't like being compared with Duke. There never has been and never will be another Ellington.

"And incidentally I'm not self-taught as people have said. Everyone whose music ever gave me a moment of beauty or meaning, or excitement has, in effect, taught me something."

But he also says: "I have always learned through practical experience. I don't believe that because a theory book says you're not supposed to do something, it can't be done."

FLAMENCO

The practical experience of which Gil speaks has been limited, in the past few years, to his own occasional attempts to lead a band in New York, 1960-61 ("Before that I had to hear most of my music in my imagination") and the magnificent series of Columbia albums with Miles, which began in 1957 with "Miles Ahead," continued with "Porgy and Bess" (of which one American reviewer said "Gil Evans shoulded be knighted for this") and "Sketches of Spain," to prepare for which he secluded himself in a library and studied several volumes on gypsy life, flamenco and Spanish music in general.

There was also a Carnegie Hall concert early in 1961 with Miles, recording of which featured Gil's orchestra on several tracks; and he has three albums of interest made without Miles, two on World Pacific and one on Prestige.

ATTITUDE

Although recognition in the poll-winning sense came to him late in life, Gil refuses to accept the proposition that he is a new discovery or that his success was unfairly delayed. "My music just wasn't ready," he claims. "I am only now beginning to be able to do a lot of the things I wanted to do years ago.

"As for my association with Miles, I feel that we have a lot in common on many levels. I admire his musicianship, his integrity, and we share a lot of beliefs in our attitude towards music."

And Miles makes it clear that the feeling is mutual by saying:

"There's no nonsense about Gil. He knows music and he knows a lot about life.

ELLINGTON —unique

"When I work with him I can always be sure that he will bring out the right sounds the right ideas. And I respect him as a man.

"I first met him 15 years ago, when I was with Bird and he was with Thornhill; we've been friends ever since.

"SURE, HE'S MY FAVOURITE ARRANGER."

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Disk, Book Industries Made for Each Other? Execs Split on Joint Potential

By JOE X. PRICE

Hollywood, Oct. 22.

Whether the printed word is a vital appendage to recorded sound, or whether book and disk merchant can live without each other very well, has emerged as a question of considerable trade import. For, to some bookshop owners, even the work "disk" is vulgar—and vice versa.

"I couldn't care less about 'em!" was Louis Epstein's reaction; he owns the Pickwick bookshop in Hollywood. "We've had a few—a couple of 'Alice in Wonderland' albums, but they don't move. I don't want to get into the record business. My business is books."

By the same token, Lloyd Dunn, Capitol Records veepee, recently waged a new sales campaign. He dubbed a new, low-priced line, "Paperback Records", which eliminated even the liner notes to help cut down overhead.

But that's the extreme, Dunn admitted. "Liner notes are still in damand, so we're putting them back on. But as far as books and records together, it's worth while only if they have a natural affiliation—and you don't find that very often because you're dealing with two different media."

Irving Mills Dissents

Taking the opposite view is Irving Mills, prexy of the American Academy of Music. He hired jazz critic Leonard Feather to write a 100-page, hard-cover book to coincide with three LP disks for a package called "The World of Traditional Jazz"—due out soon. It'll be a fancy-wrapped item that will sell in book shops, libraries and schools—not disk shops—for around $19.95.

"I'm aware that many books have been written on jazz," Mills stated. "But my thought this time was to get the sort of book that was neither hip nor text-style—primarily for kids in school bands."

So optimistic about package's potential, author Feather confided, "Next year we (he and Mills) plan to do a similar package, picking up where we left off (early orchestral period, circa 1930) and bringing it to the present." Feather, incidentally, produced five of the six disk sides for package.

Bob Connor, sales manager at Beverly Hills branch of Western Publishing Co., spoke negatively of the adult book market with regard to the firm being tailored to disks. "The only thing we do constantly for the record companies is the juvenile Record Reader for Disney. They're 45s, although a few companies are starting to come out now with regular LP's for kids. So far we've done very little publishing for the adult record market."

Nov. 9

NEXT

VOTE!

Your chance to vote in this year's Jazz Poll. Don't miss the Poll Coupon in next week's Melody Maker.

Leonard Feather begins a great new jazz series
OVER MY JAZZ SHOULDER

DJ PETE MURRAY IN BLIND DATE

WEEK

SPECIAL MERIT PICKS

Special Merit Picks are new releases of outstanding merit which deserve exposure and which could have commercial success within their respective categories of music.

Post-Intelligencer

Life With Feather:

Gillespie Fans In Campaign

The candidate suspended his whistle-stopping tour last week to establish a platform at Basin Street West in Los Angeles. Anyone who doubts that he is off and running only has to listen to one of his campaign speeches from the bandstand.

By LEONARD FEATHER

The candidate is John Birks Gillespie, known to the squares as Dizzy. The respect in which his musicianship and integrity are held led a few years ago to a kidding suggestion that he be nominated for the Presidency of the U.S. In 1961 this column suggested that his fans unite in a group to be known as the John Birks Society.

The joke has become a reality. Gillespie has more than a mere fan club; he has thousands of loyal adherents all over the world.

RAMONA CROWELL, a pretty housewife in Concord, Cal., designed a gray sweatshirt emblazoned with Diz' portrait. Sales were brisk; shirts are being shipped to a dozen countries. And "Dizzy Gillespie for President" campaign buttons have been seen everywhere from the Monterey Jazz Festival to the March on Washington. (At Monterey I asked Diz to sell me a button.

"I don't have any," he said, "but buy one of these." He pinned a CORE button on my lapel and said, **"Give me a dollar. I'm selling a thousand and giving the money to Dr. Martin Luther King."**)

Gillespie's ideas about the handling of the presidency are delightfully whimsical, even visionary.

"My first appointment would be the job of head of the U.S.I.A. in Ghana. I'd assign Gov. Ross Barnett. Miles Davis says he wants to be secretary of the treasury, but I've decided he must be chief of the C.I.A. And for head of the Library of Congress I want Ray Charles.

"One of the first things I'll do when I'm in office, of course, is change the name of the White House."

PATRICIA WILLARD, a jazz-oriented Beverly Hills press agent and Southern California chairman for the campaign, wore her D.G. button at a Washington party held by Senator Javits after the March. Consternation! Secretary of Labor Wirtz and other dignitaries wanted to know what the button represented and what party was involved.

Gillespie has no party affiliations; but the campaign has reached such a high kidding-on-the-square level that many signatures have been gathered for a petition to put his name on the ballot in the state of California.

GILLESPIE would certainly make a far better candidate than either Paul Robeson or Malcolm X, both of whom were seriously suggested in one French newspaper. (Mind your own business, Francois!) He's a realist, a pragmatist, and, perhaps most important in terms of the tricky game of world politics, an excellent chess player. On his tours overseas under State Department sponsorship he proved himself a first-rate diplomat.

At worst, if the John Birks Society draws a substantial number of electoral votes away from the major candidates next summer, he could withdraw gracefully and recommend that his votes be turned over to . . . (I'll leave this sentence unfinished to avoid any further partisan politicking.)

IF YOU'RE interested in this unique campaign, don't just sit there. Write to national campaign headquarters, Mrs. Jean Gleason, 2835 Ashby Ave., Berkeley 5, Cal.; or to Campaign H.Q. Midwest Division, Peter Boekhoff, 6912 N. Ashland Blvd., Chicago 26, Ill. And if you want to help swell the campaign funds, be sure to buy the . . .

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Dizzy Gillespie—"Something Old, Something New" (Philips PHS 600-[illegible]). Remember, every penny in royalties helps to swell the campaign funds!

Just Jazz 11/14

J. J. Slides Into First

By Leonard Feather

A decade ago a new jazz group was gaining popular acceptance under the name of the Jay and Kai Quintet. The dual leadership consisted of J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding, both acknowledged as pioneers of modern jazz trombone.

After two years as a team, Johnson and Winding went their separate ways. Though their styles of playing were remarkably similar, clearly there are sharp differences in their approach to music as a profession and way of life.

Winding today is a commercial success. He serves as musical director for the Playboy clubs. He has an album out called SOUL SURFIN' that is so far removed from jazz, and so close to teenage musical levels, that it has become a best seller. It is debatable whether Kai did any soul searching before he recorded SOUL SURFIN'.

Johnson, on the other hand, is an artistic success. He has continued to win first place in every poll every year as #1 jazz trombonist. He has branched out as a composer-arranger of extraordinary talent. One of his extended works was presented at a Monterey Jazz Festival. For the past month he has been heard in clubs in the Los Angeles area with a superb quartet, playing an exciting brand of jazz that compromises no principles.

Johnson's only problem is one that often confronts the great jazz soloist who also write music. "It's frustrating, this business of writing versus playing," he told me the other night at the It Club, "I have to concentrate on one at a time".

"How have you been handling it?"

"Well, in 1961 I spent six months on special arrangements for Monterey. I had a ball working for and with Dizzy Gillespie, who was the featured soloist on my piece, "Perceptions."

"I enjoyed every moment of time that I gave to writing the work, but during that time I did very little playing. Then I went on the road with Miles Davis' Sextet, and for a year and a half I hardly picked up a pen, because traveling makes it too hard to write.

"After leaving Miles there was an interim period, early this year, during which I wrote the arrangements for my latest album." (It's called J. J.'s Broadway, Verve 8530, comprising ten show tunes brilliantly performed.) "Then I started lining up this new group, and I've been busy playing ever since."

"Which would you rather do if you had to make a choice?'

"That's a tough one to answer. Writing is more demanding, I guess; you put everything else aside. When I'm busy on a big orchestral work, I become incommunicado. I can carry on a whole conversation with you and not really hear what you're saying. My mind's over there on that manuscript."

"How does your wife take all this?"

"After almost 20 years of it she's very understanding. She knows there'll be times when I'm looking at her but not listening."

"Tell me, J. J.," I said, "would you want a child of yours to get into this profession?"

"Looks as though I may have no choice. Kevin's 12 now; he tried trumpet for a while, th[illegible] one day I took him to a Village Vanguard matinee to hear Miles Davis, and he met Miles' little boy Squeaky. They became friends; Squeaky gave Kevin one of his sets of drums. Now Kevin's taking lessons, keeps good time and his hands are developing just fine.'

"Just don't encourage him to start composing," I said. "When your wife asks a question around the house, I'm sure she figures one blank stare is plenty.'

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Jimmy Witherspoon — "Baby, Baby, Baby" (Prestige 7290). Deep-dish vocal blues, with two fine accompanying combos, one East Coast, one West.

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Life With Feather

No Longer Down For The Count

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

The other evening I asked Count Basie whether he could figure out the remarkable renaissance in his band's fortunes.

"I guess we're just lucky," he said, "plus, we have some very good friends."

There's more to it than that, of course. Basie's band now is at its highest peak of success since 1951, when he reorganized a big group. This happened after the slump in the band business had forced him to tour for almost a year leading just a septet.

"I don't even know why I reorganized," he says now. "I guess I was just simple—wouldn't face the facts. Besides, I just like to have that sound around me of a big band swinging."

The band had rough going for three years; then late in 1954, Basie hired a blues singer, Joe Williams, whose hit records with the band ("Ev'ry Day" etc.) breathed new commercial life into its tired lungs.

WILLIAMS LEFT IN 1960 to go out on his own, but by now the band was self-supporting. Currently, with no singer at all, Basie has more lucrative job offers than he can accept.

Basie

The "very good friends" of whom he spoke include Edie Adams and Jerry Lewis, whose programs have given him badly-needed TV exposure; and Tony Curtis, to star in whose film "Sex and the Single Girl" the band arrived in Hollywood last week.

"It's been a wonderful year," Basie reflects in his unchangeably humble manner. "Our first trip to Japan was a great thrill. From the moment we arrived at Tokyo airport, they just smothered us with kindness—bouquets for every man in the band, television newsreel interviews, banquets in our honor. We want to go back there as soon as we can—maybe for the 1964 Olympics."

There was also a trip to Britain. "It was our sixth tour of England—that's our second home. The people treat us as if we were part of their family." The band now spends an average of three months out of each year on overseas tours that bring guarantees of up to $18,500 a week.

INCREDIBLY, THERE HAVE BEEN no less than four Basie albums on the best seller charts during 1964. Two of them displayed the band in tandem with Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald respectively, on Reprise and Verve. But two instrumental LPs have also been big: "This Time By Basie—Hits of the '50s and '60s" on Reprise, and "Li'l Ol' Groovemaker" on Verve.

Ironically, the original Count Basie orchestra that made its impact in the middle of the swing era (1937-40) was, in the opinion of such music experts as John Hammond, who discovered Basie, far superior to the present one. It included such memorable soloists as Lester Young and Herschel Evans on tenor saxes (both deceased), Buck Clayton on trumpet, Dickie Wells on trombone.

Says Basie: "When you have a band of soloists, as soon as one of them leaves people will say 'How's Basie going to get along without so-and-so? Well, today I ask my arrangers to concentrate on the band."

NEVERTHELESS, WITH ARRANGERS like Neal Hefti and Quincy Jones, soloists like Frank Wess, Eric Dixon and Frank Foster on saxes, Henry Coker on trombone, Basie now has one of the three top bands in the world, along with Duke Ellington and Woody Herman.

Fittingly for these times, the band is integrated, as it has been off and on through the years. As further proof that he acknowledges the issues of the day, Basie agreed to take part (along with Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., Dean Martin and Nelson Riddle) in the giant benefit for CORE, the NAACP and Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium on Nov. 25.

Life With Feather

12-Bar Rest For Shearing

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

Last week, the final bars were played in a chapter of contemporary musical history. George Shearing played a one night stand with his quintet, hung out with his sidemen reminiscing for a while, bade them au revoir, grabbed three hours' sleep, then took a plane home. He is now set for an indefinite booking at his house in North Hollywood. The Shearing Quintet, for the time being at least, is no more.

The rigors of the road, which eventually take their toll of the patience of almost every musician, will be replaced by the comparative relaxation of home life for the British-born pianist who, during his years on tour with the quintet, enjoyed some of the greatest successes ever experienced by a jazz combo—so great that within a couple of years after its first triumphs the critics automatically wrote it off as a pop rather than a jazz group.

GEORGE SHEARING
Takes years off.

Discussing his decision to disband, Shearing said, "I haven't come home to retire. On the contrary, this will give me a chance to do some of the things I've been wanting to do for so long.

"I CAN concentrate more on writing arrangements. Of course, I have to pay to get them written out when I dictate them, but it's worth while and musically gratifying, and I can do it at home."

Shearing's writing assignments will include not only some of his own albums for Capitol, but also jobs for other artists.

Recently, he orchestrated the music for a highly successful Nancy Wilson album, also on Capitol, entitled "Hello Young Lovers."

SHEARING added "I'll have plenty of time to rehearse for classical concert appearances, and I'll probably be able to accept more offers to do them during the next year. I'll also be able to devote more time to my radio show."

(For several months Shearing has been on the air for two hours every Sunday afternoon, introducing records and occasionally playing piano, on the local CBS radio station, KNX. It is expected that the program will soon be syndicated.)

THE DECISION to take a year off," Shearing added, "does not mean that I will play no quintet dates at all. If I want to play a job locally, or go out on a short tour, it will always be easy to put a good group together out of men who are based here.

"So many of my ex-sidemen are Hollywood freelance musicians now, men like Emil Richards, the vibraphonist; Ralph Pena and Al McKibbon, both bassists, and Johnny Gray, the guitarist.

"My one regret is that the quintet I just broke up was one of the best I've ever had.

"THIS WAS a hard step to take. I have to thank my wife for helping strengthen the courage of my convictions. Don't forget, in 1948, when I'd only been over here a few months and things were going so badly, I wanted to go home to England but she convinced me it was worth my while to stay in New York. This time I think I've done the right thing again.

"YOU CAN keep on rationalizing, but sooner or later you have to take the plunge, no matter how cold the water may be."

That last phrase, of course, was merely a figure of speech. In fact, it reminds me of what may have been a crucial factor in the move. Shearing keeps his pool heated all year round.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK—Jimmy Smith, "Any Number Can Win", Verve 8552: More exciting big-band-and-Hammond-organ sounds, with a heavy accent on the blues.

(Life With Feather is heard Sundays, 8 p.m., KNOB, 98 FM.)

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VALLEY TIMES

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international MUSICIAN

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

WILD BILL DAVISON

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NOVEMBER 1963

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For the past six years, the end of summer and the beginning of fall have been bridged by an event that has achieved uniquely valuable significance in the presentation of modern music.

The Monterey Jazz Festival came into being in 1958 as the result of a series of discussions between Jimmy Lyons, a jazz-oriented and highly respected Bay Area disc jockey, and Ralph J. Gleason, an equally respected and influential jazz critic. It was agreed that the Monterey area would make an ideal site for a jazz festival, and that the Monterey Fairgrounds in particular would be exactly suited to the presentation of such an event.

The history of the festival runs parallel to that of several other ventures of the same kind (including Newport) that started out as seemingly hazardous gambles, went into the red for a while, but eventually settled down as profitable institutions, both artistically and economically.

Jazz Festival

By Leonard Feather

Before he could stage the first show, Lyons went to scores of local businessmen, trying to convince them that a festival would bring in customers from all over the country and could not fail to be helpful to Monterey restaurateurs, hotel and motel owners and many others. His persuasive arguments brought him sixty-seven loans of one hundred dollars each. This was enough to enable Lyons and his Board of Directors (headed by President Hal Hallett, a Monterey printer and jazz fan) to place deposits on talent and set plans for the first weekend of October, 1958.

Those who were present recall the first festival as an eventful though confused affair, perhaps a little too ambitious for a start—one segment had Gregory Millar conducting an eighty-eight-piece orchestra — but certainly showing the potentialities of a musical gala in a part of the country not previously noted for [illegible]g continuous support of jazz. The participants included the late Billie Holiday as well as Dizzy Gillespie, Gerry Mulligan, Sonny Rollins, Max Roach, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Dave Brubeck, and Harry James's band.

After this baptism of fire, Lyons and Gleason conferred with John Lewis, leader of the Modern Jazz Quartet, and it was agreed that he would serve as the festival's active musical consultant on a year-round basis. The use of Lewis in this capacity marked a change from the established festival policies of simply buying from booking agencies whatever talent they had to offer. As a result, special musical plans could be formulated. For instance, at the second festival Woody Herman worked with Lewis on the assembling of a special all-star band, and new compositions were commissioned from such writers as Benny Golson. Ornette Coleman, then the most discussed new personality in jazz, was among those introduced.

This show, however, cast gloom over the fairgrounds, as it wound up $12,000 in the red. The third festival, in 1960, did well, though not well enough to eliminate the deficit. The musical highlight this time was the fondly remembered *Evolution of the Blues Song*, in which the story of the blues as written and narrated by Jon Hendricks was introduced with a cast that included Hendricks, Miriam Makeba, Big Miller, Hannah Dean, Jimmy Witherspoon, Odetta and the Andrews Gospel Singers. Also heard were some experimental musical offerings involving John Lewis, Ornette Coleman, Gunther Schuller, John Coltrane and a brass ensemble.

The world premiere of J. J. Johnson's composition, *Perceptions*, was given at the 1961 festival, with Dizzy Gillespie as featured soloist with a large brass ensemble. Lalo Schifrin, pianist with Gillespie, wrote and introduced his suite *Gillespiana*. Duke Ellington's *Suite Thursday*, inspired by the works of John Steinbeck, was a third new work specially written for Monterey, and was played brilliantly by the Ellington orchestra.

Monterey, by the end of the 1961 gala, was firmly in the black and able to make a $2,000 donation to the music department of Monterey Peninsula College. The fifth festival again introduced a new Lalo Schifrin work, "The New Continent," as well as the first presentation of Dave Brubeck's "The Real Ambassadors," featuring Brubeck's Quartet, Louis Armstrong, Trummy Young, Carmen McRae and the trio of Lambert, Hendricks and Bavan. Benny Carter led the all-star festival orchestra.

In terms of audience size and response, the 1963 festival, held recently, was by far the biggest ever. There were 29,600 admissions, and a total gross of $123,000 was registered for the five concerts (Friday evening, Saturday and Sunday matinees and evenings). Musically, the festival was far less adventurous than those of previous years. There were no specially commissioned orchestral works and few unusual presentations or talent couplings of extraordinary interest. Nevertheless, under John Lewis' guidance, a high musical standard was maintained and there were many moments of special value—some strictly musical, others nostalgic.

One remarkable aspect of the 1963 affair was the use of Gerald Wilson's orchestra as house band, heard at three of the five concerts. Wilson's thoroughly integrated personnel was in keeping with the spirit of the times and his soloists, as well as his own arrangements, were outstanding. They included Joe Maini and Jimmy Woods on alto saxophones; Harold Land and Teddy Edwards on tenor saxes; Jack Nimitz on baritone sax; Carmell Jones on trumpet; Jack Wilson at the piano; Joe Pass on guitar; and others. On its final set the Wilson band was joined by an enthusiastic Dizzy Gillespie, and by John Lewis himself, who couldn't resist sitting in.

Lambert, Hendricks and Bavan served jointly in the emcee roles on opening night. Gerry Mulligan, long noted for his adaptability and reluctance to be categorized, joined forces with a group of elder jazz statesmen that included Jack and Charlie Teagarden on trombone and trumpet, Joe Sullivan at the piano. During this set a Japanese tenor saxophonist, "Sleepy" Matsumoto, made the first of three guest appearances.

The Saturday matinee, expertly emceed by veteran jazz authority and talent scout John Hammond, introduced a group of Ghana drummers and some of their American students. This set served to point up the differences, rather than the similarities, between African music and jazz. The best-received moments at the matinee were occasioned by the surprise appearance of Jack and Charlie Teagarden's seventy - three - year - old mother, who sat in for two ragtime piano solos. More spry than shy, she seemed to be having as wonderful a time as her sons and the audience. After this she yielded the piano chair to her daughter, Norma Teagarden, who accompanied Jack most tastefully in his solo of *Body and Soul.*

Another nostalgic mood was set by sixty-two-year-old Elmer Snowden, a former saxophonist and guitarist whom Hammond introduced as "the greatest banjo player I ever heard." Snowden's banjo, Darnell Howard's clarinet plus the bass of seventy-one-year-old George "Pops" Foster and the drums of seventeen-year-old Tony Williams—a seemingly incongruous yet highly compatible group —brought the audience to its feet with rousing versions of "Hindustan," "The Glory of Love," "That's a Plenty" and "C Jam Blues." An interesting set was also offered by the fifty-six-year-old Joe Sullivan playing his

ON SWING STREET

● WINGY MANONE

● RED ALLEN

● PEE WEE RUSSELL

● FATS NAVARRO

OVER MY JAZZ SHOULDER

by LEONARD FEATHER

The young Dizzy in the early days in 52nd Street

MY second evening in New York (July 30, 1935) was spent in the two blocks of 52nd Street, between Fifth and Seventh Avenues — the world's first and only swing community, where half a dozen jazz clubs flourished.

Small combo jazz was so rare then that 52nd Street was a solitary oasis in a worldwide desert. On my first night I was exposed to the "jam bands" of two Italian-American trumpeters, using pianoless quartets (17 years before Mulligan!)—Louis Prima and Wingy Manone, each with clarinet, guitar and bass.

The Famous Door, where I found Prima, had been founded, after the old Prohibition-era Onyx burned down, by Lennie Hayton, Fred Waring and a few musicians who "decided that even at their own expense, they must have a little hot spot for musicians to go after their day's work."

FLAGRANT

Prima's first records had just appeared in England and we had all assumed he was coloured. "Yet Prima hastened to assure me," I wrote, "that he had never used any coloured musicians, even on his records. In view of the present Negro attitude towards Italians, it seems improbable he ever will." (Italy had just invaded Abyssinia.)

Prima played on a tiny platform in the corner of the 10 x 40 ft room, with Pee-Wee Russell beside him seated on a rickety chair.

A flagrant Satchmo imitator, he sang both father and son roles on "Rockin' Chair," stepping from one side of the platform to the other as he changed character with each line.

Prima and Russell worked up to some frenzied finales. The sets in those days were short (20 minutes). At 3.30 am the quartet paraded through the narrow gangway of tables playing the night's closing theme, "Way down yonder," then marched through the "famous" front door in which were inscribed the autographs of a thousand celebrities.

JIVE LYRICS

Prima and Manone were known as "two of the greatest white trumpeters from New Orleans," but Wingy was rated less of a showman and a superior musician.

I found Wingy inside the oval bar at the Hickory House (the only 52nd St. Club that still exists), with clarinetist Joe Marsala ("a youth worth watching"), Carmen Mastren, guitar, and Sid Weiss, bass. Wingy's "Isle of Capri" record (with jive lyrics—"Oh Capri! On that isle!") was a new hit.

NO JOKE

He told me he was mystified at its acceptance as a comedy record: "Man, I was just singin' the song the way I felt it; that wasn't meant to be no joke."

Were Prima and Manone jazz, or just entertainment? Both. In the 1930s there was little or no intellectual content or even portent, in small combo jazz.

This was even recognized by such purists as singer Red McKenzie and his partner, Eddie Condon, who had opened at the new Onyx ("more musicians to the square inch than Archer Street could ever boast") with Mike Riley, who took his trombone to pieces during solos and bowed it like a fiddle, and cornetist Ed Farley, who sutained a large lump when Riley bashed him on the head with a megaphone.

Thirteen years later on the Street, I saw a sick Fats Navarro, with no comic intent, try to slog a cowering, pathetic Bud Powell over the head with his horn, and bending it out of shape on the piano lid.

Two minutes from the Street was Adrian Rollini's Tap Room, a small and crudely furnished cellar below the President Hotel. There I sat in awe of a new quartet comprising Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Bernard Addison and Pops Foster. ("Pops' metal string bass lent a colossal swing, and the music was indescribably thrilling.")

But the evening ended unhappily: because of a racial insult by the management to Allen and Bailey when they wanted to sit at our table with Mildred and Red Norvo, Felix King, Marshall Stearns, they quit the job —on their opening night.

WHITE BAND

There were many Negro groups on the Street, such as the fabulous Five Spirits of Rhythm, with the brilliant and funny scat singing, tiple and trombone playing of Leo Watson, and Teddy Bunn's guitar.

But there was a near-panic in 1936 when a Negro trumpeter joined Joe Marsala's quartet at the Hickory House. ("Otis Johnson has set a precedent by

kin, whose 18 years make him look more like a schoolboy than a musician; he is the wonder pianist of next year.")

Other 52nd Street memories: Lady Day's irreplaceable magic, inducing pindrop silence in a normally noisy and drunken crowd at the Onyx . . . Diz and Bird's first fantastic impact, and the heated pro and con bebop arguments they evoked at the White Rose bar around the corner where everyone dropped in for a drink between sets.

JIM CROW

Pee-Wee Russell forlornly consigned to the sax section of Bobby Hackett's ten-piece band (Famous Door, 1939), reading alto parts.

George Shearing, after several lonely 1948 months as intermission pianist at the Three Deuces, finally granted a chance to work in a combo there — with Lucky Thompson, Kansas Fields and Oscar Pettiford.

And on the less pleasant side, a 1939 night when I went to the Famous Door to catch Woody Herman! I took along a stunning girl, singer Louise McCarroll, and we were refused admittance because she was several shades too dark for the ugly syndicated characters who ran the joint.

Jim Crow faded from the Street during the 1940s, but other evils replaced it: the decade of neurotics and narcotics was soon upon us.

One night a typical hanger-on of the bebop years took me aside and offered to supply marijana, heroin, anything I wanted; the sickening inroads of peddlers, pimps, underworldings helped kill 52nd Street.

When the music was kicks, the Street was kicks. Today it is tabu to regard jazz as fun, and the ghosts of Wingy and Red and Louis and Leo and Joe haunt those huge new office buildings that line the block where Swing Alley once throbbed for a bygone generation.

ON THE ROAD WITH LOUIS

Louis in 1936—'It's strictly for the glory and the cash'

THOUGH New York was the real jazz centre in the 1930s, it was not the only scene of my most memorable moments. To name a few others:

CHICAGO: My initial reaction was one of shock. "Chicago style jazz has been banned!" (MM, Aug. 29, 1936). I went on to attack the Musicians' Union: "Its spectre hovers over everything in Chicago music. If a musician seeks a little relaxation after work by sitting in at the Three Deuces with Tatum, he is forbidden to do so without payment. Jam sessions, which gave birth to the whole spirit of Chicago jazz, are out!"

ODD PARALLEL

Yet there was great music to be heard. First, the furious intensity of trumpeter Robert Hicks' boogie-woogie arrangements played by the sextet of pianist Albert Ammons, whose son Gene was then 11.

Ammons and the club where he played were so obscure that nobody bothered to control his performances.

Less lucky was Fletcher Henderson. "They're trying to make a comedian out of me!" he moaned as he put on a paper hat for the finale of a long and boring show at the Grand Terrace.

The cabaret atmosphere could not entirely dim the band's spirit, though I expressed concern that Fletcher has just replaced the "inconsistent" Sid Catlett (his adjective) with Walter Johnson.

Almost a quarter-century later, again in Chicago, as programme director for Playboy's first and last jazz festival, I saw an odd parallel: this time, straw hats, sold to jazz fans, along with Playboy linen jackets, Playboy souvenir booklets and other symbols of the mass-commercialization that was overtaking jazz by 1959.

Still, it was a thrill to see 17,000 fans streaming into the vast Chicago Stadium, primarily to listen to music, and to hear a young English girl—Annie Ross, with Lambert and Hendricks—get one of the most roaring, resounding ovations of her life.

ST. LOUIS: Swinging down the route of a Louis Armstrong one-nighter tour as Satchmo's guest, in the bus with Luis Russell and his men, I was present at a memorable reunion.

A local paper ad said: "Medinah Temple Invites You to Their Annual Frolic and Excursion, July 27, 1936. Special Popular Dancing Program: Creath & Marable and Their Famous Big Band, aboard the Colossal Excursion Queen, Saint Paul."

"Sure, that's my man!" said Louis. "We were the first coloured band that ever worked the boats. Ol' Pops Foster was swingin' along with us too; and Baby Dodds on drums—Babe's running two or three taxis now, he's doing all right!

RETURNING HERO

"Say, would you like me to take you along there? I'll introduce you to Fate Marable and you can go on the trip, then come back to our gig later."

We took a cab down to the wharf where the Saint Paul lay anchored. The light-skinned, grey-moustached Marable welcomed Louis as a returning hero.

FEATHER (right) with BENNY GOODMAN, FLETCHER HENDERSON and GEORGE AVAKIAN.

Later, with Charlie Creath conducting and playing accordion, Fate at the piano, they ploughed through pop songs of the day. In the 10-piece band was a 22-year-old saxophonist named Earl Bostic. Beer, sandwiches and popcorn changed hands an pin-table machines clicked endlessly as the Mississippi flowed gently by.

During the interval, Marable chatted: "I've been working these boats for 29 years, since I was 16. St. Louis is our port in the summer; we spend winters aboard a New Orleans boat."

With Fate, back at the auditorium in St. Louis late that night, Armstrong mellowed in a rare burst of frankness as we sat around together after the job.

HAVE A BALL

"All this damn — I'm playing," he said, "it's strictly for the glory and the cash. I play whatever they tell me is best for me commercially. Fate, man, you know what I'd really like is to just play my music and have a ball, like I did in the good old days."

It was 6 am before Louis and I suddenly rememberd we had to be in Kansas City that same evening. Time, and the bus, wouldn't wait.

KANSAS CITY: On arrival, 114 degrees in the shade. By evening, an hour's tram ride out of town, I'd reached a cool, sparsely filled dance hall, Fairyland Park, part of a sort of local Coney Island amusement centre. Music by bass sax man Andy Kirk and His 12 Clouds of Joy.

Very late that night, out with Louis to the Reno Club to catch a new band we'd heard about. Joe Keyes, Dee Stewart, Carl Smith on trumpets; George Hunt, trombone; Buster Smith, Lester Young, Jack Washington, saxes; Clifford McTier, guitar; Walter Page, bass; Mach Washington, drums; and, leading from the piano, one William Basie.

Added for the show were speciality numbers by a vocalist-trumpeter, Hot Lips Page, and a blues singer, Jimmy Rushing.

"Though the band plays all night long, it is quite impossible to judge it. The place practically knocks you back as you walk in. We arrived in the middle of the show; an enormous woman wearing a tiny straw hat was singing and dancing around, but few were looking or listening."

My observations, clouded by the humidity, smoke and generally funky atmosphere, were wildly imperceptive.

John Hammond had caught the same show on his car-radio only a short time before, and had been bright enough to hear beyond the roughness of the ensembles, a band of amazing dynamism such as had never been heard in the Eastern U.S.

A FEW WEEKS AFTER MY VISIT TO THE RENO, BASIE WAS ON HIS WAY TO CHICAGO, NEW YORK AND INTERNATIONAL FAME. IT'S LUCKY INDEED THAT HE DIDN'T WAIT FOR ME TO DISCOVER HIM.

OVER MY JAZZ SHOULDER

by LEONARD FEATHER
America's leading jazz writer

MORE NEXT WEEK

Life With Feather

Kennedy Tragedy Affects Jazzmen

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

Among the innumerable side-effects of the tragedy of November 22 were many incidents that involved artists in the worlds of popular music and jazz.

The past three years had produced, in Washington and consequently all over the country, a new sense of pride and dignity in this profession as a direct result of the honors bestowed by the late President on performers who had never previously enjoyed comparable recognition.

Most direct was Count Basie, who had played for the President at an inaugural ball and had expected to meet him again during a nation-wide telecast of the awards dinner of the Joseph P. Kennedy Foundation.

Basie Ellington

BASIE, working on a movie when he heard the news, walked off the set in tears and canceled several engagements.

(Coincidentally, Milton Ebbins, who was Basie's manager for many years, now manages Peter Lawford and was frequently visible next to Lawford on the network broadcasts after the tragedy.)

EQUALLY concerned were Mahalia Jackson, who had also performed for the President, and Paul Winter, whose group of former college students had made history, by playing a concert last year at the White House for an audience that included Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy.

Billy Eckstine, Nat King Cole and Keely Smith were among the many others who had met the late President while performing at campaign rallies.

DESPITE their immeasurable grief at our national loss, some performers feel that the encouragement given under the Kennedy administration to the arts in general, and to jazz and pop music in particular, may continue under President Johnson.

Ella Fitzgerald, who met the then Vice President and his wife at a benefit she played to aid school dropouts, was impressed by his interest and sincerity.

TO MY surprise, I received a call last week from Duke Ellington, who I had assumed was on the last leg of his four-month overseas tour for the State Department. He had not been due home until Dec. 15.

"Immediately after the assassination," he told me, "the balance of the tour was called off. The Arab countries, where we were supposed to spend most of the last couple of weeks, have a mandatory long period of mourning, and they wouldn't have understood our appearing anywhere during the next month.

"AS FAR as we went, the tour was magnificent—most exciting. Everything was done on a very high plane. There were receptions in each country, held by our Ambassador, not just for me but for the whole band. And the reaction was superb.

"In Amman, Jordan, we played a concert under the patronage of King Hussein, to an audience of over 3,000 in a 2,000-year-old Roman amphitheatre. They were crying out 'Ash al Duke'—'Long Live Duke!' It was a thrilling experience."

TURKEY, Cyprus, Egypt and Greece were among the areas deprived of the Ellington band when the trip was curtailed. Most disappointed of all, though, were a group of Americans, representatives of CBS, who sent a crew out to join the band with elaborate plans for a special television show on the Ellington hegira.

"They arrived just in time to see us," said Ellington, "but too late to film even one concert. They just had to pack up all that equipment and go back home."

TAKEN ILL while the band was in India, Ellington recuperated as the house guest of Ambassador and Mrs. Chester Bowles. I asked him about the present state of his health, about which gloomy rumors had started to spread.

"I feel wonderful," said the 64-year-old genius of American music. "All I needed was to get away from the various types of insects we'd been encountering—and to wrap myself around a good solid steak at the Hickory House."

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Jan Johansson Trio: "Sweden Non Stop" (Dot 25416). A surprise item by a brilliant young Swedish pianist and composer.

(LIFE WITH FEATHER can be heard Sunday evening, 8 p.m., on KNOB, 98 FM.)

DEC. 7, 1963
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Life With Feather

Brubeck Opens Classical Gate

By LEONARD FEATHER
(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

Attempts to link classical forms of jazz have multiplied rapidly in the past five years, sometimes under the misleading title of "Third Stream Music" (a far apter name would be "Two Stream Music.")

The latest effort along these lines is the album "Brandenburg Gate: Revisited" by Dave Brubeck's Quartet with orchestra (Columbia Stereo CS8763, Mono CL 1963). This is Brubeck's second major attempt. The first was one side of the 1959 album "Brubeck Plays Bernstein Plays Brubeck" in which Leonard Bernstein conducted the New York Philharmonic and the quartet in Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Orchestra."

There is an important difference between the two. "Dialogues" was composed by Howard Brubeck, Dave's 47-year-old music teacher brother, who has no background whatsoever in jazz. It was only mildly successful.

Brubeck

Bernstein

Davis

Kenton

But "Bradenburg Gate" is an extension of a composition by Dave Brubeck himself, in which Howard Brubeck has served as arranger and conductor.

A SHORTER version of the original theme was played in Brubeck's "Jazz Impressions of Eurasia" five years ago.

This main theme is highly attractive. Later in this 20-minute work are heard sensitively woven textures of strings and solos, with feature segments allowed for each of the four men (Brubeck on piano, Paul Desmond on alto, Gene Wright on bass and Joe Morello on drums).

UNLIKE SO many of the classical-jazz fusions, this work has much in common harmonically and melodically with the natural, unstrained character of normal tonal jazz.

Some of the new thematic material is most engaging and there are some skilful uses of counterpoint.

The work as a whole is notable less for breaking any new musical ground than for finding effective means of trading with new shoes over familiar territory.

THE BRUBECK brothers can certainly be proud of their most successful collaboration to date. The second side offers the quartet and orchestra in three familiar themes of Dave's and a new one by Howard.

An important arrival among recent record releases is a newly reissued version of Miles Davis' "Birth of the Cool" (Capitol T 1974).

This includes 11 of the 12 tracks cut in 1949-50 by a precedent-setting band in which, for the first time in any modern jazz ensemble, French horn and tuba were employed.

AMONG THOSE who played and wrote in this unique group were John Lewis and Gerry Mulligan. The music has dated a little and sounds far less startling than it did at the time of creation, simply because the trend it set has been so universally taken up that the voicings are a commonplace today.

But this is still an indispensable item in any self-respecting jazz library.

One can only regret that Capitol did not see fit to include the twelfth tune recorded by this group, a vocal item by Kenny Hagood ("Darn That Dream") that still languishes in the vaults.

STAN KENTON'S latest album, "Adventures in Blues" (Capitol ST 1985) features harmonically bland themes, written by Gene Roland. The arrangements, with two exceptions ("Aphrodisia" and "The Blues Story") are trite and monotonous.

The sad fact is that with writers on the scene like Gerald Wilson, Dick Grove (the latter's "Little Bird Suite" came out recently on World Pacific), Clare Fischer (see "Album of the Week") and Gil Evans, the writing of men like Roland seems about as adventurous as a trip to the Bronx Zoo.

Kenton is badly in need of exposure to more modern writing; instead of clinging to the orchestral sounds of yesteryear, he would be well advised to solicit scores from some of the really adventurous writers who are shaping the jazz of today.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Clare Fischer, "Extension" (Pacific Jazz 77). This brilliant composer-arranger plays alto saxophone, organ and piano, and features the tenor sax of Jerry Coker, in one of the most challenging orchestral albums of the year. Don't miss it.

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Life With Feather

Stars Sing For Holiday Joy

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

One of the most heart-warming events of the holiday season, as well as one of the most musical, is the choral get-together by a group of singers who call themselves "The Voices of Christmas."

This is certainly the most unusual vocal unit of its kind ever assembled.

First of all, its repertoire consists entirely of Christmas songs.

Second, it was not assembled for TV, night club, concert or recording work (though once they did make an LP for Coral, entitled "Hark The Stars of Hollywood Sing").

Third, the performers do their singing, and the arrangers write their music, without payment.

TWO FORMER Pennsylvanians, both Hollywood residents for many years, started the group back in the 1940s. One was Francis (Sonny) Burke, a talented songwriter ("Black Coffee") and former bandleader, now a recording executive with Frank Sinatra's Reprise company. The other was Les Brown, the veteran bandleader and arranger.

"We started out," Les told me, "as a bunch of singers who just went from door to door singing Christmas carols for pleasure. Then the group expanded a little, and we sang in children's hospitals.

"IN 1953, Michael Burke, Sonny's little boy, died at the age of three and a half, of heart arrest. The idea evolved of putting our singing to some productive use, and the Michael Burke Foundation was formed, with the object of raising money for cardiac research."

As more and more singers (and many non-singers who just felt like taking part) joined the ensemble, the audience demand grew through the years and the founders decided that in addition to fulfilling requests to sing at hospitals and private parties, they would hold a banquet of their own to which the public would be invited.

THAT IS the way it has been for the past five years. The other night I attended the Voices' main performance of the current season, given at their own dinner party at the Beverly Hilton Hotel's Grand Ballroom.

It attracted a crowd of 450 who paid $25 each for the privilege of hearing this extraordinary company of volunteers.

As the dinner ended, Les Brown announced the Voices. They were composed of 15 men and 16 girls.

AMONG THEM I noticed many who are well known as solo vocalists: June Hutton, Jo Ann Greer, Lucy Ann Polk, Sue Maro of Les Brown's band, "Butch" Brown (Les' son), and several musicians trying out their tonsils, including pianist Gene Di Novi and Sonny Burke himself.

The arrangements were so beautifully harmonized that I was amazed to learn later the group consists mainly of musicians' wives and other amateurs who can't even read music. How they rehearse these intricate arrangements is beyond me.

THE ARRANGERS include Ken Darby, Ken Lane (Dean Martin's musical director), Bud Dant of Coral Records, and this year a guest writer, George Shearing, who not only contributed a fine arrangement of "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" but also played an enchanting piano solo of "White Christmas."

Other guest performances included "I Wonder as I Wander" sung by Jo Stafford, a stirring recitation by actor Reginald Owen, and a comedy version by Don Knotts of "All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth."

TOWARD the end of the show, the Voices filed off and were replaced by the "Junior Voices of Christmas," composed mainly of their own teen-aged children.

As the show ended, I complimented Sonny Burke and asked him how on earth a disparate assemblage like this could ever get enough rehearsal time to sound so perfect.

"It isn't easy," he said. "I never knew a group with so many babysitting problems at rehearsal time."

If the baby sitters permit, I hope the present personnel of the Voices can get together to cut an LP between now and the next holiday season. This is the loveliest Christmas music I have heard — and for one of the worthiest causes.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: "Outstanding Jazz Composition of the 20th Century" (Columbia C2S 831). On two LPs, Duke Ellington, Gunther Schuller, Charles Mingus, J. J. Johnson and others provide 110 minutes of important contemporary and avant-garde music.

("Life With Feather" is heard Sundays at 8:05 p.m. on KNOB, 98 FM.)

Life With Feather

That Was The Year That Was

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz")

Nineteen-sixty-three . . .

That was the year that pop gospel came in like a signifyin' lion, and went out like a bomb.

It was the year when, aside from Columbia's perennial "West Side Story" sound track LP, the two top selling albums were both by the folk trio of Peter, Paul and Mary (Warner Bros. Records) and the runner-up was another folk item, "Joan Baez in Concert" (Vanguard).

It was the year you heard the word "hootenanny" more often than you heard "jam session."

It was the year of the Beach Boys ("Surfing, U.S.A.," Capitol) and the year a jazzman, Kai Winding, switched to surf music and slid home with his first hit (Verve).

Despite surfing, rock, pop gospel and the rest, good music, played by Stan Getz, Jimmy Smith, Dave Brubeck, sung by Barbra Streisand, Nancy Wilson, Peggy Lee, was high on the best seller lists. (This, too, was the year to forget the show-biz myth that "girl singers don't sell records.")

IT WAS THE DAWN of a new day for three respected jazz veterans. Count Basie had four LPs on the best seller charts; Woody Herman, with his best band in a decade, roared through the land and through Philips LPs; Gerald Wilson's great band was a hit of the Monterey Jazz Festival and World Pacific Records.

It was the year of social consciousness. The March on Washington drew Lena Horne, Bobby Darin, Belafonte, Billy Taylor, dozens more. Ray Charles flew his whole band in his own plane at his own expense to Birmingham, Ala., to take part in an integrated AGVA show. Nat Cole, Sinatra, Sammy Davis, et al, raised huge sums at the benefits they staged for NAACP, CORE and Dr. King's SCLC. Duke Ellington's "My People" was presented as part of the Century of Negro Progress exposition in Chicago.

It was the year of a glut of 750 jazz LPs, half of them expendable. Bill Evans' triple-track piano set, "Conversations With Myself" (Verve) and Duke's reissue package "The Ellington Era" (Columbia) topped the list in musical value.

IT WAS THE YEAR many promising new singers achieved prominence on records: Lorez Alexandria, Shirley Horn, Sheila Jordan, Marian Montgomery, Teri Thornton, Bill Henderson.

It was a year when NARAS (the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences) made itself more ridiculous than ever, ignoring Miles Davis, Ellington, Gillespie, Mingus, Sauter and Quincy Jones in its awards and presenting "Grammies" to artists who were probably well aware they didn't deserve them.

It was, alas, a year of high mortality in our field. We lost Pete Brown, Addison Farmer, Joe Gordon, Glen Gray, Bobby Jaspar, Lizzie Miles, Ike Quebec, Luis Russell, Bob Scobey, Gene Sedric, Dinah Washington and far too many more.

It was the year, though, that the imperishable Satchmo Armstrong continued to conquer audiences at home and abroad. He even opened up a new tourist center in Korea —proving that this was the year, too, for Seoul music.

Above all, it was a year that brought new talent, new trends and new triumphs, with the promise of many exciting things to come in 1964.

That was quite a year, that was.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: "Let There Be Love, Let There Be Swing, Let There Be Marian Montgomery" (Capitol 1982). Another fine set by this strikingly individual singer from Georgia, with good musical settings conducted by Dave Cavanaugh of Van Nuys.

(Leonard Feather and a panel of experts will review the year in jazz Sunday at 8:05 p.m. on KNOB, 98 FM.)

2 Sec. A—SUN., DEC. 15, 1963 Los Angeles Times 2★

Dinah Washington Dies After Overdose of Pills

Singer's Body Found by Seventh Husband, Detroit Grid Star Dick (Night Train) Lane

DETROIT (UPI)—Singer Dinah Washington, 39-year-old "queen of the blues" whose throaty renditions of jazz classics made her a top recording artist, died Saturday of an apparent overdose of pills.

The singer's body was found in bed by her seventh husband, professional football star Dick (Night Train) Lane. Her physician, Dr. B. C. Ross, said he believed Miss Washington had "ingested pills of an unknown type."

Homicide Det. William J. Chubb said an unmarked bottle of 50 orange and blue pills was found next to the bed. The contents were not immediately known.

An autopsy was performed at the Wayne County morgue. A medical spokesman said the results would have to wait until a microscopic analysis of the body tissues could be made, "in two or three weeks." He did say, however, that she did not have a heart attack or a stroke, indicating the pills may have been responsible for Miss Washington's death.

Miss Washington, whose biggest hit was "What a Difference a Day Makes," had been taking pills for a "nervous condition," according to Mrs. Ethel Harrison, 67, who lived with the Lanes.

Lane, a standout defensive star with the Detroit Lions, said he and his wife had retired about 1 a.m. He said he awoke at about 4 a.m. when he heard the bedroom television set buzzing. He found his wife unconscious and called Ross. She was pronounced dead at 4:50 a.m.

Home for Holidays

Lane and Miss Washington had gone to the airport last night to pick up her two sons by previous marriages, George Jenkins, 18, and Robert Grayson, 15. They were home for the holidays from a Boston area prep school.

Mrs. Harrison said Miss Washington often took the pills when performing and that they had been prescribed by a physician.

Born in Tuscaloosa, Ala., as Ruth Jones, Miss Washington's family moved to Chicago when she was still a child. She won an amateur singing contest at the Regal Theater in Chicago when only 15. Joe Glaser, then head of a large jazz booking agency, heard her singing in a Chicago bar in 1942, talked her into changing her name to Dinah Washington and

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JAZZ SINGER DEAD—Dinah Washington, found dead in Detroit home, in recent photo with husband, Dick Lane, of Detroit Lions football team. UPI Telephoto

DINAH

Continued from Second Page

got her a job with Lionel Hampton.

Leonard Feather, author of the "Encyclopedia of Jazz," described her then as: "Tart, cool yet impassioned, casual without the contrivance that sometimes accompanies stage casualness."

Miss Washington hit the big time in 1943 when Feather organized a recording session for her, backed by a sextette from the Hampton band. She recorded four songs at that time—"Evil Gal Blues," "I Know How to Do It," "Homeward Bound" and "Salty Papa."

When the records were released, Miss Washington became a star. In 1946, she quit Hampton and went out on her own, having already established herself as probably the most important new blues recording star of the decade. She later recorded many pop and standard tunes that extended her fame beyond the blues field.

She made more than 100 records. In addition to her famed "What a Difference a Day Makes," other top numbers included "Mad About the Boy," "Make Believe Dreams," "If I Loved You," "I Wanna Be Loved," "Stormy Weather," "September in the Rain," "Unforgettable," "I Won't Cry Anymore" and "Harbor Lights."

Miss Washington had been married six times when she met Lane, a long-time fixture with the Lions and an all-pro selection the past three years. They were married July 2 in Las Vegas.

L. A. Times 12/22/63

Dinah Washington Memorial

Program notes: Leonard Feather, the distinguished jazz critic, broadcasts a memorial to the late Dinah Washington tonight on KNOB-FM at 8 o'clock. It commemorates what would have been her 20th year in the recording field. Feather arranged Miss Washington's first recording date and wrote her first hit song, "Evil Gal Blues."

A day in the life of Rose Queen Nancy Keeler, a history of Christmas, a

MATT WEINSTOCK

From a Dusty Office Season's Greetings

L.A. Times 12/18/63

Leonard Feather's new book of musicians' anecdotes, "Laughter From the Hip," tells of the time Andre Previn was on tour with his trio, which included bass fiddler Red Mitchell.

The unwieldy bass used to be carried free in a special compartment but now airlines require that a

Weinstock

ticket be bought and the bass is placed on a seat. Musicians make jokes about flying with Mr. Sam Bass but they aren't happy about the expense. And one time, Previn recalled, they decided that inasmuch as the bass required the same fare as a passenger it was entitled to the drinks and lunch that went with it. They got them too.

Previn also relates the time there was a deadly rivalry between two trumpet players with the Stan Kenton band. Things reached the point of no return and one night they squared off for a fight. But before the first blow was struck one said, "By the way, not in the mouth, huh?" The other agreed and they went ahead.

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AM and FM

Review of Year's Events on Air

By ART RONNIE

It's the season to be traditional. And traditionally radio stations air hour documentaries reviewing the past year's events.

Herald Examiner 12/28

This year, as in the past, newscasters and newspaper editors recall stories of international and national interest, events at city hall and what happened to jazz during the last 12 months.

A round-table of newspaper editors, including Hugh A. Lewis, editor of the Herald-Examiner, will discuss the big news stories of 1963 and look into 1964 on KHJ Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

KABC will report on much the same Sunday at 6:05 p.m.

KGBS covers the year Sunday at 10 a.m. and this show will be repeated Wednesday at 12 noon.

Another documentary beams Monday on KFI at 8:35 p.m. and KNX broadcastas its hour of news Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.

Political activities during the past year in Los Angeles city government will be examined by newsmen Sunday on KFWB's Inside City Hall at 11:30 p.m. Herald-Examiner city hall reporter Jim Mullen is a member of the panel.

The past year in jazz will be round-tabled by Leonard Feather on his Sunday night show at 8:05 p.m. on KNOB-FM. Panel members are "Sleepy" Stein, Mike Connors and John Tynan.

Valley Times 12/28

Feather, Panel To Discuss Jazz In 1963

On Sunday evening, from 8:05 to 9 p.m., Leonard Feather's weekly program "Life With Feather" on KNOB (98 FM) will be devoted to a round-table discussion of "1963—The Year in Jazz."

In addition to Valley Times columns, Feather, the panelists will be John A. Tynan, West Coast editor of "Down Beat," as well as "Sleepy" Stein and Mike Connors, general manager and program director respectively of KNOB.

Important events of the year will be outlined and some of the experts' selections for best records of the year will be played.

AM and FM

Christmas Specials Fill the Air

By ART RONNIE

TRIBUTES

A tribute to the late President Kennedy airs Sunday on KABC at 1:30 p.m. President Johnson will give an address from the Lincoln Memorial. The Howard University Choir will sing.

Leonard Feather will devote his Sunday night program on KNOB at 8:05 o'clock to the memory of the late Dinah Washington.

Interestingly, Feather discovered Miss Washington 20 years ago next Sunday. Impressed with her singing he put her in front of six men from Lionel Hampton's Band and the Washington legend began.

On his show he will discuss his association with Miss Washington, relating a number of little known anecdotes, and play many of her hit songs "Evil Gal Blues" and "Salty Papa Blues" he wrote himself.