DAVE CAPLAN—'Toronto's Man About Town'—GOES TO NEW YORK

IT'S vacation time and I'd like you to be my guest on a trip to New York all expenses paid.

Leader Bill Crump worked with such people as **Sarah Vaughan, Al Hibbler, Eartha Kitt,** [illegible] **Dinah** and **Sammy**

LEWIS: A TRAGIC WASTE OF TALENT

From Page 1

That's the name of the rock 'n' roll vaudeville show in which Vic Lewis is almost heard.

Vic has one advantage over his predecessors: only five southern dates, less Jim Crow, even a couple of nights in Canada. But man, that show!

Bill Haley and his Comets are the only white act aside from Vic's band, but rock 'n' roll is ghastly, regardless of race, creed or colour.

There are umpteen acts in the show, with names like The Platters, The Clovers, The Teenagers, The Flairs, etc.

In Newark it didn't matter how out of tune they sang or how bad the diction, because the acoustics of the hall were so shocking and the amplification so poor that nothing anybody said, sang or played all evening could be discerned, anyway.

Ignored

The audience seemed to be about 60 per cent. coloured. Because the show had been switched from another hall at the last minute to the vast, gloomy, dank barn of a place called the Armoury, the attendance was disappointing.

Customers paid one dollar for a big, 28-page souvenir programme. Photos on the cover of everyone but Vic.

Biographies inside of everyone but Vic.

Not even a mention of Tommy Whittle anywhere in the book.

No listing of Vic or Tommy in the order of acts.

Vic's band got on the bandstand at 10.18 and was off at 10.24.

In those six minutes they played "Intermission Rock," "In The Mood" and Tommy Whittle's solo, "Just One Of Those Things."

The band, though Vic told me he was sinking to the level of his audience as far as possible, sounded good; Tommy sounded good.

Who paid?

It was the only music I heard all evening.

And for these six minutes on the stand somebody paid return fares across the Atlantic for 18 people (including Vic's manager).

For these six minutes Vic and his men are traipsing all over the country in a show that needs the band about as much as the North Pole needs more ice.

Who paid the expenses for this "exchange"? Clearly not Irving Feld, who put this show together and sells it to promoters in each town. [illegible]

some [illegible] would [illegible] and the American [illegible] a chance to meet [illegible] each other?

Why can't Hampton's stay in England be prolonged, let's say, by just one day, to enable Vic to play a concert at Carnegie Hall, uncluttered by gyrating vocal groups and unintelligible ballad bawlers?

Why can't the ban be relaxed that has prevented Heath, Randall and Lewis from doing anything but concerts in the U.S.?

A farce

Vic might have been a hit at Birdland or Basin Street, or on NBC's daily "Bandstand" broadcast.

But he will go home next month and 99 per cent. of America's jazz fans won't even know he was here.

Because jazz fans don't know or care about shows that feature the Comets and the Platters and the Clovers and the Flairs.

It's a fraud and a farce, and I hope Vic will be the final victim; that future British visitors will be heard in the setting they deserve.

The present arrangement not only is an insult to the musicians; it is a stupid and tragic waste of time and money.

WINTER GARDENS · BOURNEMOUTH

Wednesday, October 31st, 6 & 8.30 p.m.

Irene Kral, vocalist with Maynard, is doing a wonderful job with the band and received high praise from adjudicator **Leonard Feather.** Irene wants to be remembered to all her friends and particularly the O'Rourkes. She'll be heard on the new Ferguson records shortly.

Michael P. Grace, of the Grace Steamship Lines, is the impresario of the concert series.

★

Toshiko opened at the Hickory House for a 5-week stand and I made opening night together with **Leonard Feather, Marion McPartland** and **George Wein.** She is accompanied by **Gene Cherico** on bass, and Bostonian **Jake Hanna** on drums.

Toshiko docked at Los Angeles on Jan. 14/56 from Japan and has been building up quite a following since.

She recorded for Norman Granz in Japan (1953) with **Ray Brown, Herbie Ellis** and **J. C. Heard,** called "Toshiko", a 10" LP. Her next album was the 12" Storyville album called "George Wein Presents Toshiko".

The latest recording soon to be released will be called "Toshiko and Her Trio" and George Wein tells me its a "swinger with more up tempos than have previously been recorded", which should

a look at the current jazz scene and the winners of the second annual playboy poll

by Leonard Feather

MORE THAN 25,000 PLAYBOY readers made the scene, picking their favorites in the second annual *Jazz Poll* for a place with the 1958 *Playboy All-Stars*. In selecting the top stars of jazzdom for this dream aggregation, readers proved themselves hip indeed; and comparing the winners with the results of last year's poll confirmed that the champions wear their crowns snugly and it takes a mighty effort to upset them.

The year between polls has been a big one for jazz — for hot and cool and all the schools between, for the very young as well as the very old: W. C. (*St. Louis Blues*) Handy was honored on his 84th birthday in a memorable, celebrity-packed banquet

ERROLL GARNER, piano

FRANK SINATRA, male vocalist

RAY BROWN, bass

BUD SHANK, second alto sax

BARNEY KESSEL, guitar

the growing open-air trend, reflected in such new ventures as the Great South Bay Jazz Festival, for which most of the Fletcher Henderson band of the Thirties was reunited; and Michael Grace's summer-long Theatre Under the Stars in Central Park that flopped with a variety of musical and dramatic presentations and was rescued by the week-around use of jazz.

As for night clubs, which trend you spotted would depend on where you were standing. In the warm light of Sunset and Vine, jazz withered, as almost every Los Angeles club gave up on it during the year. Looking from Sheridan Square, though, you could see bright new lights flashing on jazz, as New York's Greenwich Village became the new center

ELLA FITZGERALD, female vocalist

ALL-STARS

(continued from page 40)

guests—but, unable to snag a national sponsor, the show folded the week before Christmas. Radio offered *Bandstand USA*, with two hours of live jazz from Eastern clubs filtered across-country via Mutual every Saturday; NBC's *Monitor* discontinued its visits to Chicago jazz spots at year's end and planned henceforth to limit its weekend wandering to jazz in New York.

There were some interesting academic notes during 1957: Brandeis U. commissioned six compositions from avant-garde jazzmen to be premiered at its Creative Arts Festival, and at Music Inn in Lenox, Mass., a unique summer "School of Jazz" was inaugurated, with students from the U.S., Brazil and Africa boning up on piano, trumpet and drums under such teachers as Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie and Max Roach.

It was a fantastic year for jazz on records, with sales almost doubling those of the previous 12 months. The 10 top-selling jazz LPs of the year, by our own rough estimate, were *Miles Davis—'Round About Midnight, Duke Ellington at Newport, Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Cole Porter Song Book, Ella and Louis, Four Freshmen and Five Trumpets, Erroll Garner Concert by the Sea, Jimmy Giuffre 3, Shelly Manne and His Friends Play My Fair Lady, Modern Jazz Quartet* and *Modern Jazz Quartet at Music Inn*. Near year's end, PLAYBOY produced its first *All-Star Jazz* album, an intra-industry recording venture on PLAYBOY's own label, featuring the winners of the first annual *Jazz Poll* on two 12" LPs, with 10 pages of liner notes, photographs and an extensive LP jazz discography.

As fans mourned the loss of George Girard, Joe Shulman, Serge Chaloff and Jimmy Dorsey (who passed away less than a year after his brother Tommy), new stars twinkled on the scene. Johnny Richards' crew stirred up the most talk among the big bands, while Jimmy Giuffre's threesome seemed the likeliest combo comer. On the solo level, tenor sax man Sonny Rollins was the most talked-about cat of the year.

The movies continued to make only sporadic use of jazz, though jazz-like sounds were showing up more often in background music. Two traditional jazz stars were honored with celluloid biographies: W. C. Handy in *St. Louis Blues*, with Nat Cole as W. C., and Louis Armstrong in *Satchmo the Great* with Satchmo as Satchmo. A French company hired John Lewis and his Modern Jazz Quartet to write and play the background music for *Sait-On Jamais*; Red Norvo helped with the yelps in *Screaming Mimi*, a Gypsy Rose Lee—Anita Ekberg opus.

But more important than these developments on records, at clubs, in TV and movies, were the international rondos played by top U.S. jazzmen. Stars like Lionel Hampton were in such heavy overseas demand that they spent more time out of the country than at home. Haile Selassie presented Wilbur De Paris with a gold medal as the trombonist's traditional-type combo toured Africa. Princess Margaret sent a note backstage to Count Basie at the London Palladium: "Your band was wonderful. I enjoyed it immensely." Travel became so easy that Satchmo and Hamp flew from New York to London for a one-nighter benefit and flew right back; Barney Kessel winged to Caracas, Venezuela for the local jazz club's concert; Ella Fitzgerald played one show in Monte Carlo for a fabulous five-figure fee, plus transportation from Los Angeles and back again.

As jazz grew bigger and the world smaller in inverse ratio, Ray McKinley took his reincarnated Glenn Miller band behind the Iron Curtain; Hal McIntyre's orchestra played U.S. bases in Britain; Harry James bypassed England (because there were complaints that his band had become too square), but played to full houses in France and Germany.

Solo jazzmen who wandered off independently, picking up local accompaniment across the Continent, included Bob Cooper, Bud Shank, Herbie Mann, Lucky Thompson and Tony Scott. Tony even went to southernmost Africa and blitzed the *apartheid* laws by playing for mixed audiences. Even in countries notoriously antipathetic to Americans, the jazzmen left behind gobs of good will (except for one combo leader who left nothing but a trail of empty bottles).

In the U.S., too, jazz appeared in places where it had never been heard before. Sarah Vaughan and Count Basie broke attendance records at the Starlight Room at the Waldorf, from whence had previously come only the squarest of musical sounds. All things considered, 1957 was probably the greatest year jazz has known to date.

* * *

While the foreign tours multiplied wildly and domestic LP sales swept upward along with concert and festival grosses, PLAYBOY's readers, who know what they want and want what they know, allowed no overnight sensations to change their 1957 choices as they picked the sidemen for the 1958 *Playboy All-Stars*. Except for a change at piano and the second seat on tenor sax, plus a little game of musical chairs in the brass section, our bold-face winners' list, with leader, eight brass, five saxes, clarinet, five rhythm, two singers, vocal group and instrumental combo, remains the same.

There were, however, some interesting and turbulent undercurrents beneath the calm surface. Specimen: while Stan Kenton remained the undisputed custodian of the *All-Star* baton, a ticker-

tape parade of Ellington votes brought the Duke from fourth to second place, reflecting the impact of his CBS *A Drum Is a Woman* TV spectacular and his popular Columbia LPs. Records must account, too, for the swift lift in enthusiasm for Britain's Ted Heath, who came from the bottom of the barrel to fifth place despite having been seen in this country for only a few weeks on a concert tour. And Dizzy Gillespie's big band lifted Diz from 12th to sixth among leaders as his intercontinental hegiras and Verve LPs earned him prestige and royalties respectively.

Louis Armstrong gave up his first-trumpet position to Chet Baker; Dizzy Gillespie and Shorty Rogers retained their third- and fourth-place spots. Miles Davis jumped from ninth to fifth, just shy of a silver medal position.

There's an interesting similarity between the trumpet voting in this largest of all jazz polls and the results of polls conducted by several publications in the music field here and abroad. Readers of the British *Melody Maker* placed the same five men on top, but not in the same order: Louis, Dizzy, Miles, Chet, Shorty. So did *Down Beat*, with Miles, Dizzy, Chet, Louis, Shorty; *Metronome* had Miles, Chet, Dizzy, Roy Eldridge and Shorty in its 1957 results.

Despite their split as a team, after a year of recording separately for Columbia, J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding are firmly ensconced in first and second place in the *All-Star* trombone section. J. J. received more votes than any other musician in the 1958 poll: four out of every five voters picked him for a place on the four-man tram team. To complete the section, modernist Bobby Brookmeyer, who spent most of his year freelancing around New York with Mulligan and others, changed chairs with traditionalist Jack Teagarden, who at press time was gassing the Dixieland-inclined British fans with a fine touring band.

Paul Desmond and Bud Shank are sitting in on alto sax for a second time; Stan Getz again takes top honors among tenor men, but Coleman Hawkins has moved from fourth to second place, replacing Charlie Ventura in the *All-Star* sax section. Gerry Mulligan received over 60% of all votes cast for baritone sax, nearly 10 times as many as his closest competition.

The clarinet vote, as in the first poll, was like a chronological history of the horn in its win-place-show selection, with Goodman, De Franco and Giuffre as unvanquished spokesmen of the Thirties, Forties and Fifties. Oldster BG copped his second silver jazz medal and secured his spot among the 1958 *Playboy All-Stars*.

It should come as no surprise that Erroll Garner sneaked past Dave Brubeck to take top honors on piano, for 1957 saw Erroll reach a new high in record sales; and if salaries are any yardstick of success, his $5000-a-week asking price for appearances in recent months could have been the tip-off. But there is plenty of room at the top, as Brubeck's continued supremacy in the combo voting indicates.

That you can mix jazz with corn and still be rated no square in hip circles was neatly demonstrated by Barney Kessel, who spent much of his time in '57 organizing everything from pop vocal to country-and-western dates, as an A and R man for Norman Granz, while doubling as jazz LP star for Contemporary Records. It was a close race on bass again between the peripatetic Ray Brown (of the Oscar Peterson Trio and JATP) and the more or less motionless Oscar Pettiford (of the New York recording studios). Shelly Manne's best-selling LPs (*My Fair Lady, Li'l Abner*) enabled him to widen his margin of victory over others in the skin game. Significantly, all of our first five drummers are also combo leaders, with the *Sweet Smell of Success* (literally as well as on celluloid) hoisting Chico Hamilton from sixth place a year ago to third in the 1958 poll.

Lionel Hampton probably spent less time within 3000 miles of the polling place than any of our other winners, but his numerous Verve waxings kept him with us in spirit while his band fastened seat belts to rock and roll its way from the Thames to Tel Aviv. Cal Tjader, seen with his cooking combo from Ciro's on the Strip to Birdland in the Apple, jumped from sixth to third among miscellaneous instrumentalists.

Frank Sinatra received more than half of all the votes cast for male vocalist for the 1958 *Playboy All-Stars*; another honor for one of the most phenomenal show business talents of the 20th Century. Nat "King" Cole and Sammy Davis, Jr., repeated in second and third place. Johnny Mathis was nominated in the first *Playboy Jazz Poll*, but couldn't corner enough votes to place among the top 15 vocalists listed. This year, riding the crest of a series of smash Columbia records, the ex-track-star jumped into fourth place.

Last year Ella Fitzgerald won her spot with the *Playboy All-Stars* by little more than 200 votes. The First Lady of Song had it much easier this time, for there wasn't a week of the year that one or another of her great Verve albums — *The Cole Porter Song Book, The Rodgers and Hart Song Book, Ella and Louis* — wasn't on the best-seller lists. Julie London moved from 12th up to fourth place among female vocalists and Eydie Gormé came out of nowhere with two swinging albums (*Eydie Gormé, Eydie Swings the Blues*) to take sixth.

The Dave Brubeck Quartet beat out the Modern Jazz Quartet a second time

Teddy Wilson	637
John Lewis	603
Phineas Newborn, Jr.	435
Billy Taylor	430
Hampton Hawes	419
Bud Powell	344
Thelonious Monk	323
Barbara Carroll	314
Marian McPartland	272
Russ Freeman	266
Lennie Tristano	238
Billy Kyle	236
Lou Levy	215
Claude Williamson	199
Hank Jones	184

GUITAR

Barney Kessel	**7,041**
Eddie Condon	3,057
Johnny Smith	2,487
Les Paul	2,281
Laurindo Almeida	1,744
Herb Ellis	1,448
Tal Farlow	1,154
George Van Eps	976
Bo Diddley	949
Sal Salvador	845
Freddie Green	663
Kenny Burrell	593
Mundell Lowe	522
Jim Hall	377
Oscar Moore	340
Jimmy Raney	314
George Barnes	283
Billy Bauer	254
Howard Roberts	233
Joe Puma	230
John Pisano	180

BASS

Ray Brown	**4,108**
Oscar Pettiford	3,796
LeRoy Vinnegar	2,208
Eddie Safranski	2,179
Percy Heath	1,658
Norman Bates	1,452
Arvell Shaw	1,283
Milt Hinton	1,251
Chubby Jackson	1,166
Charlie Mingus	1,074
Red Mitchell	1,024
Bob Haggart	1,017
Slam Stewart	874
Paul Chambers	808
Howard Rumsey	751
Carson Smith	469
John Hawksworth	457
Curtis Counce	371
Joe Benjamin	259
Squire Gersh	245
Wendell Marshall	238
George Duvivier	208
Teddy Kotick	200
Israel Crosby	177
Joe Mondragon	168
George Morrow	162

DRUMS

Shelly Manne	**7,160**
Gene Krupa	3,935
Chico Hamilton	2,417
Max Roach	2,320
Buddy Rich	2,291
Louis Bellson	1,546
Jo Jones	1,263
Art Blakey	922
Joe Morello	848
Stan Levey	567
Cozy Cole	527
Philly Joe Jones	484
Barrett Deems	340
Kenny Clarke	294
Candido	277
Osie Johnson	265
Mel Lewis	255
Nick Fatool	251
Ray Bauduc	246
Sam Woodyard	231
Don Lamond	206

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

Lionel Hampton, *vibes*	**7,122**
Milt Jackson, *vibes*	3,277
Cal Tjader, *vibes*	1,818
Don Elliott, *vibes & mellophone*	1,629
Terry Gibbs, *vibes*	1,586
Art Van Damme, *accordion*	1,478
Herbie Mann, *flute*	1,473
Bud Shank, *flute*	1,456
Shorty Rogers, *flügelhorn*	1,116
Sidney Bechet, *soprano sax*	1,101
John Graas, *French horn*	780
Red Norvo, *vibes*	692
Buddy Collette, *flute*	656
Jimmy Smith, *organ*	528
Bob Cooper, *oboe*	487
Frank Wess, *flute*	465
Tito Puente, *timbales*	396
Fred Katz, *cello*	381
Sam Most, *flute*	276
Jean "Toots" Thielemans, *harmonica*	262
Cy Touff, *bass trumpet*	256
Joe Rushton, *bass sax*	196
Pete Jolly, *accordion*	164

MALE VOCALIST

Frank Sinatra	**14,674**
Nat "King" Cole	2,113
Sammy Davis, Jr.	1,981
Johnny Mathis	1,434
Mel Tormé	954
Harry Belafonte	847
Pat Boone	678
Joe Williams	563
Louis Armstrong	556
Al Hibbler	508
Chet Baker	458
Perry Como	455
Billy Eckstine	419
Fats Domino	352
Bing Crosby	340
Jackie Paris	299
Bobby Troup	288
Frankie Laine	250
Jimmy Rushing	184
Elvis Presley	169
Tony Bennett	162

FEMALE VOCALIST

Ella Fitzgerald	**6,199**
June Christy	3,981
Chris Connor	2,810
Julie London	2,490
Sarah Vaughan	2,036

Eydie Gormé	1,749
Anita O'Day	967
Peggy Lee	883
Doris Day	802
Carmen McRae	793
Lena Horne	532
Billie Holiday	529
Jeri Southern	508
Patti Page	378
Dinah Washington	363
Pearl Bailey	358
Jaye P. Morgan	231
Kay Starr	230
Frances Faye	194
Dinah Shore	190
Jo Stafford	185
Lee Wiley	178
Eartha Kitt	177
Jackie Cain	172

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

Dave Brubeck Quartet	**5,180**
Modern Jazz Quartet	3,598
Louis Armstrong All-Stars	1,865
George Shearing Quintet	1,792
Erroll Garner Trio	1,173
Chico Hamilton Quintet	1,163
Gerry Mulligan Quartet	1,052
Shelly Manne and His Men	1,033
Australian Jazz Quintet	1,002
Benny Goodman Quartet	970
Dukes of Dixieland	916
Miles Davis Quintet	745
Shorty Rogers' Giants	676
Kai Winding Septet	621
Art Van Damme Quintet	564
Chet Baker Quintet	509
Lighthouse All-Stars	475
Cal Tjader Quartet	426
Lionel Hampton Quintet	407
Oscar Peterson Trio	345
Barbara Carroll Trio	318
J. J. Johnson Quintet	289
Gene Krupa Quartet	268
String Jazz Quartet	246
Stan Getz Quintet	226
Max Roach Quintet	220
Horace Silver Quintet	216
Bob Scobey Septet	182
Ramsey Lewis Trio	173
Bud Shank Quartet	173
Don Elliott Quintet	167
Jimmy Giuffre Trio	159

VOCAL GROUP

Four Freshmen	**9,625**
Hi-Lo's	7,989
Mills Brothers	1,846
Jackie Cain & Roy Kral	1,742
Mary Kaye Trio	1,245
Platters	1,020
McGuire Sisters	678
Axidentals	554
Andrews Sisters	400
Blue Stars	376
Al Belletto Sextet	350
The Weavers	309
Moonglows	229
King Sisters	214
Pat Moran Quartet	211
Cadillacs	164

THANK YOU, ANNA

(continued from page 66)

By the way, what did you mean, "make lots friends, get married"? I already have a lot of friends. And I can't get married — two people couldn't live in this one room and I have a two-year lease with no sublet clause. Therefore, marriage is out of the question for some time. And why does everybody want to see me married? I'm happy this way. I have an interesting job, a happy home, and Anna. You must have been talking with Mother again.

At any rate, I appreciate the Restoration.

Best,
PETE.

MISTER PETE:

Found hairpins under pillow of easy chair. Also bottle nail polish in bathroom.

? ? ? ?

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

Easily explained. I am a safecracker by profession, and use hairpins in the picking of difficult locks. The nail polish, however, is not mine. It was left here by a friend, who is somewhat absentminded about those things, and I am going to have a little chat with my friend about that.

Not to change the subject, but — if you stand on a chair and run your finger along the curtain rod, you will find a mess of dust. This was especially disappointing to me, Anna, as it is my custom to run my finger idly along the top of the curtain rod when I am thinking. Let's spend more time on the top of the curtain rod and less time on Hairpin Hunts.

Sincerely,
PETE.

MISTER PETE:

Why you mad?

Thank you,
ANNA.

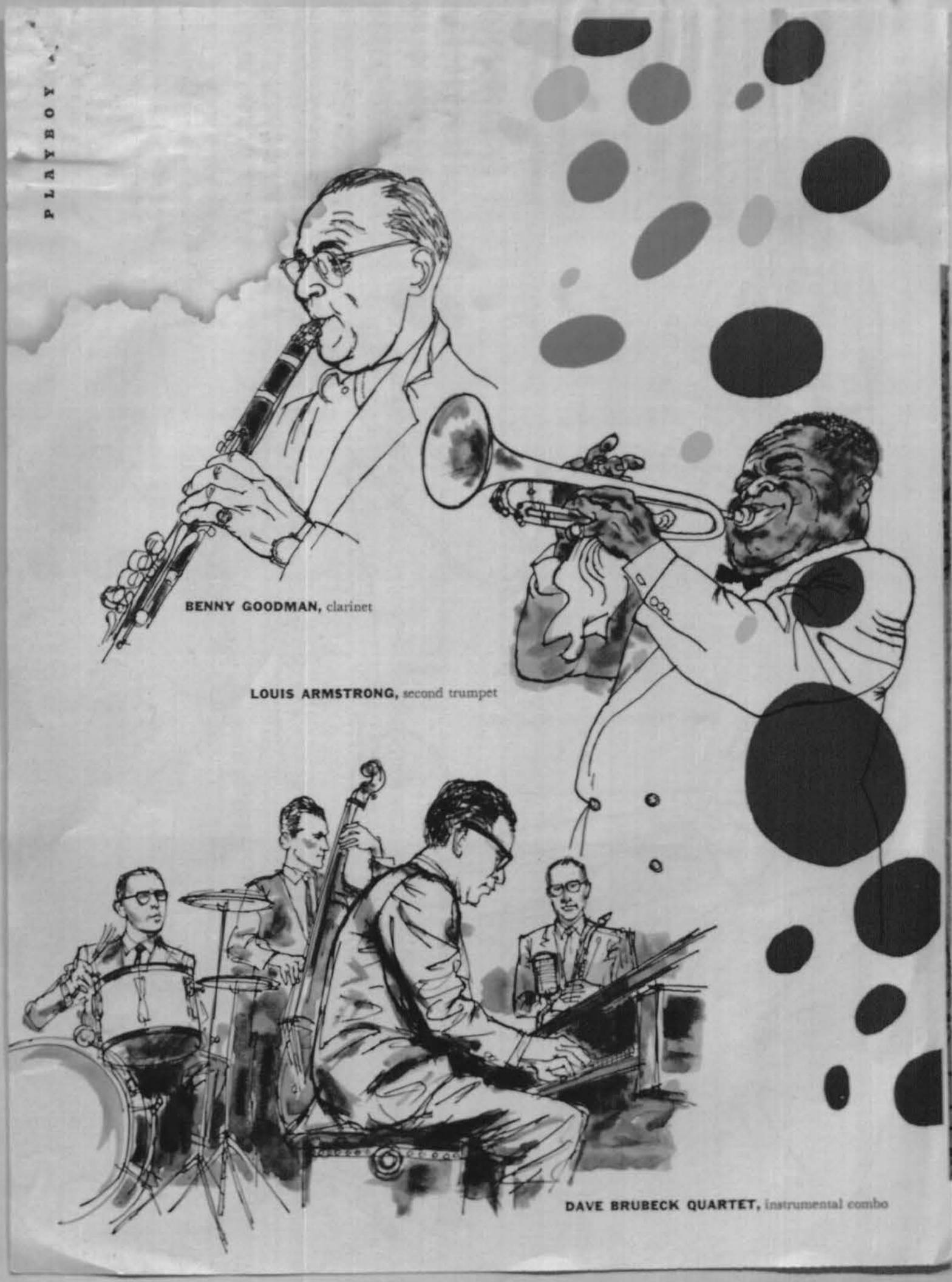
DEAR ANNA:

Who's mad? The curtain rod is beautiful — I never realized it was brass until now. It was just that I thought you were accusing me of something in your last message, but it was probably my own guilty conscience.

Now that I think about it, it might be a good idea to track down hairpins. It has been pointed out to me that not all girls use the same kind of hairpin, and the discovery of the wrong hairpin at the wrong time could be rather embarrassing.

Is the stove in operating condition? Could you check that little eternal light down in the middle of it for me? Tonight I am going to try something different. Met a girl the other day, from a very wealthy family, but who claims she can cook. I laughed and challenged

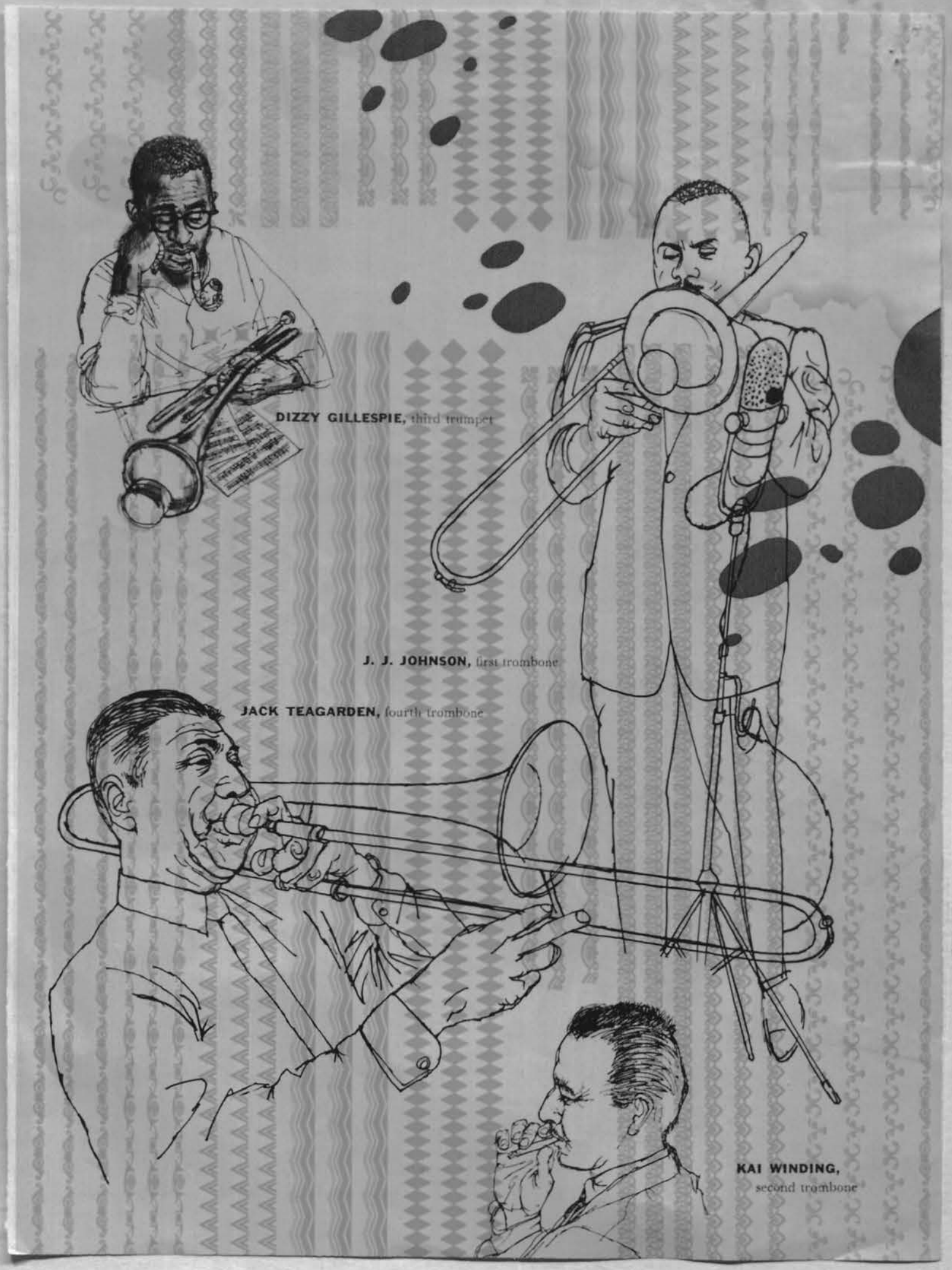
PLAYBOY



BENNY GOODMAN, clarinet

LOUIS ARMSTRONG, second trumpet

DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET, instrumental combo


DIZZY GILLESPIE, third trumpet
J. J. JOHNSON, first trombone
JACK TEAGARDEN, fourth trombone
KAI WINDING,
second trombone

WHO'S WHO

ALBERT EDWIN CONDON was born in Goodland, Indiana, in 1904, and, if you squint, doesn't look a day over twelve. What he lacks in physical stature is compensated richly in a quick wit that is unique in jazz.

More has been written about him, during the past decade, even in such unlikely areas as the smart women's fashion magazines, than about any other jazzman living.

It might also be said that more has been written *by* him than by any other jazzman, for in addition to innumerable magazine articles under his byline, there is now a weekly column syndicated in many American newspapers.

Most of his pieces are co-authored by the celebrated magazine writer Richard Gehman, who is accompanying Condon on his trip to England.

LEONARD FEATHER

writes an exclusive round-up of the famous U.S group which starts its British tour at Glasgow on Thursday

Banjoist

Condon's musical background covered the early days of Chicago jazz in the '20s—first as a banjoist with such groups as Hollis Peavey's Jazz Bandits and the Mound City Blue Blowers, later in partnership with Bud Freeman, Gene Krupa, Frank Teschemacher and others of the early Chicago school. The late Red McKenzie, vocalist, was his almost inseparable partner; the McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans records of the late 1920s were considered classics in their school.

Condon's career in New York (from 1928) breaks down roughly into three phases. The 1930s were his starving years, when Eddie had his own personal depression between gigs on 52nd Street. Not until 1939, when Ernie Anderson took him in hand and began promoting him as the central figure in jam sessions and jazz concerts, did the second, more successful phase begin.

Own club

The early '40s were marked by a long series of concerts at Town Hall in New York.

The third phase began when Condon opened his own club in Greenwich Village, which last week celebrated its 11th anniversary.

Eddie's first book, an autobiography entitled *We Called It Music*, was co-authored by the late Thomas Sugrue in 1947. His latest book, co-edited by Richard Gehman, *Eddie Condon's Treasury of Jazz* is an anthology of a few dozen pieces, fiction and non-fiction, by leading writers, now going into its 3rd edition in America.

● Caskin

Discussing his trip during a visit to the club the other night, I asked Eddie if he had been in England before as a member of the Mound City Blue Blowers.

"Oh, no," said Eddie, "that was before I even knew those guys. Eddie Lang, Dick Slevin, Jack Bland and Red McKenzie were all there in the very early '20s when the Prince of Wales was a gay blade."

jazz, organized from the standpoint of people and places and main currents. Mr. Feather has an advantage in writing about jazz in that he has been associated with the business for so many years that he reflects currents of thought which are not always apparent to the outsider, and this advantage is seen in his history. I am especially pleased, too, that a few paragraphs have been devoted here to the problems and effects of racial discrimination as well as to the recording bans of 1942-43 and 1948—these, especially the former, are important items that are frequently left out of consideration by jazz historians.

Following the history come 17 pages of that rarest of the rare in jazz writing, a section entitled "What Is Jazz? A Musical Analysis"; it is surprising how rarely critics discuss the *musical* as opposed to the *historical* side of jazz. In very simple—almost too simple—language the various musical aspects of jazz are enumerated with the aid of musical examples. Later there is a brief description of the ranges, sounds, and uses of musical instruments. In some respects this section is disappointing, especially in that Feather consistently refuses to come to grips with a musical definition of jazz on the ground that such definition is impossible—a point of view with which I do not agree—and in that he does not indicate the nature of the specific musical contributions to jazz made by African and Western musical traditions. Despite these objections, however, I must reiterate my pleasure in seeing a musical analysis of jazz. Its inclusion has greatly increased the value of this volume.

A "Hall of Fame" is the next item on the agenda; it consists of a list of five jazz men selected by ten experts as having been the most important figures in the history of jazz. Connected with this is a two-page "Giants of Jazz" section in which the outstanding jazz musicians are named by instrument. I might quarrel in both instances with a selection or two, but it isn't important—the names chosen are certainly reasonable.

From page 70 to 332 the *Encyclopedia* is concerned with biographical information about 1065 jazz musicians from John Abney to Robert Zurke. In the "Introduction to Biographies" the three criteria for each entry are listed as "(1) what was this artist's background, (2) what have been his most important associations, (3) on what . . . records can he be heard?" In addition, "in the case of the more important artists, a brief delineation of the nature or quality of his work, either in my own view or in that of other critics, was also included" (p. 71). Mr. Feather has also inserted such information as awards won, favorite performers, the musician's favorite recording of his own work, and even—in those cases where it was possible—permanent mailing addresses. This section encompasses the major portion of the volume and is certainly a major contribution. Mr. Feather points out that selection here was a difficult problem indeed, but I would recommend for future inclusion a few names he left out, among them Wesley Prince (the other two members of the King Cole Trio are there), Harry Goodman (a somewhat surprising omission to me), and Corky Cornelius (a young trumpet player of the swing era who graced some Gene Krupa discs). I might mention here that the *Encyclopedia* is interlaced with some 200 photographs of jazz musicians both in and out of action; and, thank goodness, there are a number of new pictures included. But I bring it up in this connection because some of those who are considered important enough to picture (Bobby Jaspar, for example) are not listed in the Biographies; unquestionably a slip and, again, not a reason for major criticism.

Whatever came after that massive "Biographies" section was almost certain to be a disappointment, and indeed it is—a listing of "Birthdays" by day and month. Thus for January 1, Milt Jackson, Al McKibbon, and Papa Celestin are listed; for January 2, Nick Fatool, Henry Goodwin, and so forth. I have racked my brains but I cannot think of a good excuse for this section since birthdays are given in the biographies. Perhaps it is only meant to remind us that on every June 26 we should burn a stick of incense to Big Bill Broonzy.

Phila. Bulletin Oct. 29, 1956

Bernard (Le Most) Peiffer Mixes Jazz and Classics

By CAROL GELBER

Jazz and classical music, presented at the same concert, may sound like a strange combination.

To Philadelphians, it is: November 9 will be the first time the Academy of Music has housed both types of music at the same time.

Bernard Peiffer

But it's nothing new to pianist Bernard Peiffer who's featured in the concert. He's just as much at home at the keyboard with one as with the other. So his three-hour program will include modern jazz (with his sextette of Birdland stars), and contemporary and classical music — plus some of his own compositions.

Now Lives Here

The versatile young Frenchman, now a resident of Philadelphia, doesn't consider the program such an odd one at all. In France, Peiffer, 34, had quite a reputation for his skill at the ivories. Fourteen years ago, when he added jazz to his classical repertoire, he was dubbed "Le Most." And to him, all kinds of music are "le most."

"I enjoy playing and hearing both classical and jazz," he said in his still-heavy French accent. "I believe in the future the two will be mixed more in new compositions.

"Our concert will give jazz fans a chance to discover classical music. And those who love classical music will be able to hear pure jazz, not sophisticated or commercial. Just pure."

On hand to introduce the pianist will be Leonard Feather, one of the sponsors of the concert.

Peiffer has been in Philadelphia for almost two years and has displayed his skillful piano technique in the jazz idiom at the Blue Note, Showboat and Embassy.

Peiffer said there are very few opportunities for teenagers here to hear good jazz—it's played mostly in nightclubs and bars. In France, though, it's played everywhere.

Rock 'n' Roll 'The Least'

According to Peiffer, rock and roll "is nothing, absolutely nothing. And it will not be a part of my concert. It is only a little thing that will soon fade away.

"More and more real jazz is being played on radio and television, gaining new fans, and that is fine. But then they put on rock and roll and call that jazz, too.

"It certainly isn't jazz. Its form of harmony is so ridiculous it can't even be defined. Only the very poor musicians play it —'poor' artistically, I mean. Because it's a sure way to make money fast. That's its only advantage.

"But someday soon everyone will grow tired of rock and roll. When they do, they'll go to jazz."

To "Le Most," rock and roll obviously is the least.

"After all," he said, "there's a degree a human being must stop at!"

N.Y. Library of Congress
March, 1956

ton, 1945) and Edythe Backus (*Catalogue of Music in the Huntington Library Printed Before 1801* (San Marino, 1949) as well as Evans-Shipton. To my astonishment, I discovered that in at least several cases all three bibliographies disagreed—not only amongst themselves, but with the actual imprint! Such, apparently, is bibliographical fallibility. In defense of Mr. Shipton's work, it must be admitted that his 12 entries are in most instances more accurate than either Sonneck-Upton or Backus.

From the point of view of the music librarian, the most serious failing of Evans-Shipton lies in its handling of sheet music. Unfortunately, an 18th-century date on a piece of American sheet music is very much the exception rather than the rule, and tying any individual sheet down to a specific year is a task of enormous difficulty. Sonneck-Upton lists almost 200 undated items probably published around 1800, plus or minus a year. Because of Mr. Shipton's rigorous standards, only the merest handful is included. The worst of it is that these imprints are excluded from *every* volume. A neat finesse is involved. A song sheet was published, say, in either 1799 or 1800. It is not found in the 1799 volume because it could have been published in 1800; it is not found in the 1800 volume because it could have been published in 1799.

A possible solution to the problem might be the addition of a volume (or volumes) giving information about imprints *known to exist* which cannot at present be pigeonholed within a single year. There can be no question about the authenticity of such items; it is just a matter of their reasonably accurate categorization within some stated two-, five-, or ten-year period. This kind of Evans "Anhang" would doubtless increase the work's utility for other specialists as well as music librarians—those concerned with broadsides come immediately to mind.

In sum, Volume 13 is as indispensable to all concerned with early American imprints as are the other 12. Libraries owning previous volumes will want to buy it regardless of its good or bad qualities. And, despite the fact that Mr. Shipton has considerably improved on Evans' workmanship, he has by no means achieved bibliographical perfection. Had he done so, it could have been a truly super-human achievement.

IRVING LOWENS

The Encyclopedia of Jazz. By Leonard Feather. Foreword by Duke Ellington. New York: Horizon Press, 1955. [360 pp., music, ports, illus., 4to; $10.00]

Some years ago, having decided that my talents as a jazz musician could probably lead only to frustration, I turned with renewed vigor to the study of jazz as a musical art form and a historical phenomenon. In retrospect I am prone to think that my troubles only deepened. In those "good old days" the resources for the "serious" jazz student in most libraries were indeed meagre if present at all, and I suspect that most librarians were as unhappy about it as I was. If Mr. Feather's *Encyclopedia* had been out at that time, all might have been different and, indeed, librarians and I might be better friends now, but that is past history. The *Encyclopedia of Jazz* is going to serve libraries well, for it is the first real source book of jazz to which one can refer the casual reader as well as the term-paper writer and even the begining serious student. I do not think that I am willing to give it the adjective "magnificent," but I will surely settle for "excellent," and it is to be understood that whatever criticisms I level against it are of a distinctly minor nature.

"Acknowledgments," "Contents," and a list of "Illustrations" are the openers, followed by a "Foreword" by Duke Ellington which lends authenticity and is a generally pleasant beginning. The next 17 pages are devoted to "A Brief History of Jazz" written by the author, which in a nutshell turns out to be a clear, simple, direct, and clean *résumé* of the broad outlines of the development of

Jazz-echo Buchbesprechung:

Lexikon der Theorien – „Book of Jazz" der Praxis

Fast zur gleichen Zeit erschienen zwei grundsätzliche Jazzbücher, „The Book of Jazz" von Leonard Feather (bei Horizon Press New York) und Knaurs „Jazzlexikon" von Stephan Langstroff und Alfons Dauer (im Knaur Verlag, München) — das eine in Amerika, das andere in Deutschland, das eine ein Buch der Praxis mit einer Fülle von neuem, bisher unbekanntem Material, zusammengetragen in zahllosen, zumeist auf Magnetophonband aufgenommenen Gesprächen mit Musikern, das andere ein Buch mit einer Fülle von Theorien, die so ziemlich allem, was bisher über den Jazz geschrieben wurde, widersprechen.

Wichtigstes Ergebnis von Leonard Feathers Buch ist die Beseitigung des New Orleans-Mythos: der Jazz ist nicht in New Orleans entstanden, sondern in vielen Städten des nordamerikanischen Südens und Ostens gleichzeitig. Es sei eine „Legende der Schriftsteller", daß der Jazz allein aus New Orleans stamme, sagt der große Pianist Willie The Lion Smith, und es wird deutlich, daß der amerikanische Jazzkritiker Rudi Blesh die Hauptschuld an dieser — wie an zahlreichen anderen — Jazzlegenden trägt. An anderer Stelle stellt Leonard Feather die Meinung verschiedener Jazzkritiker und berühmter Jazzmusiker gegenüber, und fast stets gibt es auf der Seite der Kritiker den Mythos, auf der Seite der Musiker klare Fakten. Auch hierbei kommt Rudi Blesh besonders schlecht weg.

Rudi Blesh aber — der nicht nur von der Jazzkritik, sondern auch von den Musikern des traditionellen Jazz selbst vielfach widerlegte Kritiker, der Mann, der inzwischen auch selbst viel von dem korrigiert hat, was er geschrieben hat — ist so ungefähr der einzige Jazzkritiker, der von Alfons Dauer, einem der Bearbeiter des Knaur-Lexikons, anerkannt wird. In diesem Lexikon steht der erstaunliche Satz: „Die Grundeigenschaften des Jazzstils sind nach Herkunft und Entwicklung letzten Endes afrikanisch." In dem ganzen Lexikon wird die Afrikanistik in einem Maße überbetont, daß man sich fragt, ob Alfons Dauer die sehr präzisen Ergebnisse der amerikanischen Fachkritik — vor allem von Marshall Stearns und seinem „Institute of Jazz Studies" an der New York University — nicht kennt. Wenn er sie aber nicht kennt, wie kann er dann wagen, ein so grundsätzliches Werk, wie es ein Lexikon ist, herauszugeben?

Es gibt in diesem Lexikon das Stichwort „Jazzforschung", und es ist interessant, daß dort die wichtigen Jazzveröffentlichungen der letzten Zeit — die Bücher von André Hodeir, Nat Hentoff, Nat Shapiro, Marshall Stearns, Horricks und Morgan und die Jazzencyclopedy von Leonard Feather — überhaupt nicht angeführt sind. Und das sind immerhin die Bücher, die das Bild vom Jazz, wie wir es heute haben, wesentlich bestimmen. In diesem Lexikon wird so getan, als bestünde das alles nicht — ja, der Autor hat in anderem Zusammenhang kundgetan, daß er der erste sei, der sich wissenschaftlich mit Jazz beschäftige. Gewiß . . . er ist es nicht, aber nehmen wir einmal an, er wäre es: was für ein Selbstbewußtsein gehört dazu, so etwas von sich selbst zu behaupten!

Man denkt, wenn man in diesem Lexikon ständig von afrikanischen Dingen liest, an Duke Ellington. Dem wurde einmal von einem Spießbürger gesagt, daß er sich mit seiner Urwaldmusik am besten auf dem schnellsten Weg nach Afrika zurückbegeben solle: dort gehöre er hin. Duke Ellington bemerkte daraufhin höflich, daß man in Afrika kein Verständnis für seine Musik habe. Wenn es dem betreffenden Herrn aber recht sei, ginge er nach Europa: „Dort nimmt man uns."

Richard Wright, der große Negerdichter und Schriftsteller, fuhr nach Afrika, in dem Vollgefühl, nun endlich den Erdteil seiner Vorväter zu betreten, die Heimat seiner Rasse . . . enttäuscht fuhr er wieder fort: Wir sprachen die gleiche Sprache, sagt er, und verstanden uns nicht . . . Und er resumiert, nach sehr ausführlichen und sehr genauen Überlegungen, daß der amerikanische Neger heute gewiß in jeder europäischen Großstadt leben könne, aber in Afrika kann er nicht leben. Unsere Hautfarbe, so sagt er, ist zwar schwarz. Aber unsere Kultur, unsere Denkweise, unsere Art, die Dinge zu sehen, ist weiß.

Es gibt vielerlei verschiedene und sich oft befehdende Richtungen in der Jazzkritik, aber alle diese Richtungen sind sich darüber einig, daß der swing — die allein dem Jazz eigentümliche Weise, Spannung zu schaffen — das wichtigste aller Jazzphänomene ist. Diesem wichtigsten der Jazzphänomene widmet Knaurs Lexikon sieben Zeilen, und es wird da nicht einmal der Versuch einer Bestimmung des swing gemacht. Stichworte wie „Beantwortung" und „Anrufung" aber, die, wenn man der bisherigen Jazzliteratur glauben darf, auch nicht annähernd von der Bedeutung des swing sind, werden in langen Artikeln behandelt.

Oft findet man das Wort „negerisch", das kein einziges Mal definiert wird, obzwar es in der Jazzkritik immerhin neu ist und obzwar es in diesem Lexikon ständig ad absurdum geführt wird: von weißen Musikern nämlich wird gesagt, daß sie „schwarz" spielten, und von schwarzen, daß sie „weiß" spielten. Was aber hat die Bezeichnung musikalischer Dinge nach Hautfarben

tos and record lists into **"A Guide to Jazz"** (Houghton Mifflin; $4) which is valuable only for its pictures and the inclusion of biographies of some traditional musicians omitted from Leonard Feather's excellent **"Encyclopedia of Jazz"** (Dial; $10) published last year. Mr. Panassie regrettably finds modern jazz players outside his definition of jazz altogether. Mr. Feather's book, by the way, has a supplement this fall, **"The Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz"** (Dial; $3.95) which contains 100 pictures, additional biographies and some rather tedious compilations of the box scores of various jazz polls as well as some excellent comments on rhythm and blues and a good summary of recent jazz activity.

COKESBURY • COKESBURY

Leonard Feather returned from Paris and Milan last week where he set up deals for the translation and publication of "The Encyclopedia of Jazz" in France and Italy. Encyclopedia has now sold 15,000 copies in the U.S. and is going into its third edition. It'll be published in London next month by Arthur Barker Ltd.

The first "Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz," which will contain biographies of 150 new musicians, will be published by Horizon in October and by Arthur Barker in England next spring. Meantime, Feather has set a profile on Norman Granz for the January issue of Esquire mag.

An interview by Leonard Feather

Freddy the Goul

FRIEDRICH GULDA, whose first Carnegie Hall concert was observed by Louis Biancolli to be "the most sensational keyboard debut since that of Vladimir Horowitz", and who in the view of many experts is one of the world's foremost living exponents of Beethoven, made an appearance recently that was not arranged by S. Hurok. Through the intercession of John Hammond, who had helped engineer the careers of Benny Goodman and Count Basie, Gulda took his place at the head of a septet organized for him by Hammond, and appeared at Birdland and at the Newport Jazz Festival.

Guilda's embarkation on a double life is not without precedent; however, every previous case has been that of a musician first established in jazz who has subsequently made forays into the concert field. The venture is all the more remarkable in that the 26-year-old Viennese pianist, a former child prodigy who at 16 won an international music contest award at Geneva, had no contact with jazz during his first few years as a professional performer.

After making his initial public appearance with the Orchestra de la Suisse Romande under Ernest Ansermet, Gulda played several hundred concerts covering Europe and South America, and at numerous festivals at Prague and Vienna, making his debut here in 1950. By this time the jazz virus had attacked him. He spent many of his spare hours hunting through Greenwich Village and the Broadway area in an attempt to establish personal contacts with some of the improvising bopsters he had heard on records.

"Bopsters", an obsolescent word for a still thriving group of musicians, best describes the type of top-rank jazzmen in whom Gulda found his major interest, as can be seen from the personnel of the group with which, aided by Hammond, he surrounded himself for the Birdland debut. The men, all admirers and in many cases disciples of Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker & Co., were Idrees Sulieman trumpet, Jimmy Cleveland trombone, Phil Woods and Seldon Powell alto and tenor saxes, Aaron Bell bass, and Nick Stabulas drums.

The formation of the combo was an indirect result of Gulda's first attempt to extend his jazz interests to the empirical level. A year before he had organized a group of musicians in Vienna and had made a series of broadcasts, half classical and half jazz. It was John Hammond's reaction to recordings of these broadcasts that led him to encourage Gulda into a similar venture on native jazz soil.

During his week at Birdland, Gulda was recorded in the club, playing some of the modern, *Continued on page 70*

Friedrich Gulda's nickname is a sign of his acceptance by the jazzmen

its creators and interpreters, as well as a sense of program balance.

He will, in the course of these assignments, be required to write brief introductory comments characterized by the element of instantaneous interest which the professional writer calls a "narrative hook". You also hope that he has a degree of personal affability which will insure compatibility with his co-workers. In your type of broadcast operation, this is fully as important as overall ability. That's all you need, but will you find it?

The audition script you will hand the prospective announcer makes a variety of demands. It consists of two minutes of AP news, three contrasting commercials which require different pacing and interpretation, and concludes with the critical page which is referred to privately as "the deep six". Within fifteen seconds this page of classical names, titles, and terminology will probably determine for you if the man is right for your station.

This station, for whose overall program structure and routines you are to be responsible, is very definitely a going concern commercially. While audience approval is as important as sponsor satisfaction, the fact remains that to stay in the comfortable black, as this station has for the past many years, you must keep in mind that its basic although by no means only *raison d'être* is to serve as an advertising medium and a good one. Therefore, your new announcer must be a) a good salesman, and b) possessed of that elusive state of mind which for our purposes might be termed intelligence if not intellectuality.

Believe me, such an employee is not easy to find. Let me explain the problems as I have come to know them. As program director, I try to interview personally every applicant with a minimum of three years' full-time commercial radio experience. Usually, and this harks back to the audition, they fall into four classifications.

1. They are excellent general commercial announcers for a conventional station, but fail miserably on longhair pronunciation.

Complete facilities for tape recording are provided at the KFAC studios. Here engineering supervisor Glen Bronner is at work on one of the station's four recording machines

2. They are superb musical annotators, but fall flat on their pear-shaped tones when it comes to delivering a convincing commercial. They sound stuffy, instead of speaking with the casual dignity which is our "announcer style".

3. They are genuinely sincere when they declare they can handle the announcing chores at a station like ours, and are dismally dismayed when they discover they cannot.

4. They may be potentially right for us, but are too immature either intellectually or professionally.

We operate in a highly competitive area. While the station's share of listening audience *Continued on page 76*

Each control room has dual facilities for playing records and tapes, together with equipment that is maintained to deliver top audio quality

The KFAC library of over sixty thousand recordings is housed in a fireproof and earthquake-proof room in the ultramodern Prudential Building

A Classic Answer

the blindfold test

By Leonard Feather

The blindfolding of Friedrich Gulda was an event to which I had looked forward eagerly ever since the report that he was about to return to America to make his first official plunge into jazz.

As one of the most distinguished Beethoven specialists on the present-day concert piano horizon, Gulda might well have been expected to have something of the dilettante approach to jazz, both in his thinking and in his playing. That such was not the case became quite apparent when he wailed authentically at the helm of a fine modern combo at Birdland.

The extent of his jazz knowledge and sensitivity was further reinforced when, from behind the blindfold, he reacted provocatively to a set of records that included everything from the latest in avant-garde jazz (No. 7) to the lowest in rhythm and blues (No. 8).

Gulda was given no information before or during the test about the records played for him.

The Records

1. Stan Kenton. *In Veradero* (Capitol). Neal Hefti, composer and arranger; Bud Shank flute; Bob Cooper, tenor sax; Harry Betts, trombone; Don Bagley, bass.

I really didn't like it so much—I don't think it's a jazz piece. I couldn't tell who it might be. I don't go for this kind of music very much, because I don't think it was jazz. There was nothing spectacular in any of the solos. I think the bass player could have learned his part better.

I never heard a record of Sauter-Finegan, and it could have been their band. It's hard to rate that, because I don't think it was jazz. The playing was actually good, but I don't think it belongs in a jazz blindfold test. No rating for this.

2. Ruby Braff. *Linger Awhile* (Vanguard). Braff, trumpet; Nat Pierce, piano.

I like that one very much. I'll give it four stars. I can't think who the trumpet player was. I never heard Bix Beiderbecke, but maybe it was he. It was Count Basie on the piano, I suppose. I think the record is excellent. Personally, I don't go very much for this style, but within this style, it's wonderful.

3. John Graas. *Mulliganesque* (Decca). Graas, composer, arranger, French horn; Gerry Mulligan, baritone; Don Fagerquist, trumpet; Red Mitchell, bass; Larry Bunker, drums; Marty Paich, piano; Howard Roberts, guitar.

I like Gerry Mulligan, but I can't make out who the trumpet player was. It might be Jon Eardley. I didn't like the rhythm section nor the piano player. I can't make out who the trombone is—it's not good enough for Brookmeyer. This might have been done in Europe. I hate to give three stars to Gerry Mulligan—I'd like to give him five. I like the writing, but I think he has done better things—if it's his. Three stars.

4. Seldon Powell. *Count Fleet* (Roost). Powell, arranger and tenor; Bob Alexander, trombone; Tony Aless, piano.

This seems to be another west coast outfit. I like the tenor player very much. I didn't go for the piano though. The trombone solo was very good. The arrangement was good—it swings. I'd rate this 3½ stars.

5. Melvyn (Mel) Powell. *Sonatina* (Vanguard). Powell, composer, arranger, piano.

If this continues in the same vein as it has begun, you can take it off. I suppose this is one of the experiments of Mel Powell. From the classical classical point of view, it lacks everything. To me it lacks form and development of ideas. Judging it as classical music, it would be good for very little. This strikes me as if somebody has had a glance at classical music and behaves very childishly. It's pretentious without any meaning.

He has an idea of what modern classical music is like and tries to imitate it. If this is a jazz player or if he has been, I recommend that he go back and study. I wouldn't rate it as jazz, and if I were his teacher of classical music, I would make him sit down at the piano and study harmony, counterpoint, and form.

6. Bud Powell. *Collard Greens and Black-Eyed Peas* (Blue Note). George Duvivier, bass; Art Taylor, drums; Oscar Pettiford, composer.

I want to say the negative things first. He could use a little more technique. I like him very much, though. I think it might be Bud Powell in a product of not one of his best days, or it might be one of his spiritual pupils. I like the rhythm section and the theme is nice . . . I would say Horace Silver, but the left hand is a little too thick for him.

It swings nicely, but I don't think this is his best achievement. I would like to hear more of this pianist. As a pianist as a whole, I would rate him very high, but for this particular piece, I'll give him 3½.

7. Teddy Charles. *Green Blues* (Atlantic). Composed and arranged by Charles.

I never heard this experimental group, Teddy Charles, but according to all I hear about him, I think this must be he. I don't think it makes sense to compose a thing without harmony and then end on a clear, fat, nice B-flat major chord. This cancels out what he's done before. Not to want it during the piece and to want it at the end just so it makes an ending isn't logical.

I don't see why jazz is trying to do without harmony. They have achieved so much in developing the harmony they learned from us Europeans and have developed it into something entirely new. I don't see any reason for giving it up—especially when it's done so half-heartedly—ending on the B-flat major chord . . . The music was well played and the musicians very good ones, but I think they could do better. To the piece, the writing, I would give 1½ stars. To the playing, I would certainly give four.

8. Chuck Berry. *Roll Over, Beethoven* (Chess).

That's enough—I don't want to hear any more of that . . . *Roll Over, Beethoven*—why do they call it that? . . . Well, I think some people just can't make it in the hard field of jazz, so they turn to this. I'm not saying anything against rhythm and blues, but I know this piece is not a singular one—there are other pieces exactly like it. The same tempo, same instrumentation, same formal pattern. I didn't like this very much. It does use the blues harmonic pattern, though, and proves that he knows the chord changes for the blues. Give him one star for knowing the chords of the blues.

9. Stan Kenton. *You Go to My Head* (Capitol) Bob Graettinger, arranger; Bob Burgess, trombone; Richie Kamuca, tenor.

Well, that's Stan Kenton and Bill Russo's arrangement. It may be Bill playing, too. I think by now you know my dislike for efforts to please the long-hairs with so-called jazz. I don't need that! . . . I started enjoying the record when the introduction was over and I fell asleep again when it started back to the style of the introduction.

I don't think it's necessary to do things like this. If this thing, *You Go to My Head*, would be played by, say, Lee Konitz with a little outfit, just as it is, with nice, good thoughts for improvisation, I would prefer it. I think there is much more thought than in any brassy arrangement.

FREDDIE THE GOUL

Continued from page 28

apparently Gerry Mulligan-inspired music he had written for his men. The results will be heard on two RCA Victor LP's.

Shortly afterward, Gulda offered this reporter a summation of his views on jazz, which already had been widely interpreted and misinterpreted in the lay press. The following is a transcript of our conversation:

FEATHER: How did you first get interested in jazz? Was Count Basie's *Red Bank Boogie* really the first jazz record you heard?

GULDA: Well, they squeezed that out of me in the interviews because they were so

Continued on page 71

FREDDIE THE GOUL

Continued from page 70

anxious to know the first jazz record I listened to. I don't know if it was, but *Red Bank Boogie* was the first one I enjoyed and listened to over and over. I used to play it when I didn't understand a thing about it.

FEATHER: Was the first thing that really made you start in jazz something you heard by Dizzy Gillespie?

GULDA: This was a little journalistic exaggeration, too, but the first who won my respect was Dizzy. He really knocked me out. If you can judge your interest by the condition of records, Dizzy's *Good Dues Blues* was one that really impressed me. It's in terrible shape from my playing it so much.

FEATHER: What was the first American jazz you heard in person?

GULDA: Before I came to this country, I hadn't had a chance to hear American musicians playing in Europe. The first jazz I heard here in person was, I think, Duke Ellington and Sarah Vaughan at the Paramount Theater.

FEATHER: Did you know anything of the Ellington legend?

GULDA: Yes, I had quite a good knowledge of Ellington records by then.

FEATHER: How do you rate Ellington?

GULDA: He is in my highest esteem.

FEATHER: How many jazz records do you have?

GULDA: At home in Vienna, I have about 60 to 70 LP's and maybe 300 seventy-eights.

FEATHER: Who was the first jazz pianist to interest you?

GULDA: Oscar Peterson was the first one I went wild about. I learned later that Bud Powell is the greater of the two, but it took a little development of my taste. I prefer Bud Powell now, by far, but about four years ago I was crazy about Peterson. I still like him — he is much the better pianist. After Tatum, he is the best jazz pianist technically. As a jazz musician I would rate him very high, but as an inventor, Powell is the greatest.

FEATHER: Did you find this interest in jazz opened up an entirely new world to you?

GULDA: Yes, absolutely.

FEATHER: When did you start fooling around trying to see if you had a feeling for jazz?

GULDA: In about 1949 I began playing a little jazz. I always had an imagination for what the feeling of the jazz beat was, but I found it hard to produce.

FEATHER: Did you understand the chord system?

GULDA: I learned jazz chords not methodically, but by walking around jazz circles listening and learning what to add to it to make it sound good if they call out a sev-

Continued on page 72

But Atonal Music Is Lost On Him

The Blindfold Test

(Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

Gillespie Really Digs Brownie, Thad

By Leonard Feather

STRANGELY ENOUGH, John Gillespie had never previously undertaken a *Blindfold Test* for *Down Beat*.

Since John is essentially not only a great trumpet player but the greatest living symbol of a whole phase of jazz history, the records in this new test, as you will see, were not limited to trumpet specialties but were designed to test his reaction to a variety of musical forms. He was given no information whatever, either before or during the test, about the records played.

The Records

1. Session at Midnight. *Blue Lou* (Capitol). Harry Edison, Murray McEachern, Benny Carter, trumpet fours; McEachern, alto solo; McEachern, Benny Carter, Willie Smith, alto fours; Jimmy Rowles, piano. Recorded 1956.

That's pretty good. Is that Billy Smith on alto? That must have been made about 1946 or something. Sounded like Benny Carter on both trumpet and alto. I haven't heard Benny play trumpet for such a long time, but that trumpet player did sound like him. I don't know who the other trumpet player was. The pianist is a pretty nice little stylist. I'm not sure about the two alto players . . . Very nice record, though; on the whole I'd give it 3½ stars.

2. Clifford Brown. *Joy Spring* (Pacific Jazz). Bob Gordon, baritone; Shelly Manne, drums; comp. Clifford Brown; arr. Jack Montrose.

The trumpeter must have been Clifford Brown . . . I don't know Don Byrd well enough to recognize his playing. The trumpet was superb; by far the best on the record. One thing wrong with that was that the drummer should have played some accents along with the rhythm—to punctuate it . . . This reminds me of something with Chano Pozo. The thing that was so amazing about him was that he could play rhythm and accents all at the same time. I think that's what this record needed.

The harmony was very nice, and the arrangement was very good—sounded a little like Quincy Jones. The baritone didn't do too much. I'll give it 3½ stars for the trumpet and writing.

3. Jimmy Smith. *You Get 'Cha* (Blue Note). Smith, organ; Thornel Schwartz, guitar.

It must be that new boy, Jimmy Smith. Very good, but one thing, they didn't record his bass as well as could have been. It sounded like they didn't have a microphone near it, and you couldn't hear it walking. It was very quiet.

Something should be done about an organ. What he was playing was very good, but there's a sound inside an organ that comes when you hit a note—another note seems to mar the feeling of the first note and sounds loud. What

Dizzy Gillespie

is that? It isn't the same sound as when you hit a note on a trumpet or saxophone . . . What he was playing was terrific.

The guitar didn't seem like he was finishing his phrases . . . He must be a very young boy, because I know when I was younger, I would start playing something and right in the middle of the phrase I'd think of something else that might sound better. If that organ had sounded the way he was really playing it and if there had been a mike on the bass, I would rate it higher, but give it three stars.

4. Modern Jazz Society. *Sun Dance* (Norgran). Comp. John Lewis; J.J. Johnson, trombone; Aaron Sachs, clarinet; Lucky Thompson, tenor.

I didn't like the composition too much, but the solos were good. It sounded like they had a valve and a slide trombone. The composition didn't move me emotionally, and you have to try to combine emotionalism and technique. You shouldn't do something just for the sake of technicality; there should be some emotional impact.

I didn't care too much for the clarinet. The tenor slurred too much—I didn't like it. Lucky Thompson is the only tenor player who slurs that I like. Since I didn't like the composition, that will take off half, and we'll have to bring it up from scratch. Give it two stars.

5. Nat Adderly. *Watermelon* (EmArcy). Nat Adderly, cornet; Julian (Cannonball) Adderly, alto; Horace Silver, piano.

That was cute. When the alto and trumpet played together, it sounded like one horn. It was very good, but I don't know who it was on trumpet or even on alto. The pianist couldn't have been Wynton Kelly? I thought it was arranged nicely and they played it quite well. I like the alto all right, but I've heard Charlie Parker so much that it's like something of him rubs off on other players.

I can't get too enthused over alto players now unless one comes along who really breaks away completely. Both Parker and Johnny Hodges are such great artists, and they don't sound alike. When Hodges plays something, you know it's the best it can be played, and it's the same with Parker. I'll give this 2½ stars.

6. Teo Macero. *Heart on My Sleeve* (Columbia). Macero, tenor; George Barrow, baritone; Orlando Girolamo, accordion.

In order to say what was wrong with that, I'd have to hear it four or five times. The baritone didn't sound like it had any connection with what the tenor was playing. Was it written down? I don't like the sound of that accordion playing in octaves. That didn't hang me. Is that what you call atonal music? Bobby Scott was talking about atonal music or free form, and I don't understand what it means. Every one thinks I know what atonal music is. They even ask me if I play atonal music, and I'm not hip to what they mean at all. This has no emotional message for me. No stars.

7. Duke Ellington. *Upper Manhattan Medical Group* (Bethlehem). Comp. and arr. Ellington; Willie Cook, trumpet; Harry Carney, baritone.

That Carney. He's something! He's been with the boss so long that he's like the grandfather of the baritone. Who was the trumpet player? He played very nicely. That must have been a Strayhorn arrangement—it reminds me of *Chelsea Bridge*. That will get four stars.

8. George Handy. *Pensive* ("X"). Comp. and arr. Handy; Dick Sherman, trumpet; Buddy Jones, bass.

The trumpet was very smooth. The writing reminds me of Lennie Tristano, but I haven't actually heard much of Tristano to recognize him. The bass player seemed to be playing wrong notes. I imagine this would be some more of that free form, or what do you call it—atonal? I'll give this 2½ stars.

9. Chico Hamilton. *Jonalah* (Pacific Jazz). Hamilton, drums; Buddy Collette, clarinet.

I know who that could be, but I've never heard his group. It's from the west coast—Chico Hamilton. I haven't heard anyone who sounded like that. It's a very good group—I wonder if that is Chico? The clarinet was very nice. Give that four stars.

10. Thad Jones. *Little Girl Blue* (Blue Note). Jones, trumpet; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, bass.

That was very beautiful. Very good trumpet, *and* guitar, *and* bass. Was it Clifford Brown? The tone was marvelous—reminds me of Freddie Webster, but it sounded like Clifford Brown. That's about the nearest to five stars you can get.

FREDDIE THE GOUL

Continued from page 72

FEATHER: Do you think atonality and jazz are incompatible?

GULDA: Yes, I think so. I wonder why these people have to spend fifty years to get the real good system of harmonic changes and then throw it all overboard.

FEATHER: Who are some of the other jazz writers who impress you?

GULDA: I was very much impressed with Bill Holman. I like his arrangements in the Stan Kenton Showcase album. My knowledge of jazz is only partial. I know more or less what's going on, but I couldn't expect to know all about everything. Of these I know, I think the greatest arranger who has pushed music forward as a person, player, and arranger, and as a general influence, is Gerry Mulligan.

FEATHER: How does the life of a working jazz musician feel to you?

GULDA: Very hard. I don't like the hours, but I do like the environment very much. The jazz musicians I know best are the guys I'm working with right now, but I think they're all the best people in the world. I say this because I really feel this way. Very rarely do you find sincerity and goodness in men as much as you do among jazz musicians. Everybody tries to co-operate and when they tell you something they mean it. They don't hesitate to tell you you stink and, on the contrary, they let you know when you're good.

FEATHER: Do you think you will occasionally come back to the jazz field?

GULDA: Why, certainly. I don't know when I will be back in New York again, but I am sure that some time I will play another engagement at Birdland. In any case, spiritually I am *always* in the jazz field!

BROADWAY BEAT

Continued from page 43

For one thing, along with the producers, authors, director, choreographer, and stage manager, he maintains a veto over the choice of members of the chorus. He attends all three audition calls, diligently looking for the singers who will give him the vocal quality he wants, and also fit the pre-conceived physical type being sought for the show. "Sometimes," Allers says, "it's heartbreaking to hear someone who could well be sent to Bing at the Met, and then reject him because he's the wrong type. In "My Fair Lady", those who didn't meet physical specifications were eliminated before being asked to sing, a procedure which was much easier on all concerned."

During the initial rehearsal period, Allers worked very closely with the director and choreographer, in this case Moss Hart and Hanya Holm respectively, each checking the other on almost every move.

Continued on page 74

FREDDIE THE GOUL

Continued from page 71

enth. I have lots to learn in this respect — I'm not even half-way. I understand harmonization, but my fingers don't march quick enough.

FEATHER: When a musician calls out changes like B-flat minor seventh, do you feel that?

GULDA: Yes, I can do that, but what I have to learn is speed. When somebody shouts the changes at me, I could play them better if I had speed.

FEATHER: Your association with Beethoven's music would lead one to expect that your parallel jazz interest would be around the Dixieland period, but if one knew you only by the type of jazz you play, they would expect you to specialize in Bartók or Stravinsky.

GULDA: I see what you mean, but I think both assumptions are wrong. These are prejudices, that modern jazz has more to do with Bartók and older jazz has more to do with classical music. I don't think this is true.

FEATHER: It's more that modern jazz musicians tend to be interested in the modern classical musicians.

GULDA: Yes, but I wish they wouldn't.

FEATHER: By the same token, Dixieland musicians are more likely to be interested in Bach and Beethoven.

GULDA: Jazz musicians' knowledge of classical music is terribly superficial. However, I have been told that one who really knows is Gerry Mulligan. I don't know if it's true, but I was told this. All the jazz musicians I know have a really superficial knowledge of classical music. They may know something of Liszt and may have heard some Bartók, but attempts made at the digestion of classical music by a jazz musician seem ridiculous and childish. A pupil in his third year at the Academy in Vienna knows much more about classical music than the greatest jazz people there are. That doesn't affect their value as jazz musicians, though. On the other hand, the ear and natural musicianship of the average jazz musician are much better than the ear and musicianship of an average academy student.

FEATHER: Particularly in regard to extemporization, I suppose?

GULDA: Yes, and harmonic understanding, even though they don't know how to write. The musical ability among jazz youngsters is much better. I am sorry to say that an accomplished classical musician has no jazz knowledge at all.

FEATHER: Don't you think the tendency of jazz to merge more and more with classical music might be considered dangerous?

GULDA: Yes, classical music is something these people must digest.

Continued on page 73

Picture Week July 2, 1956

LEONARD FEATHER opened his home to Jutta when she arrived in this country. "His wife was like a sister to me," Jutta told Picture Week. "I can never repay the family."

rific hit with soldier audiences, and German jazz fans.

About this time Jutta made a tape recording of herself at the piano. Friends sent the tape on to America and to one of this country's foremost jazz scholars, Leonard Feather. He listened to the tape and was excited by the fresh approach and brilliant musicianship that Jutta displayed. Feather resolved to find Jutta in person when he next visited Europe. He finally caught up with her while on tour with his group, Jazz Club, U.S.A.

Feather's appearance and his subsequent offer were dreams come true for Jutta. Leonard

make her draw posters for them, for the girl is a talented artist too. But she will not cooperate. The girl knows that the threats the Russian occupation forces have made are not idle ones. She knows the time has come when she must flee to the Western Zone—to freedom. There she will be able to play her jazz piano and the only thing to count will be her skill.

The girl and two companions plan the escape. One night, through the forest, they make their break across the well-patroled frontier. She carries nothing but the clothes on her back, some of her sketches and her most precious possession, a small record collection.

* * *

TODAY, the frightened young girl who escaped that night is the featured pianist at New York's famous steak emporium, the Hickory House. The story of Jutta (pronounced like Ūtă) Hipp's last ten years is a truly amazing one.

After escaping to the West, Jutta managed to form a "combo." Since they were completely unknown, the group was forced to take any jobs that were available. And the only offer they had was from a European circus. Jutta and her combo played for the clowns and the various animal acts, waiting until they could get themselves into regular club dates. Jutta Hipp was fortunate because she played the music that a lot of American G.I.'s in small German nightclubs were homesick for. They spread the word and when Dizzy Gillespie came to Germany, he invited Jutta to tour with him. She was a ter-

Down Beat July 25, 1956

Feather's Nest

By Leonard Feather

"THE BIGGER THEY are, the nicer they are" is a cliche often applied to persons in show business. Sometimes the phrase applies; on other occasions it turns out to be wishful thinking. Then there are some who now can afford to be, and in effect now are, completely nice persons because they are now on top of the heap and because they got there by trampling on everyone who stood in their way.

It is extremely difficult, in this world of artistic temperaments, to be both big and "nice" in the conventional sense of the term. A "nice" human being, by my definition, is a completely adjusted, warm, loving, and lovable person who has no neuroses of any kind (or has managed to rid himself of any he did have).

It might be interesting to pose a few questions for big-name jazz musicians to ask themselves. Each question, it appears to me, is a pretty stiff test of character, one that only a minority could pretend to pass.

- When a critic gives you an unfavorable review, do you tend to examine the review for constructive criticism and then try to act on it, rather than tend to rationalize by condemning the review or reviewer as unfair?
- Do you try as much as humanly possible to accept all requests to appear at benefits for worthy causes?
- When a friend or acquaintance is sick, even if you are playing several shows a day, do you take time out to visit him in the hospital?
- Have you ever turned down a job at big money to work for less money at a club owned by a fellow who helped you in your early days and who now needs you more than you need him?
- Have you ever turned down a job because it would have involved catering to Jim Crow?
- Have you ever been able to accept philosophically a rival musician's victory in a poll you previously had won?
- Are you able to applaud, without any feeling of jealousy, the performance (on the same instrument you play) of an artist who has achieved more fame than you? Or a work by a more successful composer?
- If an agent, night club owner, or jazz critic with whom you have become personally friendly were to retire permanently from the music business, would you make every effort to maintain your friendship with him and stay just as close to him, knowing that he could no longer do anything for you?

I wonder how many famous musicians who happen to read this column can answer favorably these eight questions. Having known hundreds of top jazzmen for many years, I can vouch for a few persons who would make out pretty nicely.

Count Basie, I believe, might answer "yes" to all eight questions, and Woody Herman would come pretty close, which makes them pretty exceptional cats; I have also been lucky enough to form close friendships with a few musicians who could probably offer at least five or six honest "yes" answers. It would

Down Beat Aug 8, 1956

Not An Easy Man To Please

Urbie Hears 3 Worth 4

By Leonard Feather

ONE OF THE few musicians to rise to prominence in recent years who can claim to be equally at home in a modern big band, a swing era type of combo or a contemporary neo-bop group, is Urban Clifford Green.

The trombonist, first prominent in the Woody Herman Herd of 1950-52, has displayed his skill on innumerable record sessions on these styles as well as in CBS staff work in New York—not to mention stints with Benny Goodman in *The Benny Goodman Story* and more recently with Benny's band at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel.

The records played for Urbie covered a wide territory, from New Orleans jazz to the latest in atonality, with occasional reminders of some of the sidemen he has worked with, such as Carl Fontana, who was his teammate in Woody's band five years ago. Urbie was given no information whatever either before or during the test, about the records played.

Urbie Green

The Records

1. Count Basie. *Magic* (American Recording Society). Bill Hughes, trombone; Marshall Royal, alto sax.

Well, I naturally think of Basie, but I don't know for sure who it is. It didn't sound *quite* like Basie. The arrangement and performance sounded a little sloppy for Basie—his band is so well organized these days. The solos were average, I suppose. I would say about three stars.

2. Bob Prince. *Stutters* (Columbia). Phil Woods, alto sax.

I get Gerry Mulligan vibrations somewhere in there. I like the alto solo, but I really don't know what band it might be. The alto player reminded me of a fellow I heard in California by the name of Herb Geller. I enjoyed the writing for what it was. I'd give it four stars because it was a good attempt at whatever it was.

3. Stan Kenton. *Southern Scandal* (Capitol). Kenton, composer and arranger; Carl Fontana, trombone.

I suppose that was Stan Kenton, although if my memory is right, the solos vary slightly on the record that I remember. I thought the trombone solo was good but no better than the earlier one. I guess that's about a two-star performance as far as I can tell—there's nothing unusual about it.

4. Paul Barbarin. *First Choice* (Jazztone). Bobby Thomas, trombone; Lester Santiago, piano; John Brunious, trumpet.

I haven't the slightest idea who it was. I must confess my foot started tapping there in spite of how lousy some of it was. But I enjoyed the piano player—he was pretty good for that style.

The trumpet player sounded a little bit like Wild Bill Davison, but some of the rest of the guys were so bad, I can't imagine he'd play with that bad a group. It sounded like a recent recording, because the fidelity is pretty good. I guess about two stars, because there's some good music in there, along with the bad.

5. Benny Morton. *Sliphorn Outing* (EmArcy). Morton, Bill Harris, Vic Dickenson, Claude Jones, trombones; Johnny Guarnieri, piano.

Well, I think it was Dickie Wells, and it's hard to say who the other trombone player was. It could have been Henderson Chambers, but I don't think it was Lawrence Brown. I thought I heard two different styles, and at first I wasn't sure if it was the same guy, because it was almost like a continuation of the first solo. I think there were two different guys there, though, unless it was a dual track. I don't know who the rhythm section might be, but they were pretty good. Was that Ellis Larkins on piano? I'll give it about three stars.

6. Gene Krupa. *Leave Us Leap* (Verve). Billy Byers, arranger; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Eddie Shu, tenor sax; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Dave McKenna, piano; Aaron Sachs, tenor sax.

I believe the name of that is *Leave Us Leap* by Gene Krupa's band. I played the arrangement many times when I was with Gene. I suppose that's a new recording. I think I recognize Jimmy Cleveland on trombone. It was well played. Can I hear that trumpet player again? It's hard to make anything out of him. I really don't know who that would be, but it could be

seem to me that anyone with a quota of five or more affirmative reactions is a very remarkable sample of *homo sapiens*.

The man who came to mind immediately after I reviewed the eight questions was not a musician but a songwriter, Walter Bishop. You probably don't know who he is, because it's not easy to become rich, famous, or successful in the music business by behaving like a 100 percent Christian. But I'll bet he's a happier man than a lot of triple-A ASCAP members, and if all the eight questions were asked of him, he'd bat a thousand.

Anyhow, next time you hear some noted jazzman unleashing a verbal barrage concerning some critic or fellow musician, try out the eight questions on him and watch him flunk.

Or if, by any miracle, he graduates summa cum laude, call me collect; at that point Diogenes Feather will be ready to jump out of his tub to salute, not merely an honest man, but a complete human being.

RTIST Jutta Hipp portrays herself (*l.*) as jazz pianist. oubly talented, she drew all cartoons on these pages.

THE YEAR IS 1946. In a dark cellar room somewhere in East Germany a young, bright-eyed girl is forcing nice cool modern jazz sounds from an old piano. Gathered around her are a trumpet player, an alto-sax man and a bass player. Every time they finish a set, one of the few dozen young people listening goes to the locked door and "checks."

Down the street the lights in the Russian Military Headquarters are burning late into the night. The Reds do not like the fact that certain groups of young Germans are playing "American style" music. It is decadent, they say. The girl at the piano doesn't think so. Already the authorities have tried to get her to play *their* music on a Red radio station. They have tried to

Feather's Nest

By Leonard Feather

TO MANY OF HIS friends, Billy Shaw was just a disembodied voice on the telephone. It was a mirror of his gregarious and friendly nature that Billy liked nothing better than to sit at that big desk schmoozing about music, about his plans and projects and successes and failures, while on three other lines long-distance callers waited for him with waning patience.

My first memories of Billy go back to his days at Consolidated in the mid-'30s, when he raved to me about the Charlie Barnet band.

ALL THE WAY from Charlie Barnet through Charlie Parker, Billy's relationship with his artists, even when they involved the most violent disagreements, always wound up sooner or later with a reconciliation, because Billy Shaw was a guy at whom it was hard to stay angry, with whom it was so delightful to be friendly.

Through the years of his various office affiliations, and from 1949 when he branched out on his own, Billy showed in many subtle ways that the ex-trumpeter was still strong in his blood.

He was always enough of a musician at heart to believe in people like Dizzy, Bird, and the Eckstine band, to want to sell them when the other agents never cared.

THE LAST TIME I talked to him, he was full of excited reports of plans for the Gillespie band. As always the voice would subdue once in a while as he would offer: "Hey, you want an exclusive? Listen, don't quote me on this, but I heard that . . ." and you'd be filled in on the latest interoffice scuttlebutt.

Billy was that rare bird the agent you can argue with and disbelieve without ever losing your admiration for him as a businessman and your liking for him as a human being. It is a melancholy thought that the line over which so many pleasantly ambling conversations flowed has been disconnected forever.

* * *

The way of the pioneer is very hard. When he happens to have the personality of a prankster rather than that of a pioneer it becomes doubly difficult.

There can be little doubt in the minds of most of us that Dizzy Gillespie is a pioneer. To most of us he is not only the greatest living trumpet player but also a founder of the land on which most modern jazz has been built.

While he was exploring his way to this new land, the rocks began to hit him, flung from the hands of the oldest and moldiest inhabitants. Vilification spewed from the mouths of those very same since-reformed reactionaries who today are falling over one another to secure his services, or those of his imitators.

That some of that rancor has persisted and, coupled with a degree of hauteur and condescension, has not yet ceased to hurt him, became evident when his band returned in May from its precedent-setting tour under the aegis of the U. S. state department.

THE TROUBLE BEGAN the very day the band landed home in New York, for on that same day another famous trumpeter played his first engagement in the African Gold Coast. The next day the New York *Times*, dedicated for the moment to all the news that was fit to slant, ran the Gillespie news under a head that read: *Gillespie Tour Loses $92,000*, in a secondary position under a main story that stated: *100,000 in Africa Cheer Satchmo*. The facts (most of which were pointed out when Walter Winchell corrected the *Times* three days later) were that the $92,000 figure was the total expense of the tour, from which the total grosses had not yet been deducted; that Dizzy had undertaken the trip at a modest fee; that his interracial band had been invaluable in tacitly countering anti-American propaganda, and that the entire tour, according to cables from ambassadors and from United States information service sources to the American National Theater association was a success.

A few days later the country's foremost weekly newsmagazine, true to form, and despite the efforts of a highly placed pro-Gillespieite on its staff, ran a long story about the Gold Coast but nary a word about Dizzy's homecoming.

When a diplomat told Prof. Marshall Stearns that Gillespie's visit had been more valuable than a dozen tanks it was not newsworthy; but when a southern senator, having heard the band play at the White House Press Correspondents' dinner in Washington, stood up and raved that this was "pure noise, just horns blaring and a lot of tom-toms," and went on to attack the state department for sending the band overseas, this story made a national wire service and was printed all over the country.

EVEN THE MUSICAL PRESS was not blameless. A colloquy concerning Diz and Satchmo was removed from a story I sent to London *Melody Maker*, and for the record, I'd like to append it below:

L. F.: "Did you run into any trouble as a result of the anti-bop statements by Louis Armstrong?" D. G.: "No, as a matter of fact, I don't believe people take his statements seriously anymore. He may be gaining as an entertainer, but he's losing a lot of good will among musicians and among the hipper fans when he talks that way."

What all this adds up to is that the lay press and much of the general public must still be educated to accept the fact that Louis' status as a beloved personality, and his constant quips about "bop slop," etc., do not *ipso facto* make him more spaceworthy or more authentic than Diz, who happens to have 10 instead of 30 years of legend behind him, and who has never made remarks comparable with Louis' recent riposte to a question about jazz as folk music: "Man, seems to be like all music is folk music. I ain't never heard no hoss sing a song!"

AS LONG AS DIZZY eschews this type of wit, and as long as an effort is to be made to have his music taken more seriously, it seems to me that one good psychological maneuver would be a change in his official name. Most of us nowadays think of Mr. Cole as Nat, though a few years ago he was known exclusively as King Cole. If the same kind of campaign for a gradual shift in emphasis could be conducted in the case of John Gillespie, I suspect the eventual effect could be invaluable.

Down Beat July 25, 1952

Spin-It

NEWS of NEW records

DICK HYMAN and His Orchestra take a break after cutting ONE FINGER PIANO—2:13 for MGM Records. This one takes off like a record breaker. That's Leonard Feather, standing right behind Dick at the piano.

World Telegraph + Sun

New York—Day by Day

Singular Duo

By Frank Farrell

Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis returned to the Copa last night for their annual romp without straitjackets. If they had introduced every celeb on their ringside, they wouldn't have had time to perform. As it was, their midnight nonsense stretched beyond 2 a.m. and gave everybody overworked laugh muscles. . . . **They left** a gabby crowd behind them in Jules Podell's jammed basement. They argued until dawn as to whether Martin or Lewis would make the better single act, if they ever went through with threats to split up. Oddly enough the voting was 50-50. . . . **On the subject of rare feuds,** Tallulah Bankhead and Billie Holliday, once good friends, are now glaring at each other. Tallu's lawyers forced the blue-penciling of several Bankhead references from Billie's spicy autobiography. . . .

Frank Farrell

Jazz expert Leonard Feather always starts something on Friday the 13th, if he can. So he's off to Paris today to supervise French publication of his encyclopedia. Len and his wife were both born on Friday the 13th. . . . **F. Hugh Herbert's next play** is titled "The Best House in Naples."... **A Los Angeles judge is trying** to reconcile violinist Dave Rubinoff and his wife, Mertice. But if divorce is inevitable, Dave is certain to get custody of his Stradivarius.

* * *

Benny Goodman unfurls a new concerto composed for him by Morton Gould this weekend in Washington. . . . **There are 95 cartoons of President Ike** in Fred Fell's entertaining volume titled "President Eisenhower's Cartoon Book." But after studying all of them carefully I'm convinced that all save three of the contributing sketchers ought to sign up for the full treatment in Westport's Famous Artists course. Because their ideas are sweil, but they just can't seem to draw a true picture of Ike.

* * *

The Second Marine Division's reunion in NYC ...

People Today Apr. 4, 1956

'I've Always Had A Passion For Cars'

Sports cars are fun—and also speedy. Last year one driver topped all the rest at sports car races in the U. S. He is Paul O'Shea, a 27-year-old man who won the '55 championship of the Sports Car Club of America.

O'Shea's interest in car racing began when he was a boy entering a soap box derby. "When I was 11 years old," he told PEOPLE TODAY, "I built a little car with a gas engine. I've been crazy about cars ever since."

He first entered sports car races when he was 21 years old and studying law at the University of Massachusetts. "I soon realized that I never would master the twists and turns of the legal profession, so I quit college and got a job as an auto mechanic. I bought a little French car, took it apart and put it together again."

He competed in several races, but there came a two-year period when he didn't race. This followed the tragedy at Le Mans, France, when several persons died in an accident at a race track. "One of my best friends was killed then. I was supposed to be in the race but hadn't made it. The accident shook me up quite a bit."

But he finally decided to resume racing. Driving a Mercedes-Benz 300 SL, a stock passenger model which has a 6-cylinder engine with a fuel injection system, he entered 17 races during '55. He won 11.

"The best race I had all year," he recalls, "was the first time I went to California. It was a sort of Mickey Mouse race course, and once I left the track and went through some bushes. But by the time I got back on the track nobody had passed me, and I won the race."

Today O'Shea is a consulting engineer with the Daimler-Benz Co. of America, lives in Rye, N. Y. His next race will be the gruelling 12-hour test at Sebring, Fla., where, he says, "anything can happen."

55

Feather Explains Improvisation In Jazz

it, got article assignments and saved for a trip to America. After his second visit he stayed for good and married singer Jean Leslie. They now have a daughter (Lorraine, 7, who's just learning piano) and a canary who chirps happily and hops with excitement when hearing jazz or the noise of a vacuum cleaner.

Feather enjoys recording sessions most, still finds it tough to sell his own compositions. "There must be at least 100 song writers for every recording artist," he says. "Writing a good song isn't enough. There's always a lot of pressure on managers and record execs to record something else. It's easier if you play golf with them or drink with them. But I bend over backwards explaining that I won't write good reviews just because it's my song, and maybe I lean too far. You know, somebody once figured that out of every 4 Americans, 5 are song writers."

Is there a link between jazz and juvenile delinquency? Nothing you can put your finger on, Feather says, but he thinks jazz is doing good in breaking down race prejudice: "Twenty years ago a mixed band was rare, and Benny Goodman had trouble when Teddy Wilson toured the South with him. Now Armstrong has a white drummer and a lot of young Southern whites go to hear him and don't mind."

"Duke Ellington tells me there is no such thing as complete improvisation—if a man has no idea what he'll play he can't play. I say improvisation is thought out all right, but only a split second ahead. Sit near pianist Oscar Peterson and you hear him humming what he will play half a second later".

58

Variety, Aug. 15, 1956

NOTIZIARIO

• *Sono giunti in Italia, come turisti, a metà giugno, il noto critico Leonard Feather e Bob Shad, direttore artistico della Mercury. Feather si è fermato un paio di giorni a Milano ed è poi ripartito diretto a Cannes, mentre Shad ha visitato in seguito Venezia e Roma. Negli stessi giorni è pure arrivato in Italia il celebre direttore d'orchestra Percy Faith, che era stato preceduto un paio di settimane prima da Frank Sinatra e dal compositore Jimmy Van Heusen.*

5

Billboard, Sept. 29, 1956

M-G-M Preps Jazz Pkg.

NEW YORK—M-G-M Records is moving into the jazz package field with the upcoming release of five new albums. A special insignia has been designed, which will appear on each cover, thus tying all five together as a package.

A special display has been set for dealer use. Groups include those of Buddy De Franco, the Stu Phillips Sextet, Preacher Rollo and the Saints, the Cass Harrison Trio and Leonard Feather's West Coast and East Coast stars. No EP's will be issued on any of the material.

DECCA

Billboard - Sept. 29.

Variety, Aug., 1956

Variety Aug 8

Andy Razaf Gets Album Tribute on Indie Label

Vet lyric writer Andy Razaf is getting an album all to himself in the indie Period label's upcoming "Maxine Sullivan Sings Andy Razaf." Package is being produced for Period by Leonard Feather and will feature a combo headed up by Charlie Shavers.

Set will mark the first time an album has been devoted completely to Razaf's lyrics. Cleffer, who's been paralyzed from the waist down since 1950, is now living in Los Angeles. Among his tunes in the album will be "Ain't Misbehavin'," "Honeysuckle Rose," and "Stompin' At The Savoy."

Billboard, Sept 15, 1956

tho there are good stretches of solid swinging.

SWINGIN' ON THE VIBORIES 70
(1-12")
ABC-Paramount ABC 110

Leonard Feather assembled several casts of West Coast jazz men to showcase a new invention that, described simply, is a set of vibes played with a piano keyboard. The possibilities of the instrument are best demonstrated by pianist Kenny Drew, altho Sonny Clark, Gerry Wiggins, Feather and even bassist Red Mitchell have a crack at it. It's interesting, but not always the most stimulating jazz. Vibories could put any good pianist in competition with some of the top mallet slingers.

Jazz Echo

auch LEONARD FEATHER einsetzt. Das Instrument heißt VIBORIES und ist eine Kombination von Vibraphon und Piano. Es hat eine Pianotastatur und den üblichen Vibraphonklang. Dadurch kann das Vibraphon mit der technischen Brillanz des Klaviers gespielt werden.

6

Journal-Amer. Sept. 15, 1956

Pro and Condon

By EDDIE CONDON

LUCKILY for me, my daughters, Maggie and Liza, have not yet reached even the Elvie-Welvsie stage. Therefore, the day is yet to come when they will ask:

"Tell me, Dada, what is jazz?'

Cholly Knickerbocker once asked me that same question on his TV show.

"If I tried to explain **Jahrz** to you, Gigi," I said, "Benny Goodman would surely demand equal time . . . and the network would have to recast its entire weekly schedule to fit both of us in."

EDDIE CONDON

Cholly wisely withdrew the question.

Nevertheless, the question has bothered me. It's hard for me to believe that there are human beings around who don't know what jazz is, but judging by some of the citizens who show up in my club expecting organized noise, the non-jazz fans constitute a good percentage of the population.

It was with this in mind, I suppose, that a friend and I were asked to do a book about jazz.

Let's face up to it; this is a plain, undecorated plug for the book.

Don't buy just one copy. Buy scores. Urge friends to buy it. Stop strangers on the street and tell them to buy it.

I am recommending it because it's a good book, and I can truthfully say that—because I didn't write it. But many guys who know more about jazz than I do, **did** write it.

The list of contributors reads like a Who's Who of the Jazz Experts. John Hammond is in. Whitney Balliett. George T. Simon. Leonard Feather. Marshall Stearns. And there are many people who are not ordinarily known for their jazz criticism—people like James Jones (he happened to write something called From Here To Eternity), Jack Weeks, Gerald Kersh.

The title is EDDIE CONDON'S TREASURY OF JAZZ.

If you don't want to read, buy one anyhow. It makes an ideal footrest.

Disk, Book Tie-Ins

• *Continued from page 42*

by the French critic Hugues Panassie, to be published before the end of the year by Houghton-Mifflin. Victor's jazz department chief, Fred Reynolds, is preparing an album with the same title for release around the same time. It will consist of historic jazz sides culled from the archives, and which demonstrates the critic's traditionalist bias.

Last week Decca made a similar tie with Horizon Press, publisher of Leonard Feather's "Encyclopedia of Jazz" and "Encyclopedia Year Book," coming in October (The Billboard September 15), and Columbia will have a disk and promotion to parallel "Eddie Condon's Treasury of Jazz" from Dial Press, due this month (see same issue).

Recently, both Decca and Clef have issued new and converted Billie Holiday disks to tie in with Doubleday's publication of the thrush's bio, "Lady Sings the Blues," altho so far there has been no official joint promotion of the last-named work.

Feather's New Jazz Tone Set

NEW YORK—The "Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz, sequel to Leonard Feather's monumental "Encyclopedia of Jazz," has been set for mid-October publication by Horizon Press. The tome will sell for about $3.95.

In addition to 150 new biographies of musicians, the Yearbook will include results of an all-star poll conducted among 100 top jazzmen.

The Encyclopedia, now in its third printing here, is being published in England next week. Meanwhile, it has been learned that Decca is planning an "Encyclopedia of Jazz on Record" for release later this year. This will be complete on four 12-inch LP's, with sides arranged chronologically. Disks will be tied in with the book.

Billboard
Sept. 15, '56

7

Hi Fi Music at Home July-Aug., 1956

Oscar Peterson Plays Count Basie — A / A / B
Clef MG-C-708 12"

Peterson

The title is a bit misleading. Of the ten tunes, only fou[r] bear Basie's name as co-writer; a fifth is an *ad lib* blues, a sixth more closely assoc[iated] with the old Lunceford band. Contrary to the assertion in the liner notes, Bas[ie] is not a jazz composer; rather, he is a great improviser. But the important aspec[t] of Peterson's LP is that it gives him an opportunity to unleash his facile fingers on so[me] fine jazz standards, with the dexterous assistance of guitarist Herb Ellis, drummer Buddy Rich, and bassist Ray Brown. The result is a series of performances that can ou[t]swing almost anything else this month. *LF*

Teddy Charles Tentet — A / A / B
Atlantic 1229 12"

Charles

Charles, a 28-year-old vibraphonist wh[o] studied at Juilliard, showed his musical maturity in a series called "New Directi[ons]" for Prestige a couple of years ago. Moving onward and upward, he leads remarkable band through three works of his own, and others by his pianist, Mal W[ald]ron, and by Jimmy Giuffre, Gil Evans and George Russell. This harmonically co[m]plex music, atonal at times, searches for new sounds without shutting the door o[n] an essential jazz beat. The instrumentation includes trumpet, three saxes, guitar, b[a]ss, dru[ms] the tonal palette is broad, the linear and vertical concepts original an[d] challenging. *LF*

Tonite's Music Today — B / A / B
Sims-Brookmeyer combo
Storyville STLP-907 12"

Jimmy Smith At The Organ — A / A / A
Blue Note 514 12"

Smith

This organist from Norristown, Pa., was swallowed in the bog[of] rhythm and blues until recently. His LP début reveals an amazing musician who[se] ability to use stops and combinations never before attempted in jazz, and to[use] harmonic and melodic structures far beyond those of his predecessors, add[s] to one of the most exciting records of the year. The most fascinating items are th[e] fast, swinging improvisations such as *The Champ, Ready and Able,* and *Bubbis,* in [which] he displays a technique that can be described only as quadridextrous. Superb [s]ound. *LF*

The Blue Stars — B / A / B
EmArcy 36067 12"

This incredible French vocal octet made a violent impact on American ears with *Legends Du Pays Aux Oiseaux* (*Lullaby of Birdland*), which is coupled on their first LP with other hits from abroad by way of Tin Pan Alley. The unit comprises four men and four girls, most of them professional musicians. Their arrangements and blend meet highest jazz standards, though there occasional over-cute moments. *LF*

Jazz Spectacular — B / B / B
Frankie Laine with Buck Clayton and His Orchestra
Columbia CL-808 12"

Laine

The idea is fine—joining a popular-jazz singer of Frankie Laine's calibre with a swinging jazz band. Included in Buck's gang for this occasion were such jazz stars as Sir Charles Thompson, Hilton Jefferson, Jo Jones, Urbie Green, Budd Johnson, and Milt Hinton. In addition, a guest appearance was made by trombonists J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding. For songs, Frankie and Buck chose standards like *Stars Fell on Alabama, My Old Flame, You Can Depend on Me, Roses of Picardy,* and *That Old Feeling.* While you naturally wouldn't expect this to be the greatest thing of its kind ever done, *it is* a ball. And that's the spirit in which you should listen to it. *FR*

Brother Matthew — B / C / B
With Eddie Condon's Jazz Band
ABC-Paramount 121 12"

Condon

Nationwide publicity ensued last spring when it was revealed that alto saxophonist Boyce Brown, once well known in Chicago jazz circles, had entered a monastery and joined the Servite Order. Lured by the bait of a chance to turn over some royalties to the Mission, Brother Matthew (as he is now called) was induced to make an LP. The men around him, experienced Dixielanders like Pee Wee Russell, "Wild Bill" Davison and Cutty Cutshall, do their best, but in all honesty it cannot be said that Brother Matthew's tone, style or ideas measure up to high standards. The only true monk in jazz is, at press time, still Thelonious. *LF*

down Beat
Aug. 8, 1956

8

Down Beat Aug. 8, 1956

Not An Easy Man To Please

The Blindfold Test

(Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

Urbie Hears 3 Worth 4, None For 5

By Leonard Feather

ONE OF THE few musicians to rise to prominence in recent years who can claim to be equally at home in a modern big band, a swing era type of combo or a contemporary neo-bop group, is Urban Clifford Green.

The trombonist, first prominent in the Woody Herman Herd of 1950-52, has displayed his skill on innumerable record sessions on these styles as well as in CBS staff work in New York—not to mention stints with Benny Goodman in *The Benny Goodman Story* and more recently with Benny's band at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel.

The records played for Urbie covered a wide territory, from New Orleans jazz to the latest in atonality, with occasional reminders of some of the sidemen he has worked with, such as Carl Fontana, who was his teammate in Woody's band five years ago. Urbie was given no information whatever either before or during the test, about the records played.

Urbie Green

The Records

1. Count Basie. *Magic* (American Recording Society). Bill Hughes, trombone; Marshall Royal, alto sax.

Well, I naturally think of Basie, but I don't know for sure who it is. It didn't sound *quite* like Basie. The arrangement and performance sounded a little sloppy for Basie—his band is so well organized these days. The solos were average, I suppose. I would say about three stars.

2. Bob Prince. *Stutters* (Columbia). Phil Woods, alto sax.

I get Gerry Mulligan vibrations somewhere in there. I like the alto solo, but I really don't know what band it might be. The alto player reminded me of a fellow I heard in California by the name of Herb Geller. I enjoyed the writing for what it was. I'd give it four stars because it was a good attempt at whatever it was.

3. Stan Kenton. *Southern Scandal* (Capitol). Kenton, composer and arranger; Carl Fontana, trombone.

I suppose that was Stan Kenton, although if my memory is right, the solos vary slightly on the record that I remember. I thought the trombone solo was good but no better than the earlier one. I guess that's about a two-star performance as far as I can tell—there's nothing unusual about it.

4. Paul Barbarin. *First Choice* (Jazztone). Bobby Thomas, trombone; Lester Santiago, piano; John Brunious, trumpet.

I haven't the slightest idea who it was. I must confess my foot started tapping there in spite of how lousy some of it was. But I enjoyed the piano player—he was pretty good for that style.

The trumpet player sounded a little bit like Wild Bill Davison, but some of the rest of the guys were so bad, I can't imagine he'd play with that bad a group. It sounded like a recent recording, because the fidelity is pretty good. I guess about two stars, because there's some good music in there, along with the bad.

5. Benny Morton. *Sliphorn Outing* (EmArcy). Morton, Bill Harris, Vic Dickenson, Claude Jones, trombones; Johnny Guarnieri, piano.

Well, I think it was Dickie Wells, and it's hard to say who the other trombone player was. It could have been Henderson Chambers, but I don't think it was Lawrence Brown. I thought I heard two different styles, and at first I wasn't sure if it was the same guy, because it was almost like a continuation of the first solo. I think there were two different guys there, though, unless it was a dual track. I don't know who the rhythm section might be, but they were pretty good. Was that Ellis Larkins on piano? I'll give it about three stars.

6. Gene Krupa. *Leave Us Leap* (Verve). Billy Byers, arranger; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Eddie Shu, tenor sax; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Dave McKenna, piano; Aaron Sachs, tenor sax.

I believe the name of that is *Leave Us Leap* by Gene Krupa's band. I played the arrangement many times when I was with Gene. I suppose that's a new recording. I think I recognize Jimmy Cleveland on trombone. It was well played. Can I hear that trumpet player again? It's hard to make anything out of him. I really don't know who that would be, but it could be Ruby Braff. I don't suppose he would have gotten Roy for the date, would he? It's a good performance but it might have been recorded with too much bass. I'll give that four stars.

7. Benny Goodman. One O'Clock Jump (Victor). Vernon Brown, trombone; Jess Stacy, piano; Harry James, trumpet.

I suppose that was Benny Goodman's record. I never heard that particular record before, though I know he made one of it. Sounded like Vernon Brown on trombone, Harry James on trumpet, and I suppose either Teddy Wilson or Jess Stacy on piano.

I think this is actually better than the one we made with him. Those guys were playing *their* music, whereas the new band had a lot of fellows like Stan Getz and myself who were not playing our type of music, so we didn't really belong there. This sounds more authentic with the original players. I suppose that was Benny Goodman. I'd say four stars.

8. Turk Murphy. *Sunset Cafe Stomp* (Columbia).

That sounds more like Dixieland than that other one you played. The other was more like a ragtime band. I can't say I enjoyed this very much. The other actually had more sincerity, although these fellows may be better instrumentalists. I'll give it two stars.

9. Eddie Bert. *Me 'N' You* (Jazztone). Eddie Bert, trombone; Jerome Richardson, flute and tenor sax; Hank Jones, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Vinnie Dean, alto.

Sounds like a tune that none of the fellows knew very well. Probably recorded it and had seen it for the first time on the date. I recognize Eddie Bert, who sounded very good. It might have been Phil Woods on alto. It sounded like he didn't know the tune very well either. I think it was Hank Jones on piano. I'm not sure who the guitar player was but he was very good. I didn't care too much for the tune, but since there were some good musicians on it, I'll give it three stars.

10. Duke Ellington. *Theme for Trombean* (Capitol). Jimmy Hamilton, composer and arranger; Britt Woodman, trombone.

Well, I think it was Duke Ellington's orchestra, although I'm not sure. I thought it was Lawrence Brown at first, but I soon realized it wasn't. There was something about the sound and interpretation at the beginning that sounded like Brown. I can't say I enjoyed this at all. If it was Duke, I'm surprised at him for making a record in such bad taste. The band sounded good, but I'm sure the trombone player doesn't have to do all that clowning to be appreciated. I'd say about two stars.

9

Backed by pianist Tommy Flanagan, bassist Benny Moten, and drummer Gus Johnson, Ella could have continued forever as she scatted, swung, and mesmerized an audience that had been waiting too long to stand up and cheer a peerless performance.

She easily got the biggest hand of the evening, making it one case where the largest applause came in direct proportion to the greatest amount of talent expended. Even a foul-up on the verse to *Just One of Those Things* didn't throw Ella off-stride; she simply improvised the final line and strode neatly into the chorus.

ARMSTRONG, backed by Trummy Young, trombone; Ed Hall, clarinet; Billy Kyle, piano; Dale Jones, bass, and Barrett Deems, drums, wrapped it up, but the hour he played seemed like two.

His *Sleepy Time Down South* theme was followed by the inevitable *Indiana* and *The Gypsy*. Ed Hall provided the chief spark on *Indiana*, with Louis running into some difficulty on his solo which he barely worked himself out of.

The sound system conked out during *Ole Miss*, on which Armstrong played his only charging solo of the night, then came in rapid succession *'Tis Roof Blues, The Bucket's Got a Hole in It, Perdido, You Made Me Love You, Whispering, Mack the Knife, Stomping at the Savoy*, two tunes by Velma Middleton, and *Sleepy Time* again.

They all only pointed out that aside from Louis and Ed Hall, there is little of musical interest left in the band. Trummy has become a tasteless battering ram; Billy Kyle, who was one of the unsung founders of the modern school of pianists, doesn't care anymore; Deems is heavily unswinging; Long is not of Armstrong caliber.

Summary: A good concert till Louis came on. Had there been a Basie to wind it up with shocking force, it would have compared favorably with opening night.

Saturday

By Leonard Feather

THE FINAL NIGHT of the 1956 American Jazz Festival will not soon be forgotten by those who were smart enough to stay until the end (unfortunately many didn't).

George Wein estimated the paid admissions at 7,000, about the same as the preceding night. The concert got under way promptly at 8:30, with Father Norman O'Connor as its eloquent and consistently well-informed commentator. His only fault was a tendency to logorrhea that, if curbed, could have saved 10 minutes in a very tight schedule.

The Duke Ellington orchestra opened the show with a short-lived, short-handed set from which four band members were absent. Cat's growls, Butter's bone, and Procope's clarinet did a colorful job of redecoration on the walls of the lived-in *Black And Tan Fantasy;* Willie Cook was competent on *Tea for Two*. Our dissatisfaction with this early glimpse of Ellingtonia would have been fast mitigated had we known of the spectacular fashion in which the evening was to end.

THE BUD SHANK QUARTET, a sort of *Reader's Digest* version of west coast jazz, opened with some medium-tempo blues using Miles Davis' *Walkin'* as a framework. Bud wailed confidently on alto. Claude Williamson showed taste and dexterity while Don Prell and Chuck Flores backed them up capably. *Nature Boy*, a flute solo, was the kind of performance from which one expects to find the echo chamber conspicuous by its absence on an in-person performance, yet Bud's fertile flute achieved the same mood and indeed even seemed to benefit from the lack of reverberation.

The set closed with what Bud described as a new three-part composition by Claude Williamson. In effect this seemed more like three originals loosely strung together, the second of which was just plain blues and the third *I Got Rhythm*, but pragmatically it served its purpose, with Bud superb on flute and quite relaxed, though occasionally faulty on intonation, in his alto work.

The Jo Jones trio followed; or at least, so it may have seemed to many in the audience for whom Jo's performance was the hit of the set. Formally this was Teddy Wilson's threesome, and Teddy played just the tunes expected of him in just the comfortable, clean style that has expressed his own equable personality for lo these 23 years. Al Lucas played a wailing ad lib solo but, surprisingly, received a bigger hand for another solo on which he simply walked.

As for Jo, his subtlety and finesse, though hard to interpret in words, were best described by Columbia's Irving Townsend, who commented: "How many other drummers can take a solo with their eyebrows?" Whether he was tap dancing with the sticks or doing that old soft shoe with the brushes, Jo invariably incorporated enough of a sense of humor in his solos to eliminate any danger of percussive monotony.

I Got Rhythm was taken a little too fast, though this at least made the funky half-time ending even more effective by contrast. Teddy and Jo got a huge hand, which led to a swinging *Birth of the Blues* encore.

JIMMY GIUFFRE FOLLOWED with three numbers of which one, the uptempoed *East of the Sun* on tenor, was expendable; his phrases were short and the ideas never seemed to flow or build. But Jimmy again showed the validity of his modern Pee Wee Russell approach to jazz clarinet in the other two numbers, one a groovy blues and the other an item that could best have been announced as *My Funky Valentine*. I don't think he ever got beyond E above the break on the horn; everything else was achieved in chalumeau register. His use of this self-imposed limitation was an achievement not unlike mowing a lawn with an electric shaver.

The lawn thus mown, Anita O'Day took over the grass court to win an exciting mixed doubles match with her rhythm section 4-6, 6-3, 6-0. Al Lucas was her partner, with pianist Don Ritter and drummer John Poole across the net. Perhaps this contest could have been avoided had there been a rehearsal (surely it would be a desirable procedure for the entire concert to be rehearsed in toto on the afternoon of each show). Anita did very well considering these difficulties, starting with a number whose lyrics seemed to reflect the

success with which she has lately renovated her own career (*pick yourself up, dust yourself off, and start all over again . . .*

Surprisingly, there were touches of Carmen McRae, moments of Betty Roche, and distinct tones of Billie Holiday in Anita's work, though her own personality and style were by no means lost. Of Anita's nine numbers, the pulsating *Honeysuckle Rose* came off best, despite an awkward false start. She swung consistently, faltered on intonation now and then, but in general made a good impression, and, incidentally, looked delightful in a loose-fitting sweater for which Father O'Connor seemed to apologize unduly.

AFTER THE INTERMISSION the Friedrich Gulda septet appeared, with the maestro in spirited form and his combo a little below optimum capabilities. The ensembles were occasionally sloppy and there seemed to be a sense of rush possibly partly in our own mind since it was getting late and so much was still to be heard. Phil Woods was fine on *Cool Hill*. *Teheran* was a repeat from the Gulda group's appearance during the forum and concert that same afternoon, at which, in the opinion of some observers, it had acquitted itself more creditably.

It was not until 11:15 that the Chico Hamilton group finally got onstage to start with what, as Father O'Connor aptly remarked, was a timely title: *Sleep*. Luckily Chico's quintet acted like a rhythmic benzedrine on the crowd. Buddy Collette's *A Nice Day* had gentle solos by the composer on clarinet, Jim Hall's guitar, and Fred Katz's theme, with Hall passages that evoked Charlie Christian. *Blue Sands*, though very long, kept the audience with it as Buddy's flute and Chico's mallets sustained a mood of tension from a soft opening through a magnificently climactic build-up.

By 11:45, when the Ellington band got back in the saddle after a three-hour wait in the stables, the inevitable law of diminishing audiences had set in. Duke got under way with something new, written specially for a Newport première—a policy that should be followed by *all* artists appearing at a major event of this kind, but only pursued by Ellington and Brubeck during this particular festival. The new work, in three parts bearing the tentative titles *Festival Junction*, *Blues To Be There*, and *Newport Up*, had no immediate thematic impact but provided a framework for solos by almost everyone, starting with Jimmy Hamilton and reaching a boppish ending after some exciting fours by Gonsalves, Hamilton, and Clark Terry.

In between there were many unmistakably and gloriously Dukish sounds, especially in the slow second movement, with Duke's piano, the trombones' passage, Procope's clarinet, Nance's plunger work, and the unique reed section.

HARRY CARNEY was heard in a grandiloquent reworking of *Sophisticated Lady*. Jimmy Grissom came out and sang one old pop song, a small price to pay for the music that preceded and followed him. Next Duke announced a product of "our 1938 vintage," *Diminuendo* and *Crescendo in Blue* which were to be linked, he added, by some Paul Gonsalves improvisation. The number got through its first three or four minutes uneventfully.

Then it happened . . .

Here and there in the reduced but still multitudinous crowd a couple got up and started jitterbugging. Within two minutes the whole of Freebody Park was transformed as if struck by a thunderbolt. Photographers rushed madly to the scene of each gathering knot of onlookers while Gonsalves, Duke, and the whole band, inspired by the reaction they had stirred, put their all into their work. Hundreds of spectators climbed on their chairs to see the action; the band built the magnificent arrangement to its perennial peak, and the crowd, spent, sat limply wondering what could possibly follow this.

The amazing fact was that possibly for the first time, great jazz had produced this aura of wild enthusiasm, not rock 'n' roll nor a honking tenor man taking off his shirt. And, perhaps even more amazing, this particular arrangement was written in a year when many members of this audience were born—1938—and had remained basically unchanged.

Once aboard the victory train with the crowd behind him, Duke couldn't stop. Introducing his alto star with eloquent simplicity ("I'm sure if you've heard of the saxophone you've heard of Johnny Hodges") he led into *I've Got It Bad* and *Jeep's Blues*, the latter a sampling of vintage, unadulterated Rabbit stew at its tastiest.

AFTER RAY NANCE'S inimitable vocal and dance on *Tulip or Turnip* it had gotten to be 12:50; George Wein appeared onstage in a raincoat for a whispered consultation, doubtless instructing Duke to close. But the audience was in no mood to be sent home and Duke went into one of the longest numbers in the book, the Sam Woodyard vehicle *Skin Deep*.

It was 1 a.m. on the nose when the last echo died down from the back of the park. Duke was visibly moved by the unprecedented reaction to his set, which had lasted an hour and 15 minutes and could have gone on another hour without upsetting a single stubholder.

It had been a dramatic climax to a completely successful jazz convention; a brilliant crescendo in blue for the third movement of this year's Lorillard Symphony.

Afternoons

Panels And Music

By Jack Tracy

SATURDAY AFTERNOON at Newport was marked by a combination of excellent music and provocative panel discussion at Freebody park.

Kicking off at 1:30 was Phineas Newborn and his quartet (Calvin Newborn, guitar; George Joyner, bass; George Ritchie, drums). The immensely talented young pianist from Memphis performed amazingly, including a medley of *Embraceable You* and *Stairway to the Stars* played with left hand alone. He has all the technique and jazz sixth sense needed to play at a

Down Beat · Aug 22 ~~Sept~~, 1956

Down Beat Sept. 5, 1956

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

AS AN ADHERENT of the old-fashioned school that believes all record album notes should (a) not take themselves too seriously, (b) contain as many relevant facts as possible rather than metaphysical disquisitions, I was particularly impressed not long ago by the arrival of a Prestige LP by Frank Foster and Elmo Hope.

There was nothing exceptional about the contents of the envelope; I have heard a hundred similar sessions, some better, some worse. Since it, therefore seems likely that the circulation of *Down Beat* is about 50 times the probable sale of the LP, it might be a good idea to give wider exposure here and now to the thoughts on the back cover.

The subject was bop; the writer was Ira Gitler, an aspiring tenor saxophonist whose work as a writer on jazz always shows a perception tempered with wit.

IRA'S COMMENTS consisted of short sentences, each sentence being printed as a separate paragraph. To save space, I'm telescoping the paragraphs somewhat; aside from this, the following are verbatim excerpts:

"Bop is not dead . . . The word became a dirty one through misuse and abuse . . . They buried the word, not the music . . . Bop is hot, not cool, jazz . . . Cool jazz is, for the most part, really only cool bop . . . Clifford Brown, Sonny Rollins, Max Roach, the Messengers, and Miles Davis play bop . . . Bud Powell plays bop . . . Oscar Peterson is an eclectic . . . Dave Brubeck doesn't play bop . . . Conte Candoli, Art Farmer, and Kenny Dorham play bop . . . Charlie Mariano, Gigi Gryce, Phil Woods, and Milt Jackson play bop . . . Imitators who assumed the superficial aspects of the idiom to make a buck helped kill the work.

"Bop was a natural evolution within the mainstream of jazz . . . Teo Macero is not within the mainstream of jazz . . . Lennie Tristano doesn't play bop . . . Dave Brubeck doesn't play swing . . . Lennie Tristano swings . . . Dave Brubeck doesn't play bop . . . Bop is, among other things, a valid modern-day expression of the blues . . . Critics, even the most honest, tend to write about musicians they are most friendly with . . . Critics and musicians were more chummy in the swing era than the bop era . . . If jazz in general gets a bad press, bop's was even worse . . . It was clobbered in the trade magazines, too . . . The most publicity bop got (and that adverse) were the inane bop jokes which came into vogue after the music had been disassociated from the word.

"Some critics didn't like some of the boppers because of their personal habits and attempted to judge their music on this basis, just as literary critics sometimes try to judge a writer by his political beliefs rather than the content of his writing . . . Now there are some new critics . . . There is a second generation of boppers . . . Their music is being accepted on its merit as modern jazz."

I'D LIKE TO ADD a few postscripts to these Gitlerian reflections. It seems to me that many of the most fanatic opponents of bop, those who have derisively committed it to limbo, have done so because to admit that so many of their own favorite musicians of today are playing bop would be tantamount to a confession of having discovered it, and learned to understand it, 10 years late.

For instance, how would it have made Louis Armstrong and the jazz traditionalists look if Satchmo had realized and pointed out that the solos played by his own bassist Arvell Shaw every day for several years were note for note the same brand of music he had denounced in a hundred interviews as "bop slop"?

And the lay press that buried bop with such indecent haste but raved about the fine septet John Hammond assembled for Friedrich Gulda at Birdland recently—how could they have accepted the fact that every soloist in that combo, including Gulda himself, was an unabashed bopper?

A sad irony of all this is that many of those who were either very slow in accepting Charlie Parker or unable to accept him at all are now waxing enthusiastic about musicians who, though excellent performers, are mere shadows of the great figure that was Bird.

10

MÄNNEN BAKOM LENA

När Lena Horne reser på turné har hon alltid några egna musiker med sig — även om en stor del av ackompanjemanget överlåtes åt lokala, större orkestrar. Som man skulle kunna vänta, omger hon sig alltid med toppartister, och stockholmsmusikerna talar fortfarande med aktning om trumslagaren Chico Hamiltons insatser 1950.

Bland de tre musiker hon denna gång hade i sällskap befann sig åtminstone två världsstjärnor — basisten George Duvivier och pianisten Gene Di Novi. Trumslagaren i trion heter John Cresci och är ännu så länge inte lika namnkunnig som de övriga. Under stockholmsbesöket i juni vandrade jag vid några tillfällen runt med dem på sightseeing i sta'n och försökte mellan sevärdheterna få dem att berätta om sig själva, att få veta något om deras tidigare erfarenheter och deras synpunkter på musik.

Lena Horne har alltid förstått att omge sig med goda musiker och

ROLF DAHLGREN

berättar här lite närmare om hennes senaste kompgrupp.

George Duvivier berättade att han börjat spela fiol i 10-årsåldern och först bara spelat konsertmusik i flera år — bl. a. under Dean Dixon. Även när han gick över till bas spelade han ett par år huvudsakligast "symphony-stuff", men 1940 började han spela jazz, och nu säger han diplomatiskt att han tycker om "all musik, så länge den är av god klass". Men man kan nog gissa, att intresset för symfonimusik ligger djupast, ty när man frågar om musikaliska favoriter, får man först och främst höra "Bach, Beethoven, Brahms och Bartok". Rachmaninov är en annan favorit. "Den kar'n är alltför lite uppskattad. Han var underbar både som kompositör och pianist. Jag hörde honom spela flera gånger och har det mesta som han har gjort på skivor."

Anledningen till att han gick över till att bli jazzbasist? "Först och främst pengar. Jag önskar jag fick tillfälle att spela fiol. Det är ett härligt instrument! Men det finns inget vanligt konsertjobb som ger tillnärmelsevis så mycket som jazzmusik. Och ett arbete sådant som det här hos Lena — ja, det är absolut idealet!"

Bland sina basistfavoriter nämner George Ray Brown, Charles Mingus och Milton Hinton. Han berättar vidare att han är född i augusti 1922 och är ogift ("Annars kunde jag väl inte resa omkring så här, va?"). Han skriver en hel del arrangemang och har arbetat åt flera kända band. Sitt första egentliga proffsengagemang hade han 1941 med Coleman Hawkins, och året därpå spelade han med Lucky Millinder och arrangerade åt denne och Jimmy Lunceford. Efter militärtjänstgöring fram till sommaren 1945 knöts han fast till Lunceford som arrangör och stannade där till dennes död två år senare. Så arrangerade han en del för Sy Olivers orkester och spelade i ackompanjerande kombinationer åt bl. a. Pearl Bailey och Billie Eckstine. 1950—51 var han hos Nellie Lutcher och besökte med henne Paris. Efter ett kortare mellanspel i Terry Gibbs orkester kom han i november 1952 till Lena Horne, och hos henne tänker han stanna så länge som möjligt.

Av de plattor han gjort framhåller George speciellt en inspelning som Norman Granz organiserade för något mer än ett år sedan. Den kallade "Journey to love" och spelades in under Louis Belsons namn men med Buddy Baker som ledare och arrangör för ett stort band med stråkar och träblås. "Det lät verkligen fint — underbar musik, väl genomarbetad och intressant!" I övrigt nämner han att han skötte allt basspel i filmen "The Goodman Story", och att han tycker om svensk jazz, som han känner till en hel del om genom skivor som kommit ut i USA. Däremot blev han inte imponerad av en jamsession han hamnade på första kvällen i Stockholm. Han fick spela ihop med Lenas drummer och en yngre svensk pianist, som tydligen ville visa att han kunde komponera och raskt klämde i med vad som föreföll vara en hemmagjord repertoar, vilket kom George att sucka: "Tre originallåtar på en jamsession! Jag trodde ingen i världen skulle komma på en så'n idé, utom Bud Powell, förstås!"

Pianisten Gene Di Novo är yngst i trion, född 1928 i New York och av italiensk härstamning. Han har ändå en synnerligen imponerande meritlista, då han började som musiker redan i 15-årsåldern med engagemang hos klarinettisten Joe Marsala och gitarristen Chuck Wayne.

17 år gammal kom Gene med i en rent kommersiell dansorkester som, efter vad han påstod, spelade en hemsk, stelbent musik på Childs Club. Så slumpade det sig att några musiker skulle bytas ut, och man fick med sådana ungdomar som Al Cohn, Stan Levy och andra, och på något halvår hade orkestern blivit förvandlad till ett riktigt fint band i den tidigare bopandan. Så följde ett triojobb tillsammans med Chuck Wayne och bassisten Clyde Lombardi. Det var den trion Åke Hasselgård fick höra och senare lade beslag på när han sommaren 1948 organiserade sitt eget band. Trion plus Åke och Max Roach — det blev den kvintett som gjorde så stor succé på Three Deuces. "Det här var vårt långsammaste tempo", säger Gene flinande och knäpper med fingrarna i ungefär en hackspetts normala arbetstakt.

"Genom Åke kom jag också i kontakt med Benny Goodman", berättar han vidare. "Goodmans septett skulle en dag göra några inspelningar med Mary Lou Williams som pianist, men är man skulle sätta igång började Benny och Mary Lou gräla om nä'nting. Hon smällde igen dörren och gick, och det gällde att snabbt få en ersättare. Åke ringde hem till mig, jag kastade mig i en taxi, och så började samarbetet med Benny. Det blev lärorikt och förde med sig en massa värdefulla kontakter. Jag spelade sedan i Chubby Jacksons stora band, var med Buddy Rich i flera omgångar och fick tillfälle att arrangera en hel del — bl. a. åt Charlie Ventura."

"Jag spelade in skivor också. Bl. a. var jag med på en session med Lester Young som jag väntade mig mycket av. Det vi presterade blev i stället något av det sämsta Lester har spelat in. Vi i rytmsektionen lyckades inte så bra, och själv spelade han riktigt dåligt. Nej, då var det roligare att vara med i Artie Shaws stora orkester på inspelningen av *The Man I love*."

George Duvivier är vid det här laget den mest kände i trion bakom Lena Horne.

1951 började Gene som vokalistackompanjatör och arbetade ihop med Peggy Lee i ungefär ett år. Så slog han sig ner i New York igen, nu som soloplanist på East Side-klubbar. 1954 ringde Peggy Lee igen och lockade ut honom till Californien, där han stannade ett år. "Det var då jag verkligen började lära mig något om musik", säger Gene. "Jag började ta lektioner på allvar i arrangering och komponering. Min lärare blev Mario Castelnuovo Tadesco, en verkligt fin, bildad och språkkunnig man av något slags spansk-italiensk härstamning. Han är nog inte särdeles känd, men är mycket aktad av amerikanska solister, och är en av de mest fascinerande personligheter jag mött! Han kan allt, vare sig det gäller att skriva en opera eller bakgrundsmusik till en tecknad film."

Sedan december förra året har Gene varit hos Lena Horne, och när man frågar om framtidsplanerna ler han överseende och säger: "Det här jobbet är toppen! Jag stannar så länge jag får! Är det något annat jag skulle önska, så är det att kunna koppla av någon gång och helt få ägna mig åt komponering och arrangering."

Gene är en stillsam, balanserad familjefader. Han har hyrt en våning i Stockholm och har tagit sin söta fru Pat och 3-månadsdottern Dorothy med sig hit. "Det är en underbar stad, det här", säger han, "Så ren och vacker! San Francisco är den enda jag vet som är jämförbar — men Stockholm är ändå i särklass."

"Svenska flickor är landets bästa produkt", hävdar batteristen John Cresci och påstår att han är specialist. "Ni svenska killar går omkring med dom fullkomligt självklart, precis som om det inte betydde ett dugg för er att alltid vara omgivna av skönhetsdrottningar. Brudarna är ju rent fantastiska!"

Som musiker är Cresci ett mer oskrivet blad än de övriga i trion, men vi får honom att mellan lovorden över de svenska flickorna också berätta att han föddes 1924 i New York av italienska föräldrar, och att han var med om kriget både i Frankrike och Tyskland. Han började inte spela förrän han kom hem från kriget 1945, då han skrev in sig i en musikskola och tog musiklärarexamen. Redan i slutet av 40-talet arbetade han dock i olika jazzgrupper, med Tony Scott, Terry Gibbs, vibrafonisten Don Elliot, Marion McPartland och andra. Skivor har han spelat in med Scott, gitarristen Mundell Lowe. Han har varit med Lena sedan november 1955. Hans favoriter bland batterister är Max Roach och Joe Morello, och han lyssnar helst på Count Basies och Gerry Mulligans musik. John är ogift men har en "girlfriend" som är sångerska på frammarsch och aktiv i TV och på Coral. "Vi får väl se hur det utvecklar sig", säger han eftertänksamt och håller på att vrida huvudet av sig efter en passerande blondin. När det kommit rätt igen, talar han om att "Arbeta med Lena och Lennie Hayton är underbart. Jag stannar så länge som möjligt!" Så i det fallet tycks alla tre vara eniga.

Efter stockholmsbesöket reser gruppen via Göteborg, Malmö och Köpenhamn ner till Paris, där man "bara ska koppla av". Så följer ett besök i Rom, där Lena skall sjunga in en del skivor, engagemang på Rivieran och på Olympia i Paris, varefter man reser tillbaka till USA — bl. a. för att arbeta i Las Vegas.

Lena förefaller att vara lika belåten med trion som de är med henne, och när hon på pressmottagningen pekade på trion med en hand och på maken med den andra och sade att de där var hennes "family", så smålog Lennie Hayton belåtet och tycktes inte ha något att invända.

Två gitarrer i Gagnef

Nisse Lindbergs kvintett. Fr. v. Per Lindberg, Pär Grip, Curt Bengtsson, Rolf Edström och Nisse själv.

Det hela började 1954. Då samlades på sommaren en liten koloni musiker i Gagnef, de flesta hängivna jazzamatörer samt några unga "yrkes". Initiativet kom från pianisten Nils Lindberg, brorson till orgelvirtuosen, samt hans kusin batteristen Per Lindberg, en annan brorson till Oskar. Dessa bägge hade börjat spela tillsammans under studietiden i Uppsala.

Nisse, som snabbt hade utvecklats till en god amatörpianist, gick med sina egna funderingar när det gällde att komponera och arrangera. Han fick tillfälle att pröva sina idéer via denna musikerkoloni. Tillsammans utgjorde medlemmarna en medelstor orkester, där det förutom sedvanligt komp och gängse blåsare förekom valthorn och fagott. Den resulterande "experimentjazzen" var utan tvekan intressant och ganska så lyckad men blev naturligtvis ingen kommersiell framgång. Det var heller knappast meningen — det hela var ett utlopp för idealistisk upptäckarlusta — men några ströengagemang samt ett par radiosändningar gjorde sitt för att hålla kropp och själ ihop.

Fram på sommaren skildes man åt, många erfarenheter rikare. Nisse fortsatte med en egen kvartett (med bl. a. "Lill-Dompan" Johansson från Uppsala) och en kvintett. Med den senare weekendturnerade han i folkparkerna under förra sommaren, och sedan fick man engagemang i Finland under en längre tid — det var på Teaterrestaurangen i Åbo.

Många "kända" amatörer spelade under denna tid med Nisse och Per: den unge, fine tenoristen Harry Bäcklund t. ex., samt den briljante gitarristen Curt Bengtsson, till vardags dragspelsstämmare i Mora. Trogen stöttepelare vid kontrabasen har hela tiden varit Pär Grip.

I år har man upplivat en tradition: två gitarrer, något som inte förekommit annat än sporadiskt sedan salig Svenska Hotkvintettens tid. Ingen trickinspelad gitarrist, det må vara Les Paul eller Jimmy Raney, har möjlighet att låta likadant "i verkligheten" som på platta. Men, resonerar Nisse, plockar man in två duktiga gitarrister i gruppen, så får man betydligt större resurser. Det har han också gjort: förutom nyssnämnda Bengtsson medverkade gitarristen Rolf Edström, harmonidjärv och rytmisk, tidigare med Thore Swanerud och nu senast med Eva Engdahl.

Jag hörde en kvintett bestående av dessa båda plus ordinarie komp vid deras första "träff". Kapellmästaren hade arrangerat med gott sinne för kontrast, både egna och andras saker. Stilen: kammarjazz, med tonvikt på det rytmiska. Riktigt samkörd hade gruppen inte hunnit bli, men det som man fick höra var tilltalande — "annorlunda" utan att hamna i jazzperiferin. Vi får hoppas att en påtänkt radiosändning blir av så att ni själva kan få höra gruppen. Då är den säkert mera välrepeterad, med ensemblerna i samma klass som de utmärkta solistinslagen.

Några speciella framtidsplaner för gruppen har Nisse inte. "Kul att pröva på", säger han. Själv tänker han avbryta sina universitetsstudier och söka in på Musikaliska Akademien i höst, parallellt med att han fortsätter att spela. Han är vid det här laget en driven solist och kompare, med en musikalisk, flytande modern stil — och så länge som det finns eldsjälar som han och hans kamrater så är det ingen fara för återväxten inom vår jazz...

Lasse Resberg

Ellington toppade årets Newport-festival

DEN TREDJE ÅRLIGA jazzfestivalen i Newport, Rhode Island blev den största och bästa hittills ur alla synpunkter. Visserligen trasslade det till sig i organisationen stundtals och första konsertkvällen utspelades under ett konstant skyfall som reducerade de beräknade 10.000 åskådarna till ett par tappra tusen, som utsatte sig för risken av lunginflammation bara för att njuta av den musik många av dem kommit långväga för att höra.

Höjdpunkten den kvällen var Count Basies band, Sarah Vaughan, Modern Jazz Quartet, Toshiko Akiyoshi, Jutta Hipp, Charlie Mingus Workshop och Eddie Condons All Stars. Mingus grupp överraskade speciellt tack vare en ny och mycket lovande trumpetare, Bill Hardman.

På fredagen klarnade vädret upp och under eftermiddagen ägde den första av två planerade offentliga jazzdiskussioner rum under ledning av Marshall Stearns från Institute of Jazz Studies.

Bland de intressantaste inslagen märktes George Weins skarpa anklagelse riktad mot publiken att den tvingade jazzmusikerna, Louis Armstrong t. ex., att spela långt under sin rätta standard. Wein hävdade att åtminstone 85 procent av publiken inte visste ett dugg om Armstrong och stod främmande för hans inspelningar med Hot Five och Hot Seven. Numera spelade inte ens Armstrong 1/10 så inspirerat som i dessa äldre plattor, sade Wein.

Tredje amerikanska jazzfestivalen den bästa hittills, rapporterar Estrads utsände LEONARD FEATHER

På kvällen hade vädret förbättrats avsevärt och 7.000 åskådare kunde räknas in. Willis Conover var konferenciär och aftonens övningar började något trögt med ett jamband innehållande bl. a. Buck Clayton, Coleman Hawkins och Jay Jay Johnson.

Därefter intog Jay & Kai estraden med sin kvintett, som snart skall upplösas. I ett av numren spelade de bägge kapellmästarna på varsitt mycket egendomligt instrument, som antagligen konstruerats för marschorkestrar. Det lät fint i det numret, *True Blue Tromboniums*, men inte särskilt originellt. Jack Tracy gjorde den träffande kommentaren, att så snart de lärt sig spela instrumenten ordentligt, kommer det att låta precis som tromboner.

Därefter följde Dave Brubecks kvartett, som lät tilltalande i *The Duke*. Men Brubecks egen förkärlek för att överornamentera alla nummer visar tydligt hans bristande känsla för ett ordentligt jazzbeat. Paul Desmonds altsax blev som vanligt den största behållningen.

Efter en lång paus gjorde Ella Fitzgerald entré, klädd i lavendelfärgad klänning och vit hermelinsstola. Hon var strålande och sjöng melodier av alla tänkbara karaktärer, från den nya populärsången *Too Close For Comfort* till en jumpig blues à la Joe Williams.

Kvällen avslutades med ett mycket långt framträdande av Louis Armstrong, som fick utstå hård kritik både från musiker, fans och skribenter därför att han dels lät Velma Middleton ge prov på sina vanliga gymnastiska smaklösheter, dels spelade en gammal repertoar som man hört tusentals gånger. Han underlät också att spela *High Society Calypso*, en melodi han sjunger i den kommande filmen *High Society*, som i själva verket är uppbyggd just kring Newport-festivalen. Dessutom ställde Armstrong upp med den värsta rytmsektion han haft de senaste tio åren. Louis lyckades dock höja sig över omgivningen, han sjöng och spelade underbart, men det var verkligen synd och skam att han inte insåg att detta var en stund då det absolut inte behövdes några kommersiella inslag — tvärtom. Ju mer han spelade pajas, ju mindre tyckte publiken om det.

Festivalen fick redan under torsdagskvällen en internationell prägel genom Toshikos och Jutta Hipps medverkan. På lördagseftermiddagens konsert presenterades tre nya John Hammondfynd, alla pianister och begåvade sådana, Phineas Newborn hade nyligen anlänt från Memphis och framträdde med en kvartett där brodern Calvin spelade gitarr. Mario Patron var ett 19-årigt fynd från Mexico City, som rest upp till New York bara några dagar innan festivalen. Trots stark nervositet visade han sig vara mycket lovande.

På lördagen var det en jazzdiskussion med följande jazzvittra herrar framför mikrofonerna: Hall Overton, Jimmy Giuffre, Friedrich Gulda, Bill Coss, Nat Hentoff, David Broekman, Quincy Jones och Tony Scott.

Som tredje Hammond-skyddsling intog Friedrich Gulda estraden med sin grupp och gjorde ett starkt intryck.

I konserten medverkade också Teddy Charles Tentet, som utvecklat sig till en av de mest mogna avant garde-grupperna.

Omedelbart efter konserten vidtog den andra offentliga diskussionen och ämnet var "Jazzens framtid". Tony Scott lyckades pressa Jimmy Giuffre på ett erkännande att den sistnämnde ansåg sin musik utan stadigt arbetande rytmsektion verkligen vara jazz. Den verkliga höjdpunkten under diskussionen kom dock när Quincy Jones fastslog att han tyckte det var skäligen ointressant att sitta här och prata om jazzens framtid. Om en sådan diskussion skulle hållits 1940 innan någon ens hört talas om Charlie Parker, sade Jones, skulle antagligen en massa lärda synpunkter ha förts till torgs då också. Men vad hjälpte det — sedan Bird kommit var det ingen som brydde sig om något annat. Det hade bara "hänt". Och enligt Quincy kunde det ske igen. "Här sitter vi och pratar om jazzens framtid och kanske redan nästa vecka eller nästa år kommer det en kille uppdykandes från Chitlin' Switch, som är så fantastisk att det bara var slöseri med tid att sitta här."

Festivalen nådde sin klimax under lördagskvällen då ytterligare 7.000 personer räknades in. Först presenterades Duke Ellington, som spelade två nummer men sedan snabbt fick dra sig tillbaka, eftersom fyra medlemmar i bandet saknades. Men Duke kompenserade senare för detta med en triumferande återkomst.

Efter en stunds trivsam musik av Bud Shank, ackompanjerad av Claude Williamson, Don Prell och Chuck Flores, fick åhörarna en efterlängtad påminnelse om swingeran av Teddy Wilsons trio. Trots att Teddy var sitt vanliga smakfulla och eleganta jag, stals nästan hela framträdandet av Jo Jones, som med sitt humoristiska arbete med både stockar och vispar mest bidrog till succén.

Jimmy Giuffre kom därefter och lät som en modern Pee Wee Russell i två nummer spelade i klarinettens låga register. Hans insatser på tenor var betydligt mindre övertygande.

Sista attraktionen före pausen var Anita O'Day, som höll sig kvar på scenen för länge. Hon sjöng nio nummer och den rytmsektion hon hade med sig spelade som om den hade sex månaders gage att fordra. Men ändå lät Anita bättre än på många år, speciellt i den swingiga versionen av *Honeysuckle Rose*. Trots att hon har sin gamla röstklang kvar märker man dock vissa glimtar av inspiration hämtade från Betty Roché, Carmen McRae och Billie Holiday.

Efter pausen framträdde Anyo Guldas septett, följd av Chico Hamiltons kvintett, som spelade några strålande nummer. Chicos grupp var den intressantaste av mindre format under hela festivalen. Buddy Collette gjorde lika starkt intryck på klarinett, flöjt och tenor som med sina egna kompositioner.

Nye pianisten Phineas Newborn imponerade stort med sitt fina spel. Vid trummorna Eddie Robinson.

Men även om Hamiltons kvintett var ypperlig, blev den nästan bortglömd när Duke Ellington satte igång. Konserten hade börjat halv nio men inte förrän kvart i tolv kom Duke in på estraden, nu med hela sitt band. Vid det laget hade publiken börjat troppa av, men entusiasmen hos de kvarvarande kompenserade för detta. I olikhet mot de flesta andra orkesterledarna som uppträtt i Newport var Ellington klok nog att presentera nytt material för detta speciella tillfälle. Det bestod av ett långt verk i tre delar, betitlade *Festival Junction*, *Blues To Be There* och *Newport Up* — alla späckade med de oförglömliga ellingtonska klangerna och med stort utrymme för de flesta solisterna.

Efter bl. a. en lysande *Sophisticated Lady* med Harry Carney i huvudrollen, annonserade Duke ett äldre nummer från 1938, *Diminuendo and Crescendo In Blue* och tillade att de bägge delarna skulle sammanbindas av tenoristen Paul Gonsalvez' soloexkursioner.

Publikens reaktion inför detta nummer var fantastisk. Paren började jitterbugga bland bänkarna och hundratals åskådare ställde sig på stolarna för att ordentligt se vad som försiggick. Inom kort var hela parken i uppror. Det mest glädjande av alltsammans var dock att Ellington nådde det resultatet utan att förfalla till rock-and-roll eller göra någon annan kommersiell eftergift utan helt enkelt spelade bra musik. I själva verket har jag aldrig hört *Crescendo and Diminuendo In Blue* bättre framförd, inte heller har Golsalvez varit så till sin fördel.

Bara det faktum att Duke kunde åstadkomma en sådan reaktion bland åhörarna, av vilka många inte ens var födda när numret skrevs, var ett imponerande bevis på Dukes alltid lika värdefulla bidrag till jazzens utveckling och en strålande klimax på festivalen. När Ellingtons sista toner dött bort var klockan precis ett på natten. Konserten hade varat i fyra och en halv timme, men för publikens del kunde den lika gärna ha hållit på hela natten.

När jag summerar mina intryck finner jag bara två skäl till negativ kritik. För det första borde producenterna för festivalen kräva att *varje* medverkande artist garanterade ett framförande av åtminstone ett nytt nummer i stället för att som nu ständigt referera till "en melodi från min senaste LP för Bethlehem" osv. Vidare skulle det äga rum en ordentlig repetition på eftermiddagen före konserten för att undvika longörer som Ellingtons missande fyra musiker och Anita O'Days usla rytmsektion.

Frånsett detta har jag bara lovord till övers. Aldrig tidigare har så mycken jazz presenterats för så många under så angenäma omständigheter. Festivalen har nu blivit en institution och man bara hoppas att dess drivande krafter inom en inte alltför avlägsen framtid kan resa ut till andra kontinenter med liknande evenemang.

Record Whirl - Sept. 1956

Finds Many She Likes

The Blindfold Test

(Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

Meg Smiles on Rosie-Duke, Jackie-Roy

By Leonard Feather

Meg Myles is a stunningly attractive redhead. That much you probably knew already. If you happened to see *The Phoenix City Story* you may also know about her background as an actress.

During the past few months a third element has made itself apparent via the airwaves and the juke boxes: Meg is quite a singer. One of her recent releases on Capitol, a slow but rockingly rhythmic revival of that old war horse *My Melancholy Baby*, was one of the vocal surprises of the year, sung with a great beat, fine phrasing and a superb, swinging accompaniment directed by Harry Geller. The other side, *Past The Age Of Innocence*, showed Meg's impressive qualities as a ballad singer.

Since Meg is only 23 (born in Seattle, by the way, and raised in Tracy, Calif.) it figures that she would have a most eventful career not too far ahead of her. Before that career got to the point where she might become too busy for interviews I decided to try her out on a blindfold test. Following are her recent reactions to one instrumental side (Chet Atkins) and ten releases by girl singers. Meg was given no information whatever about the records played, either before or during the test.

The Records

1. Polly Bergen. *How Little We Know* (Camden).

I don't know who it is. I'm trying to think, but I have no idea . . . at first it sounded a little like Carmen McRae. I love the song, the lyrics and the arrangement very much. I like the girl's voice—she projects the feeling of the song very well. I don't like her high notes though; it sounds as if she's straining, pushing too much. She has a lot of little crinkles in her voice, a cute sound. I like the low register very much. I'd give it three stars.

2. Mary Ford. *Cimarron* (Capitol).

Well, besides being on Capitol records, I think Les and Mary are perfect. Everything they do has a touch of perfection. I like the song, and I don't generally like this kind of song. It seems to move, and at the end I like that special effect they get. I'd give it five stars and buy it.

3. Chet Atkins. *The Poor People of Paris* (Victor).

Is that Lawrence Welk? I don't know who it is but I don't like it. I love the song and think it should be a smooth, pretty song even with things like celestes and flutes—like it's been performed before. I don't like this polka effect. The only thing I like is the tap dancing effect of the drums. One star for effort.

Meg Myles

4. Teddi King. *Mr. Wonderful* (Victor).

I know that voice so well, but can't say for sure who it is. At first I thought it was Olga James from the album, *Mr. Wonderful*. I love the song and think the girl does a beautiful job. The arrangement is so full it just soars. Four stars.

5. Blue Stars. *Toute Ma Joie* (EmArcy).

I don't know their names, but I think it's the same group that did *Lullaby of Birdland* in French. I don't care for the orchestration at all, but the voicing is very good. Hearing a song in French doesn't inspire me. I wouldn't buy it, but would give it three stars because I think in many respects it's good.

6. Rosemary Clooney-Duke Ellington. *I Let A Song Go Out of My Heart* (Columbia).

This is Rosemary Clooney and Count Basie, isn't it? I think it's very good. I love Rosemary Clooney, she has a beautiful voice. She sounds like she has a cold all the time and I like that. The song is great material, and you can't miss with this band. I don't know why they don't release this as a single, because I really believe it would be a good record for Rosie. Five stars.

7. June Valli. *Shangri-La* (Victor).

I don't know who that is, but it sounds more like a stage or Broadway voice than a commercial or recording voice. I love the song—I've heard it before. I like the music and the lyrics, but not together. I think the melody is too complicated for the lyrics . . . separately they're beautiful. I like the girl's voice, but her enunciation isn't consistent. I imagine this will be a hit. I'd give it four stars.

8. Gladys Swarthout. *Begin the Bequine.* (Camden).

I certainly hope this is on an album, because if it's on a single nothing will ever happen. I love the song—the arrangement is very pretty. I don't know the voice and the only conditions under which I'd accept it would be if it were Alice Ghostley. I can't stand the trills of the *Rs* and the cough before she goes into a note. For a trained voice, she hits several very obvious flat notes. I don't like it and wouldn't give it any stars.

9. Ella Mae Morse. *Coffee Date* (Capitol).

I haven't been able to figure out whether the title is *Coffee Date* or *Worm Lips* or *Sipacoopiapi*. I can't understand the lyrics right in the beginning. I think it's Ella Mae Morse. That's head-shaking music and I dig that. I like the whole thing—the arrangement is very interesting, also the vocal group. I think it rates a lot of air play. Give it four stars.

10. Dinah Washington. *Goodbye* (EmArcy). Hal Mooney orch.

I'm not sure. This is either Dinah Washington or Billie Holiday. I think it's Dinah, but I always get the two mixed up. I don't know whose orchestra it is, but it has a beautiful sound. I like the song and this particular record. If this is Dinah, I like it better than anything I've ever heard her do. I don't usually like her high screaming, but I think she's a terrific musician. I like Ella Fitzgerald, Mel Torme and others who sing like a musician plays, although sometimes they go way out and it ceases to sound pretty. I like this very much. Give it four stars.

11. Jackie Cain & Roy Kral. *Says My Heart* (Storyville). Barney Kessel, guitar.

I don't know who that is. There's a new group called the Pat Moran Group that sounds very much like this, but they don't have a guitar and this has a very excellent guitar player. I don't like boodle-ee, boodle-ee, but this is very well executed, especially with the voicing at the end. I like it very much —I think it moves well and the artists on it are getting a chance to show individually what they can do. Give it five stars.

Afterthoughts by Meg

I would like to have heard a male vocalist. Frank is my favorite, but I like Mel Torme very much. I realize he's not commercial, but he's beginning to sound more so. I love his records, and like seeing him sing in person even more. I like Buddy Greco and with his new album, he will probably get a better foothold than he's had. I am just becoming familiar with Dick Haymes' voice and like him very much. When he was first popular, I was too young to notice his voice . . . I *don't* like Elvis Presley!

Melody Maker Aug. 25, 1956

CARMEN McRAE

by Leonard Feather

DURING the past decade there have been literally hundreds of new singing stars on the popular music scene. Dozens of them, on being discovered and signed to a record contract, have been hailed as the Greatest-Since-Somebody-or-Other.

Most of them have lasted as long as the tunes they were given to perform—and in many cases neither artist nor tune has stood the test of time.

A handful of singers can claim to have earned the attention and respect not only of the public but also of musicians and jazz fans, who in general tend to be very discriminating in their vocal tastes. Among the very few who have found

KENNY CLARKE

their way into this charmed circle is Carmen McRae—the girl over whom Laurie Henshaw enthused in last week's Pop Reviews.

It has taken a long time for the haunting quality in Carmen's voice to make itself apparent to the American public at large, though, to a few discerning listeners, her ultimate success seemed predictable many years ago.

Born April 8, 1922, in New York City, Carmen studied piano extensively and was originally known as an instrumentalist rather than a singer.

Her real discoverer was Irene Wilson Kitchings, first wife of Teddy Wilson and composer of such songs as "Some Other Spring." When Carmen was a teenager, Mrs. Kitchings hailed her as a coming star and attempted to launch her professional career.

Benny Carter, who has so many talent discoveries to his credit, can also claim to have played a rôle in the McRae story. Carmen worked in Benny's band in 1944 and was also heard with Count Basie around that time. However, probably the most important encouragement given her during the 1940s came from Duke Ellington and his son, Mercer. After hearing her sing in the Club Harlem in Atlantic City, Mercer, who was leading a big band at that time, offered Carmen her first job as a band vocalist.

At Minton's

She toured with Mercer's band for more than a year and made her recording début with "Pass Me By," on Musicraft, with this band. Married during those years to drummer Kenny Clarke, she worked under the name of Carmen Clarke. Gaining valuable experience with the Mercer Ellington band, Carmen went out as a single after the group broke up in Chicago.

For the next few years she was known mainly as an intermission pianist and singer at various night clubs, mostly in New York.

Those of us who heard Carmen during the late 1940s recall her as a capable pianist who could often be found at the keyboard at Minton's Playhouse, the noted Harlem night spot that earned a reputation as the birthplace of bop. Inevitably, through her marriage to Clarke and through her association with many of the great modern musicians whom she met at such spots as Minton's, Carmen found herself guided in the direction of a musicianly and inventive approach to popular songs.

In 1953, Paulette Girard, actress-wife of Mat Mathews, became Carmen's unofficial manager, took her in hand, and landed her a session with a small record company. Convinced at long last that she could get away from the keyboard and sing standing up at a microphone, Carmen worked a number of dates successfully with the Mathews Quintet.

Carmen's first truly lucky year was 1954. Voted the best new female singer of the year in the *Down Beat* critics' poll, she was signed by Decca, began to appear at such nationally known jazz clubs as Basin Street, and soon found herself in a position of prestige comparable with that enjoyed a decade earlier by Sarah Vaughan. In 1955, she was featured at a Carnegie Hall All-Star jazz concert and, climaxing a series of successes, left for Hollywood to take part in a Tony Curtis movie at Universal International.

During the past year she has made two new LPs on Decca. The first of these is the more interesting to jazz fans, featuring her on some numbers with the Mat Mathews Quintet and on others with a rhythm quartet assembled by her ex-husband and still good friend, Kenny Clarke. Carmen accompanied herself on "Supper Time," and Billy Strayhorn was guest pianist on his own "Something To Live For."

Carmen's voice cannot be accurately described in words. Once slightly reminiscent of Sarah Vaughan, she now has an unmistakably personal style, sometimes exultant, sometimes richly moody.

During the past year, Carmen has established herself solidly in the popular music field with such hit performances as "Whatever Lola Wants." The combined effect of these popular hits and of her fine jazz-oriented performances has established her, both with fans and with the general public, as one of the important new voices of recent years.

compiled by E. W. [illegible]

Newsweek, Sept. 10, 1956

12

Down Beat Aug. 22, 1956

And Williams Digs Babs

The Blindfold Test

(Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

For Joe, It's Bing, Frank, And Louis

By Leonard Feather

LESS THAN two years ago, Joe Williams was still in comparative obscurity in Chicago. Now his tours and records with Count Basie have established hm globally as one of the few great blues singers of the present era.

However, because neither Joe's vocal ability nor his personal tastes have ever been limited to the blues, the records played for him on his *Blindfold Test* covered a wide area of singing styles, from pop to bop and from ballad to rock 'n' roll—including three early items featuring previous male Basie vocalists (Nos. 3, 4, and 7).

Joe was given no information before or during the test about the records played.

Joe Williams

The Records

1. Bing Crosby-Frank Sinatra. *Well, Did You Evah?* (Capitol)

Ha, ha, ha! . . . Is that from the sound track? I can't think of the name of the picture, but I know it's Bing and Frank, and I think it's wonderful. I enjoy this kind of thing very much. It may be the wrong thing for a blues singer to say, but I do. I've never seen either one of them in a bad movie. I enjoy this type of comedy so much that I'll give it four stars.

2. The Platters. *Heaven on Earth* (Mercury).

That sounded like the Platters. This is not my kind of music. I like the groups that sing in modern harmony like the Freshmen, Hi-Los, Modernaires, Mills Brothers, and I like Billy Williams sometimes. . . . I can't get with this, and I don't know if I should rate it. I couldn't quite understand the lyrics, and the lyrics are necessary in judging a song.

3. Count Basie. *Brand New Dolly* (Victor). Bobby Troup, vocal; recorded 1949.

I think that's Bobby Troup, and it's a real clever thing. I remember hearing him and Julie London when they were at the Cameo. I like the material, and the arrangement is real fine—some Basie feeling there. The piano player sounds like Basie at times. The rhythm is steady, and I like the arrangement. Give this three stars.

4. Count Basie. *Danny Boy* (Columbia). Bob Bailey, vocal; recorded 1946.

I think that was Bob Bailey or Bob Dailey, used to sing with Count Basie. I'm not sure if that was the band with Gerald Wilson, Sweets, Jimmy Nottingham, and Dickie Wells. Bob, though, is out in Las Vegas doing disc jockey work. We saw him when we were playing there. His voice has grown deeper and more positive recently. In this recording, he was a little younger and immature, and it shows in spots. I'd give it two stars.

5. Babs Gonzales. *Round About Midnight* (Blue Note). With Jimmy Smith trio.

Babs Gonzales—a rare talent. I like him very much, and I'm happy to see him get this record out. Regardless of the negative parts of it, I'm sure it will be a hit for Babs. I'd like to see it played on a lot of shows and jukeboxes. It is wonderful jazz material, and I'm looking forward to other artists doing it. Three stars.

6. Buddy Rich. *Blues in the Night* (Verve). Arranger and orchestra, Buddy Bregman.

I didn't recognize this singer. It's a good arrangement, and I like the ending particularly. I can't even imagine whose band this is. It sounds like a lot of people—a little like Les Brown and Woody Herman at times. For such a great piece of material, I think the singer lacks a little something. He does a good straight job, but this is real jazz material—a fine Harold Arlen thing. I can't give it more than two stars.

7. Jimmy Rushing. *Every Day* (Vanguard). Pete Johnson, piano; Emmett Berry, trumpet; Buddy Tate, tenor; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Jo Jones, drums.

This is the first time I've heard this record, but I recognize a lot of pleasing sounds—things that have pleased me down through the years of listening to good jazz things. Of course, the vocalist is Jimmy Rushing, and I think I recognize Buck Clayton on trumpet; Buddy Tate, tenor; Lawrence Brown, trombone, but on the piano, I'm a little stumped. I think I recognize Jo Jones on the drums, too—little fill-in things he played behind a solo to give the soloist a kick.

There's nothing that makes a soloist feel that you're listening to him like having the drummer accentuate things that spur him on. Sonny Payne, our drummer, is real fine at this. When the piano first started, I immediately thought of Pete Johnson, but I don't know who this is at all. This is a good stomp-down jazz record. I'll give it three stars.

8. Elvis Presley. *I Got a Woman* (Victor).

The singer on this is Elvis Presley, I think. I saw him only once on TV and couldn't distinguish anything he was saying. On the records I've heard, even *Heartbreak Hotel* which is so popular, I haven't been able to understand what he says. To my mind, he's not a singer, and I understand from what I've read that he isn't a musician, but he has something that has captured the younger element—maybe he's good looking or something. I havent seen him enough to know.

The material has been done much better by other people like Ray Charles. I think Ray Charles is about to scream all singers, and especially all of us blues singers, into bad health! I'll give this half a star.

9. Louis Armstrong. *Society Calypso* (Capitol)

Oh, man! All right, you played a five-star record for me. Wonderful, wonderful! Satchmo Armstrong—it's from his new picture, *High Society*, the remake of *Philadelphia Story* with music and things. . . . I can't say enough about Satchmo. I've been listening to him for years. I first heard him when I was a very small boy. He was in the pit band with Erskine Tate at the Vendome theater in Chicago. My mother took me there one Sunday evening, when I was about 8. I couldn't see him, but I could see this gold horn, and the sound coming out from under the pit in the band. Earl Hines was on piano.

Then later I heard his records—*West End Blues* and things like that. Louis is jazz. His voice has jazz in it—just like Ethel Waters—that great feeling and musical sound in the voice. Those two are in a class by themselves, but Lena Horne has captured a great deal of the Ethel Waters sound and feeling. Helen Morgan had it, and Frances Wayne has some of it, too. I haven't heard enough of her, although I remember her *Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe* with Woody Herman is a beautiful thing.

I must have spent $20 playing that on the jukeboxes. Those are the things that really give me a big bang and chills up and down the spine.

Kai Picks 3 More

New York—Though not all details were final at presstime, it appeared that Kai Winding's new four-trombone combo will include Carl Fontana (most recently with Stan Kenton), Wayne Andre (Woody Herman), and bass trombonist Bob Dockstader (Les Elgart). The rhythm section is not yet set. Among Kai's forthcoming dates are a week at the Mariners club in Washington Sept. 26 and a week at Cleveland's Loop lounge Oct. 8.

Down Beat Sept. 5, 1956

the blindfold test

Zoot's Case

By Leonard Feather

John Haley (Zoot) Sims is a west coaster (born in Inglewood, Calif.) who made good in east coast jazz. Though many of his fans remember him best as one of the memorable Four Brothers of Woody Herman's 1947-49 band, he has consolidated his name as a first-grade modern tenor man in recent years via European tours with Benny Goodman and Stan Kenton and extensive free-lance work on both coasts.

In the last year, working in the U. S. and Europe with Gerry Mulligan, he has begun to widen his activities by doubling occasionally on alto.

The records chosen for Zoot's *Blindfold Test* included samples of modern styles from both east and west; illustrations of atonal jazz (No. 2), big band style (No. 4), and earlier small combo idioms (Nos. 8 and 9). Zoot was given no information either before or during the test about the records played.

The Records

1. Chico Hamilton. *Buddy-Boo* (Pacific Jazz). Buddy Collette, composer, arranger, tenor.

That record moved me—it was very nice. I'll give that four stars. It's Chico Hamilton's group. I like all the solos and the instrumentation. The tenor sax player is pretty good in his own style.

2. Duane Tatro. *Backlash* (Contemporary).

Well, I'll give it three stars for the way it was played, but that kind of arrangement doesn't move me too much. I guess it tells a story, but I didn't get any message from it. It sounds something like Jack Montrose—sometimes he writes like that.

I think some of this atonal music has value, but this particular side was unemotional to me, although it was played well.

3. Sonny Stitt. *Sonny's Bunny* (Roost). Quincy Jones, arranger; Jimmy Nottingham, trumpet; Hank Jones, piano; Stitt, alto.

The tone quality on that record seemed strange. I like the solos, but the arrangement was nothing spectacular. It sounded like Dizzy with Phil Woods on alto. The piano was excellent. I'll rate that 3½.

4. Stan Kenton. *Lover* (Capitol). Vido Musso, tenor; Milt Bernhart, trombone.

Mass hysteria! This would be good for a show opener, but I wouldn't buy the record. It was played well, though. I heard one something like this, but I don't know if it's the same one. Was it Stan Kenton? At first it sounded like Vido Musso—the tone is like Vido's, but he plays differently. Give that three stars.

5. Eddie Shu. *Day by Day* (Bethlehem). Shu, tenor and alto; Bobby Scott, piano.

I have no idea who that was. Anyway, I didn't like it too much. They didn't seem to mean it—you know, the way they played at the beginning and the end. The piano was all right and the rhythm okay, but I didn't like the way the tenor and the alto saxophonist phrased—the way they ended their notes with that little dip. It sounded too floozy. Two stars.

6. Dave Brubeck. *A Fine Romance* (Columbia). Paul Desmond, alto.

That's a nice, listenable record—it grooves pretty nicely. Paul Desmond plays well on that, but I thought he could have come in a little bit stronger at the end. That's a good Brubeck record—give it three stars.

7. Brew Moore. *I Want a Little Girl* (Fantasy). Moore, tenor; Johnny Marabuto, piano.

It sounds a little like Brew Moore—I'm not sure, though. It's pretty good, and I like the tune. The tenor is a little out of tune with the piano. This was played in quite good taste, I thought, but the tenor player could have moved a little bit more and played *around* the melody. Two-and-a-half stars.

8. Sam Price. *Jonah Whales the Blues* (Jazztone). Jonah Jones, trumpet; Pete Brown, alto; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Price, piano.

Well, I like the opening trumpet on this. I don't know if it's two different trumpet players or not, but with the plunger it sounded good. It's not the greatest rhythm and blues record I've ever heard in my life. The trombone solo was good, but there was a bad backing on it — it was hard to distinguish it from the rigamarole behind it.

The piano made it all right—I don't know who it was. There was a good, happy feeling on the record most of the way. Two-and-a-half stars . . . Oh, it was Pete Brown on alto. I used to listen to him a lot when I was younger, and it's good to hear him again.

9. Jazz Giants '56. *Gigantic Blues* (Norgran). Lester Young, tenor; Teddy Wilson, piano; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Jo Jones, drums.

That was a strange ending. I've heard much better Roy Eldridge than on this record. I like him when he plays simpler and doesn't try to do so much. Pres sounded great at the beginning, but he seemed to get hung on some certain sound in the last chorus.

The piano killed me—sounded like Teddy Wilson. It was Jo Jones on drums—he always comes through. I'm not sure who it was on trombone—it didn't sound like Vic Dickenson to me, but it could have been. He played very well. It was a swinging record—give it three stars.

10. Woody Herman. *Mulligan - Tawny* (Columbia). Jerry Coker, Bill Perkins, Dick Hafer, tenors; Dick Collins, trumpet; Bill Holman, arranger.

Nice arrangement—I thought it was Shorty Rogers at first. The tenor solo was good, and I think it was Dick Collins on trumpet. He was very good—nice, tasty tone. It was a good, swinging tune by the old Woodchopper. I'll give it 2½ stars.

Afterthoughts by Zoot

I'd give five stars to any good Duke Ellington or Count Basie record—or almost anything Charlie Parker made. I'm not too particular about music, but some things get to me more than others.

I haven't heard any new talents that have impressed me too much lately except a guitar player in Europe—René somebody—I can't remember his last name. He's from Belgium. I think he's in Canada now, working his way down to the States.

I recorded with Henri Renaud and his 17-year-old French drummer, Charlie something, and Benoit, a Belgian bass player. In France, it seemed as if the rhythm sections are sounding better than they did, but in Belgium they have improved even more.

DownBeat Sept. 19, 1956

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

TO THOSE WHO READ the statistical analyses growing out of my "twenty questions" column in which many of you participated a few months ago, it will come as no surprise that the colleges of America are providing jazz with a healthy and steadily mounting proportion of its revenue. As you may recall, the typical jazz fan turned out to be 20 years old, and further investigation could have revealed that more than half of all those who buy the records, attend the concerts, and patronize the clubs that help to keep jazzmen in business are within two or three years of that age, either on the plus or minus side.

One wonders whether all this is as new as we tend to think it is. Leaving the Randalls Island Jazz Festival with Count Basie, I commented on the phenomenal size of the crowd—a sure sign, it seemed to me, of the attainment of another peak of accomplishment by an art form that was almost completely discounted as a commercial force in the music business not so many years ago.

BUT BASIE remarked: "Have you forgotten the other concert at Randalls Island? That was around 1938, and it was the biggest swing festival I ever saw. It was going on all day long—Duke Elington had to play somewhere else so he started here around 8 in the morning. Martin Block was the only big, powerful disc jockey in those days, in fact disc jockeys were a novelty, and he put on the concert. That was the biggest crowd ever!"

Strange, isn't it, how easily one forgets. Evidently there was an enormous yet seldom-tapped audience in those days, and in all probability the colleges and high schools accounted for a high percentage.

Later, over at the pleasant Seventh Ave. tap room known as Count Basie's, I sat discussing the evening's earlier events with a jazz fan who was old enough to remember when Pinetop spit blood, and perceptive enough to remember which blood type he belonged to. Among his reflections was the classic observation that you just can't beat experience, that some of these youngsters have great technique but where is the soul, and that the best-by-test veterans are the only real greats of jazz.

I WONDER. Judgments of this kind usually fall into the category of half-truths. While one can agree fervently with the complaint that giants like Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, and Ben Webster are bypassed while men with half their talent, at half their age, manage to outdraw them at the box-office and the record counter, it is also true that neither in the performance nor in the appreciation of jazz music the college-age advantages of youthful spirit, ambition, and academic qualifications be underestimated.

It's true that some of the most naively ineffectual jazz on records in the past couple of years has been produced by college groups; but it is also true that national publicity and major-

DownBeat Oct. 3, 1956

MUSIC:

Jazzman's Jazzman

When Bud Powell opened at the Café Bohemia in New York's Greenwich Village last week, the professional jazzmen who crowded the bar of the tiny night club greeted him like a visitor from another world. So he was. Except for appearances at Birdland, the "jazz pianist's jazz pianist" had been tragically absent from his native haunts for more than a decade.

His return was good reason for rejoicing. With the exception of Art Tatum, Bud's idol, the 32-year-old musician is considered the most original artist in a field jammed with individualists. Leonard Feather, who, as the author of "The Jazz Encyclopedia," should know, has flatly stated that "every jazz pianist under 30 has been influenced by him."

Blues: Unfortunately, Bud Powell has had troubles that are sadder than all the blues that ever came from his keyboard. In 1945 the baby-faced pianist was arrested in Philadelphia's Broad Street Station for drunkenness and disturbing the peace. This led to ten weeks at Pilgrim State Hospital on Long Island. From this point, Powell was rarely out of institutions. Six years later he was arrested for carrying narcotics. This time the composer of at least 50 jazz tunes—one of them fatefully titled "Un Poco Loco"—ended up in Creedmore State Hospital, another New York establishment where he underwent electrical-shock treatment.

In 1953, Oscar Goodstein, his manager, put up bail for a despondent and "vegetating" musician. "When they let him out of the mental institution," says Goodstein, "he was a knockout the first time he played. I saw him sit down at a piano and turn out about a dozen songs in half an hour. He's not crazy—I wish I were that crazy. It's likker does it to him.

Powell: Back to this world

He lives in another world. Nothing else matters." Powell's future is very much of this one. In the fall he is planning a European tour and a series of recordings for RCA Victor.

Down Beat Sept. 19, 1956

ught in the act db

s Bredwin Trio; Composer, New York

Three Girl Instrumentalists" was vague name by which this trio was sd during its Comopser stint. The s, who work as a co-operative unit, e been together more than two years have been confined to the obscurer telands of Brooklyn and New Jer- plus a long stretch in a nonjazz enwich Village spot.

s the announcer and thus the ap- ent leader, Jean Bredwin, the drum- with the group, is flanked by sist Ann Drevnak and pianist Kay vrence. Miss Lawrence, of course, s the solo spotlight most of the time, ying mostly single-note lines in a sant modern groove. While lacking knife-like, sterling attack of Hor- Silver, she uses the right cutlery cooks with the right gas.

ler originals, such as *Kay-Nine*, e a Bud Powellish flavor. Generally might be summed up as a sort of t side Barbara Carroll. (Or is Bar- a an east side Kay Lawrence?)

lias Bredwin, restricted in this m mostly to brush work, swings tly, shares carefully planned ac- ts with the bassist on first choruses the group's neat arrangements, and sionally, as in *Delaunay's Dilemma*, s the Blakey elbow-on-the-snare-to- nge-the-tone bit. Though her bass n accents tend at times to be too vy, she is a swinging chick.

lias Drevnak is quite remarkable— tainly the first direct female line n Jimmy Blanton. Even when ght on a rough night (she was t recovering from an arm injury) solos showed real command of the rument coupled with modern ideas; rhythm section work was steady, , rarity of rarities among girl bass yers, every note she played was rly audible. One hates to make this uvinistic distinction, but it hardly be denied that coming from a most ractive brunette (of Hungarian gyp- origin, I'm told) these sounds take a little extra luster.

he girls have just signed a contract h the Shaw office and are ready ht now for the Weins, Holzfeinds, the big-league night club circuit general. As the first unit of its kind e the ill-fated Beryl Booker three- e broke up two years ago, this trio ers to make it.

—leonard feather

Frank Sinatra, Dorsey Brothers; Paramount Theater, New York

laybe you can turn back the clock that. When the Paramount theater ived stage shows (even if only for week) and united Tommy Dorsey Frank Sinatra plus Jimmy Dorsey, hand now as co-leader) you could ost feel the 1942 breezes wafting ough the hall.

ou could, that is, until you saw bald patch on the dome of a fellow was one of the audience on both asions, a teenager then, a business- now. And you wonder whether the who paraded outside the Para- unt this morning carrying a Sinatra President banner is the daughter ne of those who might have behaved similarly three or four elections ago.

One thing was for sure: it was a great show, and the dyed-in-the-years members of audience loved it as much as the youngsters. Under the Sinatra spell, they were helpless as he scored his biggest hit with *I've Got You Under My Skin* and struck a mood while he struck a match, lit a cigaret, and breathed out *One for My Baby*.

The ushers, too, were helpless when, as Sinatra begged the crowd to take his arms, he'd never use them, a young woman leaped past all obstructions to rush up onstage and throw her arms around him in a fitting why-not-take-all-of-me mood. ("That's not fair!" remonstrated Frankie.)

The Dorseys were well represented, with *Well, Git It* as the opener, Lynn Roberts looking lovelier than ever and singing capably, and a medley of TD and JD hits.

At the closing show on opening night, Walter Winchell was behind the footlights to introduce Miss Universe of 1970 and Miss Somebody of something else, and a couple of others who, when introduced, proved to be absent. But only one thing really mattered—Sinatra was present, and, for thousands who came, saw and were conquered during this wonderful nostalgic week, Sinatra was president.

—leonard feather

Frank Sinatra
Just Like 1942

Down Beat Sept. 19, 1956

A Wailing Girl Trombonist

This Melba Is A Peach

By Leonard Feather

WHEN AUDIENCES in Syria, Lebanon, and other exotic areas heard the Dizzy Gillespie band unwinding its special arrangement of *My Reverie*, many were amazed to observe the trombone soloist, who also happened to be the arranger of the number.

The trombonist's name is Melba Doretta Liston, and at present she is the only feminine horn in name-band jazz. We can thank Gillespie that she is in jazz at all at the moment, for in 1950, disgusted with the vagaries of the profession, not to mention the foibles of leaders who wouldn't hire her because of her sex, she gave up, and went to work as a clerk with the board of education in Los Angeles.

Melba, born in 1926 in Kansas City, Mo., and reared in Los Angeles, has unaccountably remained in the background of the jazz scene for many years, though in 1948 and '49, along with trumpeter Gerald Wilson, she worked in Dizzy's earlier big band and also for a few months with Count Basie. Before that, she was in Wilson's own band around Los Angeles for several years.

"THAT WAS A FINE band," Melba recalls. "Snookie Young and Emmett Berry were on some of the records. We made several originals of mine on Excelsior and Black and White, but try to find them now!"

Melba gradually got back into show business in 1954 after four years of semiretirement. There were occasional calls from the movie studios, though they apparently wanted her to do everything but play trombone; she had bit parts in *The Prodigal* with Lana Turner and a couple of other movies.

Then Dizzy, passing through Los Angeles, used her on some records for which she arranged *Flamingo* and a couple of originals. He promised to send for her whenever he reorganized the big band. Months later, Melba got the call and came east to rehearse under Quincy Jones' direction.

THOUGH SHE'S never cared too much about solo work, Melba was heard briefly as a bop-oriented soloist on a Dexter Gordon session for Dial in 1947. Recently, when the Gillespie band made its first session for Norman Granz in New York, three of her arrangements were included *Annie's Dance* (based on *Anitra's Dance*), *Stella by Starlight*, and, Yugoslavian fans will be glad to hear, *My Reverie*.

With or without horn, **Melba** is a striking figure—tall and slim, with a dazzling smile and features recalling a Greek statue carved in bronze. The guys in the band pay her the highest of compliments by saying, "She's just like one of us." However, unlike some distaff musicians, she is beyond a doubt a girlish, womanly, female, feminine dame.

Nationwide exposure in the Gillespie band (including a solo when they televised coast to coast on Steve Allen's show recently) should make it reasonably certain that the board of education has lost her forever.

definitive versions more than a decade ago with Art Tatum.

This has to be considered one of the outstanding records of a year that has seen an almost uncountable number of jazz discs issued. (J.T.) **(Atlantic 1234)**

Melba Liston

Sept. 19 **Down Beat**

15

New York Jazz Festival, Aug. 24-25
Randall's Island, N. Y.

Randall's island is an arena so vast that to fill each seat at 8:15 sharp, when the concert was due to start, could not have been accomplished without the use of some 50,000 parachutes. In order to graduate the arrivals, producers Don Friedman and Ken Joffe had the smart idea of preceding the festival proper with a brief "twilight concert" of warmup music. The thousands thus kept streaming in before, during and after this prelude, and well on into the main event . . .

. . . Though the preliminaries were supposed to be out in time for a punctual start for the big show, Don Elliott (a twilighter) was still on, flashing his impersonations of vibes confreres, at 8:15, and the formal festivities began a half hour late. Good news for this viewer, who had never previously heard the new addition to the Elliott panorama, an impersonation of himself, in which he played a blues based on G-E-C (the NBC signal) dedicated to emcee Jazzbo Collins.

After a long lull, the George Shearing quintet was centered beneath the big green-and-white candy-stripe canopy. It was not the swingingest of starts for a jazz concert, for so much of the Embers had rubbed off on the group that sometimes it seemed all Embers and no spark. George was Bach-in-triplets on *Autumn Leaves* and solemn in solo on *The Street Where You Live*, but Armando Perazza and Thielemans picked things up with *Caravan*. Similarly a Bud Shank set that followed got into high when Bob Brookmeyer was added. But it really became a festival when Erroll Garner time arrived.

Garner is probably the only jazz artist who would be unmistakably, uniquely Garner if one of his records were played backwards. Tonight, with Denzil Best and Eddie Calhoun, he was on as only Erroll can be on; each introduction was like a setting sparkling so vividly that the gem itself might have been removed and never missed.

The Gene Krupa quartet aimed to please and hit a bull's-eye. Eddie Shu's tenor and alto had their moments. His trumpet: fair, with occasional showers due to technical storms.

BILLY TAYLOR wailed with the left hand only, at length and with great charm, on *Gone with the Wind*, then challenged himself to a delightful duel —left hand vs. right hand in fours— on *Georgia Brown*. The Modern Jazz Quartet, if perhaps it didn't always swing, certainly oscillated its way through a pleasing display of the gentility of Jackson on *Willow, Weep for Me*, spoiled partly by distortion on the vibes—one of the few engineering goofs in a generally first-class job by sound man Miles Rosenthal.

Then Sarah Vaughan appeared, and suddenly it was a grand night for singing. Sarah wailed on *Cherokee*, then made some lyrical observations about the inside and the outside, the meaning of which escaped me. For her third number she gassed everyone with a turnabout—her impersonation of Ella Fitzgerald in *How High*.

After Sarah, we fastened our seat belts and took off with Basie. Pres was in there for a couple of numbers with the band, but from this seat it didn't quite jell. More of Basie in our comments on the second show, since Count was heard on both nights.

The Saturday warmup included some virile tenor by Coleman Hawkins, marred by reed trouble. The main show started with Dave Brubeck, who had to leave for an early broadcast. I had heard *The Trolley Song* before . . . Desmond is at his best playing medium tempo blues, which he luckily had a chance at tonight, and Dave is at his best when he's relaxed, which he seemed to be on *In Your Own Sweet Way*.

Came the new Jazz Messengers, a group that has lost everything but its name and Art Blakey. Bill Hardman's trumpet and Sam Dougherty's piano worked commendably in an effort to fill the large holes left by Dorham and Silver, and Jackie McLean's ever-busy alto took over the role of the vanished Hank Mobley. Art has some real talent in this group, but it will take some time to weld it into a unit as firmly swinging as the old one, and he has clearly suffered from de-Mobleyzation.

CHRIS CONNOR, introduced as "one of the true jazz greats," took over for a set that left this writer acutely uncomfortable. While the accompaniment was working diligently on Bar 1 of the next chorus, Miss Connor would be tackling Bar 29 of the previous chorus. Aside from the determined lagging behind the beat, there were weaknesses of intonation, false interpretations (as for instance of the main three-note phrase in George Wallington's *Way Out There*), and a general atmosphere of being "on" without having anything to *be* on.

Gerry Mulligan then did for the Saturday show what Garner had for Friday's, in an elegantly zestful quartet set with Brookmeyer at his best, Bill Crow on bass, and Specs Bailey on drums. Mulligan and Brookmeyer both comped on piano to back each other. Then Lee Konitz was added for two numbers, and the blend was the end.

Chet Baker blew better than we'd heard him in a year, on two very interesting compositions by his pianist, Bob Zieff, *Slightly Above Moderate* and *Medium Rock*.

After the intermission, the superlative Gillespie band came on and Diz immediately had everyone eating out of the palm of his horn. Though Austin Cromer's ballad vocal was expendable, there was little else in this set to cause complaint; even the comedy bit with Marty Flax, and Diz's clowning, could be justified by the general level of the music.

WE'LL PASS OVER the next act, a pianist named Shirley who had somehow found himself booked into a jazz concert, and skip to the Basie band, which this time had Al Cohn as its two-number guest. Again Joe Williams had them roaring, and before long there seemed to be more people standing than sitting, trying to break through the ropes and the cordon of police.

Basie's is still a band without peer in its field; but on Friday he had played *April in Paris* with the tag repeated five times, and on Saturday he played it again and used the tag six times. With all due respect to a great Bill Davis arrangement, I am heartily sick of this will-it-never-end gimmick, and I imagine by now Count must be, too, though the lower I.Q. elements in the crowd kept clamoring for more, so he had to give it to them.

To sum up: New York is the ideal place for a jazz festival and Randall's island the perfect location. The general level of the music was very high. Production was sloppy to the point of nonexistence on the first night, with Collins, a consistently excellent emcee, covering valiantly during countless stage waits, but things went more smoothly on Saturday.

THE ONLY CRITICISMS were those that apply no less to other jazz festivals. (1) There should be a full-scale rehearsal of the entire show each afternoon, to eliminate production goofs; (2) Too many combos, too little time pro rata for big bands and experimentation; (3) Early in the show a loudmouthed hawker almost drowned out Jazzbo in ill-timed efforts to sell an overpriced ($1) program that was full of chi-chi art and contained not one word of information about the artists' playing order, the tunes to be played or anything else that was happening. Down with "programs" that aren't!

It's true that Randall's island is a little too close to New York's major airports, and that now and then a phrase or two might be clouded by the winging home of a Super-G Constellation, but this was a small price to pay for four hours of music in an enormous yet comfortable stadium, competently be-speakered, in the company of the largest single crowd of jazz fans ever assembled in this country since way back in the swing era.

—leonard feather

Hi Fi Music at Home Sept.-Oct., 1956

N.Y. Post 9/16/56

Buffs Bop Stan Kenton on Racial Peeve

Bandleader Stan Kenton, the leading exponent of "progressive jazz" was under attack today from an editor of "Downbeat" magazine and scores of its readers for racial views expressed in a telegram.

STAN KENTON

Jazz critic Leonard Feather accused the bandleader, now on a tour of the Midwest, of racism in protesting results of the magazine's fourth annual international jazz critics' poll.

In letters to the editor, jazz buffs from all over the nation upbraided Kenton with charges that "Jim Crow sits on his bandstand."

Kenton didn't do too well in the poll. He got one vote and from Kenton's point of view, too many Negro musicians won first places.

Downbeat said Kenton wired it on Sept. 5:

"Just saw your fourth jazz critics poll. It's obvious that there is a new minority group, 'White Jazz Mulcians.' The only thing I gained from studying the opinions of your literary geniuses of jazz is complete and total disgust."

Feather, in an open letter to Kenton, said the telegram raised "doubt on your racial views."

His own doubts, Feather said were strengthened by recollections of Kenton's failure to hire Negro sidemen over the years, his failure to use Negro musicians in special jazz series, and Kenton's statement on returning "(we) proved to Europeans that white musicians can play jazz, too."

"Clearly this wire," Feather said, "expressed long-bottled feelings, now uncored and spilled in a moment of rare candor."

"Say it isn't so, Stan," Feather concluded.

A Los Angeles man wrote "Downbeat:"

"It comes as a shock to learn that Jim Crow sits on the Kenton bandstand. The shock is only slightly tempered by the realization that this Jim Crow is slightly tinged with green."

Love Bugs?

Lovington, N. M., Sept. 18 (AP)—The county clerk's office received this letter from Roswell:

Dear Sirs: I would like to have a duplicate of Roy E. Miller and One Nance marriage license. Bugs ate the other one up. I don't know what kind of bugs these were but they were black. Yours sincerely, Roy E. Miller."

JAZZ, THEATRE MUSIC, AND POPULAR ALBUMS

JAZZ

What's New? A
Teo Macero, Bob Prince B
Columbia CL-842 12" B

Macero

The question as to how far jazz can go before it leaves its own essential elements behind is raised again in this provocative set. One side features a nine-piece group, including an accordion, with Teo Macero as leader, tenor saxophonist and arranger; the other, slightly less Dali-esque, has a larger, brass-reeds-and-rhythm band led by vibraphonist Prince. Most of the music is atonal; little of it, on either side, affords room for the kind of improvisation, on set chord patterns, that has usually been assumed a *sine qua non* of jazz. Final judgment on such performances must await many hearings. Years may pass before we attain a true perspective. *LF*

The Unique B
Thelonious Monk, pianist B
Riverside RLP-12-209 12" B

Monk

Monk's piano continues to hover on the border between the sublime and the ridiculous. His skeletal harmonic absorption of *Liza* and bare-bones treatment of *Memories Of You* show that his tongue is in his cheek far more often than most listeners suspect. His sarcasm is more obvious in *Honeysuckle Rose* and *Tea For Two*, at whose melodies he pokes fun by playing deliberately wrong chords. *Darn That Dream* and *You Are Too Beautiful* again seem incomplete; the effect is that of seeing a brilliantly lit stage set through a scrim. Last is an overlong *Just You, Just Me*, with solos by Oscar Pettiford and Art Blakey. This LP is for jazz fans with a very keen sense of humor. *LF*

Solo Scene A
Lou Levy, pianist A
RCA Victor LPM-1267 12" A

Levy

During his 1948 tenure in the Woody Herman band, Levy had the distinction of being the only grey-haired twenty-year-old in jazz. Here, having recently emerged from a lengthy retirement, he makes a startling solo début that holds rich promise. Unaccompanied, he is his own superbly propulsive rhythm section. The eleven tunes are all standards like *Black Magic* and *Get Happy*. The treatment is mainly jazz, but with many tempo and style variations, Debussyan touches, and moments recalling Tatum and Bud Powell — all beautifully recorded on a superlative piano. Excellent program notes by another great pianist, André Previn. *LF*

Modern Jazz at the Royal Festival Hall B
(London) B
London LL-1185 12" C

British jazz is carefully derivative, but it shows much authentic feeling. Three bands feature the Mulligan-esque six of Don Rendell, an able tenor sax; his incisive pianist, Damian Robinson, wrote the arrangements. Next, three items by the Ken Moule Seven, a more extrovert, less integrated, somewhat eclectic group. Finally, four items by expert drummer Tony Crombie's less expert octet. Fi is unhappily lo. *LF*

Arranged by Montrose B
Bob Gordon, Clifford Brown A
Pacific Jazz PJ-1214 12" B

Montrose

By a gruesome coincidence, the leaders of both groups on these two 1954 sides were killed in auto accidents in the past year — Gordon in 1955, Brown about the time this LP came out. The Gordon quintet features the leader's full-bodied baritone sax, Montrose's tenor and arrangements. Overleaf, the Brown septet shows the phenomenal trumpeter in an unusual West Coast jazz setting: Gordon reappears as a sideman, along with Zoot Sims, valve trombonist Stu Williamson, and pianist Russ Freeman. Both groups play in a crisp, brittle style. Brown stands out. On the back cover is a polysyllabic essay by Montrose that is worth reading and digesting. *LF*

Drummer Man — Gene B
Krupa In Highest Fi A
Verve MGV-2008 12" A

Krupa

Ah, 1941 — that was a year for jazz! And here it is again, recreated by the reunion of Krupa with two of his noted alumni, Roy Eldridge and Anita O'Day. Most of the writing was by Quincy Jones, who wisely chose simply to add a coat of veneer to the original arrangements and let the music speak in its pristine voice. *Let Me Off Uptown* is in here, of course, along with Roy's *Rockin' Chair* and *After You've Gone*, Anita's *That's What You Think* and *Boogie Blues*, plus *Wire Brush Stomp* and other big-band Krupa hits. The all-star personnel (eight brass, five saxes) is splendidly recorded. Other soloists: Aaron Sachs, Eddie Shu, Jimmy Cleveland. *LF*

Morgana King Sings Helen Morgan B
Wing 60007 B
B

Miss King is a 26-year-old singer of creamy voice and highly personal style whose concern with the contours of jazz improvisation is reflected in the subtlety with which she bends to her requirements these songs popularized by Helen Morgan a generation ago. On several items, such as *Body And Soul*, the obscure verses are usefully disinterred. The efficient rhythm group is led by pianist Harvey Leonard. *LF*

Swing Softly, Sweet Sampson A
Edgar Sampson B
Coral CRL-57049 12" A

Sampson

The "forgotten man" of the recent Goodman renaissance was Edgar Sampson, the arranger whose tunes provided BG with his biggest hits in the old days. Sampson played saxophone in the late Chick Webb's band. Here he leads a swing-size band (five brass, four saxes, four rhythm) composed largely of ex-Goodmanites, including Hymie Schertzer, Boomie Richman, Charlie Shavers and Lou McGarity. The tunes are among Sampson's most memorable creations: *Stomping At The Savoy*, *Don't Be That Way*, *If Dreams Come True*, and several new works, all played with clean efficiency. Soloists include Tyree Glenn, trombone, and Lou Stein, piano. Easy listening. *LF*

Kenny Burrell B
Blue Note 1523 12" A
A

Burrell

This 25-year-old guitarist makes a promising solo LP début, flanked by fellow Detroiters Tommy Flanagan and Paul Chambers on piano and bass and a dually effective percussion team in Kenny Clarke and Candido. Burrell uses a fuller sound than some of the cool guitarists; his style is modern and fluent, especially in such strikingly original material as *Fugue 'N' Blues*, a constantly modulating and ever stimulating variant on conventional blues structures. The two drummers have a workout on their own with *Rhythmorama*; it will be as exciting to percussion fans as it will be boring to those who can take their drum solos or leave them. Recording is excellent. *LF*

Relaxin' With B
Frances Faye B
Bethlehem BCP-62 B

Faye

Unlike the callow youngsters who lean on jazz accompaniments, frantic Frances, the Mae West of jazz, could swing to Lawrence Welk. Here, though, she has a big swinging band, with arrangements by Frank Hunter and jazz solos by Allen Eager, among others. The tunes: a dozen standards, a couple with adjusted lyrics; and *Well All Right*, which she swung on 52nd St. when most of today's "great new jazz singers" were wetting their cradles. On *You're My Thrill* Frances sounds like Jeri Southern with blood. The lyrics of *Darktown Strutter's Ball* would be better buried. Qualifications: Frances' occasional hoarseness, overloudness, erratic intonation. *LF*

Dancing In The Land Of Hi-Fi B
Georgie Auld A
EmArcy MG-36090 12" A

Auld

Auld, who at 37 has spent half his life as a name band jazzman, here leads a big out fit in a refurbished version of the old Jimmie Lunceford style, featuring Billy May's arrangements and Auld's tenor sax, with occasional solos by Ray Linn's trumpet and Frankie Rosolino's trombone. The performances are sprightly though not too modern; the recording is uniformly brilliant. Most of the tunes are standards that have been recorded too often lately — things like *Indiana*, *Laura*, *Blue Lou*, *Sweet Sue*, and *Sweet Lorraine*. This brand of music marks a reasonable compromise, suitable for dancing, but perhaps even better designed for listening. *LF*

Down Beat

Dear Stan . . .

By Leonard Feather

Dear Stan:

Say it isn't so!

I am writing this letter more in sorrow than in anger. I write as one who, while often disagreeing with your musical aims, always wanted to believe in your basic sincerity and honesty. Unlike many musicians and critics who have discussed you so often among themselves, I have bent over backwards to give you the benefit of the doubt on your racial views.

There was doubt when, for so many years, of all your hundreds of sidemen, every single one was white except a couple of trumpet players who were light enough to pass.

THERE WAS GRAVER doubt when, returning from your first European tour, you told Nat Hentoff in a *Down Beat* interview, "It seems the Kenton band means more in Europe than any other band—more than Basie, Duke, Dizzy . . . It would appear that the reason is that we had taken Negro jazz and put it in European terms. *The harmonic structure of Negro jazz was not enough to satisfy Europeans* . . . We have played music more advanced in melodic and harmonic content than Duke's . . . Our tour proved to Europeans that white musicians can play jazz, too."

There was still further doubt when, in your since-abandoned, unsuccessful "Kenton Presents" series on Capitol, you concentrated exclusively on white stars.

With your telegram to the editor published in the Sept. 5 *Down Beat*, I am afraid all possible doubt was removed. In case you have forgotten, or tried to forget, here are your exact words:

"JUST SAW YOUR FOURTH JAZZ CRITICS' POLL. IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THERE IS A NEW MINORITY GROUP, 'WHITE JAZZ MUSICIANS.' THE ONLY THING I GAINED FROM STUDYING THE OPINIONS OF YOUR LITERARY GENIUSES OF JAZZ IS COMPLETE AND TOTAL DISGUST."

Clearly this wire expressed long-bottled feelings, now uncorked and spilled in a moment of rare candor. Nobody will doubt your sincerity this time, Stan. What you were saying, in effect, was that the critics voted for too many Negroes and too few white musicians, and thus, by implication, that critics make their choices in terms of skin color rather than talent.

SEVERAL MUSICIANS have ventured the opinion that your "complete and total disgust" could possibly have been colored by the fact that you failed to win the last two *Down Beat* polls (a Readers' Poll *and* a Critics' Poll).

Nobody heard you complain about polls while you were winning. Nobody heard a peep out of you when real prejudice existed, back in the early 1940s when Negro musicians were almost completely excluded from the winning slots. But in this poll your name was right at the bottom of the big band category with one lone, solitary vote, and now you hate polls and critics and are riding your white charger to defend white supremacy.

Let's get down to cases. Specifically, which of the critics' selections aroused your ire? Were you upset by the victories of Dizzy Gillespie and J. J. Johnson, whose styles are imitated by just about every trumpeter and trombonist you have ever hired?

Do you feel Lester should secede from his presidency?

Do you feel that first place on piano should have gone to Stan Kenton rather than Art Tatum?

Can you find me one drummer, white or Negro, who was resentful of Jo Jones' triumph?

TELL US MORE, Stan—*tell us exactly which Negro musicians aroused your complete and total disgust by winning the poll.* Tell us which critics you accuse of voting for pigmentation instead of inspiration. Me? Nat Hentoff? Barry Ulanov? Jack Tracy? Or did the whole bunch of us, except for the one single cat who voted for you, arouse your complete and total disgust?

Of course, you didn't note the fact that the critics did elect Benny Goodman, Tal Farlow, Phil Woods, Bobby Jaspar, Jimmy Giuffre and others. To mention them would have weakened your case. You conveniently ignore the theory, long held among most musicians and jazz authorities all over the world, that almost every major development in jazz history has been the work of Negro musicians and that even the few exceptions such as Bix, Benny Goodman, and Tristano admit that they leaned heavily on the inspiration of Negro predecessors.

The fact that most of the winners in this critics' poll happened to be colored had nothing whatever to do with any racial attitude, conscious or unconscious, on the part of the voters. The sheerest chance change of mind on the part of a few critics about a few arbitrary choices could easily have reversed the proportions.

BELIEVE ME, STAN, I would rather think you didn't send the wire; rather admire you than censure you. My statement, in a lengthy analysis of your contributions which I wrote for *Jazz Magazine* in Paris very recently, to the effect that the balance is in your favor and that your recent band was your best ever and that fans everywhere owe you a debt for the interest you have aroused in jazz, still holds good.

But your telegram was so painful to read, so hard to believe, and has already lost you so many friends among your fans and so much respect among your fellow musicians, that I wish I could believe it was a hoax, sent in viciously by somebody else under your signature to besmirch your name.

Say it isn't so, Stan. Say anything except that you meant all the ugly implications in that wire. For just as it is love that makes the world go 'round, Stan, it is hate that can make the world go square.

Sincerely,
Leonard Feather.

17

Oct. 3, 1956

N.Y. Post
Sept. 18, 1956

N.Y. Amsterdam News

Stan Kenton Wails, Hits Sour Note

Bandleader Stan Kenton is playing a steady tune called "Sour Grapes" these days because he feels that too many Negroes won first places in the latest Downbeat music poll.

"Just saw your fourth jazz critics poll," Stan wired Downbeat. "It's obvious that there is a new minority group, 'White Jazz Musicians.' The only thing I gained from studying the opinions of your literary geniuses of jazz is complete and total disgust."

Jazz critic Leonard Feather accused the bandleader, who never hired Negro sidemen or used them in his special jazz concerts, of racism and said Kenton's views "expressed long-bottled feelings, now uncorked and spilled in a moment of rare candor."

Bandleader Kenton Rapped For Anti-Negro Views

Bandleader Stan Kenton was accused of "riding your white charger to defend white supremacy" for his blast at the fourth annual Down Beat Jazz Critics' Poll, which named a number of Negro musicians to top spots. Wired Kenton on seeing the poll results: "It's obvious that there is a new minority group, 'white musicians.'" Kenton added that he viewed the poll "with complete and total disgust." Kenton was taken to task for his remarks by Down Beat Editor Leonard Feather, who said Kenton had long been suspected of discriminating against Negro musicians. Said Feather: "With your telegram . . . I am afraid all possible doubt was removed."

Jet
Oct. 4, 1956

19

Down Beat Oct. 3, 1956

Desmond Digs

By Leonard Feather

Because Paul Desmond is one of the most articulate of the poll-winning jazzmen, and because the infrequency of his trips to New York prevented us from getting together previously on a *Blindfold Test*, his visit was an event to which both of us had looked forward for some time.

Paul can claim to have enjoyed the fastest rise to jazz fame of all the name alto sax men. Born in San Francisco in 1924, he was an obscure sideman in bands such as Jack Fina's and Alvino Rey's as recently as 1951. Only two years after that, as a result of the resounding dual success scored by Dave Brubeck and Paul, he won the first *Down Beat* critics' award as New Star on alto sax.

For Paul's records on the test, I selected items by two of the men he names as his favorites (Lee Konitz and Pete Brown), as well as several items that afforded him an opportunity to air his views not only on the alto sax work, but on other soloists and on arrangements, ensembles, etc.

Paul was given no information whatever, either before or during the test, about the records played.

The Records

1. Sonny Stitt. *Stardust* (Roost).

I know it sounded like Bird, but I don't think it was, because I've never heard it before. I'd say about three stars. It sounded like someone was telling him to play the melody and he didn't much want to. I think it's an excellent imitation if it isn't Bird.

2. Duke Ellington. *The Jeep is Jumpin'* (Bethlehem). Johnny Hodges, alto.

It sounded like Johnny Hodges; but if it was, it wasn't my most favorite Johnny Hodges. I think it misses Ellington's ability to get the best out of everybody concerned. It lacks Duke Ellington's presence, but everything else is competently done. I have always been very partial to *Warm Valley* and the sort of thing Hodges does best is in a more lyrical vein. I prefer that to the up-tempo numbers. Three stars.

3. Brother Matthew. *Linger Awhile* (ABC-Paramount). Brother Matthew (Boyce Brown), alto.

Listening to that record makes me realize why the alto sax is held in such low repute in Dixieland circles . . . He didn't seem to have anything: ideas, phrasing, harmonic sense or tone. As for the rest of the record, I can't think of very much else to say except that I guess you could say it had spirit. Give it two stars for the spirit.

4. Stan Kenton. *Recuerdos* (Capitol). Lennie Niehaus, alto; Sam Noto, trumpet; Carl Fontana, trombone.

That's the kind of record I very much like to listen to on a car radio of a convertible on a late summer night. It has a lush, wild quality that's very appealing. I like the alto player particularly. I hope it was Charlie Mariano because I don't think he's been recorded yet as well as he can play, although it could be at least three other guys I can think of. I don't know who the band is, but I like the trumpet and trombone very much. Four stars.

5. Pete Brown. *Tea for Two* (Bethlehem). Brown, alto; Gene Ramey, bass; Wallie Richardson, guitar; Rudy Collins, drums; Wade Legge, piano.

That sounded like old Pete Brown. I guess I should say "new" Pete Brown, obviously because of the background, but he's just about the same as he always was, which is perfect with me. I like the irrepressible bounciness in Pete's style. Four stars.

6. Julian (Cannonball) Adderley. *Cynthia's in Love* (EmArcy).

That sounds sort of like jukebox-style alto. It's well done, but there isn't too much jazz to it, and I don't really like it too much. It may be James Moody or Tab Smith. I'd say about 2½ stars.

7. George Wallington. *Together We Wail* (Prestige). Phil Woods, alto; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Teddy Kotick, bass; Art Taylor, drums; George Wallington, piano.

There's much more of a feeling of conviction to this than in anything I have heard so far today. Especially the alto and trumpet together, I thought was marvelous. There's a creative anarchy in this which is my favorite type of jazz. Was that the Jazz Messengers? Anyway, I liked it very much. The rhythm section sounded good, although they were better in the first part than toward the end. The piano seemed to run into difficulties in his chorus, but the rest of the time he sounded very good. Four stars.

8. Woody Herman. *Strange* (Capitol). Herman, alto; Dick Kenney, trombone.

It sounded like the Third Herd revisited, which is not a bad idea, unless it's an old record. Everybody played their parts real well. Three-and-a-half stars.

9. Benny Carter. *The Song Is You* (Norgran). Carter, alto; Buddy Rich, drums; Bill Harris, trombone.

Somebody at that date should be shot — whoever decided they wanted that particular sound. I don't know whether it was the engineer or one of the record executives, but if some time they would start making rhythm-and-blues records that sound like jazz records, instead of the other way around, it would be a good thing. All you could hear was the drums and I didn't like them *at* all. I felt sorry for the other guys involved, although I have no idea who they are. Two stars.

10. Lee Konitz with Warne Marsh. *There Will Never Be Another You* (Atlantic).

It sounded like Lee and Warne. I think Lee's chorus on that is the most creative I've heard today. Listening to Lee always for me has the fascination of watching someone construct a mobile while riding a unicycle, when it comes off as it did there. I think Warne has sounded better—especially in the earlier records, where he just sounded fabulous—on those old Capitol ones. I think both he and Lee are not always right in their opinion of when they sound best, although I wouldn't want to disagree with them on that. I know Lee in particular has sounded wonderful to me under circumstances in which he has expressed dissatisfaction with himself.

The funny thing about this record—when they played together (which for them should be the strong point, because they have a genius for that) they didn't seem to come off as well as that number you played three or four records ago. (No. 7.) I would like to find out if the simultaneous improvisation on the other record was improvised or not, because they actually came off better, and that shouldn't be, considering Warne and Lee's talent for that. Four-and-a-half stars for Lee's chorus.

Afterthoughts by Paul

My favorite kind of jazz is where one or more musicians playing together come up with something which is greater than either of them could do apart, which is not always easy. I would say this has to be in small groups and demands a paradoxical mixture of freedom and discipline. When it comes off as it did in that record you played, it's very thrilling to listen to. Yes, I like Phil Woods very much. I'm still surprised that the counterpoint made it that well.

Down Beat Oct. 3, 1956

Westlake College

A Whole School Goes Modern

IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO that the mere idea of teaching anything that smacked of jazz in a serious institute of learning would have reeked of heresy. It's a long, bold step from there to the unprecedented organization known as Westlake College of Modern Music, a Hollywood retreat for young persons who want to learn how to play in, and write for, dance bands.

Westlake, this writer found on a recent visit, is a modest building on Sunset Blvd. that looks more like a slightly oversized residential house. As you walk through the main entrance you may catch a glimpse, in a street-level room, of some 12-piece band of aspiring youngsters (usually from 19 to 21) trying out an arrangement written by one of them.

To Alvin Lerned, a distinguished, scholarly looking, affable man whose brain child this unusual college is, Westlake was the logical filling for a cavity in the molars of musical education.

"Only about 1 percent of musicians make their living playing classical music full time," he points out. "Yet only 1 percent of the music schools and colleges are geared for a career in popular music!"

Incensed at this disproportion, Lerned, who had been a teacher at USC, founded Westlake in 1946. He had four students. Helped by a government authorisation to train veterans under the GI bill, he built slowly but surely and now has 110 students as well as a rapidly expanding correspondence course.

Lerned's teachers, in sharp contrast with the traditional music school professors, have real practical experience in pop music and jazz. Roger Segure, who wrote many scores for Andy Kirk, Jimmie Lunceford, Alvino Rey, and Louis Armstrong in the early '40s, is a staff instructor at Westlake.

Segure talks of his students as if he were the father of a huge family. "Listen to my kids bopping!" is the kind of unacademic remark with which he is likely to surprise you as you pass a classroom.

The $1,000-a-year tuition, currently a two-year course, will probably be extended next fall to a four-year syllabus with a charter from the state authorizing the issuance of degrees.

It seems likely that the percentage of passing grades will be high, for each aspiring pupil must pass rigid tests; Lerned said about half are turned down as lacking the basic feeling for music. Youngsters have come from as far as Canada to take Westlake courses.

The results speak for themselves — Bill Holman and Bill Perkins are Westlake alumni; Woody Herman once dropped by and picked three men for his band; Les Brown found his drummer, Bill Richmond, at Westlake.

—leonard feather

53

Leith Stevens Files 50G Suit Vs. Shorty Rogers

Hollywood—Film composer Leith Stevens has filed a $50,000 damage suit against jazz star Shorty Rogers for allegedly claiming unrightful credit for composition on the scores to the pictures *The Glass Wall, Private Hell 36,* and *The Wild One.*

The suit was tipped off by an article in Esquire magazine on "West Coast Jazz" by Arnold Shaw, in which Shaw, touching on Rogers' film activities, credited him as composer of the scores mentioned above. The suit against Rogers was filed here.

At this writing, Stevens' attorney, Abe Marcus, had gone to New York with the intention of filing similar suits against Shaw and *Esquire.*

STEVENS SAID LEGAL action would also be taken against Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz,* in which a sketch of Shorty states "he composed, arranged, and recorded soundtrack music for . . . *The Wild One, Private Hell 36, The Bob Mathias Story.*" ("Also my picture," said Stevens of the latter.)

Shorty's contributions to the pictures, according to Stevens, consisted of "some arranging and playing trumpet." Said Stevens, who charges in his suit that Shorty's alleged claims are "damaging to his reputation."

"THIS HAS BEEN a growing problem for some time and I felt that something had to be done about it," Stevens added. "Shorty has allowed people to think, or led them to believe, that he composed music for scores in which he did arrangements from sketches by me that were complete in detail, even to instrumentation. It was little more than a copying assignment in many cases."

Shorty had just been served with papers in the case when contacted and he seemed somewhat floored, at least momentarily, by the affair. His comment:

"I don't think I want to say anything at all about this right now. Oh, those interviewers!"

Down Beat Oct. 3, 1956

New Yorker Sept. 22, 1956

I HAVE put in a couple of intense hours with two Blue Note albums entitled "The Amazing Bud Powell" (Volumes I and II), and have come away feeling that what I was listening to was an extremely talented but terribly frustrated jazz pianist. One thing that contributes to this impression is the inclusion of several different attacks on the same piece, which the pianist is apparently trying to get done to his own satisfaction. For example, the first record begins with three versions of Powell's composition "Un Poco Loco." (One of these was released previously—in 1951, on a 78-r.p.m. single.) The remarks about this work in the uniformly laudatory program notes that Leonard Feather, the jazz historian, has written for the albums would lead one to conclude that the element of frustration springs entirely from Powell's dogged search for perfection. But I think there is more to it than this, for the composition itself reveals frustration; a discordant and somewhat amateurishly constructed main theme, incapable of being developed, grudgingly gives way to a romantic and undistinguished middle section, and goes nowhere in particular from there. The same sense of struggle is to be found in "Glass Enclosure," another Powell composition. Scarcely a jazz work at all, it is a tortured effort to create a serious composition in the manner of a chorale. And the struggle is still further evident in his harsh treatment of the standard "Autumn in New York." On the brighter side of the picture, Powell has a flashy technique that shows to advantage in such out-and-out bop works as "Ornithology," "Wail," and "Dance of the Infidels," to name a few of the bonbons of that flavor included here. And in one instance—in his own "Parisian Thoroughfare"—he reveals

Sept. 22

Down Beat Oct. 3, 1956

21

Journal-Amer. 9/29/56

Pro and Condon

By EDDIE CONDON

TRUST LEONARD FEATHER to come up with something new. This slender Englishman, who is built about as substantially as the item he's named after, always knows what's going on in jazz and generally causes a lot of it.

EDDIE CONDON

Not long ago he went to California and came back with tidings of a new instrument, which he calls Vibories.

Leonard invented the name. The instrument itself was invented by Jack Harris, a former drummer, now an engineer in Los Angeles. It is a three-octave keyboard with regular black and white piano keys, wired to a box that is placed on top of vibes. The box contains small cylindrical solenoids, one to each note, to which are attached tiny mallets that hit the keys—pardon me, the bars.

With this attachment you can make the vibes do things that are impossible with four mallets, two to a hand.

"With the vibories," says Leonard, "you have ten mallets —your fingers—at your disposal all the time."

Ordinarily I am not fond of trick instruments. Ordinary instruments can be made to sound horrible enough, and trick inventions exceed even the ordinary instruments' potential horrendousness.

But the vibories are really remarkable. You can hear how they sound on a new ABC-Paramount record, SWINGIN' ON THE VIBORIES, which Leonard made shortly after he made his discovery.

Leonard played the vibories himself on some of these selections. He was accompanied by such reliable West Coasters as Bob Enevoldsen, Stan Levey, Sonny Clark and Red Mitchell.

The selections are STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY, CHARCOAL, OVERTIME, BLUESOLOGY, PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE, ORNITHOLOGY, BODY AND SOUL.

If you're looking for a new sound, this is it. The sidemen, incidentally, are outstanding on the record. I'm not entirely sure that Red Norvo, Lionel Hampton, Milt Jackson and other vibists will take to this idea, but the pianists are sure to enjoy having a whack at it. It opens up many new possibilities for small groups.

The invention I'm waiting for is a kind of man-attachment that goes up on the bandstand and plays guitar.

Billboard 10/20/56

Billboard 10/20/56

WEST COAST VS. EAST COAST 79
(I-12")
M-G-M E 3390

This follows the pattern of other M-G-M "Battle of Jazz" albums. Two contrasting groups wail on alternate takes of the same tunes. Here the gimmick is the East Coast-West Coast contrast of style and approach. The Easterners are mainly a Basie-ite assortment: F. Wess, Thad Jones, Benny Powell, O. Pettiford, O. Johnson and D. Hyman. The Hollywooders include: D. Fagerquist, B. Enevoldsen, B. Collette, A. Previn, C. Counce and S. Levey, with P. Rugolo arranging. As much as all of these cats have recorded, the fans will know well what to expect. It's a good line-up on both sides and an exciting free-for-all.

Melody Maker 10/6/56

Feather book out here

LEONARD FEATHER'S 360-page reference book, *The Encyclopedia Of Jazz*, still with the American spelling of its title, is now published in Britain by Arthur Barker, Ltd. The price is £3 3s.

The *Encyclopedia*, which has a foreword by Duke Ellington, contains 1,065 musicians' biographies (which include, where possible, the subject's favourite artists, a list of his outstanding records, and his address); 200 photographs; a brief history and musical analysis of jazz; a bibliography; lists of musicians' birthdays, and American record companies; a glossary, and a suggested basic collection of 50 LP records.

The book was reviewed (in the MM of December 17, 1955), when it appeared in the USA. Mike Nevard wrote then:

"It is a marvellous and unprecedented piece of work, and a book that every jazz collector should fight to get on his bookshelf."

MM Oct 6

22

Down Beat Oct. 17, 1956

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

Let's Play 20 Questions:

1. Wouldn't even the clumsiest ad libbing be an improvement on the carefully prepared scripts on that NBC morning radio show called *Bandstand?*
2. Who and how many are the persons who provide the audience to justify the release, in these United States, of an album entitled *Belgian Jazz?*
3. Will somebody please buy a grammar book for the agency cats who dreamed up the singing commercial that asserts, "Winston tastes good, like a cigaret should"?
4. Personal to Serge Chaloff: do you know that for the last year and a half, without having heard a further word from you, I have been holding the manuscript of your autobiography, and that I am still wondering what to do with it?
5. If Helen Merrill can be selected by a Buenos Aires paper as the best new singer of the year, how come she can't win a poll, or even steady lucrative employment, in her native land?
6. Why didn't Stan Kenton just keep quiet?
7. Now that Duke Ellington is with Columbia Records, is there possibly at long last, a chance that some CBS bigwig will fix him up with the regular television series he has so long deserved?
8. Why doesn't Dave Brubeck make more records like that very pleasant solo album released recently?
9. Why doesn't Paul Desmond form his own combo?
10. If, as Ted Hallock convincingly pointed out in the Oct. 3 *Down Beat*, there is no jazz in Russia, why do people insist on writing articles on jazz in Russia?
11. Why didn't "James Updyke," the pseudonymous author of *It's Always Four O'Clock*, use his regular name —was it because he was in some way abashed about being identified with a novel concerning jazz?
12. If so, why?
13. Who and how many are the persons who provide the audience to justify the release, in these United States, of an album entitled *Swiss Jazz?*
14. With all due respect to Cannonball, Phil Woods, and my other favorite alto men, whatever became of the closest to Bird of them all, a cat named Lou Donaldson?
15. Why didn't Hamp Hawes ever answer the Levin - Hentoff - Feather *Dissonant Thirds* reviews of his trio?
16. When are all we jazz critics going to get together and form a firm pact agreement to a six-month suspension (with six-month options at the readers' discretion) on "empathy," "integrate," "cohesive," and "relaxed"?
17. When is Milt Jackson going to integrate (there I go) the Modern Jazz Quartet by growing a beard?
18. If the assertion of a correspondent, Gregory E. Callaway of the USAF, stationed in Las Vegas, is correct—namely, that in the last 20 months Sarah Vaughan, Ella, Billie, Nat Cole, Sammy Davis Jr., Terry Gibbs, Ellington, and Basie have all, in effect, kowtowed to Jim Crow by appearing at the major hostelries there—then why can't a committee of artists be formed to insist that Las Vegas needs them more than they need Las Vegas, and that they won't play their again until democracy hits the burg?
19. Who and how many are the persons who will provide the audience to justify the release, in these United States, of an album entitled *Outer Mongolian Jazz?*
20. How soon can I get a copy?

October 17, 1956

Billboard Oct. 6, 1956

Beth'hem Buys Period's Jazz LP Catalog

NEW YORK — Bill Avar of Period Records last week sold out his jazz LP catalog to Bethlehem Records. Ten disks were included in the deal, all of which were recorded under the free-lance direction of Leonard Feather.

Bethlehem is planning to repackage and sound-enhance the platters and to incorporate them gradually into the regular Bethlehem line. Scheduled for immediate release is a 12-inch LP featuring Jack Teagarden. Additional releases will be disks by Charlie Mingus with Thad Jones, Osie Johnson, Ralph Burns, Maxine Sullivan, Charlie Shavers and Al Haig.

Several of the Period sides previously had been leased to Atlantic for mail-order club release.

Variety, Oct. 3, 1956

Phi Beta Jive

A national college fraternity, Najafra, has been set up for the advancement of jazz on the campus. The square handle for the new organization is National Jazz Fraternity and chapters are being organized in various colleges by school musicians and jazz buffs.

Directors of the frat include Dave Brubeck, Nat Hentoff, Cozy Cole, Leonard Feather, Billy Taylor and Bill Crow. David J. Martindell is proxy of the outfit.

Down Beat Oct. 17, 1956

Chico's Choices

the blindfold test

By Leonard Feather

It is doubtful that any other combo leader in jazz has made the jump from sideman to maestro in recent years more rapidly or more successfully than Chico Hamilton. The Los Angeles-born drummer, a sideman with name bands throughout the 1940s and subsequently a member of Lena Horne's accompanying trio for several years, did not really get into action as a leader until 1955. His first Pacific Jazz LP with his remarkable quintet was made before the group was permanently organized, but it was not long before agents, night club operators, recording executives, and most important, fans and fellow-musicians, became deeply interested in the quintet's work.

Today Chico has just about the hottest new combo in the country. He also has, I was happy to discover, a sharp and attentive ear and an honest approach to the blindfold test technique. Because of his association with the original Gerry Mulligan quartet, I tried to trick him with record No. 3. Chico was given no information whatever, either before or during the test, about the records played.

The Records

1. Shelly Manne. *The Girl Friend* (Contemporary). Andre Previn, piano; Leroy Vinegar, bass.

It sounds like a whole lot of people. I'm not familiar with the recent crop of piano players around. It has a Brubeck influence, but I won't say it was Dave. I've heard Toshiko, but not this Jutta Hipp. Maybe it's Jutta. I don't think it necessarily swings—it's too congested—too much anticipation. It's as though they were trying to play everything they knew in eight bars. The drummer had a hard time, and in all probability he was doing the best he could, but the piano stayed on top of the beat so much he didn't have a chance to sit back and relax. I don't know who the bassist was. He sounded fairly good . . . It just occurred to me it could have been one of the west coast piano players—they think differently pianistically out there. I'd say about two stars.

2. Clifford Brown-Max Roach. *Powell's Prances* (EmArcy). Richie Powell, comp. and piano; Sonny Rollins, tenor.

I don't know who that was, but I'll give it five stars for this particular type of jazz. It was exciting and had continuity. It might have been either Max Roach or Art Blakey. The trumpet was Clifford, and Sonny Rollins on tenor. It's a great composition and tremendous drumming.

3. Lars Gullin. *Holiday for Piano* (Prestige). Gullin, baritone sax; Ake Persson, trombone; Simon Brehm, bass; Jack Noren, drums.

That was Gerry Mulligan and Bobby Brookmeyer. The rhythm section seemed weak, due to the fact that the horns were predominant throughout. I didn't think it was too coherent composition-wise. I lost interest in it after a while. It didn't have the fullness and the roundness Gerry has usually done on the quartet-ish type things. Melodically it had things that would sustain it a little bit, but the over-all effect wasn't strong. I'd give it two-and-a-half-stars.

4. Jazz Messengers. *The Theme* (Blue Note). Art Blakey, drums; Horace Silver, piano; Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor sax; Doug Watkins, bass.

I knew that was Art Blakey. It was poorly recorded, but was exciting and had a tremendous amount of drive in it. For that I'll give it four stars. I believe it was Horace Silver on piano, but I haven't been too familiar with the personnel of the group. I think it was Kenny Dorham on trumpet—he's one of my favorites. Art sounds like three or four different drummers playing all at the same time and it all makes sense. He's one of my favorites, too.

5. Lionel Hampton Big Band. *Swingin' on C* (Clef). Rufus Jones, drums; Eddie Chamblee, tenor sax.

To begin with, it was good to hear a big band sound again. At first I thought it was Lionel, but now I don't think so. It's an old Jimmie Lunceford theme on one of his compositions. I didn't particularly care for the drummer. He could have taken a little more charge of the band. I don't know who the sax was, but I believe it was a baritone . . . I'm not too familiar with the Hawkins style of playing. He had a real happy feeling in the solo work. I'll give it two stars because it really didn't say much composition-wise.

6. Charlie Mingus. *Portrait of Jackie* (Atlantic). Mingus, bass; Jackie McLean, alto.

That might have been Oscar Pettiford. I think it must have been the bass player's date. I thought the bass was excellent, but it could have been recorded better sound-wise. It was a beautiful melody on the horns, but I thought it got a little congested. Other than that, it was good. I don't know who the alto was—the alto players sound so much alike now, and I don't particularly care for that sound on the alto. I'd give it three stars because there was some good thought . . . It might have been Mingus.

7. Stan Kenton. *Fuego Cubano* (Capitol). Comp. Johnny Richards.

If that was Stan Kenton, it was very good. Being a drummer, I'm more interested in the over-all or ensemble sounds than I am in solos, unless a solo is extremely outstanding. I thought this was wonderful orchestrating on this particular number. The band was very clean and it was very well recorded. I'd give it five stars because it said something, was very well played, and I liked it.

8. Buddy Collette. *Jungle Pipe* (Contemporary). Collette, flute; Barney Kessel, guitar; Ernie Freeman, piano; Larry Bunker, drums; Joe Comfort, bass.

I knew it was Buddy Collette because we play the same composition. It's *Jungle Pipe*. What can I say about Buddy Collette except that he's Buddy Collette, and I think he's one of the finest musicians on his instruments around today. He gets the true sound out of each particular instrument that he plays, and that's very rare. I like this very much. I definitely like the group. It's hard for me to rate it, because it's very good and yet it's almost as if I would be rating one of the things we would be doing with the quintet, for the simple reason that we have played this with practically the same arrangement except that we use a 'cello and also have a double-time movement. It's very subtle the way Buddy does it, very clean. I'll give it four stars.

9. Shorty Rogers. *Planetarium* (Atlantic). Rogers, fluegelhorn; Lou Levy, piano; Jimmy Giuffre, tenor sax; Shelly Manne, drums.

It's a cute little tune. The ensemble work was very good between the two instruments and the piano player was swinging. Sounded a little bit like Russ Freeman, so if it was, it must have been Shelly Manne. These drummers all have good groups! I like the tenor solo in spots—it's kind of earthy and sounded Pres-ish. I didn't think too much of the trumpet, but the over-all sound of the quintet was good. I'll give it three stars. I don't think it was Shorty, but it might be—I'd say between Shorty and Shelly.

10. Jo Jones. *Caravan* (Vanguard). Rudy Powell, clarinet; Lawrence Brown, trombone.

The master! I love him, I love him! Five stars. That was Jo Jones and I can't say enough about him. This is the man for whom the instrument was made. Jo is responsible for me in many ways, and I attribute what success I have to him. He's really Mr. Drums!

Larry Steele S

izzy rowe's Notebook

at the new "Club Northwest."

EARTHA KITT IS TAKING down the "For Rent" sign on the apartment in her new 92nd St. manse since signing a lease with the Leonard Feathers who'll look out for everything while she's on the road . . . Comedian Redd Foxx's party record on Dootone label is getting many laughs on the private party circuit . . .

Jazz Echo Oct. 1956

HIGH FIDELITY SUITE ist der Titel einer Serie von Kompositionen, die LEONARD FEATHER für eine All Star-Gruppe geschrieben hat. Die Suite wurde von MGM aufgenommen. Unter den Musikern sind: Dick Hyman (p und Orgel, außerdem Mitwirkung bei den Arrangements), Jerome Richardson und Frank Wess (ts, fl), Joe Newman (tp), Romeo Penque (bs), Osie Johnson (dr), Oscar Pettiford (b) und Don Elliott an verschiedenen Instrumenten. Die Titel der einzelnen Sätze basieren auf technischen Termini aus der „Hifi"-Welt: „Tweeter", „Woofer", „Squawker", „Feedback", „Echo Chamber Canon", „Amplifier Stage" usw.

Melody Maker Oct. 27, 1956

Leonard Feather's "Encyclopedia of Jazz" (a snip at three guineas and 500 pages) gives a complete Glossary of Terms used by Jazz Musicians," and if you're determined to speak modern music like a native, you had better dig that wild glossary.

Am I a Weirdo?

You'll learn that Bad is an adjective meaning Good, that Gate is obsolete, and that Gone is obsolescent. (The difference between Obsolete and Obsolescent is not divulged.) Hip is U, Hep is Non-U. And Daddyo, whatever your father may say when you so greet him, is "A cordial form of address."

Maybe I'm a weirdo (see Feather, page 347), but all that smart stuff doesn't impress me, at least not from the mouth of a young man whom I know perfectly well was born in Walthamstow or Sutton Coldfield. I'd advise you against it, Don, unless you intend one day to apply for American nationality.

I'll write to you again next week. Meanwhile, do yourself a favour and get hold of Johnny Dankworth's "Itinerary for an Orchestra." I still haven't an idea what the Introduction and Coda have got to do with anything, but the other 14 minutes are great. I hope you'll like it. But if you don't . . . well, you know best. In jazz everyone knows best, remember?

Yours sincerely,
STEVE RACE.

BILLIE HOLIDAY

TRANSATLANTIC NEWSLETTER

from Leonard Feather in **NEW YORK**

AN all-star group is being lined up to work with Billie Holiday at the eagerly awaited Carnegie Hall Concert on November 10, now being produced by Don Friedman. Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge will be heard on some numbers, Al Cohn and Buck Clayton on others. The rhythm section will include guitarist Kenny Burrell and drummer Chico Hamilton, whose quintet will also be featured in the concert.

Reorganisation

Benny Goodman is purported to be negotiating for a trip to the Orient with a band under the auspices of the State Department . . . Mitch Miller, of Columbia Records, has come up with a new instrument called "chromatic drums." It is set up like a keyboard, with a range of two and a half octaves.

Jerri Gray, a dancer frequently linked with Marlon Brando in the gossip columns, will be married on December 16 to trombonist Frank Rehak, of the Dizzy Gillespie band. The orchestra is now being reorganised following Gillespie's return to town at the end of the Jazz at the Philharmonic tour.

A jazz festival is planned at Las Vegas over Christmas.

25

Melody Maker Oct. 27, 1956

Give the exchanges a chance to settle

THE MELODY MAKER has long been advocating the entry of American bands to Britain. This has now come about and also British bands are playing America, but apparently after last week's article by Leonard Feather, it seems the paper would now like this arrangement to end.

British bands are being treated unfairly and it is all a waste of time, says Mr. Feather.

Mr. Petrillo, who sanctioned the original Heath/Kenton exchange, demanded that only concerts should be played and nothing else, and I presume Mr. Feather has some knowledge of the difficulties this stipulation places before us.

Non-existent

The demand for bands for concert tours of America—even by top names—is practically non-existent. From our point of view, it is a nightmare to arrange concert tours for British bands.

If it had been possible to book Vic Lewis for a tour as a solo attraction, how many people would attend? Possibly a handful! How damaging to British prestige this would be.

Surely it is better for Vic to establish himself with countless thousands as part of a Rock-'n'-Roll show and prove his worth. We have already had excellent reports on Lewis and Whittle. They have opened the door for other British bands.

Randall was wasted, Feather claims. Yet since Randall's success in the U.S., we have had many offers for his return. Prior to his appearance he was unknown.

Even Heath was a supporting attraction to Nat Cole, yet he was so successful he can go back as a solo attraction.

Lewis and Whittle's names are not in the programme for the simple reason that the show they are in is on tour for 80 days and Lewis and Whittle are only in for an odd number of days.

It was hardly possible for the promoter to have two sets of programmes printed just so that two of the attractions had their photographs included.

At the outset, the promoters wanted to know if both of these artists could play the whole tour and when this could not be arranged they had no alternative but to exclude the names from these leaflets.

Says HAROLD DAVISON

I spent some time with Leonard Feather when I was in America and I underlined the difficulties of these exchanges. I would have thought that he would have had more tolerance and understanding of the situation, but it seems his journalistic temperament overrides all.

Why did he not add that, apart from Vic Lewis and Tommy Whittle being given six minutes, even the top acts in the show have hardly any more time? Lewis and Whittle were given extra time after proving themselves successful.

In all spheres of the entertainment world, other than the dance band one, there is no trouble over reciprocal arrangements. How many top American singers would we see here if the same conditions applied? How many American films would we see? Here we are, trying to create new fields of work for British orchestras, yet the MELODY MAKER claims it is an insult.

Concerts only

Feather claims Lewis might have been a hit in Birdland or Basin Street. Possibly so. Lionel Hampton might be a sensation here on TV, but neither can be arranged. The exchange calls for concerts only and there is little we can do for the time being.

Feather asks why can't Lewis play Carnegie Hall. Of course he can. I will arrange another date for Hampton here, and Mr. Feather, who is also a jazz promoter, can promote Lewis and Whittle at the Carnegie Hall. So, Mr. Feather, go ahead and see how easy it is.

Right attitude

To the onlooker without complete knowledge of the facts, the Anglo/U.S. exchange arrangements might leave themselves open to criticism, but a 25-year ban has been broken and, because of the right attitude of the Musicians' Union, employment has been created for British bands in the USA.

Why not give it a chance to settle down and prove its worth, as it obviously will?

THIS IS AN INSULT TO BRITISH BANDS

Melody Maker 10/20/56

British bandleader Vic Lewis (l) looks very happy in this exclusive MM picture taken at Basin Street soon after his arrival in New York. With him are (l-r) the MM's New York correspondent Leonard Feather and leaders Lionel Hampton and Gerry Mulligan. But is Vic so happy now?

From Leonard Feather

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

BRITISH bands are being insulted in America. And it's not a question of the money they're being paid in comparison with what American bands get in Britain.

Nor is it a question of whether the best bands are being sent.

What's wrong is the farcical way they're being used.

Heath was lucky

Ted Heath was lucky. True, he only played a dozen numbers in a variety show that was top heavy with acts, at least two of which added nothing to the entertainment value or the box-office draw, and

Down Beat Oct. 31, 1956

the blindfold test

A Sound Test

By Leonard Feather

No jazz fan who has been buying LPs steadily during the past few years can be unfamiliar with the name of Rudy Van Gelder, the engineer whose studio-living-room in Hackensack, N. J., has long been the locale of daily record sessions.

As you might suspect, the fine balance and happy atmosphere to be observed in products of the Van Gelder tapeworks can be credited not only to Rudy's technical know-how but to his friendly feeling for the musicians and knowledge of the music.

Van Gelder played trumpet for 10 years, nonprofessionally. Now just 32, he has been recording for a living since 1946 and living a dual life, doubling as an optometrist, since '47.

Rudy was given no information whatever, either before or during the test, about the records played.

[PHOTO WILL FOLLO]

The Records

1. Gene Krupa. *Leave Us Leap* (Verve).

I remember the tune—I think it was something Gene Krupa recorded years ago, but I forget the title. The recording was nice and had a good, bright, clean sound. This is the first record I've heard on your machine and I'm not accustomed to the sound yet. There's a slight lack of bottom, but it might be your particular machine. I don't know how you have it adjusted. All in all, I thought it was very good. I don't recognize any of the soloists. Give it three stars.

2. Friedrich Gulda. *Dodo* (Victor). Rec. at Birdland. Phil Woods, alto.

I like the music very much. It sounded like Phil Woods on alto. I didn't particularly care for the piano sound . . . aside from that it was a pretty clean job. Good composition. I'll give it four stars.

3. Howard Rumsey. *Mood for Lighthouse* (Contemporary). Rec. at concert, Laguna Beach, Calif., Frank Rosolino, trombone.

Apparently this was recorded at a concert and sounds good considering that. The band was nice and it sounds like it was made in a very good room. I didn't recognize any of the soloists . . . the trombonist was very good. All in all it was a very nice sound and I enjoyed the record. Give it three stars.

4. Swedish Jazz. *The Swingin' Third* (Bethlehem). Lars Gullin, baritone.

As far as the recording is concerned, I think they have a good blend on the line. I didn't particularly care for the general feeling of the thing . . . it didn't impress me too much. I didn't recognize anyone on it. I did get an impression that it wasn't made in this country. It's hard to explain, but it's something about the balance between the bass and the drums in the beginning of the thing. It's hard to put my finger on it. I was going to say that it was some kind of remaster job. Was it done recently or quite awhile ago?

5. Red Nichols and His Five Pennies. *Bugle Call Rag* (Brunswick). Rec. 1927. Joe Venuti, violin; Jimmy Dorsey, alto; Miff Mole, trombone.

Would that be one of the old Joe Venuti sides? I enjoyed it—it had a good feeling. I don't recognize the tune nor anyone else on the record. How are you going to rate a record like this? Unless someone's kidding, it sounds like an old recording up to and including the little surface noise. Apparently it was some sort of re-recording job. I got a kick out of it—it was funny, but I wouldn't rate it.

6. Count Basie. *Rock-a-Bye Basie* (Epic). Rec. 1939.

Let's give it five stars for being an old Basie record and a good one, too. I don't remember the title, but I think I have the record. I give this five stars because it has the general swinging ensemble feeling that the band still has today. I assume it was the original rhythm section—Walter Page, Freddie Green . . .

7. Count Basie. *Stereophonic* (Clef). Rec. 1955. Eddie Jones, bass.

Now we come to one of the problems. Apparently that's a recent recording by Basie and I didn't like the sound particularly. With what we know today about the techniques of sound recording, I think we could do a lot better job . . . Would you mind going back to the old Basie record and pick out a number where you can hear the open brass? . . . O.K. Now put the other one on. The new one is cleaner with wide range and no noise, but do you notice that the bite the brass had in the old record is lacking in the new one? That's my main objection to it. It's hard for me to believe that whoever is recording that band doesn't understand what they're trying for . . . I would say three stars only for the music and you can recognize the band, so you'll have to give someone credit for that.

(L.F.: What would you say if I told you the title of this number is *Stereophonic?*)

(Van Gelder: Ha, ha! Well, I would like to hear it stereophonically. Maybe it would sound better than monaurally.)

8. Lennie Tristano. *Line-Up* (Atlantic). Speeded-up piano track by Tristano.

I think that's probably Lennie's new record. This is the first time I've heard it, and I enjoyed it very much musically . . . I liked what he played. I didn't particularly care for the piano sound. What's that? . . . How do I think it was recorded? . . . I don't know of any reason why I should think this was recorded in any special way. The piano had a woody sound, but I don't know that it was recorded any way but normally unless he made a rhythm track and dubbed the piano over it. The music was good—I'll give it four stars.

9. Bobby Sherwood and His All-Bobby Sherwood Orchestra. *Yes Indeed* (Coral).

What can I say about this? Ha, ha, ha. This is a multidubbing job I did with him. Bobby is a wonderful person and a good friend of mine. We spent a good many happy hours together making this record. I think the end result is pretty good. I'm glad you think the quality didn't suffer. Altogether he made 14 parts—the group, the rhythm, and the instruments. I didn't use any special equipment—just standard equipment used by all good recording studios today. I like this record. As a matter of fact, I wish you had an extra copy, because I broke mine. I'm glad you selected this to play, not knowing that I made it.

Afterthoughts

L.F.: Let's have some general thoughts or your opinions about jazz and recording.

Van Gelder: I think there's been a tremendous improvement in the last two years in the recording field in general, but it has been the most marked in jazz.

L.F.: How do you think jazz will be affected by binaural tape?

Van Gelder: I prefer the term "stereophonic" to binaural. However, the same thing may happen that happened with hi fidelity. The so-called hi fidelity affected jazz last; and I think the same will apply here.

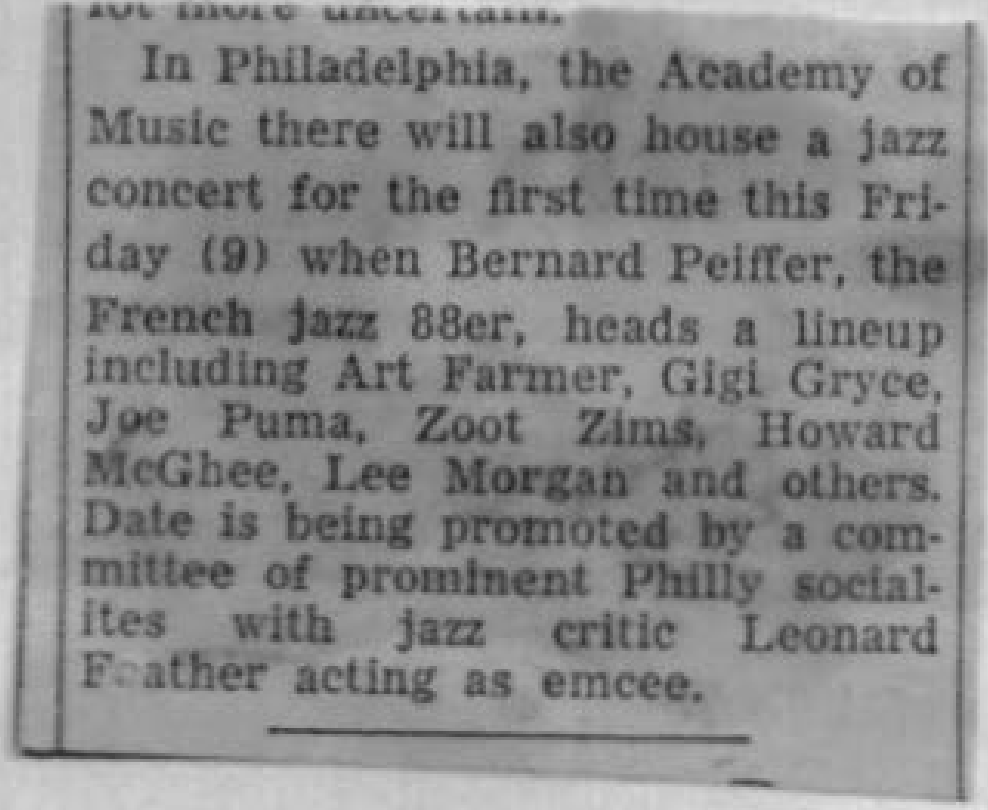
By the way, Leonard, do you remember that column you wrote awhile back asking questions about "whether hi fi"? It seemed to me at the time that it was a back-handed way of saying you didn't think hi fi was here to stay.

L.F.: No, I was just quoting what the readers said. Jazz fans don't seem to be interested in hi fi as such.

Van Gelder: O.K., I take it back. Anyway, a good sound is a good sound no matter what you call it!

27

Variety 11/7/56



In Philadelphia, the Academy of Music there will also house a jazz concert for the first time this Friday (9) when Bernard Peiffer, the French jazz 88er, heads a lineup including Art Farmer, Gigi Gryce, Joe Puma, Zoot Zims, Howard McGhee, Lee Morgan and others. Date is being promoted by a committee of prominent Philly socialites with jazz critic Leonard Feather acting as emcee.

London Times
11/16/56

BOOKS RECEIVED

[*The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review*]

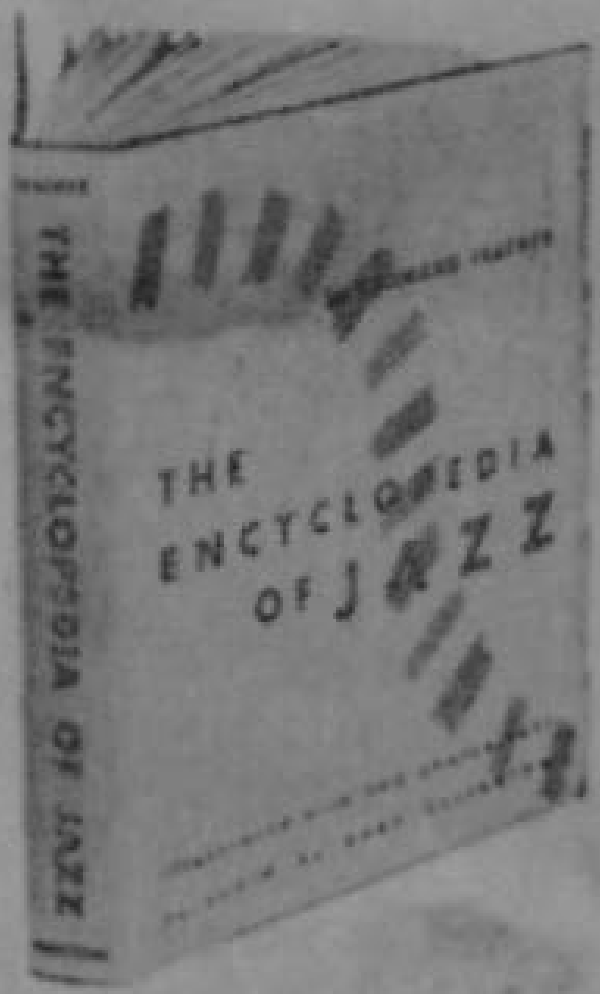
N.Y. Times 11/25/56

illustrations in music-type, one of which is a two-page full-score. Other features are a glossary of terms and a recommendation for forming a basic collection of records.

FEATHER, LEONARD. *The Encyclopedia of Jazz.* Foreword by Duke Ellington. 10½×8½. 360pp. Illustrated. Arthur Barker. £3 3s.

This book is much more a Who's Who than an encyclopedia, since its main contents are brief critical biographies in alphabetical order of more than a thousand jazz musicians. It is copiously illustrated with a couple of hundred of their portraits, many of them action photographs. Its appeal is therefore to the fan. Even its historical chapter is based on names of men rather than on styles or bands. It also, however, contains a feature not often found in books on jazz, a musical analysis complete with

586 Fifth Ave. at 47th St., N. Y. 36, N. Y.



the
sub-
orld
ttles
ack-
om-
k of
5.00

(12) THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ
by Leonard Feather
A complete reference work on the subject. This massive volume contains 1065 biographies of jazz musicians, brief history, musical analysis with examples, 200 photographs and many other sections. Foreword by Duke Ellington. If you have a jazz fiend on your list, this is the book for him.

Seventeen Nov., 1956

and handsome, masculine presents for all the men in your life!

1. Cotton pajamas and scuffs in case. Weldon; about $5. Kresge, Newark.
2. Goorielli's "Here's How" toiletries: talc, $1.50*; after-shave lotion, $3.50.*
3. Calf slippers. Daniel Green; about $12. B. Altman & Co., New York.
4. Crated stationery! Eaton; $3.50. Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis.
5. Cummerbund, bow tie. Warren-Jay; about $8. Bloomingdale's, New York.
6. Top-grain cowhide travel stud box. Buxton; about $5. Gertz, Jamaica, N.Y.
7. Ronson set; $19 ppd. Irvine Associates, 55 E. Washington St., Chicago.
8. Envelope ashtray has his address; $3.95. Bergdorf Goodman, New York.
9. New portable radio. Westinghouse; $27.95. Davison-Paxon Co., Atlanta.
10. Like Sherlock—Kaywoodie briar pipe! $5. Lord & Taylor, New York.
11. Sterling bar knife. Francis First by Reed & Barton; $7. Linz, Dallas.
12. New Nomad camera with flash; $7.45. Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn.
13. Handsome wool scarf. Handcraft; about $3.50. Wallachs, New York.
14. Wastebasket; $7.50 ppd. American Binder Co., 230 Taaffe Pl., Brooklyn.
15. Sweater of wool and alpaca. Catalina; about $12. Lasalle's, Toledo.
16. *That Sentimental Gentleman, Tommy Dorsey.* RCA Victor album; $7.98.
17. *Encyclopedia of Jazz;* $10. Horizon Press, 220 W. 42 St., New York.
18. Striped silk rep tie. By Bachrach; about $2.50. Best & Co., New York.
19, 20. Tie clasp, cuff links. Swank; set, about $5*; Macy's, San Francisco.
21. Rachmaninoff's *Piano Concerto No. 1.* Istomin. Columbia album; $3.98.

**Add Federal tax*

Down Beat 11/14/56

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

ALMOST THREE MONTHS have passed since Stan Kenton's telegram to *Down Beat* stirred up so much comment from readers. Nothing has been heard from him, either amplifying or disavowing the views expressed. The mail, I hear from Chicago, has run as much as 20 to 1 against Stan.

As for the response at my end, up to now every letter, every in-person discussion, every phone call has said that, "Kenton was asking for trouble" or words to that effect with only one dissenting voice, a reader in Everett, Wash., who didn't sign his name.

Under the byline "A Reader," he says things have got "so bad that we are now passing from an era of 'white supremacy' to 'negro supremacy' " (of course, he spelled Negro with a small n), and Stan's "preference of whites over negroes is his own business" and that "if we keep going the way we are, we'll be having more and more interracial marriage," etc., ad nauseum.

The only constructive letter in Kenton's defense that I've seen is one from Mrs. William Clancy of Corona del Mar, Calif., printed in the Oct. 31 *Beat*. Yet if you examine it, you'll see she did not disagree with a single statement in my open letter. Neither did she attempt to defend the Kenton telegram.

SHE AGREES WITH me that most great jazzmen have been Negroes, and I agree with her that many, too, have been white. She says Stan can't be called the sole "offender" for not having hired Negroes consistently, and she's right. But two wrongs make no right; and it was not the readers of his telegram that "singled out" Stan; he singled himself out by sending it.

Mrs. Clancy's only difference with me concerned the "taste" of my answering Kenton, though she didn't discuss the taste of the wire itself. And my only disagreement with her is her complaint of alleged "viciousness"; for if she looks at some of the fanatical, hysterical letters from readers, she'll see that by comparison mine was calm, dispassionate, an appeal to reason.

ONE READER, for instance, called Kenton "monomaniacal"; another said that "Jim Crow sits on the Kenton bandstand," though at least in the last year or so he has had one or two Negro sidemen most of the time.

None of the letters made the more rational points that might have been used: his long-time admiration for Earl Hines; the suggestion that he could be pro-white but not anti-Negro (it is arguable that there is a subtle distinction); or, most important, that it took guts to send a wire that could offend so many when it would have been safer and smarter to keep quiet; that he's entitled to speak his mind in a democracy.

The readers who called Kenton a monomaniac, etc., should bear in mind that it was with the content, not the mere sending, of the wire that they should have disagreed. Paraphrasing Voltaire, I'd say that I disagree with what Stan says and will defend to the death his right to wire it.

Kenton's right to express his feelings about majorities and minorities, inferiority or superiority, supremacy or subordinacy should not be disputed. Our own right to feel he is wrong, to express concern with the way he feels, is equally indisputable.

IT SEEMS TO ME that by injecting the race issue into a complaint about the poll, he was guilty of the very attitude of which he wrongly accused us critics—namely, of thinking in terms of race, which I'm sure none of us did in making our selections, but which he surely did in drafting his wire.

For Mrs. Clancy's information, there is a passage in the new *Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz* in which I singled out Kenton for sincere praise concerning the work he did in breaking down Petrillo's resistance to the Anglo-American band exchange.

I hope this will convince her that whether I consider Stan right or wrong, I'll be equally ready to voice my opinion at all times. As far as is humanly possible, prejudice for or against anyone must be avoided, and the only thing I am prejudiced against is prejudice itself.

Down Beat

Syntax At Large

New York—Dave Garroway took his NBC-TV *Today* show to New Orleans in mid-October and featured a Dixieland-progressive session from Brennan's restaurant by the Paul Barbarin and Al Beletto groups.

NBC's over-conscious publicity department described the affair in the following authentic jazz terms:

"Daddio Dave Garroway, who got his first Jazz kicks as a Windy City platter pusher, will ref a main bout between two gone leadmen at a New Orleans clambake. All alligators who want to pick up on a few cool licks, channel in on NBC-TV's TODAY show when gutbucket hide-beater Paul Barbarin throws down on progressive gobblepiper Al Boletto."

Throws *down*, NBC?

N.Y. Journal-Amer. 11/24/56

THE STORY OF JAZZ

What is this thing called Jazz? You can find out from an expert—and for free. The story of jazz will be featured at the last of the Popular Music Jamboree series at the Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd st., Wednesday at 4 p. m.

Among the special guests will be noted jazz critic and author—and writer of over 200 musical compositions—Leonard Feather. Master of ceremonies for the jamboree will be Phil Goulding, deejay of "Record Bandwagon" and "Music With A Beat."

For a change of pace, Jo Ranson, Publicity Director of WMGM, will discuss careers in the Fifth Estate—radio and TV.

Free tickets of admission, required for the program, are available at the Nathan Straus Young Adult Room of the Center. You can also get them by mail.

18-Sat., Nov. 24, 1956 ★ New York Journal-American

Down Beat 11/14/56

Flute Fiesta

the blindfold test

By Leonard Feather

Bud Shank's presence in New York on one of his too-infrequent visits gave me the opportunity for a very special kind of *Blindfold Test* that I had been hoping for some time to arrange—an all-flute fiesta.

Almost unknown in jazz until a few years ago, the flute has made such amazing strides lately, both in the quality and quantity of its performance, that by now it may be said to have drawn level with the clarinet in importance as a jazz solo voice; indeed, it may even be a little ahead, since the major clarinetists in jazz at the moment can be counted on the fingers of two hands, while in counting the important flutists one must resort to the toes.

As one of the foremost young flutists in jazz, Shank was intrigued by the selections I played him, which covered many types of flute performances, from the first recorded jazz solo on that instrument to date.

Bud was given no information, either before or during the test, about the records played.

Bud Shank

The Records

1. Sam Most. *I Hear a Rhapsody* (Debut).

Apparently that was Sam Most playing flute with his new group. The tune is *I Hear a Rhapsody*, and to me it seems to be an attempt by Sam to cover completely the use of the instrument every place it's gone, from Bach-style fugue to jazz to complete distortion of the instrument.

I have outgrown the desire for getting pleasure out of the use of Bach-style things in jazz. I think it's been done too much. I like the way he played the jazz movement in the arrangement, but the tissue-paper-and-comb chorus has got to go. I heard him do this on another record with Herbie Mann, and I got the same impression from it. I think it's unnecessary to destroy the sound and the use of the instrument.

I compliment him for experimenting and trying to get different sounds out of the flute—which we're all doing—but I think he went too far with this one. I'll give it two stars.

2. Buddy Collette. *Frenesi* (Contemporary). Gerald Wiggins, piano; Gene Wright, bass; Bill Richmond, drums.

More flute players. This time I think it's Herbie Mann. I'm not sure, but from other things I've heard him do it sounds like his style of playing. The arrangement was nice. I didn't like the Latin sound the rhythm section got in the second chorus, or a little bit into the record.

Herbie is one of my favorite flute players. He got a sound on this like an alto flute. I doubt very much that it was an alto flute but rather just the sound he was getting out of the instrument. Three stars.

3. Herbie Mann. *Jasmine* (Bethlehem). Mann plays four flute tracks.

I have an idea this is Herbie Mann again. It sounds like a dual track or a dubbed-in recording—one person playing all the different flute parts—and as a result the intonation on the ensemble chorus is pretty bad. I hope it is due to the recording and not the player.

Another piano-less rhythm section, which is interesting at times. I prefer playing with piano, and I am sure most guys do. It is an interesting experiment to have one person take all the parts, but I don't think anything happened on this particular record. The solo in the middle of the record is very nice, but that is all I can say that I like. I'm back to two stars for this.

4. Esy Morales. *Jungle Fantasy* (Rainbow).

I think this is a record Esy Morales made called *Jungle Drums* or something like that. This style of flute playing was probably the closest to jazz up until a few years ago with the Latin bands and Latin rhythm sections behind it.

If it is Esy, I give him very much credit for doing it. I really think he distorts the sound of the instrument, but it is the heaviest attack and strongest sound that I've heard from a flute in a long time, swinging in any way, whether it's a jazz rhythm section or Latin rhythm. He gets almost a savage sound out of it. For that reason I'd like to give it three stars. He's done something that has contributed a lot to the flute in jazz.

5. Hugo Winterhalter. *Flaherty's Beguine* (Victor). Harold Bennett, flute.

I have no idea who or what that might have been. The flute player, whoever he may be, has a strong, very fluid sound, but I can see no use for the rest of the orchestra nor for the composition . . . It sounds like a Scottish mambo or another Les Baxter Hollywood production. To me it has no value, so I'm going to have to go down to no stars.

6. Oscar Pettiford. *Don't Squawk* (Bethlehem). Jerome Richardson, flute; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Don Abney, piano; Osie Johnson, drums; Ernie Wilkins, arranger.

This I like! . . . I'm not sure who it is. It might possibly be Frank Wess in the flute solo. If it is Frank, I appreciate it very much to hear someone trying to get a good funky feeling out of the flute, which most flute players don't do—they play so delicately.

He's playing as hard on this record as he would if he were playing a sax, and getting the same type of feeling. The rhythm section is wonderful. I enjoyed the bass very much, although I don't know who it might be—possibly it's Paul Chambers. The arrangement was also very nice, and they kept the feel of the thing all the way through. Four stars.

7. Chick Webb. *I Want to Be Happy* (Decca). Wayman Carver, flute; Ella Fitzgerald, vocal. Recorded 1937.

That's really an old one. I'll take a guess—I think it's either Chick Webb or Fletcher Henderson's band, possibly with Ella singing, but I'm not sure. It's unusual to hear flute work in something this old. I'm sure it's one of the earliest recorded jazz flute solos.

Other people must have thought this poor guy was really crazy, judging from the reactions we get today. I enjoyed it very much, but it isn't the type of thing I like to listen to now. I am sure the value of everything in that era contributes to what we're doing now. I'll give it four stars.

8. Australian Jazz Quartet. *Thou Swell* (Bethlehem). Dick Healey, flute; Errol Buddle, tenor sax.

I think this must be the Australians—the Australian Jazz Quintet—another example of trying to play so-called chamber music, surrounding a jazz solo by it and the chamber music is *not* swinging. The flute solo was very nice, but to me the best was the tenor sax solo. I've forgotten his name, but there's a guy who plays both tenor and bassoon with this group, and I enjoy his work on both instruments.

I will say this is one of the best records I've heard by the Australian group, but I prefer a little heavier and funkier feeling at times and would like to hear more of that from them. I'm afraid I can give this only three stars.

9. Osie Johnson. *The Desert Song* (Period). Frank Wess, flute; Wendell Marshall, bass; Johnson, drums.

I have no idea who this may be. The arrangement of the ensemble—both the first and the out chorus—sounds like something they should be playing at the Waldorf-Astoria, but the flute chorus is very, very, *very* good. I would like to know who it is. He played with a good feel, and so did the rhythm section behind him. If it weren't for the ensemble chorus, I would give it more, but I'll have to give it three stars.

Down Beat 11/29/56

the blindfold test

Cannonball Fires

By Leonard Feather

A remarkable fact emerged during the *Blindfold Test* conducted with Julian (Cannonball) Adderley that may well be symptomatic of an attitude among certain present-day modern jazzmen. Though the Florida alto wizard clearly shows the Charlie Parker stamp and is by most odds unmistakably a modernist, he considers himself a traditionalist. Indeed, by his standards, traditional jazz, which to the older musicians and critics once meant New Orleans style untrammeled by the inroads of bebop, now means anything up to and including bop unhampered by the impact of too much pretention and classical influence. ("Pete Brown influenced me to play sax when I was having trouble with my chops on trumpet," Cannonball relates. "My other influences were mainly other tenor men, like Hawkins and Webster.")

For comparison purposes I used records featuring several of the same alto players heard in Paul Desmond's *Blindfold Test* (*Down Beat*, Oct. 3). You may find it interesting to compare the reactions of Paul and Cannonball to different performances by the same artists.

Cannonball, in the perennial blindfold tradition, was given no information whatever, either before or during the test, about the records played.

The Records

1. Duane Tatro. *Dollar Day* (Contemporary). Joe Maini Jr., alto; Jimmy Giuffre, baritone. Comp. Tatro.

Well, first of all, I'm not too sure what to say about this, because I'm not too familiar with it. I'd say it's probably a west coast thing . . . maybe by Giuffre or Shelly Manne or somebody who's doing Giuffre-type things. I think the alto was pretty good—I mean he was swinging. Anyhow, I'm not too hip to the pattern. The baritone didn't really excite me. Maybe I'll give it three stars because the alto was swinging. The writing was a little too far out for me, because I'm a fundamentalist.

2. Stan Kenton. *La Suerte de los Tontos* (Capitol). Lennie Niehaus, alto; Vinnie Tanno, trumpet. Arr. by Johnny Richards.

I'll say that's probably Kenton playing Johnny Richards things. It sounds like Johnny Richards, anyhow . . . maybe it's not Kenton. The arrangement was beautiful—a wonderful type thing. It is excellent for the style thing . . . the Latin rhythms, etc. However, I didn't think the soloists really got with the six-eight feel. The alto player seemed to have command of his instrument, but the trumpet player seemed to be really floating. I'll give it three stars for the arrangement. I think the alto player is in all probability Lennie Niehaus.

3. Johnny Hodges. *Hi-Ya* (Norgran). Johnny Hodges, alto; Harry Carney, baritone; Ray Nance, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone.

First of all, obviously that's Ellingtonia. Johnny Hodges, Ray Nance. Lawrence Brown, and a little of Harry Carney at the end. I wouldn't say it's one of the best things they've done, but I'll give it four stars because it's a very pleasant change. It's more in my line . . . fundamental jazz, a thing done in the tradition of jazz. It's what I shoot for and what my guys shoot for. I repeat, I don't think it's one of the best things they've done, but it's such a pleasant change.

4. Lee Konitz. *I Can't Get Started* (Atlantic). Konitz, alto; Warne Marsh, tenor; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Billy Bauer, guitar.

There's no mistaking Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh . . . also probably Billy Bauer. I don't know who the bass player was—it sounded a little Oscar Pettiford—but he really gassed me. Lee Konitz is the player who has the greatest command of the alto today, but I've heard him do much better. I dig him a lot, for his technique especially . . . Warne Marsh has a lot of technique also, and I am sure I've heard him do much better. Three stars for the bass solos.

5. Benny Carter. *Tenderly* (Norgran). Carter, alto; Don Abney, piano; George Duvivier, bass.

That was my favorite musician. I always did love Benny Carter. His everything just gasses me. I think that was among the things he's done for Norman Granz, because it sounds like Oscar Peterson and Ray Brown. I didn't dig the recording quality too much . . . I think the highs in the bass were pretty bad. Benny didn't really do what he's capable of doing to that tune, but four stars because he's Benny.

6. Sonny Stitt. *Sonny's Bunny* (Roost). Stitt, alto; Hank Jones, piano. Arr. by Quincy Jones.

Sonny Stitt! Ha Ha! Tremendous cat . . . he's too much. I've always had respect for him, and he's one man that I think has never been recorded to his potential. He plays so much when you listen to him in person and he plays good on records too, but not nearly so . . . wow! Quincy's arrangement gassed me. Jimmy Nottingham played a nice solo and Hank Jones gasses me all the time. I don't think he has ever played anything bad. Four stars for Stitt, Jones and the arrangement.

7. Bud Shank. *Shank's Pranks* (Pacific Jazz). Shank, alto; Shorty Rogers, fluegelhorn; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Roy Harte, drums; Harry Babasin, bass.

West coast jazz, probably Bud Shank. I don't know who the leader was, but the trumpet player was a devotee of Shorty Rogers . . . probably Stu Williamson or somebody like that. The piano player was probably Claude Williamson, or who was the piano player who used to play with Chet Baker . . . well, everybody else will know who I'm talking about. The rhythm section didn't gas me, the tune didn't gas me too much, and I've heard Bud Shank play much better. It's kind of hard to play with material like that— it was pretty tired, so I'll give it two stars.

8. George Wallington. *Our Delight* (Prestige). Donald Byrd, trumpet; Phil Woods, alto; Wallington, piano; Teddy Kotick, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

I'm not sure, but I'll take a wild guess and say that was Donald Byrd, Phil Woods, George Wallington, Arthur Taylor, and probably Paul Chambers. Arthur Taylor gasses me . . . a real swinging drummer who is always doing the right thing, as does Paul Chambers on bass. He's a very excellent rhythm bass player as well as a soloist. He isn't getting much credit for his rhythm work most of the time but I dig him particularly. Woods is one of my favorites, as is Donald Byrd. However, I've heard them both play much better, and I think the ensemble sounded a little sketchy in spots. It sounded like Byrd had a little chop trouble occasionally. I don't know exactly what was going on . . . it was the old Tadd Dameron thing, *Our Delight*, I believe. It has some beautiful changes in it and they could have done better. Three stars.

Afterthoughts

All in all, you didn't play very much of my kind of jazz. I like the blues and we didn't have any blues, really. I

32

Pittsburgh Courier - 11/9/56

On Steve Allen Show

Courier

All-Star Jam Session on TV

NEW YORK — The musical [illegible] fellows who ran off with the top honors in a poll of 100 leading musicians conducted by jazz expert Leonard Feather will be featured in an all-star jam-session Sunday on the Steve Allen TV show.

Ella Fitzgerald and Frank Sinatra were voted the greatest singers ever and Count Basie's band was selected as the greatest in the land. Complete findings of the "select 101" will appear in Feather's newest "Encyclopedia of Jazz" [illegible]

E. Fitzgerald Sinatra

Among the top instrumentalists which will be released this month.

1st winners to appear with Feather on the Allen show Sunday will be Art Tatum, Dizzy Gillespie, J. J. Johnson, Harry Carney, Tal Farlow and Max Roach, along with Duke Ellington.

N.Y. Post 11/8/56

The Lyons Den

By Leonard Lyons

MUSICIAN: Art Tatum, the great jazzman, died yesterday. He was stricken before he could receive the news for which he'd been waiting—the results of the musicians' poll made by the Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz. The leading musicians of America chose Tatum as the No. 1 man. Even Bud Powell, who won 2d place, voted for Tatum.

PRICE: When Paul Porter

Wednesday, November 7, 1956 Variety

Inside Stuff—Music

Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald topped the list of singers in Leonard Feather's "greatest ever" poll for his forthcoming "Encyclopedia of Jazz" (Horizon Press). Feather surveyed 101 leading musicians for the poll. Other winners were Benny Goodman in the clarinetist and small combo categories; Duke Ellington, arranger; Jay Jay Johnson, trombone; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Charlie Parker, alto sax; Lester Young, tenor sax; Harry Carney, baritone sax; Frank Wess, flute; Milt Jackson, vibes; Art Tatum, piano; Charlie Christian, guitar; Jimmy Blanton, bass, and Max Roach, drums. Count Basie won in the big band category.

N.Y. Daily News 11/15/56

Daily News 11/15/56

Broadway

By DANTON WALKER

for Sergeants," as well as starring in "The Apple Cart," plans to launch a musical comedy next season. . . . Duke Ellington, now at Birdland, was picked as America's outstanding arranger-composer as a result of a nationwide musicians' poll conducted by the Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz. . . . Hickory House pianist Joe Cas[illegible]

N.Y. Journal-Amer. 11/15/56

N.Y. Journal American 11/15/56

THE VOICE OF BROADWAY:

Singer Judy Tyler Splits W

By DOROTHY KILGALLEN

LEONARD FEATHER'S new Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz hits the bookstalls this week, and the results of his annual "Musicians' Musicians Poll" include a few startlers. For instance: not one single vote for Dave Brubeck (most musicians voted for Art Tatum as their favorite pianist) and only three for the orchestra of Stan Kenton. Apparently the taste of jazz fans and the opinions of the sidemen themselves can't be counted on to coincide.

33

N.Y. Daily News 11/16/56

11/19/56 N.Y. Daily News

Dream Street

By ROBERT SYLVESTER

Daily News 11/19/56

What gives with all these daily anonymous letters and phone calls from customers at the Palace claiming that Judy Garland either won't or can't sing after the customers have had to pay the prices they have to pay and wait so long at that?. . . "The Tracer" program on WPIX is trying to find a Mary Griffin who owns $50,000 in unclaimed stock dividends of Anaconda Copper. It shouldn't be hard, since there are only 277 Griffins in the phone book. . . . Nick Manero knows a girl singer who hasn't been signed for "The Helen Morgan Story." . . . A guy came face to face with a horrible problem at the Velvet Club last night. His wife. . . . Who says bop is dead? Leonard Feather's new Encyclopedia of Jazz Yearbook shows 11 goatees and 26 pair of hornrimmed glasses in the illustrations. . . . The Beau Brummel has an AA-AAA cocktail. For drinkers who drive. . . . Pat Carroll reports a bakery

N.Y. Daily News 11/15/56

one of Jimmy Doolittle's World War II Tokyo raiders, who was captured and tortured by the Japs, will be dramatized on ABC-TV's DuPont Theatre Tuesday, Nov. 27th, 9:30 P.M. "Return of the Bombardier" features Skip Homeier as DeShazer. . . . Winners of Leonard Feather's "Musicians' Musicians" poll receive their awards on NBC-TV's "Tonight" stanza next Friday with Steve Allen doing the honors.

Jet 11/29/56

Ella Fitzgerald, Others Voted 'Greatest Ever'

Singer Ella Fitzgerald topped the list of female vocalists in a "greatest ever" poll of 101 musicians, conducted by music critic Leonard Feather for his forthcoming *Encyclopedia Of Jazz*. Listed among the other winners were Duke Ellington, arranger; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Charlie Parker, alto saxophone; Lester Young, tenor saxophone; Art Tatum, piano; Charlie Christian, guitar; Jimmy Blanton, bass; Max Roach, drums, and Count Basie, big band.

62

Book Party: Swapping autographs of their new books at a Harlem bookstore, Eartha Kitt and Henry Armstrong return favors while authors Ellen Tarry (l.), Pauli Murray, and Langston Hughes wait their turn.

Journal-Amer. 11/23/56 D. Kilgallen

Pygmalion, returns to show business with a role in "Stage Struck," the Henry Fonda-Susan Strasberg picture to be filmed entirely in Manhattan after New Year's. She's still a fine figure of a woman—and a proud grandmother.

Horizon Press reports hundreds of orders from college and university libraries across the country for Leonard Feather's Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz. (This younger generation isn't all in the Presley groove).

Journal Amer. 11/23/56

"SWEETIE" COLE, Nat's 6-.

Norwalk, Conn. Hour 11/20/56

Author And Wife Entertain

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard G. Feather of Newtown turnpike, Westport, were hosts on Sunday evening at their New York apartment at a party occasioned by the publication of Mr. Feather's new book, "The Encyclopedia of Jazz Yearbook."

Among the stars of the jazz world, who were the Feathers' guests, were: Billie Holiday, Hazel Scott, Caterina Valente, Johnny Mercer, Bobby Short, Tony Scott, Helen Merrill, Gordon Jenkins, Marshall Stearns, Steve Allen of NBC-TV and Erin O'Brien of Mr. Allen's program.

Those present from this area included Mr. and Mrs. John Hammond and Mr. and Mrs. M. Leo Miller.

TV Guide 11/19/56

11:30 (4) TONIGHT—Steve Allen
Jazz All-Stars organized by Leonard Feather and Comedian Dan Rowan.
(8) WORLD'S BEST MOVIES
"Dressed to Kill" with Paul Roth F

former glories.

It was good to see Duke Ellington honored on the Steve Allen show (NBC-TV, 8 P.M.). He was given Leonard Feather's Encyclopedia of Jazz with a plaque from 100 jazz musicians hailing him as "the greatest arranger ever." . . . Saw that scene from the Elvis Presley movie on the Ed Sullivan Show (CBS-TV, 8). Not anything special, but okay.

SECRET OF CITRUS FRUITS

34

Down Beat 12/12/56

the blindfold test

Wax For Max

By Leonard Feather

Max Roach is one of the most distinguished representatives of a burgeoning trend among drummers to become combo leaders. In an era that finds the drum solo a quintessential element of every jazz concert, it is not surprising that about half of America's most distinguished percussion artists form their own groups. Within the last couple of years, Chico Hamilton, Art Blakey, Shelly Manne, Max, and Louie Bellson are among the many who have earned additional fame as leaders.

Like the others in this gallery, Roach has qualifications for leadership beyond his astonishing instrumental ability. Not the least of these is his over-all knowledge and understanding of jazz, melodically and harmonically, as well as rhythmically.

For Roach's *Blindfold Test*, I included records by three of his old bosses (3, 5, 7). Max was given no information, before or during the test, about the records played.

The Records

1. Joe Newman-Frank Wess. *The Late, Late Show* (Vik). Hank Jones, organ; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Osie Johnson, drums; Newman, trumpet; Wess, flute.

I thought it was nice, but who it is I don't have the slightest idea . . . It might be a wing of Count Basie's band. I haven't heard it before, but it's an outstanding group. I'd give it four stars. Sounded like Sweets on trumpet . . . There was a flute, but I don't know who was playing it.

I heard a guitar and an organ, but I don't know who was playing the organ — it wasn't Basie. The rhythm section sounded all right . . . Sounded like it might be Sonny Payne. Was that a Basie wing or west coast band or what?

2. Woody Herman. *Junior* (Capitol). Richie Kamuca, tenor.

That's another group that isn't a standard group. It's not an active working group. It was pretty cliché, musically, and the rhythm section lagged . . . Only one star. It sounded weak, without spirit, and the arrangement wasn't too good . . . Might have been Zoot on tenor, but I'm not too sure.

3. Dizzy Gillespie. *Caravan* (ARS).

Five stars! That's Diz in there. I don't know who the rhythm section was, but I think the percussion solo—although it was very good—could have had better form. I know I heard a conga drum, timbales, bongos, a bass, a flute, and the King. The life Dizzy gives the tune is the reason for the five stars. He wakes everything up.

I've known Diz since 1941 or '42. I used to go up to Minton's whenever Cab would come to town, because most of the guys from his band would go up there to jam. We fellows from Brooklyn used to go there all the time —Ray Abrams, Leonard Hawkins. I've been admiring Dizzy for a long time.

4. Max Bruehl. *Coop De Graas* (EmArcy). Shorty Rogers, composer; Bruehl, baritone.

Well, I know it wasn't Gerry Mulligan. If it was, that was one of his weaker moments. I like Gerry's work, and any rating I give this record is because it's a credit to the style that Gerry more or less created. It didn't sound like it was the original cat, so I'll give it two for effort anyway.

5. Benny Carter. *The Song Is You* (Norgran). Bill Harris, trombone; Buddy Rich, drums; Ray Brown, bass; Oscar Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Carter, alto.

Five stars! That was Benny Carter, of course, on alto; Bill Harris on trombone, Buddy Rich on drums, Ray Brown, bass; Oscar Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis on guitar. I go along with all those guys . . . I don't have to go any further. Those are real professionals to me as far as jazz is concerned.

6. Kenny Clarke-Candido. *Rhythmorama* (Blue Note; in Kenny Burrell LP). Drum duet.

That's Art Blakey and Candido. I thought it was wonderful, and nobody else in the world but Art and Candido could do that type of thing and keep it interesting. This is very difficult for these two instruments for that length of time. I'll give it four stars. Everything was good and most adequately covered.

7. Coleman Hawkins. *La Vie En Rose* (Vik). Manny Albam, arranger.

Five stars! You're putting on masters here! That was Coleman Hawkins. I know it was Hawk—it couldn't have been Flip. The arrangement could have been better . . . They could have given Hawk more leeway. The background could have been even more enhancing than it was. Hawk has that healthy jazz style that so many people are striving for on tenor sax. I think Bean is in a class by himself—a past master, long proven.

8. Chico Hamilton. *The Morning After* (Pacific Jazz). Hamilton, composer; Jim Hall, arranger; Buddy Collette, clarinet; Hamilton, drums.

It was Chico Hamilton's group . . . Buddy Collette. It might have been Buddy's music, too. I like Chico's group, and for the composition which I thought was very good—four stars.

9. Teo Macero. *24 + 18 +* (Columbia).

I don't have the slightest idea who it is. With all due respect to these musicians, I can't give any stars at all for that. It had very bad form and design. It even sounded like an insult to classical artists and classical music. I really like serious and classical music. I don't know what the composer had in mind, unless he was writing background music for some horrible theme. I suppose I *could* give it one star for the fact that there were instruments involved.

10. Jimmy Giuffre. *Fascinating Rhythm* (Atlantic). Shelly Manne, drums; Jimmy Rowles, piano.

Ha! That's crazy! Sounded like Jimmy Giuffre on clarinet. I'll give it five stars. Could that be John Lewis? It's Shelly on drums. I like that . . . Giuffre sounds nice.

Afterthoughts By Max

I have much respect for Kenny Clarke and Art Blakey. Kenny never ceases to amaze me. I'm happy that these people are around: Phineas Newborn, John Lewis, Jimmy Giuffre, Shelly Manne, Chico Hamilton, Art Blakey, not to mention those past masters, Diz and Hawk. Also Benny and that crowd . . . Miles.

On the big band scene there's Basie, Tito Puente . . . Blues singer Ray Charles. Elvin Jones from Detroit is a young drummer on the scene—with J. J. Johnson, I believe . . . Kenny Dennis in Philadelphia. Those are some of the guys I've heard recently. Philly Joe Jones, of course.

I heard someone else just recently—Paul Motian, the drummer with Tony Scott's group . . . The Mitchell-Ruff Duo has a unique way of doing things that is expressive. There's a lot of new talent around. And I like Sonny Rollins, Kenny Dorham . . .

Down Beat 12/12/56

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

A FEW WEEKS ago, the Dave Brubeck quartet played a concert for a large and enthusiastic crowd at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. This was neither surprising nor depressing; success and the Brubeck quartet go merrily hand in hand. What was depressing, however, was the fact that just a week earlier, in the same hall, for the same concert promoter, Duke Ellington and his orchestra had played to a house that was more than half empty.

It was the first time in years that the Ellington band had played a full concert in the New York area without the time-consuming burden of a half-dozen other acts.

This was a chance for the Duke and his men to play all evening long to their hearts' and their audience's content. Yet I came away with a melancholy feeling that what is still, at its optimum moments, the world's greatest jazz orchestra, led by the world's most respected jazz composer-arranger, is being by-passed and neglected almost entirely on familiarity-breeds-contempt grounds.

RALPH GLEASON said it very eloquently in these pages; all of us here at *Down Beat* have written it, said and felt it, yet our combined efforts seem inadequate in getting it across to you, Mr. Average Jazz Concert Ticket Buyer: Ellington is still The Man.

If you are one of those who neglected to see him during a recent opportunity, please tell me why. Is it because he happens to be old enough to be your father, or possibly your grandfather, that you feel his music must be passé? Is it because his sidemen are not familiar through dozens of combo LPs? What does the band lack, in your ears?

After his phenomenal success at Newport last July and the cover story in *Time* the next month, one would have thought that Ellington would be hotter than he had been in years. Admittedly the *Newport Suite* is not much more than a series of backgrounds for blues solos; granted the most unusual and startling Ellington work of all time, *A Drum Is a Woman*, has still to be released; but surely the Ducal works of the last three decades, still occupying a fair portion of the footage at any concert by the band, cannot have become so mortal so soon?

IF JAZZ IS thus ephemeral, if the great men of our music must wait until long after their passing and return reincarnated for their first glimpse of full recognition, then the passing of almost two centuries since Mozart has not taught society a lesson.

Let's be specific. If Clark Terry were running around like Joe Newman or Ruby Braff, recording LPs right and left, he might be sought after as the

WEST COAST JAZZMEN

Kenny Drew, piano and vibories; Red Mitchell, bass and piano; Sonny Clark, vibories and piano; Stan Levey and Lawrence Marable, drums; Gerry Wiggins, piano and vibories; Bob Enevoldsen, bass, tenor, and trombone; Leonard Feather, vibories; Leroy Vinnegar, bass. Swingin' on the Vibories—Leonard Feather's West Coast Jazzmen: *Stompin' at the Savoy, Charcoal, Overtime, Bluesology, Swingin' On the Vibories, People Will Say We're in Love, Ornithology, Body and Soul* (ABC Paramount ABC 110)

Something new in the way of instruments is this thing called the Vibories. It was invented by a former West Coast drummer, now a full time engineer, Jack Harris. For a proper description of what the instrument is like and how it operates, Leonard Feather's notes furnish the detail. The instrument that has been concocted by Harris is in reality an attachment that is placed on top of the vibes which enables the player to perform on the vibes as if it were a piano. "Actually the attachment consists of a three-octave keyboard with regular black and white piano keys, connected with a box that is placed on top of the vibes. The box contains small solenoids, one to each note, to which are attached small bakelite mallets with cork tips.

"All you have to do is place the keyboard in front of the vibes, turn on the motor, play as you would play a piano (but using the regular vibraphone footpedal if you wish to sustain notes), and presto! You

(Concluded on page 43)

Jazz Today

(Continued from page 41)

can play, immediately, strings of single notes and chords that are impossible with the conventional mallet technique."

That's the instrument and how it works. Sound-wise the new instrument has a similar sound to standard vibes except at those times when chording takes place—much larger clusters of notes can be played, and the sound it like that of two or three vibists.

To get away from the new instrument for just a moment this album shows Bob Enevoldsen in an unusual light. He plays three instruments on these sides: bass, trombone and tenor. *Stompin'* shows him on the two horns, which are especially dissimilar. His trombone is of the fluid line variety, flowing along in a Bob Brookmeyer way, while his tenor is of the harsh, cutting, staccato eighth-note type. *Charcoal* is a tune written by a San Francisco saxophonist Ralph Jacobsen. It is a haunting, misty kind of tune—light and aerial. Red Mitchell plays vibories and Gerry Wiggins piano each taking choruses that continue the filmy texture of the tune, which is in a little below medium tempo. *Overtime* is an original by Pete Rugolo that was recorded by the METRONOME All Stars some time back. Red plays both vibories and bass on this tune.

Bluesology, a tune by Milt Jackson, shows Kenny Drew in the vibories chair blowing this walking blues as close as any pianist might get to the feeling of vibes. That perhaps is a mistake though, to consider this as any other instrument than

one in itself. The feeling you get from the lines played on this instrument is neither that of a piano nor that of a vibe. There's a freedom missing that comes from the normal acquaintance of an artist with his instrument. All the vibories players on this date were pianists and as such seemed a bit hung with either the diminutive keyboard or the action of the instrument which from some careful listening seems a bit stiff. It would be interesting to hear a vibes man, familiar with keyboard techniques, play this multi-malleted vibes just to see if his attack would be the same as a pianist's.—Jack

CODA: A good introduction to a new axe, with some pleasant, chamber-like jazz.

suggesting this heritage is a continuing thing.

San Francisco Chronicle

The Lively Arts

ABC-Paramount Puts Jazz on Nine LPs

Ralph J. Gleason

better guitar players in modern jazz, has his own LP on ABC. He is accompanied by trombonist Bob Brookmeyer and, while the music is well played, there's a certain monotony in the sound of the trombone that detracts from my listening pleasure. There are ballads and originals here, too.

"Swingin' on the Vibories" presents various pianists, including critic Leonard Feather, playing the vibraphone by means of an attachment that allows you to use a piano-style keyboard. This allows fuller chords and faster runs and other pianistic devices. The value is more in the novelty than the music here. The sound gets a bit cloying after a while, resembling nothing so much as an old Adrian Rollini record.

Daily News - Newton, Iowa

What's New On Wax

By DELMAR LEAMING

A DANCING MOOD

The Twentieth Century has been a terrible time. Everyone who reads should know this. And yet, when you leaf through the photographs in Leonard Feather's ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ (Horizon Pres, $10, 347 Pages), what do you find? During the bloodiest two decades of history, humans grinning, creating music, and generally behaving better than the blokes who fly back and forth across the Atlantic signing treaties.

There's Bud Freeman holding up a sign that says "Bud." The part that's visible, anyway. Dizzy Gillespie, looking like the intelligent musician he really is. Eckstine and Charlie Parker in 1950, telling

like it yet; as unsatisfactory as the fabled attempt to describe the shape and taste of a banana to a man who never heard of such a thing. The new definition does indicate what must be erased from Webster's concept. Jazz is not race music; is not discordant of necessity, more frequently polyphonous; can be played by a single instrument; it need not be danced to. Dance to Blakey and you'll never be the same.

At least the definition indicates to the stranger, as the banana-description eventually might, that the music is an existant commodity. The banana is useful, although this is even more difficult to explain, and it's an edible fruit. How does taste? Next week, in the com-ny of French critic Andre Ho-er, partial answer will be at-mpted.

Pittsburgh Courier 11/10/56

PITTSBURGH COURIER 21

The Record Corner

DATA 'BOUT DISCS

By HAROLD L. KEITH

Here's Pete

West Coast vs. East Coast, a battle of jazz, MGM E 3390 12" LP, rating: *.***

MGM RECORDS has lined up Frank Wess, tenor and flute; Thad Jones, trumpet; Benny Powell, trombone; Dick Hyman, piano and organ plus arrangements; Oscar Pettiford, bass, and, Osie Johnson on drums for the Eastern group.

Oscar Pettiford

Playing for the West are Don Fagerquist, trumpet; Bob Enevoldsen, valve 'bone and tenor sax; Buddy Collette, tenor, alto, and flute; Andre Previn, piano; Curtis Counce, bass, and, Stan Levey, drums.

It is a tasteful album and highlighted by the Horace Silver touch, given "Lover Come Back to Me" by Mr. Previn. "Here's Pete" showed up Collette's flute to good advantage and Frank Wess' tenor fairly rolls on "Beverly Hills."

37

Down Beat 12/26/56

the blindfold test

Stein Hears Pianists

By Leonard Feather

Not many pianists now active in contemporary jazz can boast as well rounded a background as Lou Stein. The 34-year-old Philadelphian, a professional pianist for two full decades, was a teen-aged associate of Buddy DeFranco, Charlie Ventura, and Bill Harris. In the '40s after playing with Glenn Millers' air force band and with the Ray McKinley civilian outfit, he rose to jazz prominence as the composer-pianist with Ventura's group in *East of Suez*.

Since then, Lou has freelanced so extensively in New York that he can be heard on records by Dixieland groups such as Lawson-Haggart, modern combos such as Kai Winding, and innumerable sides by dance bands, pop vocalists, and, of course, his own trio.

The records selected for Stein's inspection on this, his first *Blindfold Test*, were mainly geared to present-day piano trends. Lou was given no information before or during the test about the records played.

The Records

1. Ralph Sharon. *Slightly Oliver* (London). J. R. Monterose, alto; Joe Puma, guitar.

Actually, I have heard things like this before. They seem to stay at one level and never reach a peak. It was done quite well, but it really didn't move me. The solos were adequate . . . I liked the tenor—or maybe it was an alto. When I first heard it, I thought it was an alto. I didn't recognize the guitar player. I'll give this record 2½ stars.

2. Friedrich Gulda. *Night in Tunisia* (Victor). Aaron Bell, bass; Nick Stabulas, drums.

Could that be Oscar Peterson? I haven't heard him play like this . . . I've heard him play with a less savage drive. For a minute, I thought it was Johnny Williams, who is a pretty rough pianist, but actually the rhythm balance, I thought, was pretty bad . . . You couldn't hear the bass. I think the rhythm section in spots actually wasn't together.

I really didn't get anything from the record. I know the tune, and I've heard it played better. I guess I'm influenced by Bird's record on this. It seems to be a little cold unless there's something frantic done with the tune. I'll give this record 2½ stars.

3. Joe Sullivan. *Honeysuckle Rose* (Riverside).

I'd hate to think that was Earl Hines, although it sounded a little like him. I really didn't like the sound for that style of piano . . . I think it was very thin . . . It could have been richer. Fats was the master of that style—that swinging left hand, so I can really only give it two stars.

4. John Lewis. *2° E, 3° W.* (Pacific Jazz). Bill Perkins, tenor; Jim Hall, guitar; Percy Heath, bass; Chico Hamilton, drums.

I really don't think this record quite makes it. They start out with a simple little riff which I really don't think means too much . . . It's actually the blues. I don't think it quite comes off . . . I wasn't moved by any of the soloists . . . They sound a little like some of the greats, but they just didn't measure up to what they were supposed to. I'll give it two stars.

5. Phineas Newborn. *Dahoud* (Atlantic).

I think it's Phineas Newborn. I like the tune . . . It's a good one to blow on. I think I've heard Phineas play better. The rhythm section was a little tense, but it's always amazing to hear a pianist use the two-hands technique . . . This is a difficult thing but can come off if it lays just right . . . Some pianists can do this better than others. I think this guy has a wonderful potential. I'd give this three stars.

6. Art Tatum-Buddy DeFranco. *This Can't Be Love* (ARS). Red Callender, bass; Bill Douglass, drums.

If this was Tatum, it's more jazz than I've ever heard Art play . . . I think it was wonderful. Was that the record he made with Buddy Rich, DeFranco, and Ray Brown? I think they all played well, but as I said before, if it's Tatum, it's the most jazz I've ever heard him play on records, and for the jazz I'll give it four stars.

7. Ronnie Ball. *Prez Sez* (Savoy). Willie Dennis, trombone; Ted Brown, tenor; Wendell Marshall, bass.

They sure got hung up on that ending. It seemed like everybody all went in a different direction. I think it was Eddie Bert with a dub of himself, because I heard a trombone chorus and then another trombone chorus. It might have been Eddie dubbing over with the tenor. I don't like the piano player at all . . . I thought his facility was nil and his conception wasn't too good . . . A little hesitant in spots. All in all, I thought the first tenor chorus was good. I didn't recognize him, but it might have been Monterose. I thought the intonation on the bass fiddle was very good. 2½ stars.

8. Jackie McLean. *Contour* (Prestige). Donald Byrd, trumpet; Art Taylor, drums; Mal Waldron, piano.

I think the drums ruined this record, especially in the shadings when the trumpet player came in. It sounded a little like Miles, but I think Miles is more tasty than the one I just heard. He kept playing the tune level, and it lacks that warmth I think the trumpet player was trying to get.

The alto sounded a little like Sonny Stitt to me—rough, Bird-like, but I've heard Sonny play better. The piano I thought was very weak . . . Not too much strength in his fingers. I didn't particularly like the chorus. I'll give this 2½ stars.

9. Leonard Feather. *Stompin' at the Savoy* (ABC-Paramount). Feather, piano; Bob Enevoldsen, trombone, tenor; Red Mitchell, bass; Gerry Wiggins, viborles.

Well, on the end, they didn't know how to ride out in time. The whole record seems to have a lot of clams, especially on vibes and piano . . . They don't play the ensemble together. It seems to me there are two conceptions, one in the rhythm section and one in the horns.

I liked the bass and the trombone. Was that Kai? Well, for the bass and trombone, I'll give it two stars. The vibes I didn't like at all . . . In fact, on his solo, I thought he sounded corny at times in conception.

10. Shelly Manne. *I Could Have Danced All Night* (Contemporary). Andre Previn, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass.

I think this guy deserves a lot of credit. It's Andre Previn. I think he's been listening all the time . . . He's changed his style, and I think he's getting what we call the modern conception. I think he's come a long way. At times it seems like he bands, but I accept it because I know what he's trying to do and I feel he's accomplished quite a bit. He's a fine pianist. I think Shelly Manne on drums and Leroy Vinnegar behind him play very well. I'll give this four stars.

38

N. Y. Journal-Amer. 12/10/56

12/10/56

Jack O'Brian's TV Views

Jazz Stars Plug Book

Jack O'Brian

FIVE OF THE NINE YOUNG comedy writers NBC signed a year ago now are assigned to regular NBC-TV shows . . . One's with "Stanley," three with "Washington Square," and one with "Tonight". . . . None of which assignments could precisely be considered job insurance.

For a change, a promotion plan for a book is resulting in excellent TV entertainment: Leonard Feather's new "Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz" is being plugged in a satisfying style—the great jazz stars selected as "best" in assorted categories (Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Carmen MacRae, Buddy DeFranco, etc.) are performing as well as promoting the tome.

• • •

N. Y. World Tel. & Sun 11/23/56

11/23

ORK WORLD-TELEGRAM AND SUN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER

New York—Day by Day

Year of the Callas

By Frank Farrell

This could easily become known as "the Maria Callas season" in future operatic reports. The brilliant new prima donna who recently starred in the Met's premiere for 1956-'57, will next open ABC radio net's silver anniversary year of Saturday afternoon Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. Miss Callas will be heard on the airwaves in "Lucia di Lammermoor," Dec 8. . . . **Carroll (Baby Doll) Baker suggests** a new type of bus stop that should please all potential passengers on rainy days—one that will splash right back at inconsiderate bus drivers. . . . **There are all sorts of extraordinary** tidbits in Leonard Feather's "Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz." For instance, there's Elvis Presley's home address on Getwell Rd., just in case you want him to sing a Christmas carol, or enter some sillier request. . . .

Frank Farrell

N.Y. Journal-Amer. 11/30/56

22-Fri., Nov. 30, 1956 ★★★★★ New York Journal-American

Jack O'Brian's TV Views

New TV Quiz Due Dec. 18

Jack O'Brian

The Herb Shriner Show sinks Dec. 4 to be replaced Dec. 18 by still another giveaway, "Nothing but the Truth," a Goodson-Todman chair & query quiz with a panel of Polly Bergen, Hildy Parks, John Cameron Swayze, Dick van Dyke . . . Victor Borge fills the Dec. 11 void on Shriner's old evening . . . Borge's one-man show has 200 men putting it on the air . . . Asked what will happen that night if he gets sick, Borge replied: "I'll go to a doctor."

The Jackie Gleason Show Saturday will be a full hour funeral service for Tommy Dorsey, with as many Dorsey-connected stars as Gleason can gather, including Sinatra, Harry James, Dick Haymes, etc. . . . Leonard Feather and George Simon are writing the rhythmic obsequies.

N. Y. Post 11/25

N.Y. Post 11/25

Ear'd Wilson

. . . jewelry salesmen to see if they're also peddling . . .

TODAY'S BRAVOS: Enid Mosier's Calypsos at the Village Vanguard; Leonard Feather's Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz.

Marilyn Monroe apartment hunted on Central Park West. She needs a

Jet 11/30/56

The 'Greatest': Baritone saxman Harry Carney (l.) and Duke Ellington, receive copies of Leonard Feather's (c.) *Encyclopedia Year Book Of Jazz* in New York. They were named greatest baritone saxman and arranger in jazz poll.

54

39

N.Y. Daily News 12/8/56

Dream Street

By ROBERT SYLVESTER

Sue That Song! . . .

The other night some of the directors of Broadcast Music Inc. met at the Pierre Hotel to plan some strategy in the lawsuit between BMI and ASCAP. Before getting down to business, somebody announced that it was publisher Lou Levy's birthday and in came a big birthday cake. It was of course suggested that everybody sing "Happy Birthday To You."

"Wait a minute," hollered a BMI director, "that's an ASCAP song. We can get in all sorts of trouble." Everybody thought that one over. "We can hum the melody," somebody finally suggested. "It's in the public domain."

So they hummed "Happy Birthday" to Levy.

* * *

Memo to The Boss: The N. Y. Commerce and Industry Assn. reports that three-fifths of all companies in the city are giving employees a four-day Christmas week-end. . . . Mort Sahl has a great title for a new record album: "Jazz James Dean Would Have Liked If James Dean Had Liked Jazz." . . . Bernie Hanighen, who has come up with some of the best lyrics of anybody, ranging from the Mad Monk's "Round Midnight" to Mary Martin's "Lute Song," has apparently got another winner with the theme song for "Baby Doll."

* * *

Leonard Feather has brought out a "Yearbook of Jazz" (Horizon Press) which is a sort of appendage of his "Encyclopedia of Jazz." With these new yearbooks, the Feather reference work will keep up with biographies, histories and whatnot of each year in the true art. The new book is bright and informative. Also amusing is that Feather, who for so long fought for new sounds in jazz and experimentation, disapproves the new rock 'n' roll.

* * *

Treasured Selections For the Avid Jazz Fan

("GUIDE TO JAZZ," by Hugues Panassie and Madeleine Gautier. (Houghton, Mifflin, $4, pp. 312).

Published in France under the title "Dictionnaire du Jazz," Hugues Panassie's expanded American "Guide to Jazz" should prove a valuable and entertaining source book for anyone who cares about jazz in general, Dixieland in particular.

Louis Armstrong describes it as "the musicians' Bible," but the emphasis is strictly on the Old Testament. Panassie's bias about jazz should be understood by the reader before proceeding (he believes that jazz is primarily a Negro folk music and that later developments such as bop are debasing influences borrowed from white European classical music) to take his cogent critical interpolations neat.

The book has literally hundreds of cross-references ranging from Abrams, Ray (Abramson), tenor sax, to Zurke, Bob, piano, and they make an engrossing content. Panassie, is strongest, not unnaturally, in the primeval giants of jazz; his comments on Waller, Picou et al are engaging and he does have the knack of presenting his prejudices in a highly readable style.

The author's obvious thorough scholarship, vivid writing and genuine enthusiasm for his cause make this volume in its way, a distinguished, analytical contribution to the literature of jazz.

R. S. TAYLOR

"THE ENCYCLOPEDIA YEARBOOK OF JAZZ," by Leonard Feather. (Horizon, $3.95, pp. 190).

To back up his fine "Encyclopedia on Jazz" published earlier this year, Leonard Feather has turned out the first annual to keep it up to date. As valuable to students of jazz as the Encyclopedia Brittanica yearbook is to a student of world affirs, this book should become the basic reference work in its field.

Illustrated with 100 photographs, the yearbook includes 150 biographies, a description of what has happened in the jazz world during the last year, a poll of the "Musicians' Musicians", a list of the best 52 records of the year and many other valuable sections. A must for the jazz buff. D.M.M.

"EDDIE CONDON'S TREASURY OF JAZZ," edited by Eddie Condon and Richard Gehman. (Dial, $5, pp. 488.)

A flood of books are being published about jazz today and this is one of the best. It is an anthology which brings together a host of articles which are not available anywhere else and to make it doubly useful the editors have brought each one up to date.

This belongs on the shelf of every jazz fan, right near that record case which should have a companion volume—a Columbia LP record—"Eddie Condon's Treasury of Jazz"—which was issued simultaneously with this book.

DON MURRAY

San Francisco Chronicle 11/25/56

Section V THE BOSTON SUNDAY HERALD DEC. 16, 1956

Comptometer School

...dents from ...ston enjoyed ...al Christmas ...at the Lone... in Chestnut ...aculty mem... ...tive officers ...y festivities, ...ered by the ...ent Connell, ...y President ...ingham.

From a single school established in 1905 Comptometer Schools have developed into a world wide chain of schools, the largest educational system of its kind in the world.

Here at the Comptometer School individual instruction is given by able instructors, and students prepare to enter the business world as trained "Comptometer Specialists."

...past 50 years," declare... K. Thorogood, executiv... of the school.

Statistics show there i... an graduate holding a ... responsibility in alm... New England plant, and ... of them have simila... other parts of the na...

Franklin offers an ... two - year training P... technology and enginee... college level. In additi... sciences, students also ... many engineering cou...

... school is the only official

N.Y. Journal-Amer. 12/15/56

Pro and Condon

By EDDIE CONDON

SOME years ago, when Hugues Panassie, the French master of mistakes, first foisted his official pronouncements on our music in the form of a book called "Le Jazz Hot," I made a remark that for some reason got quoted in several country weeklies and a few mass-circulation journals.

"Imagine the nerve of that guy coming over here and telling us how to play our music," I said.

"Do we go over there and tell a Frenchman how to jump on a grape?"

Well, that was nearly 20 years ago, and now Hugues has invaded us again, aided and abetted by the Houghton-Mifflin Co., a Boston firm previously noted for its conservatism and excellent taste.


EDDIE CONDON

HIGH-FLOWN HUGUES has come up with a new book called "Guide to Jazz." It ought to be called Guide to Hugues, because it's got more misinformation in it than Lawrence Squawk has dimples. About the only thing to distinguish it is an introduction by Louis Armstrong.

Leonard Feather has just issued "The Encyclopedia of Jazz Yearbook," a similar job which is everything that Panassie's book is not.

Where Panassie intrudes his own highly prejudiced opinions into his biographies of musicians, Leonard refuses to tread. He writes impersonally and yet authoritatively. The opening sections, in which he surveys the jazz scene at the end of a year, is exhaustive and interesting all the way.

40

N. Y. Journal-Amer. 12/13/56

New York Cavalcade:

On Prattle-Tattle Lane

By LOUIS SOBOL

seems to know the result of [illegible] confab—but the indications are Rocky is still sticking to the negative. . . All concerned expect that Toots Shor will sign those important papers before the weekend—clearing the way for the big building project . . . Leonard Feather's comprehensive "Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz" is now being published in French and Swedish, too . . . Reminds me, Marshall Stearns, formerly the erudite professor of English literature at Cornell, has just completed a book entitled "The Story of Jazz"...

Jack O'Brien
Journal-Amer. 12/13/56

to sue anyone in the unfortunate incident.

We don't have too many "proteges" but we consider Carmen McRae one, and we were delighted to note that she won the vote of the nation's musicians as "Top New Singing Star" in Leonard Feather's useful, because it is quite complete, Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz.

Just when we think Bobby Hackett is our favorite brassman, we hear

Dorothy Kilgallen
Journal-Amer. 11/29/56

dence.

THE FAMED PALACE is dreaming of a Martin & Lewis bill to follow Judy Garland's act. But not the obvious duo. They'd like to get Mary Martin and Jerry Lewis . . . The hottest new romance in the cool jazz set features Chan Parker, widow of the great Charlie Parker, and Phil Woods, young alto sax player in Dizzy Gillespie's big band. (Phil, incidentally, won one of the "new stars" awards in this year's Encyclopedia of Jazz poll.)

Melody Maker 12/15/56

U.S jazzmen choose their own 'tops'

MM New York correspondent Leonard Feather's "Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz," published in New York this month, contains a poll in which 101 top musicians voted for their own favourites.

The musicians' choices for "greatest ever" were: trumpet, Dizzy Gillespie (with Louis Armstrong a close second); trombone, J. J. Johnson (only one vote ahead of Bill Harris); alto, Charlie Parker, with the biggest vote of the poll; tenor, Lester Young.

Baritone, Harry Carney; clarinet, Benny Goodman; vibes, Milt Jackson (only eight points ahead of Lionel Hampton); piano, Art Tatum; guitar, Charlie Christian; bass, Jimmy Blanton; drums, Max Roach; flute, Frank Wess.

Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald were voted top singers. Duke Ellington won the arranger division, but was beaten by Basie in the big band department.

Ad ontables at Bohemia, NYC

January Esquire spotlights . . .

THE JAZZ SCENE

© Esq., Inc.

Jazz takes over in the January issue of Esquire Magazine. Spotlighted through the efforts of noted jazz critic and author Leonard Feather, the jazz scene comes alive in a 16-page pictorial review of—America's World of Jazz—its pace, its personalities, its popularity.

And for an adventure in jazz CAFE BOHEMIA's December review spotlights an impressive and entertaining bill including The Vinnie Burke Trio until December 13, and featuring the Max Roach Quintet and Lester Young Quintet until New Year's Eve.

Don't miss the exciting 16-page Jazz Supplement in January Esquire . . . Listen to jazz at the CAFE BOHEMIA—the most adventurous jazz club in the east.

41

Battimore American 12/16/56

BLINDNESS NEVER A HANDICAP

Shearing Tops in Jazzdom

The life story of George Shearing is one of talent and courage. He has been totally blind since his birth in Battersea, London, in 1920, but never has considered his blindness a handicap to achieving happiness and success.

At the age of five, Shearing began piano lessons and showed an immediate talent and understanding in music. Educated at a school for the blind in London, he was an outstanding student and a favorite on the campus. He devoted much of his knowledge of classical compositions and his technique at the piano keys were far beyond his years.

GEORGE SHEARING
His life story is one of talent and courage.

When he was sixteen, some jazz recordings sent from the United States caught his attention. The freshness of this new music and its creative possibilities led him into experimenting with his own jazz-compositions and arrangements. Although it meant almost beginning all over again, George turned his interest toward this modern idiom and for the next few years studied everything pertaining to jazz that was available on Braille and on records.

RECOGNITION first came one night when he sat in on a jam session in London. George performed both on piano and accordion and brought down the house.

Jazz critic, Leonard Feather, who had conducted the session, immediately brought George to the attention of a British recording company, who signed him to a long-term contract. This was the beginning of his success in England, where, for the following seven years, he won London's annual jazz poll playing in Harry Hayes' big band and with a trio.

In 1947, Feather brought George to the United States and obtained an engagement for him on Fifty-second street. Shearing's distinctive style and ability reaped high praise from fans and critics and led to a seven-month appearance at a club. Since then, George Shearing and his trio (later a quintet), have played at all the best known jazz clubs in New York, including Downtown Cafe Society, the jumping off place for many jazz artists.

WITH HIS future in America assured, George brought his lovely wife and six-year-old daughter, Wendy, from England. Wendy already shows promise on the piano.

With his new recordings now being heard throughout Canada, all indications point to the name of George Shearing becoming one of the most popular recording stars. His records of "September in the Rain," a light, commercial bop number, started a new craze in modern music and had critics writing rave notices. On the strength of this performance, several more records and the successful album, "You're Hearing George Shearing," he has become established as one of the great creative artists in jazz.

42

Baltimore Amer. 12/16/56

PRO AND CONDON

French Jazz Critic Back

By EDDIE CONDON

Some years ago, when Hugues Panassie, the French master of mistakes, first foisted his official pronouncements on our music in the form of a book called Le Jazz Hot, I made a remark that for some reason got quoted in several country weeklies and a few mass-circulation journals.

"Imagine the nerve of that guy coming over here and telling us how to play our music," I said.

"Do we go over there and tell a Frenchman how to jump on a grape?"

WELL, THAT was nearly twenty years ago, and now Hugues has invaded us again, aided and abetted by the Houghton-Mifflin Company, a Boston firm previously noted for its conservatism and excellent taste.

High-flown Hugues has come up with a new book called Guide To Jazz. It ought to be called Guide to Hugues, because it's got more misinformation in it than Lawrence Squawk has dimples.

About the only thing to distinguish it is an introduction by Louis Armstrong, and The Chief must have been very susceptible to persuasion the day he wrote that.

Picking pages at random, I found at least twenty mistakes or half-truths or bits of misguided analysis. A. A. Gurwitch, who edited the book, should have consulted an expert before he began.

He should have consulted Leonard Feather, in fact. Leonard has just issued The Encyclopaedia Of Jazz Yearbook, a similar job which is everything that Panassie's book is not.

Where Panassie intrudes his own highly prejudiced opinions into his biographies of musicians, Leonard refuses to trend. He writes impersonally and yet authoritatively.

THE OPENING section, in which he surveys the jazz scene at the end of a year, is exhaustive and interesting all the way.

If I have any objection to Leonard's book, it's his attempt at compilation of favorite choices of musicians he polled. Polls accomplish very little except to make people sore and wondering what other people can be thinking about.

If you've been good this year, you can hope you'll get Leonard's book for Christmas. If you haven't been good, I'm instructing Santa personally to send you the Panassie.

Leonard's book is the first supplement to his mammoth Encyclopaedia Of Jazz, and it's his plan to issue one each year. That's good news for everybody, including the libraries.

I DON'T KNOW if the man in the red suit is planning any library stops, but if he is, he'd better have a copy of Leonard's book in his pack.

I'm off on my annual safari to Birdland. Basie's back and the carols are in full cry.

Lively Arts

music poetry, dance, theatre

FIRST AND LAST LOVE. *Vincent Sheean.* Personal history of his lifelong affair with grand opera & concert music. Lively anecdotes, intimate closeups of artists, conductors, unforgettable events of past 30 years. *Random House.* **$4.75**

COMPOSERS ON MUSIC: From Palestrina To Copland. *Ed: Sam Morgenstern.* A history of Western music by the men who made it. Drawn from letters, diaries, essays, many translated for first time. 640 fascinating pages. *Pantheon.* **$7.50**

COLLECTED POEMS. *Edna St. Vincent Millay.* The sonnets, lyrics (including those in *Mine the Harvest*) plus 16 in no previous *Millay* volume. The definitive collection, in nearly 800 pages. Remarkable value! *Harper.* **$6**

MIRROR IN MY HOUSE. *The Autobiographies of Sean O'Casey.* Fearless chronicle of greatest living dramatist. Handsome new set contains all 6 of individual tomes—"I Knock at the Door" to "Sunset and Evening Star". *Illus.* 2 Vol. Boxed Set. *Macmillan.* **$20**

THE UNICORN AND OTHER POEMS. *Anne Morrow Lindbergh.* The author of *Gift From the Sea* again gives moving and memorable form to the experiences and problems that confront the human heart. In this first collection of her poetry we find her response to love and death, to art and nature, to the challenges of growth and maturity. A shining book of wisdom, beauty, lucidity, the perfect gift to give and to receive. *Pantheon.* **$2.75**

ONE HUNDRED POEMS FROM THE CHINESE. *Transl: Kenneth Rexroth.* Companion vol. to his "100 Poems From the Japanese". Gift edition, decorated with Chinese calligraphy. Introduction, notes by *Mr. Rexroth. New Directions.* **$3.50**

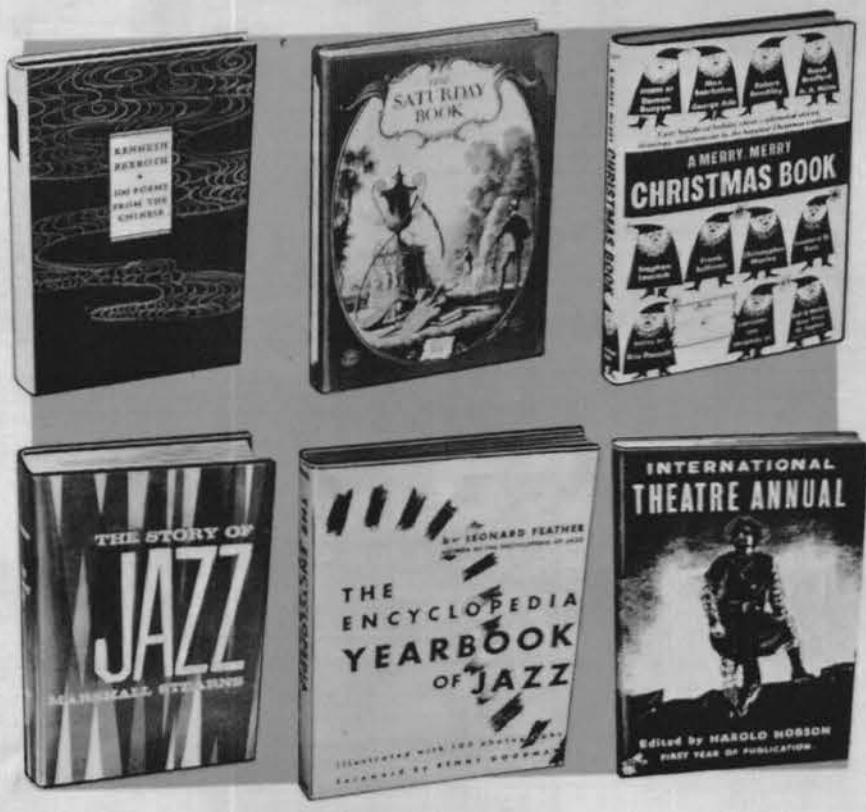
THE SATURDAY BOOK 16. *Ed: John Hadfield.* Most captivating potpourri of the arts . . spiced with over 100 *illus.* pages in color, black & white. Stories, poems, reminiscences by *Waugh, Tynan, Betjeman, Rolt. Macmillan.* **$5.75**

A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS BOOK. *Ed: Eric Posselt.* Jolly Yuletide greeting! Whimsical stories by *Sullivan, Benchley, Beerbohm, Runyon, Morley, Ade, Leacock, Milne.* Cartoons by *Cobean. O'Malley, Price, O. Soglow. Prentice-Hall.* **$2.95**

THE STORY OF JAZZ. *Marshall W. Stearns.* From African and West Indian origins to cultural export today! Colorful chronicle of jazz, its innovators, popularizers; work songs, spirituals to bop, Afro-Cuban impact. *Oxford Univ. Press.* **$5.75**

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA YEARBOOK OF JAZZ. *Leonard Feather.* Complete story of jazz today; foreword by *Benny Goodman.* 150 biographies; 100 photos; "Musicians' favorites"; more! (Companion to *Encyclopedia of Jazz.*) 8½x10½". *Horizon.* **$3.95**

INTERNATIONAL THEATRE ANNUAL. *Ed: Hobson; Beaufort; intro: Michael Redgrave.* Theatre 1955-56 in world capitals. Development, hits, critical reception, contribution. By *Arthur Miller,* other "tops". 48 pages footlight photos. *Citadel.* **$5.**



AMERICA'S MOST COMPLETE BOOK AND RECORD SERVICE

Doubleday

New York • Baltimore • Detroit • St. Louis • Philadelphia • New Orleans • Miami Beach • Palm Beach • New Haven • West Hartford • Minneapolis.
In Boston, visit The Old Corner Book Store.

Viewer's Notebook:

All of you kids and grownups, too, who really want to be considered hep about jazz and the men who play it, had better rush out to buy yourselves a copy of Leonard Feather's "Encylopedia Yearbook of Jazz." It's filled with fascinating biographies of the greats of this native American art form and abounds in other interesting information. An invaluable reference book.

If Hollywood's looking for

N.Y. Daily News
12/25/56

HAL BOYLE SAYS

Jazz -- Dixieland Variety -- Makes Comeback In U.S.

NEW YORK (AP)—Right at the peak of the rock 'n' roll madness, an older and less barbarous form of music is enjoying a new renown.

They used to call it jazz—and they still do.

If anybody thought the rowdy strains of rock'n' roll would doom jazz to the musical graveyard, they low-rated the vitality of the Dixieland school of horn tooters and their robust disciples.

By the sacred horn of the legendary Bix Beiderbecke — "He just put that horn to his lips, man, and blew himself straight up to heaven" — jazz is entering a new golden age.

Just 30 years ago jazz was regarded as the juvenile delinquent of the musical world. Today it is the darling of the intellectuals; it is accepted as an art form; it is taught in colleges.

A jazz band led by Dizzy Gillespie even went abroad, with the blessing of the U. S. State Department, to toot for the American way of life.

Jazz is doing well, too, in the realm of the big dollar. Its practitioners are in top demand. Old jazz records are high-priced collector items, and some 85 companies turn out a total of more than 1,000 new platters each year.

A leading historian of the field, Leonard Feather, has just compiled "The Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz," which is a fine prose pudding full of rich plums for fans who like to argue the merits of Count Basie versus Duke Ellington.

Rock 'n' roll seems to have a firm grip on millions of high school students. Who, then, are America's jazz fans? Surprisingly only a few are oldtimers nostalgic for the roaring 20s and the threadbare 30s.

A poll by Feather showed that about half were of college age, only 6.4 per cent were over 30.

Two-thirds of the fans reported they spent from 5 to 20 hours a week listening to jazz music, although one woman reported "I try for at least 112 hours a week," and another said she devoted 84 hours a week to jazz and 30 to classical music.

Nearly half said they spent from $2 to $5 a week on jazz records, but one fan said his weekly outlay was $25 to $30.

The most cheering note in the whole poll to purist Feather was this: 78.6 per cent of the jazz fans expressed a violent dislike for rock 'n' roll.

"Beyond any doubt," he said "the rhythm-and-blues — or rock 'n' roll —fan and the jazz fan are two different species, scarcely ever overlapping."

As one staid collegiate jazz scholar put it:

"I wouldn't be caught dead at a rock 'n' roll concert unless I on mass hysteria."

Anybody for Mozart? Or Stephen Foster?

FIVE FOOT SHELF: Complete results of the "Musicians' Musicians'" Poll -- a query by Leonard Feather to 101 leading musicians on whom they thought were the "greatest" in various categories is available in the new ENCYCLOPEDIA YEARBOOK OF JAZZ, (Horizon Press, $3.95). This book is a follow-up to his classic ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ. The Yearbook contains many interesting statistics, an article titled "The Disc Jockey," and 100 photographs. It's a fine contribution to the world of jazz..... "JAZZ WORLD" is a new magazine, 50¢, first issue features articles by Ralph J. Gleason, Dizzy Gillespie, and photos by Burt Goldblatt, the very fine photographer who did those wonderful album covers for Bethlehem. Editor is Chester Whitehorn who has written a provocative article about Elvis. This mag will please the layman as well as jazz buffs.

Hal Boyle

JAZZ MUSIC HITS AT ROCK 'N' ROLL

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP)— Right at the peak of the rock 'n' roll madness, an older and less barbarous form of music is enjoying a new renown.

They used to call it jazz—and they still do.

If anybody thought the rowdy strains of rock 'n' roll would doom jazz to the musical graveyard, they low-rated the vitality of the Dixieland school of horn tooters and their robust disciples.

By the sacred trumpet of the legendary Bix Beiderbecke ("He just put that horn to his lips, man, and blew himself straight up to heaven"), jazz is entering a new golden age.

Old 'Delinquent'

Just 30 years ago jazz was regarded as the juvenile delinquent of the musical world. Today it is the darling of the intellectuals; it is accepted as an art form; it is taught in colleges.

A jazz band led by Dizzy Gillespie even went abroad, with the blessing of the U.S. State Department, to toot for the American way of life.

Jazz is doing well, too, in the realm of the big dollar. Its practitioners are in top demand. Old jazz records are high-priced collectors' items, and some 85 companies turn out a total of more than 1,000 new platters each year.

A leading historian of the field Leonard Feather, has just compiled "The Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz," which is a fine pros pudding full of rich plums for fan who like to argue the merits Count Basie versus Duke Elling ton.

Personally, like many other ton deaf musical illiterates, I though that rock 'n' roll music was form of jazz—a sort of retarde stepchild.

While admitting there is a fring area where it is hard to draw line between the two, Feathe prefers to point out that the bes jazz is closer to classical music

"Rock 'n' roll bears the sam relationship to jazz that wrestlin bears to boxing," he said.

'Rarely Music'

"Rock 'n' roll not only is very rarely jazz; it is very rarely music. Its present popularity is passing fad about which the par ents of America need hardly con cern themselves."

Feather sees as one of the few justifications of the fad the hope that "from its less frenetic supporters an occasional jazz fan may grow."

Rock 'n' roll seems to have a firm grip on millions of high school students. Who, then, are America's jazz fans? Surprisingly, only a few are oldtimers nostalgic for the roaring '20s and the threadbare '30s.

Poll Of Fans

A poll by Feather showed that about half were of college age, only 6.4 per cent were over 30.

Two-thirds of the fans reported they spent from 5 to 20 hours a week listening to jazz music, although one lady reported "I try for at least 112 hours a week," and another young lady said she devoted 84 hours a week to jazz and 30 to classical music.

Nearly half said they spent from $2 to $5 a week on jazz records, but one fan said his weekly outlay was $25 to $30.

Dislike Rock 'n' Roll

The most cheering note in the whole pull to purist Feather, who rates Elvis Presley's contribution to modern music as roughly equal to a medicine man's contribution to the advancement of modern surgery, was this: 78.6 per cent of the jazz fans expressed a violent dislike for rock 'n' roll.

"Beyond any doubt," he said, "the rhythm-and-blues (or rock 'n' roll) fan and the jazz fan are two different species, scarcely ever overlapping."

As one staid collegiate jazz scholar put it:

"I wouldn't be caught dead at a rock 'n' roll concert unless I was doing research for a ... on mass hyste...

London Observer

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF JAZZ. By Leonard Feather. (Arthur Barker. £3 3s.)
DICTIONARY OF JAZZ. By Hugues Panassié and Madeleine Gautier. (Cassell. 25s.)

By KINGSLEY AMIS

(The Observer)

IN most fields, the encyclopaedist strives to be impartial. He may, for example, think Dickens an old vulgarian or Barrie the greatest dramatist of the last 100 years, but he will try to recount what others have seen in "Pickwick," give due weight to Shaw and Mr. Rattigan. Jazz is too recent and acrimonious a department of inquiry for impartiality to enter. Mr. Louis Armstrong, *omnium consensu*, occupies Shakespeare's chair, but the hurly-burly of candidates for those of Chaucer, Milton, Pope or Miss Elizabeth Jennings is only to be matched by the babel of critics in encouragement or denunciation. It takes a lot of sorting out.

Of the two compilers confronting us, Mr. Leonard Feather has tried harder to be impartial, but this means most of the time that he has merely camouflaged his prejudices more effectively. The "musical analysis" of jazz with which he prefaces his catalogue of musicians leans heavily in the modernist direction—for you must know, if you do not already, that we are in the midst of an Ancients versus Moderns controversy every bit as fierce as that which fluttered the coffee-houses of an earlier age. Modernist jazz responds much better on paper than traditionalist jazz, which is most fruitfully discussed in terms of inarticulate grunting, facial and bodily gesture, and putting another record on the gramophone; it is not necessarily any the worse for that.

The entries here under musicians' names, however, are more level-headed and commendably informative, and although I am a modified Ancient myself in this dispute I would heartily recommend this book to the attention of any rich uncle wishing to buy off a jazz-minded nephew this Christmas. There are a great many splendid photographs; it is only a pity that in a publication at this price the details of records and books (Mr. Feather wrote for the American market) should be almost totally useless.

With M. Hugues Panassié and his collaboratrix, who boast a Foreword written (or rather bawled) by Mr. Armstrong, prejudice is rampant. Aside from a few effectively scathing remarks, the Moderns are given short weight, and the test of a musician's

American saxophonist Cecil Payne — one of the photographs in "The Encyclopaedia of Jazz."

calibre is the fidelity with which he distils the spirit of the Negro race. This uncritical attitude, known as "Crow Jim" to the irreverent, produces some astonishing judgments. Mr. Mezz Mezzrow (who has recorded under the supervision of M. Panassié), although actually the most overrated musician since Bononcini, is hailed as "the greatest white player" by virtue of having "assimilated the Negro style perfectly." The late Tommy Ladnier (who also recorded under the supervision of M. Panassié) is commended for "power and fire," which is rather like talking about the economy and compression to be found in the Mahler Eighth Symphony.

However, uncles, the difference between three guineas and twenty-five bob is not to be minimised. And if the music habitually coming from your nephew's record-player strikes you as the utterance of morons rather than that of schizophrenes—I can devise no readier Ancient/Modern test for those of avuncular age—you may safely give him this book.

It is a twist that many jazz cultists fail to appreciate; indeed, its implications are enough to make them really blow their tops. In their opinion, even to associate Lombardo's name with jazz is bad enough, and to suggest that he was in any way a pioneer in its development is simply unbearable. To back up the strong stand they take, they can cite the "Encyclopedia of Jazz," in which Leonard Feather, its editor, calls Lombardo's music "the antithesis of jazz." On the other hand, Marshall Stearns, the Institute of Jazz Studies man, assumes a more tolerant, though still lofty,

HAL BOYLE

Jazz Comes Back

NEW YORK (AP)—Right at the peak of the rock 'n' roll madness, an older and less barbarous form of music is enjoying a new renown.

They used to call it jazz—and they still do.

If anybody thought the rowdy strains of rock'n' roll would doom jazz to the musical graveyard, they low-rated the vitality of the Dixieland school of horn tooters and their robust disciples.

By the sacred horn of the legendary Bix Beiderbecke — "He just put that horn to his lips, man, and blew himself straight up to heaven" — jazz is entering a new golden age.

Just 30 years ago jazz was regarded as the juvenile delinquent of the musical world. Today it is the darling of the intellectuals; it is accepted as an art form; it is taught in colleges.

✓

A jazz band led by Dizzy Gillespie even went abroad, with the blessing of the U. S. State Department, to toot for the American way of life.

Jazz is doing well, too, in the realm of the big dollar. Its practitioners are in top demand. Old jazz records are high-priced collector items, and some 85 companies turn out a total of more than 1,000 new platters each year.

A leading historian of the field, Leonard Feather, has just compiled "The Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz," which is a fine prose pudding full of rich plums for fans who like to argue the merits of Count Basie versus Duke Ellington.

Rock 'n' roll seems to have a firm grip on millions of hig school students. Who, then, ar America's jazz fans? Surprisingly only a few are oldtimers nostalgic for the roaring 20s and the threadbare 30s.

A poll by Feather showed that about half were of college age, only 6.4 per cent were over 30.

✓

Two-thirds of the fans reported they spent from 5 to 20 hours a week listening to jazz music, although one woman reported "I try for at least 112 hours a week," and another said she devoted 84 hours a week to jazz and 30 to classical music.

Nearly half said they spent from $2 to $5 a week on jazz records, but one fan said his weekly outlay was $25 to $30.

45

the blindfold test

Ernest Talk

By Leonard Feather

Tommy Dorsey was a good friend of Count Basie and an impassioned admirer of the Basie band. He expressed his enthusiasm in many ways: by visiting the band almost nightly every time it played at Birdland, by presenting new instruments to the entire trombone section, and by using regularly, since early 1955, the services of the Count's arranger, Ernie Wilkins.

Because of Ernie's closeness to the Dorsey organization (he has continued to write for the band since Tommy's death), I included several records that had a direct or indirect connection with TD. Nos. 2, 3, and 7 featured bands led by past or present Dorsey arrangers; No. 8 featured one of these arrangers' tunes as reorchestrated by someone else, and No. 10, which fittingly received the highest rating, was by Tommy's own band.

Ernie was given no information, before or during the test, about the records played.

The Records

1. Johnny Richards. *Band Aide* (Bethlehem). Richie Kamuca, tenor; Buddy Childers, first trumpet solo; Maynard Ferguson, second trumpet solo; Marty Paich, piano; Stu Williamson, Frank Rosolino, trombones.

Gee! I know that was a big band. I'm trying to figure out who it could be. I do like the arrangement—it's a little different from the usual big band arrangements . . . has a lot of imagination. I liked the trombone solo and the tenor very much. I started to say it was Richie Kamuca, but I really don't know who it is. The solos were swinging—good ideas.

I think this was made on the west coast. I don't know who the piano player was. I thought it was competent but not outstanding. I think the first trumpet solo was Shorty. The second trumpet that came in later was Maynard. I like the way he spotted in this arrangement to produce excitement. There's no doubt that Maynard is a very fine player. I remember how I enjoyed him when I worked with him at Birdland in that "dream band." I'd like to get this record. Give it four stars.

2. Paul Weston. *Body and Soul* (Columbia). Babe Russin, tenor.

I'll take a wild guess and say that's Georgie Auld. I thought the arrangement was nice—it didn't get in his way. However, I'm a little spoiled. I got the album Coleman Hawkins did for Victor that Billy Byers wrote for that big band with strings. Coleman is still the only one who can play *Body and Soul* for me. This performance sounded sincere, though, and it was nice. I'd say three stars.

3. Neal Hefti. *Soho a's Aide* (Coral). Don Lamond, drums.

That was reminiscent of Les Brown, in a way. The introduction was also reminiscent of TD's *Song of India*. I like the first chorus after the introduction with the trumpets and Harmon mutes. The trombones were open, I think. I also liked the reed chorus. I didn't particularly care for the tom-tom beat—it's been used a lot. Over-all, it's a good dance arrangement. Give it three stars.

4. Ted Heath at the Palladium. *The Great Lie* (London).

I thought that was a rather commercial big band thing. For what it is, it's good, but there's not much jazz. The arrangement is not sensational, but it's well played and has good balance and blend. The rhythm section was loose. I'll give it 2½ stars.

5. Bill Russo. *The First Saturday in May* (Atlantic). Russo and Bill Porter, trombones; Sandy Mosse, tenor; Eddie Baker, piano; Israel Crosby, bass; Mickey Simonetta, drums.

That sounded like a West Coast group to me. The trombone solo and tenor solo didn't show too much originality—sounded the way most guys sound these days. There wasn't much fire to the over-all thing. I thought the piano was underrecorded in comparison to the bass and drums. Sounds like he's way out in left field somewhere. The arrangement was pleasant but nothing to get excited about. Give it 2½ stars.

6. Duke Ellington. *My Funny Valentine* (Bethlehem). Arr. Billy Strayhorn; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Ray Nance, trumpet; Quentin Jackson, trombone; Harry Carney, baritone.

Leonard, I think the recording could have been a lot better. It sounded very shrill in spots—in fact in most spots—especially the clarinet. I don't know whether it was the engineer or what, but the balance in the record is not up to par. It sounds like Duke's band or some fellows out of the band for a date. Duke usually gets very good recording and balance for his band. It could have been a Strayhorn arrangement.

I like the way Carney sounded when he came in, and it must have been Quentin Jackson on trombone with that growl which I still like. I didn't like the trumpet solo—he sounded shaky . . . I think it must have been Ray Nance. I hate to think that if it's Duke's band, I have to say something like this about the record. I'll give it three stars because there are a lot of things in the music that I really appreciated.

7. Sy Oliver. *Four or Five Times* (Decca).

That was Sy Oliver with a studio band and a comparatively recent thing. I'm quite sure. As you know, I've always loved Sy's singing and personality along with Joe Thomas and Willie Smith and those guys. Naturally, I like the original Lunceford recording better because of its freshness, but I like the tune. I'll give it four stars.

8. Pete Rugolo. *Fawncy Meeting You* (EmArcy). Russ Freeman, piano; Shelly Manne, drums; Dave Pell, tenor; Pete Candoli, trumpet; Neal Hefti, composer; Pete Rugolo, arranger.

I know that was Neal Hefti's *Fawncy Meeting You* by Neal's own band. I like the arrangement he wrote for Basie a lot better because it hangs together better. I don't know who the piano soloist was, but I think it was Gus Johnson on drums . . . He played better on the Basie version. The recording balance wasn't too good, either.

That was Seldon Powell on tenor. He's talented, but I believe he needs a lot more experience. The trumpet player was nice—sounded on a Dizzy kick. Neal is one of my favorite arrangers, but I just don't really get this. I'll give it 2½ stars.

9. Count Basie. *Seventh Avenue Express* (Victor). Buddy Tate, tenor; Harry Edison, trumpet; Dickie Wells, trombone; Buck Clayton, composer.

That's one of the good old Basie things. The band was so *busy* on that tune! Buddy Tate on tenor, and I'm quite sure it was Harry Edison on trumpet. I think that's one of Buck Clayton's things, but I'm not sure. I don't think it's really one of the things that is best representative of the old Basie band. Dickie Wells on trombone—he kills me . . . he's one of the greatest. I'll give this three stars.

10. Tommy Dorsey. *Falling in Love with Love* (Decca). Billy Butterfield, trumpet; specially assembled vocal group; Neal Hefti, arranger.

I like the trombone and trumpet solo—I wish I knew who they were. Everybody sounded very good, I thought. I think the vocal group is a group that has worked together for a long time—I'll say it's the Ray Charles singers. This whole record was good. I'll give it 4½ stars.

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

Parker P. 37

Playmates P. 57

Picasso P. 26

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPECTORSKY *associate publisher* — ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

RAY RUSSELL *executive editor* — JOHN MASTRO *production manager*

VICTOR LOWNES III *promotion manager* — PAUL JONES *advertising director*

ELDON SELLERS *circulation manager* — PHILIP C. MILLER *business manager*

JACK J. KESSIE *associate editor;* VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor;* KEN PURDY *eastern editor;* NATHAN MANDELBAUM *fashion director;* BLAKE RUTHERFORD *fashion editor;* THOMAS MARIO *food and drink editor;* PATRICK CHASE *travel editor;* LEONARD FEATHER *jazz editor;* ED STYLES *copy editor;* PAT PAPPAS *editorial assistant;* NORMAN C. HARRIS *circulation;* ARNOLD *art director;* JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant art director;* FERN HEARTEL *production assistant;* AL GREENBERG *associate promotion manager;* LAWRENCE SIEGEL *eastern promotion manager;* ANSON MOUNT *college bureau;* NORMAN S. WEISER *special projects;* THEO FREDERICK *reader service;* JANET PILGRIM *merchandise manager.*

GENERAL OFFICES, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS.

CREDITS: COVER DESIGNED BY ARTHUR PAUL, COLLAGE BY S. PAUL, PHOTO BY RALPH COWAN; P. 2 COLLIER PHOTO COURTESY COLUMBIA RECORDS, PICASSO PHOTO COURTESY U.P.I.; P. 21-3 PHOTOS BY DAVID GRAY; P. 27-9 DRAWINGS BY PABLO PICASSO COURTESY OF VERVE; P. 31 PHOTO BY DICK BOYER; P. 38-43 PHOTOS BY HAL ADAMS; P. 44 MAX SCHELER OF MAGNUM, DE PALMA OF FPG; P. 48 ARTHUR GRIFFIN, DE PALMA AND MARK KAUFFMAN OF FPG, MAX SCHELER OF MAGNUM; P. 57 TONY GUYTHER, RUSS MEYER; P. 58 RUTH SONDAK, HERMAN LEONARD; P. 59 HAL ADAMS, BUNNY YEAGER; P. 60 PETER GOWLAND, HAL ADAMS; P. 61 DAVID SUTTON, ARTHUR-JAMES. THE ORMOND GIGLI PHOTOS OF GWEN VERDON IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE WERE THE PROPERTY OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED AND SHOULD HAVE BEEN SO CREDITED.

PLAYBOY

vol. 4, no. 1 — january, 1957

47

JOURNAL AMERICAN – DEC. 25

Pro and Condon

By EDDIE CONDON

THAT man with the beard is no bopster—he's not even an old bopster, even though he's wearing a red suit and looks as though he's trying to prove it. It's St. Nick, the man who had the fight arena named after him.

Anyhow, the old gentleman was here a little while ago, asking for my Christmas list, and although I have no desires myself, beyond a Cadillac or two and several million dollars in loose change, I do have some people I'd like 'to remember this Christmas. Here are some of them:

EDDIE CONDON

STEVE ALLEN, for helping the cause of jazz along on his TV shows with impressive regularity;

GEORGE WEIN and the sponsors of the Newport Jazz Festival for contributing to the popularity of jazz by starting the festival boom;

JOHN HAMMOND, for his continuing work;

LEONARD FEATHER, Nat Hentoff, the editor of **Down Beat**, ditto;

LOUIS ARMSTRONG, for being himself and displaying his talent to Europeans, thereby cementing relations;

DIZZY GILLESPIE, for doing the same thing in the Middle East and in South America;

RITA MOSS, for being the best new singer I've heard for years;

BOB REISNER, for opening The Pad, a cool Village night club located on the site of the old Nut Club, and thereby giving the bopsters another place to blow;

TOOTS SHOR, for being his usual quiet, restrained self;

EDDIE JAFFE, for sending ideas in to this column;

PEE WEE RUSSELL, for gaining weight;

JACKIE GLEASON, for losing it;

SAM KRAMER, for proving that a man can wear a beard AND an earring and still live;

MORT SAHL, for showing that comedy about jazz can be funny;

ETHEL MERMAN, for coming back;

GEORGE AVAKIAN of Columbia Records, for showing that jazz can make money on a big label;

THE BOYS at Capitol and RCA Victor for the same thing;

PEE WEE MARQUETTE, for his excellent Birdland m.c. performances;

and, finally,

ELVIS PRESLEY, for giving me something to write about this year.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYBODY, EVEN LIBERACE.

JOURNAL AMERICAN – DEC.

Pro and Condon

By EDDIE CONDON

SOME years ago, when Hugues Panassie, the French master of mistakes, first foisted his official pronouncements on our music in the form of a book called "Le Jazz Hot," I made a remark that for some reason got quoted in several country weeklies and a few mass-circulation journals.

"Imagine the nerve of that guy coming over here and telling us how to play our music," I said.

"Do we go over there and tell a Frenchman how to jump on a grape?"

Well, that was nearly 20 years ago, and now Hugues has invaded us again, aided and abetted by the Houghton-Mifflin Co., a Boston firm previously noted for its conservatism and excellent taste.

EDDIE CONDON

HIGH-FLOWN HUGUES has come up with a new book called "Guide to Jazz." It ought to be called Guide to Hugues, because it's got more misinformation in it than Lawrence Squawk has dimples. About the only thing to distinguish it is an introduction by Louis Armstrong.

Leonard Feather has just issued "The Encyclopedia of Jazz Yearbook," a similar job which is everything that Panassie's book is not.

Where Panassie intrudes his own highly prejudiced opinions into his biographies of musicians, Leonard refuses to tread. He writes impersonally and yet authoritatively. The opening sections, in which he surveys the jazz scene at the end of a year, is exhaustive and interesting all the way.

WILLIAM MORRIS' 14 CONCERT ATTRACTIONS

Attractions ranging from grand opera to jazz now are being offered by the recently enlarged concert and special attractions department of the William Morris Agency. Outfit now has a total of 14 artists and attractions on its list, headed by Piccola Scala, the associate company of the Milan La Scala Opera.

Others on the list are the Orfeon Choir of Portugal, an 80-voice group making its first U. S. tour by special arrangement with the Portuguese government; the American Mime Theatre, only professional mime troupe in the country; Leonard Feather and 16 artists in the Encyclopedia of Jazz; the Marionette Theatre of Braunschweig, Germany; harpist Robert Maxwell; the National Ballet Company of Canada; Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians; the Jose Greco troupe; Gracie Fields; Florian Zabach; Joyce Grenfell in "Bids You Good Evening;" the Marlow Twins, two piano team, and soprano Jan McArt.

VARIETY

48

This Clipping From
LOUISVILLE, KY.
TIMES
NOV 21 1956

HOPE FOR ROCK 'N' ROLL?

Once Reviled, Jazz Thrives Today

By HAL BOYLE
Associated Press Writer

New York, Nov. 21—Right at the peak of the rock 'n' roll madness, an older and less barbarous from of music is enjoying a new renown.

They used to call it jazz—and they still do.


Hal Boyle

If anybody thought the rowdy strains of rock 'n' roll would doom jazz to the musical graveyard, they low-rated the vitality of the dixieland school of horn tooters and their robust disciples.

By the sacred trumpet of the legendary Bix Beiderbecke ("He just put that horn to his lips, man and blew himself straight up to heaven"), jazz is entering a new golden age.

Just 30 years ago jazz was regarded as the juvenile delinquent of the musical world. Today it is the darling of the intellectuals; it is accepted as an art form; it is taught in colleges.

A jazz band led by Dizzy Gillespie even went abroad, with the blessing of the U. S. State Department, to toot for the American way of life.

Old Records In Demand

Jazz is doing well, too, in the realm of the big dollar. Its practitioners are in top demand. Old jazz records are high-priced collectors' items, and some 85 companies turn out a total of more than 1,000 new platters each year.

A leading historian of the field, Leonard Feather, has just compiled "The Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz," which is a fine prose pudding full of rich plums for fans who like to argue the merits of Count Basie versus Duke Ellington.

Personally, like many other tone-deaf musical illiterates, I thought that rock 'n' roll music was a form of jazz—a sort of retarded stepchild.

While admitting there is a fringe area where it is hard to draw a line between the two, Feather prefers to point out that the best jazz is closer to classical music.

"Rock 'n' roll bears the same relationship to jazz that wrestling bears to boxing," he said.

Called a Passing Fad

"Rock 'n' roll not only is very rarely jazz; it is very rarely music. Its present popularity is a passing fad about which the parents of America need hardly concern themselves."

Feather sees as one of the few justifications of the fad the hope that "from its less frenetic supporters an occasional jazz fan may grow."

Rock 'n' roll seems to have a firm grip on millions of high school students. Who, then, are America's jazz fans? Surprisingly, only a few are oldtimers nostalgic for the roaring 20's and the threadbear 30's.

A poll by Feather showed that about half were of college age, only 6.4 per cent were over 30.

112 Hours A Week!

Two-thirds of the fans reported they spent from 5 to 20 hours a week listening to jazz music, although one lady reported "I try for at least 112 hours a week," and another young lady said she devoted 84 hours a week to jazz and 30 to classical music.

Nearly half said they spent from $2 to $5 a week on jazz records, but one fan said his weekly outlay was $25 to $30.

The most cheering note in the whole poll to purist Feather, who rates Elvis Presley's contribution to modern music as roughly equal to a medicine man's contribution to the advancement of modern surgery, was this: 78.6 per cent of the jazz fans expressed a violent dislike for rock 'n' roll.

"Beyond any doubt," he said, "the rhythm-and-blues (or rock 'n' roll) fan and the jazz fan are two different species, scarcely ever overlapping."

As one staid collegiate jazz scholar put it:

"I wouldn't be caught dead at a rock 'n' roll concert unless I was doing research for a paper or mass hysteria."

Anybody for Mozart? Or Stephen Foster?

Magazine Notes: Fawcett Women's Group will increase its ad rates 6.2 per cent, effective with the July, 1957, issue, and "Motion Picture" magazine will increase its newsstand price from 15 to 20 cents with the March issue. . . . "Sports Illustrated" is issuing to advertisers this week "An Advertiser's Almanac for Four-Season Selling," detailing a week-to-week merchandising program from April, 1957, through March, 1958. . . . Leonard Feather will be jazz editor of "Playboy." In addition to writing a regular feature, he will assist in the annual "Playboy All-Star Jazz Poll." . . . Ninety-six department

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

•

Our own Leonard Feather presents, in ***West Coast vs. East Coast*** (MGM E3390) another battle of jazz, and if this is war who wants peace? On eight bands, the two groups, 3000 miles apart, take turns playing four numbers and all goes together beautifully. The last band, *Lover Come Back to Me*, combines both groups, still 3000 miles apart — but you can perform that kind of musical hocus-pocus with tape. The West Coast combo includes such regulars as Don Fagerquist, Bob Enevoldsen and Buddy Collette. Plus André Previn playing not only piano, but vibes, too. This is tricky: André uses a gismo called "vibories," a piano keyboard hooked up to vibes, which makes it possible to play up to 10 notes simultaneously. Sounds *magnifique*. The East Coasters are all from the Basie band and include Thad Jones, a trumpetman to keep an ear on. Three of the arrangements are by Feather himself, two being of the same tune *(Beverly Hills)* with the Eastern version slower, more relaxed and lower-keyed than the Western. What's the battle prove? Nothing: it's fine listening.

PLAYBOY

---

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

A FEW WEEKS ago, the Dave Brubeck quartet played a concert for a large and enthusiastic crowd at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. This was neither surprising nor depressing; success and the Brubeck quartet go merrily hand in hand. What was depressing, however, was the fact that just a week earlier, in the same hall, for the same concert promoter, Duke Ellington and his orchestra had played to a house that was more than half empty.

It was the first time in years that the Ellington band had played a full concert in the New York area without the time-consuming burden of a half-dozen other acts.

This was a chance for the Duke and his men to play all evening long to their hearts' and their audience's content. Yet I came away with a melancholy feeling that what is still, at its optimum moments, the world's greatest jazz orchestra, led by the world's most respected jazz composer-arranger, is being by-passed and neglected almost entirely on familiarity-breeds-contempt grounds.

RALPH GLEASON said it very eloquently in these pages; all of us here at *Down Beat* have written it, said and felt it, yet our combined efforts seem inadequate in getting it across to you, Mr. Average Jazz Concert Ticket Buyer: Ellington is still The Man.

If you are one of those who neglected to see him during a recent opportunity, please tell me why. Is it because he happens to be old enough to be your father, or possibly your grandfather, that you feel his music must be passé? Is it because his sidemen are not familiar through dozens of combo LPs? What does the band lack, in your ears?

After his phenomenal success at Newport last July and the cover story in *Time* the next month, one would have thought that Ellington would be hotter than he had been in years. Admittedly the *Newport Suite* is not much more than a series of backgrounds for blues solos; granted the most unusual and startling Ellington work of all time, *A Drum Is a Woman*, has still to be released; but surely the Ducal works of the last three decades, still occupying a fair portion of the footage at any concert by the band, cannot have become so mortal so soon?

IF JAZZ IS thus ephemeral, if the great men of our music must wait until long after their passing and return reincarnated for their first glimpse of full recognition, then the passing of almost two centuries since Mozart has not taught society a lesson.

Let's be specific. If Clark Terry were running around like Joe Newman or Ruby Braff, recording LPs right and left, he might be sought after as the

DOWN BEAT

December 12, 1956

the blindfold test

Stein Hears Pianists

By Leonard Feather

Not many pianists now active in contemporary jazz can boast as well rounded a background as Lou Stein. The 34-year-old Philadelphian, a professional pianist for two full decades, was a teen-aged associate of Buddy DeFranco, Charlie Ventura, and Bill Harris. In the '40s after playing with Glenn Millers' air force band and with the Ray McKinley civilian outfit, he rose to jazz prominence as the composer-pianist with Ventura's group in *East of Suez*.

Since then, Lou has freelanced so extensively in New York that he can be heard on records by Dixieland groups such as Lawson-Haggart, modern combos such as Kai Winding, and innumerable sides by dance bands, pop vocalists, and, of course, his own trio.

The records selected for Stein's inspection on this, his first *Blindfold Test*, were mainly geared to present-day piano trends. Lou was given no information before or during the test about the records played.

The Records

1. Ralph Sharon. *Slightly Oliver* (London). J. R. Monterose, alto; Joe Puma, guitar.

Actually, I have heard things like this before. They seem to stay at one level and never reach a peak. It was done quite well, but it really didn't move me. The solos were adequate . . . I liked the tenor—or maybe it was an alto. When I first heard it, I thought it was an alto. I didn't recognize the guitar player. I'll give this record 2½ stars.

2. Friedrich Gulda. *Night in Tunisia* (Victor). Aaron Bell, bass; Nick Stabulas, drums.

Could that be Oscar Peterson? I haven't heard him play like this . . . I've heard him play with a less savage drive. For a minute, I thought it was Johnny Williams, who is a pretty rough pianist, but actually the rhythm balance, I thought, was pretty bad . . . You couldn't hear the bass. I think the rhythm section in spots actually wasn't together.

I really didn't get anything from the record. I know the tune, and I've heard it played better. I guess I'm influenced by Bird's record on this. It seems to be a little cold unless there's something frantic done with the tune. I'll give this record 2½ stars.

3. Joe Sullivan. *Honeysuckle Rose* (Riverside).

I'd hate to think that was Earl Hines, although it sounded a little like him. I really didn't like the sound for that style of piano . . . I think it was very thin . . . It could have been richer. Fats was the master of that style—that swinging left hand, so I can really only give it two stars.

4. John Lewis. *2° E. 3° W.* (Pacific Jazz). Bill Perkins, tenor; Jim Hall, guitar; Percy Heath, bass; Chico Hamilton, drums.

I really don't think this record quite makes it. They start out with a simple little riff which I really don't think means too much . . . It's actually the blues. I don't think it quite comes off . . . I wasn't moved by any of the soloists . . . They sound a little like some of the greats, but they just didn't measure up to what they were supposed to. I'll give it two stars.

5. Phineas Newborn. *Dahoud* (Atlantic).

I think it's Phineas Newborn. I like the tune . . . It's a good one to blow on. I think I've heard Phineas play better. The rhythm section was a little tense, but it's always amazing to hear a pianist use the two-hands technique . . . This is a difficult thing but can come off if it lays just right . . . Some pianists can do this better than others. I think this guy has a wonderful potential. I'd give this three stars.

6. Art Tatum-Buddy DeFranco. *This Can't Be Love* (ARS). Red Callender, bass; Bill Douglass, drums.

If this was Tatum, it's more jazz than I've ever heard Art play . . . I think it was wonderful. Was that the record he made with Buddy Rich, DeFranco, and Ray Brown? I think they all played well, but as I said before, if it's Tatum, it's the most jazz I've ever heard him play on records, and for the jazz I'll give it four stars.

7. Ronnie Ball. *Prez Sez* (Savoy). Willie Dennis, trombone; Ted Brown, tenor; Wendell Marshall, bass.

They sure got hung up on that ending. It seemed like everybody all went in a different direction. I think it was Eddie Bert with a dub of himself, because I heard a trombone chorus and then another trombone chorus. It might have been Eddie dubbing over with the tenor. I don't like the piano player at all . . . I thought his facility was nil and his conception wasn't too good . . . A little hesitant in spots. All in all, I thought the first tenor chorus was good. I didn't recognize him, but it might have been Monterose. I thought the intonation on the bass fiddle was very good. 2½ stars.

8. Jackie McLean. *Contour* (Prestige). Donald Byrd, trumpet; Art Taylor, drums; Mal Waldron, piano.

I think the drums ruined this record, especially in the shadings when the trumpet player came in. It sounded a little like Miles, but I think Miles is more tasty than the one I just heard. He kept playing the tune level, and it lacks that warmth I think the trumpet player was trying to get.

The alto sounded a little like Sonny Stitt to me—rough, Bird-like, but I've heard Sonny play better. The piano I thought was very weak . . . Not too much strength in his fingers. I didn't particularly like the chorus. I'll give this 2½ stars.

9. Leonard Feather. *Stompin' at the Savoy* (ABC-Paramount). Feather, piano; Bob Enevoldsen, trombone, tenor; Red Mitchell, bass; Gerry Wiggins, vibories.

Well, on the end, they didn't know how to ride out in time. The whole record seems to have a lot of clams, especially on vibes and piano . . . They don't play the ensemble together. It seems to me there are two conceptions, one in the rhythm section and one in the horns.

I liked the bass and the trombone. Was that Kai? Well, for the bass and trombone, I'll give it two stars. The vibes I didn't like at all . . . In fact, on his solo, I thought he sounded corny at times in conception.

10. Shelly Manne. *I Could Have Danced All Night* (Contemporary). Andre Previn, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass.

I think this guy deserves a lot of credit. It's Andre Previn. I think he's been listening all the time . . . He's changed his style, and I think he's getting what we call the modern conception. I think he's come a long way. At times it seems like he bands, but I accept it because I know what he's trying to do and I feel he's accomplished quite a bit. He's a fine pianist. I think Shelly Manne on drums and Leroy Vinnegar behind him play very well. I'll give this four stars.

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

IN TAKING ISSUE with a few points raised by Nat Hentoff in his review of *The Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz*, I'd like to make it clear immediately that the traditionalist jazz critics to whom many of his opinions, as well as mine, are anathema, and who would like nothing better than to drive a wedge between us, need derive no aid and comfort from the following friendly disagreement.

Our views, on the basis of everything written by both of us in the last several years, surely must be as close as those of any two jazz critics you can name, but no two writers are ever likely to be in complete agreement, and this happens to be one instance where I feel my side of the story should be told.

FIRST, NAT contested my claim that the rapport established between church and jazz was not logical. In taking umbrage at this statement, he seemed to be twisting my words to make it appear that I had implied disapproval.

Far from decrying the interest of men like Father O'Connor and Father Huddleston, I am delighted to find anybody taking an intelligent interest in jazz and applying his interest to constructive ends. The word "logical" was used in the sense that these events were not to be expected or predicted in the normal course of things.

There was no such natural, obvious, logical tie between jazz and the church as there is between religious music and the church, but the fact that it was not logical did not make it in any way undesirable. When you come down to facts, it just happened that certain men of the cloth happened to be jazz fans. This was not logic but chance.

AS FOR THE contradiction concerning the fading lines between jazz and classical music, my objection is less to the disagreement with this than to the manner in which it is expressed. "This conclusion just isn't true," it seems to be, is a high-handed and dogmatic statement for which "I don't agree with this" would be a fairer and humbler substitute.

In an area as intangible as musical criticism, where there are so few facts and so many opinions on which to base one's statements, one is treading on dangerous ground in imperiously stating that anything "just isn't true." The mere fact that Nat concedes that "there has been some blurring" of the lines between jazz and classical music shows that the whole question is one of degree, and of opinion, *not* of fact.

A more effective method of showing this would be to subject Nat to the *Blindfold Test*. Like many professional musicians, he might find great difficulty in determining which records in a specially selected group are played or written by classical musicians, jazzmen or both.

IF NAT COULD take a bunch of 1935 records by jazz musicians and mix them up this way—whether they be Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Wingy Manone, or you-name-it—I'll bet my last cent that they could be distinguished immediately.

The fact that works by Bob Graettinger, Bill Russo, Pete Rugolo, et al, have been mistaken for classical works in *Blindfold Tests* proves my point beyond a shadow of doubt—that *in my opinion* (and the opinions of blindfoldees and other musicians with whom I have discussed this) the use of atonality, the infinitely higher degree of musicianship among jazzmen, and many other factors, have combined to bring jazz and classical music immeasurably closer together.

In my opinion, Nat, *Not* "Your conclusions just aren't true."

ONE OTHER POINT: A more careful reading of the preamble to the *Musicians' Musicians* poll would have made it perfectly clear why these particular persons were the voters. The list of voters was compiled by digging up the names of other poll winners through the years (in *Metronome*, *Down Beat*, and *Esquire*) and by supplementing this with a few musicians who have doubled as critics, plus a couple of last-minute substitutions (for poll winners whose votes hadn't arrived) to bring the total to 100.

So the results gave us a list of "Poll Winners' Poll Winners." This should surely explain why persons such as Baby Dodds and George Lewis did not vote. However, who knows what next year's *Yearbook* may bring? Maybe by public demand Kid Ory will name his favorite flutist.

Down Beat

Immer sicherer wird es, daß **LOUIS ARMSTRONG UND SEINE ALL STARS** im Januar oder Februar als erste große Jazz-Attraktion nach **RUSSLAND** gehen werden. Im August nächsten Jahres wird die englische Dixieland-Band von **HUMPHREY LYTTELTON** in Moskau spielen. Humphrey wurde zum Moskauer Weltjugend-Fest eingeladen.

*

GAG DES MONATS (aus Downbeat): Es wird verläßlich berichtet, daß ein Mann aus Chicago, als er vor einiger Zeit nach New York kam, einen Musiker auf der Straße ansprach und ihn fragte, wie er zur Carnegie Hall kommen könne. Antwort: „Übe, Mensch, übe!"

*

Hollywood-Filmkomponist **LEITH STEVENS** hat auf 50 000 $ Schadenersatz gegen **SHORTY ROGERS** geklagt. Shorty — so behauptet Leith — habe fälschlicherweise den Eindruck erweckt, daß er der Komponist der Filmmusiken zu „The Glass Wall", „Private Hell 36" und „The Wild One" sei.

LEONARD FEATHER berichtet aus USA

DUKE ELLINGTON's NEUES PLATTENALBUM auf Columbia (in Deutschland: Philips) verspricht, das außergewöhnlichste Ereignis in Dukes Karriere seit „Black, Brown and Beige" zu werden. Das neue Werk — betitelt **A DRUM's A WOMAN** („Ein Schlagzeug ist eine Frau") — ist mehr oder weniger ein Oratorium mit ausführlichen Texten, die von Duke geschrieben wurden und auch von ihm gesprochen werden. Dazu kommt eine Vokal-Gruppe sowie Gesangs-Solisten, darunter Margaret Tynes (eine Konzert-Sopranistin) und Joya Sherrill, die bereits in den vierziger Jahren Mitglied der Ellington-Band war. Drei Schlagzeuger werden in dem Album herausgestellt: Sam Woodyard, Louis Bellson und Candido.

*

Das **AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL THEATER** veranstaltete unter dem Titel „Jazz on the Housatonic" ein besonderes Jazz-Konzert. Es war das erste Mal, daß die führende amerikanische Shakespeare-Vereinigung sich mit Jazz beschäftigte. Unter den beteiligten Musikern waren: Buck Clayton, Jimmy McPartland, Billy Taylor, Jimmy Rushing, Coleman Hawkins, PeeWee Russell, Tyree Glenn, Vic Dickenson und Walter Page.

*

LOUIS JORDAN scheint mit seinem ersten EmArcy-Album ein sensationelles Schallplatten-Come-Back zu haben. **QUINCY JONES** und **ERNIE WILKINS** schrieben dafür Arrangements über viele der berühmten alten Louis Jordan-Hits, die vor Jahren auf Decca erschienen. Die speziell hierfür zusammengestellte All Star-Band bestand aus: Ernie Royal (tp), Jimmy Cleveland (tb), Budd Johnson und Sam „The Man" Taylor (ts), Ernie Hayes (p), Mickey Baker (g), Wendell Marshall (b) und Charlie Persip (dr).

*

SHELLY MANNE hat sich erneut für drei Jahre an die Schallplattenfirma **CONTEMPORARY** gebunden. Mannes letzte LP brachte Songs aus der Broadway Show „My Fair Lady" und besteht aus Piano-Soli von **ANDRE PREVIN.** Previn — um das bei der Gelegenheit anzufügen — gab bekannt, daß er und seine Frau, die Sängerin **BETTY BENETT,** die im Februar ein Baby erwartet — sich scheiden lassen wollen.

*

JOE MOONEY — der Jazz-Akkordeonist und Hammond-Organist, der in der zweiten Hälfte der vierziger Jahre so erfolgreich war — wird für die Schallplattenfirma **ATLANTIC** erneut aktiv werden. Mooney, der auch Klavier spielt und singt, war vor ein paar Jahren auf einigen Sauter-Finegan-Schallplatten zu hören, hat sich aber im übrigen nach Florida zurückgezogen, wo er in Miami Beach einen Nachtklub leitet.

*

Zum ersten Male, seit Billy Daniels vor einigen Jahren ein ähnliches Programm hatte, wird ein **NEGER-STAR** seine **EIGENE REGELMÄSSIGE FERNSEH-SENDUNG** in Amerika haben: **NAT KING COLE** beginnt bei NBC mit einer wöchentlichen 15-Minuten-Show. Die Show startet ohne „sponsor" (d. h. sie wird vorläufig direkt von der NBC finanziert, bis eine Firma, die ihre Werbung damit verbinden kann, gefunden ist). Nelson Riddle, dessen Arrangements auf den meisten von Nats neueren Platten zu hören ist, wird das Orchester für die Show leiten.

*

Die **UNGLAUBWÜRDIGE KOMBINATION** von **LOUIS ARMSTRONG UND ELVIS PRESLEY** (!!!) machte auf der Texas State Fair (Texas Staats-Messe) in Dallas Furore: 75 000 Menschen sahen sich die Armstrong-Presley-Show an.

*

Die Schallplattenfirma **„Grand Awards Records"** plant einen **SALUT FÜR PAUL WHITEMAN** zu Ehren seines 50. Show Business-Jubiläums. Zwei 30-cm-Langspielplatten und ein 16seitiges Buch mit Fotos der Whiteman Story werden herausgebracht. Die Plattenaufnahmen werden viele Stars, die durch Paul Whiteman bekanntgeworden sind, präsentieren, darunter **TOMMY** und **JIMMY DORSEY, JOHNNY MERCER, JACK TEAGARDEN, HOAGY CARMICHAEL** und **JOE VENUTI.**

*

JAY JAY JOHNSON schrieb für ein Jazzkonzert in New Yorks Town Hall ein jazz-symphonisches Werk unter dem Titel **POEM FOR BRASS ENSEMBLE.** Jay Jay beschreibt sein Werk, das eine Spieldauer von 18 Minuten hat, als „einen Schritt von den ausgetretenen Wegen, aber mit Jazz-Obertönen". „Poem for Brass Ensemble" hat drei Sätze und bringt Soli von Jay Jay und Miles Davis. Columbia (in Deutschland: Philips) plant eine Platten-Veröffentlichung.

*

Jazz-Pianist **EDDY HEYWOOD** hat einen neuen Höhepunkt seiner Karriere — allerdings auf jazzfremdem Gebiet: zwei von den zehn Spitzen-Schlagern der USA waren in den letzten Wochen seine Kompositionen — „Canadian Sunset" und „Soft Summer Breeze".

*

JIM HALL, der als Gitarrist des Chico Hamilton Quintetts bekannt wurde, hat Chico verlassen und ist Mitglied von **JIMMY GIUFFRE's** neuem Trio geworden. Chico hat bereits Ersatz: **JOHN PISANO** — ein bisher unbekannter Musiker, der gerade aus der Army entlassen wurde.

*

Nach Abschluß der diesjährigen **JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC**-Tournee wollen **ROY ELDRIDGE** und **FLIP PHILLIPS** ihre eigene Combo gründen.

*

Den größeren amerikanischen Schallplattenfirmen, die sich neuerdings mit Nachdruck der Jazzmusik annehmen, hat sich nun auch **CORAL** (in Deutschland von der Deutschen Grammophon vertreten) angeschlossen. Coral-Chef Bob Thiele und sein neuer Assistent Sonny Lester wollen ein großes Jazz-Programm leiten. Zu den ersten Veröffentlichungen der neuen Coral-Linie gehören eine schon vor Jahren aufgenommene **ANITA O'DAY-**

GONDEL

51

Session, sowie eine LP unter dem Titel **THE MANHATTAN JAZZ SEPTETTE** mit Eddie Costa, Oscar Pettiford, Barry Galbraith, Osie Johnson, Hal McKusick, Urbie Green, und schließlich eine Langspielplatte von **NAT PIERCE** mit Bill Harris, Joe Newman, Hal McKusick, Pettiford, Freddie Green und Jo Jones.

*

BILLIE HOLIDAY hatte — nach vielen Jahren — endlich wieder ein **CARNEGIE HALL CONCERT.** Billie fand eine triumphale Begleitung durch Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Al Cohn, Buck Clayton und andere. Ihre Rhythm Section bestand aus dem Gitarristen Kenny Burrel und aus Schlagzeuger Chico Hamilton, dessen Quintett ebenfalls in dem Konzert vorgestellt wurde.

*

Das **JAZZPROGRAMM** des amerikanischen **STATE DEPARTMENTS** in Washington plant eine Orient-Tournee mit BENNY GOODMAN.

*

MITCH MILLER — der Schlagerchef von „Columbia" — präsentierte ein neues Instrument: **CHROMATIC DRUMS.** Es verfügt über eine Tastatur und kann Schlagzeug in einem Bereich von zwei und einer halben Oktave spielen.

*

BILLY ECKSTINE wurde von Mrs. Carole Faulkner — einem ehemaligen Foto-Modell und Disc Jockey in Los Angeles — verklagt. Billy, so behauptet Carole, sei der Vater von zweien ihrer drei Kinder. Deshalb verlangt sie 1737 $ monatlich. Sie behauptet, daß Billys Scheidung von seiner früheren Frau erst im Mai 1966 gültig geworden sei und daß Billy gleichwohl Carole Faulkner überall in Europa und den USA seit Jahren als „Mrs. Eckstine" vorgestellt habe.

*

Ein neuer 20th Century Fox-Musik-Film **THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT** wird Jazz-Parts haben, für die **BENNY CARTER** die Arrangements schrieb.

*

Eine von kritischen Untertönen begleitete Begeisterung begrüßte **CATERINA VALENTE** bei ihrem **NEW YORKER NACHTCLUB-DEBUT** in dem eleganten Cotillion Room des Hotels Pierre. Im Unterschied zu den meisten jazzorientierten Sängerinnen hat Caterina ihren Erfolg in der exklusiven New Yorker East-Side-Gesellschaft gemacht, ohne zunächst für ein Jazz-Publikum zu singen [Anm. d. Redaktion: Das hat sie vorher schon in Europa getan!]. Ebenfalls ungewöhnlich für die typischen Club-Sängerinnen der East Side, die sich meist nicht darum kümmern, wie kommerziell ihre Begleitung ist, war es, daß Caterina darauf bestand, **ROLF KÜHN** im Hausorchester des Cotillion Room mitspielen zu lassen. Rolf Kühn begleitete nicht nur Caterina, er hatte durch Caterina auch einen ausgezeichneten Start als Solist. Caterina stellte ihn persönlich als Klarinettisten vor. Während sie ihre Garderobe wechselte, hatte Rolf immer wieder die Möglichkeit zu Solo-Auftritten. Besonders glanzvoll war seine Improvisation über „Yesterdays", begleitet von vier Streichern und dem kommerziellen Joe Sudy-Orchester. Willard Alexander — einer der bekanntesten Manager der USA — sagte über Rolfs Solo: „Ich bin seit zwanzig Jahren nicht so in Aufregung gewesen!" Dieser Ausspruch mag von Bedeutung sein, denn Willard war in den dreißiger Jahren maßgeblich am Erfolg Benny Goodmans beteiligt und hat sich nun zur Verfügung gestellt, um auch **ROLF KÜHN** zum Erfolg zu verhelfen.

CATERINA VALENTE sang zu Spezial-Arrangements, die Kurt Edelhagens Arrangeur **HEINZ KIESSLING** für ihr New Yorker Debut geschrieben hatte. Sie hatte auch großen Erfolg, als sie sich selbst auf der Gitarre in „Comme Ci, Comme Ça" und „Don't worry bout me" begleitete. Bevor Caterina New York verläßt, wird sie in Walter Winchells Fernseh-Show (einer der bekannten Fernsehsendungen in Amerika) auftreten und mit dem **SY OLIVER-ORCHESTER** für Decca Schallplattenaufnahmen machen. In ihrer geringen Freizeit findet man Caterina in den Jazz-Clubs — dem Basin Street, dem Birdland, dem Bohemia oder wo immer sonst gute Musik gespielt oder gesungen wird.

JAZZ ECHO BÜCHERSCHAU

J. E. Berendt: „Variationen über Jazz" (Nymphenburger Verlagshandlung, München). Preis: Leinen 9,80 DM. Mit 18 Abbildungen.

Neben sein allbekanntes, historisch informierendes „Jazzbuch" stellt Berendt nun diese neue, mehr persönlich geplauderte Essay-Folge „Variationen über Jazz". Zu Recht hält er es als Jazzschriftsteller allmählich für überflüssig, „die schon tausendmal erzählten Fakten und Entwicklungsabläufe noch einmal darzutun". Ihm geht es um Allgemeines, um größere Zusammenhänge, ohne daß dadurch das Detail, die discographische Genauigkeit oder die anschauliche Anekdote zu kurz käme. Wir finden Betrachtungen über den Swing, die Form, die Improvisation, aber auch liebevoll gezeichnete Porträts von Musikern, die dem Verfasser ans Herz gewachsen sind: Basie, Parker, Billy Holiday, Chet Baker und John Lewis; wir lesen etwas über die mehr soziologische Seite des Jazz, also über den Fan, das Rauschgift und die verderblichen Folgen der Ideologie; erfahren aber auch Neues über den sound und den Saxophonsatz. Ein Kapitel ist sogar der Zukunft des Jazz gewidmet.

Berendt schreibt im Vorwort, ihm ginge es darum, „jazzmäßig" über Jazz zu schreiben. Und wirklich: Diese „Variationen" haben schon vom Stil her einen solchen Sog, eine solche Dynamik, daß man versucht ist zu sagen „Das Buch swingt". Manches wird nur angetippt, scheinbar „obenhin" gesagt, aber das ist sicher Absicht eines solchen Buches, das keine Ergebnisse, sondern Anregungen geben will. Und an zwei Dingen werden auch die diskussionsfreudigsten Leser nicht rütteln können: an der eminenten Sachkenntnis des Verfassers und — was so wichtig ist! — an seinem guten musikalischen Geschmack. (W. Burkhardt)

GONDEL

Book Review

Valuable Tome

LEONARD FEATHER, like *Jane's Fighting Ships*, has become an annual. His first sequel to the *Encyclopedia of Jazz* is the *Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz* (Horizon Press, $3.95, 190 pp.). Though naturally containing fewer pages than the parent tome, the *Yearbook* is in the same clear, spacious format.

The introduction by Benny Goodman is rather innocuous and much less provocative than Duke Ellington's last year. Feather next sums up the past year in *What's Happening in Jazz*, a useful but somewhat surface account that should have contained more domestic details and at least a survey of the considerable jazz activity abroad.

This summary chapter contains two most debatable assertions. In mentioning the jazz activities of the Rev. Norman O'Connor, the Rev. Alvin Kershaw, and the CBS-TV religious series, *Look Up and Live*, Feather opens the paragraph with: "The strangest and least logical step taken by jazz was its sudden involvement with religion."

WHY? WHAT IS illogical about a priest or a producer for the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. feeling that jazz deserves enthusiastic study and a wider dispersal of its message?

The Kershaw case is somewhat ambivalent, but he too accomplished more good than harm, and I believe his basic motivation to have been honest. Anyway, why imply an unbridgable chasm between jazz and religion? Jazz is for whoever feels it, for secularists or for Father Huddleston, a jazz partisan who has been trying to enlist jazz in his fight against South Africa's apartheid system. This is illogical?

The second and more serious misapprehension by Feather is: "Extended forms, used by John Lewis, Gunther Schuller, and other musicians both from inside and outside jazz, combined with the increasing frequent use of atonalism and 12-tone rows, reduced the line between jazz and other music forms almost to invisibility."

This conclusion just isn't true. There is a clear, instantly audible difference in rhythmic and melodic character and tonal color between the best jazz workers in advancing forms—such as Lewis, Schuller (in his jazz works), Giuffre, Mingus, Charles (in his jazz works), Gil Evans, on one side, and Nono, Dallapiccola, Carter, Sessions, Riegger, Hovhaness, Stockhausen, Frank Martin, on the other. There has been some blurring but thus far not in any significant works on either side.

It is, therefore, misleading for Feather to state, "The demarcation between jazz and classical music was fading." It is not, and I do not think it ever will in any important sense. Each language is best suited for different musical purposes, and the increasing interest in more diverse and challenging formal devices from within modern jazz need not and does not mean that jazz is losing or will lose its own essential self-identification.

AN INTRIGUING section is *The Jazz Fan*, an expansion of an analysis Feather first made in this magazine of the "nature, habits and preferences of the typical jazz fan," particularly with regard to his and her record buying. Between 500 and 1,000 answers to a detailed set of questions form the material for the charts and subsequent commentary. There is also a brief section on the jazz *Disc Jockeys* in which the most astute opinions are by Willis Conover although all have something pertinent to say.

The most absorbing new feature of the book is the *Musicians' Musicians Poll* in which 101 leading jazzmen voted for "the greatest" ever and also "new star" in 18 categories. This is the first time a large number of musicians have voted for all-time choices as well as new stars. Feather is to be congratulated for conceiving and executing the idea and for the diligence it must have taken to get the 101 ballots.

I would point out, however, that of the 101 voting, between 60 and 70 by my count could be loosely classified as modernists so that the results, while extremely interesting, are not as comprehensive as they might have been in a more extended poll including more traditional and swing era jazzmen.

WERE BALLOTS sent, for example, to Baby Dodds, Vic Dickenson, Pee Wee Russell, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Art Hodes, Zutty Singleton, Milt Hinton, Wilbur and Sidney DeParis, Omer Simeon, Kid Ory, Willie (The Lion) Smith, Miff Mole, Joe or Marty Marsala, Max Kaminsky, Jack Teagarden, Edmond Hall, Ralph Sutton, Danny Barker, George Lewis, Albert Nicholas, Paul Barbarin, Wild Bill Davison, Don Byas, Bill Coleman, Dicky Wells, Harry Edison, Jimmy Crawford, Trummy Young?

It is nonetheless a fascinating poll, particularly because Feather has printed the complete ballots of all but 15 voters who preferred their choices to be secret.

Among Bob Brookmeyer's selections, for example, are Louis Armstrong, Pee Wee Russell, Jelly Roll Morton, Harry Carney, and Sid Catlett along with Bird, Mulligan, and Konitz. Miles Davis picks Louis, Roy, Dizzy, Hackett, Harry James, Clark Terry, and Freddie Webster.

Both Buck Clayton and J. J. Johnson select the late Fred Beckett on trombone, and J. J. explains that the former Harlan Leonard and Lionel Hampton sideman "was the very first trombonist I ever heard play in a manner other than the usual sliding, slurring, lip trilling or 'gut bucket' style. He had tremendous facilities for linear improvisation."

Armstrong selects Berigan and Hackett with Braff as new star while Dizzy picks Louis, Miles, Roy, Hackett, and Freddie Webster with Clifford Brown as new star.

A FURTHER SECTION lists, side by side, the polls held in the last year for and by the readers of *Down Beat*, *Metronome*, *Melody Maker*, *Jazz-Hot*, and *Jazz Echo*, plus the aforementioned *Yearbook* Musicians' poll as well as the most recent *Down Beat* Critics' poll.

The biographical section, of course, each year will be the most important part of the *Yearbook* for reference purposes. Feather eventually hopes to include "every active" figure in jazz. I hope, too, that he also will devote

Down Beat

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

THE ARTIST'S reaction to adverse criticism betrays one of three emotions. The first and likeliest is sheer torrential anger, a gust of disgust, expressed in such terms as "Where the ---- does he get off writing that way? How much horn can *he* blow? He doesn't know B flat from a hole in the wall."

Sometimes these reflections are couched in more gentlemanly or ladylike terms, but their purport is the same: that the criticism was an unjustified attack on the part of one who cannot practice what he preaches.

THE SECOND TYPE of reaction is the rationalization: the artist has every excuse at his fingertips. That performance was the day his sinuses were acting up, and the mike wasn't working right, and the rhythm section was bugging him, and someone had just served him a summons before he went onstage, and he had a leaky valve. Besides, he hadn't played in almost 48 hours, and his aunt was seriously ill that day, and they released the wrong take anyway.

To this artist, the possibility of a faulty performance is not to be denied, but the idea that the fault might lie in the artist's own incompetence is unthinkable and, invariably, unthought.

THE THIRD REACTION is that of the artist who frankly admits the criticism is justified and even tries to act on any constructive pointers in the review. This third category is so rarely found in its pure form—unmixed with choler, spleen, or bile—that it becomes a heartwarming experience to run into a sample. That's why I fell in love with June Christy (pardon me, Bob) the moment I saw her interview with John Tynan in the Oct. 31 *Beat*.

June said of her intonation, "I know it's faulty. I've always known and haven't really minded when I've been criticized . . . I don't think I swing very good either." (Wonder whether she'd mind comments on her grammar?) And she adds, "Just one set of Ella's

Down Beat

If disintegration implies a loss of direction, a falling apart, then the Shearing combo has not disintegrated; George knows just where he wants it to go, and in its own way, which is not your way or mine, it is as integrated as a group can be. And now, if you'll pardon me, I'll go back to my turntable and the new sides by Blakey.

Intro Bulleti

A LITERARY NEWSPAPER OF THE ARTS

VOL. 2—No. 1 FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE 401

Poet and Prophet of the Jazz World

A Talk With Herbie Nichols

By GEORGE H. MOORSE

IT WAS the dean of jazz critics, Leonard Feather, who said of Herbie Nichols: "He comes about as close to complete originality within the orbit of jazz creation as anyone since Bud Powell and (Thelonious) Monk." This was in 1955, when two ten-inch Blue Note recordings of some twelve original Nichols tunes appeared, appropriately titled "The Prophetic Herbie Nichols."

Speaking to Nichols, you realize it is not only his music that is prophetic: the man himself represents a wholly new force in the jazz world, one which may spell a revolution.

"The whole thing is growing up," he says, speaking through the tattered noise of an uptown New York musicians' hangout. "But it's just the beginning . . . any musician who wants what he's doing to be preserved will have to expand his intellectual horizons to encompass all learning. And, before that, he'll really have to study music—to *know* it—before he gets up on the stand or makes a record. The days of 'cool talk' and shunning the *theory* of music are coming to an end. Jazz musicians are going to have to reach out and *get a hold on things*."

"This was an advanced combo made up of a lot of young-bloods, led by a Napoleon of a leader named Freddie Williams. I used to write a few band arrangements at the time which even I didn't want to read at sight. . . . Billy Moore, Jr. scored for us before he joined Jimmy Lunceford. He was a precocious musician at the time and I still get a kick out of a tune called "Belgian Congo" he wrote for Lunceford."

"Around this time I realized that I had

(Continued on Page 11)

OUR OWN Leonard Feather has improved on the Senecan maxim that all art is but imitation of nature. To wit, he has imitated technology in music. The reference is to Leonard's "High Fidelity Suite", a new M-G-M disc that will arrest the special attention of jazz-oriented audiophiles. Its contents: *Feedback Fugue, Amplifier Stage, Hi-Fi Pie, Squawker, Tweeter, Woofer, Reverberation, Bass Reflex, Flutter Waltz,* and *Wow.*

Hi-Fi Music at Home

JAN.-FEB.

53

PLAYBILL

ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE, you will find a bunch of celebrated guys making New Year resolutions for other people, but up front here in the editors' gum-beating department we're going to be old fashioned enough to make one for PLAYBOY.

We here highly resolve to give our readers even better fiction, cartoons, articles, photo features, humor, coverage of jazz, fashion, food and drink, better *everything* in 1957. To make sure we stick to this resolution, we've gone out and enlisted the aid of some highly cognizant citizens. Ken Purdy — illustrious ex-skipper of *True* and *Argosy*, free-lance fictioneer of note and sapient sports car buff — has joined us as Eastern editor. Coming in as PLAYBOY's jazz editor is Leonard Feather, author of *The Encyclopedia of Jazz*, regular contributor to *Down Beat* and *Metronome*, and composer of more than 200 jazz pieces recorded by Eckstine, BG, The Duke, *et al.* "Here's one cat," says Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, "that really knows what's going on"; generally recognized as the outstanding jazz writer in the U.S., ex-Englishman Feather will give direction to PLAYBOY's increasing interest in all the schools of jazz music. Then there's Nathan Mandelbaum, who's handled happenings in the apparel arts for a number of Street and Smith, Cowles, Condé Nast and Hearst magazines, bowing in as our fashion director. And the post of picture editor — a most important niche here at PLAYBOY — is now filled by Vincent T. Tajiri, who recently was editorial director of no less than three thriving photographic publications — simultaneously. We hope you paying customers will join us in welcoming these new members to the staff.

Starting the New Year right, this January issue brings together two major talents in another one of those typical PLAYBOY publishing coups. (You know about our famous publishing coups, don't you? Such as being the first magazine in the world to print in full color the now-famous calendar nude of Marilyn Monroe, and the figure studies of Anita Ekberg for the Ekberg Bronze, and that sort of thing?) Well this time we've combined the talents of Ray Bradbury and Pablo Picasso. Ray's story, *In a Season of Calm Weather*, is about a guy who digs Picasso the most, see, so we thought the artist to illustrate the story should be — who else? You guessed right: Mr. double-P himself. So, in conjunction with the Bradbury opus (a most delicately wrought bit of writing), you'll find some piquant Picassos never before reproduced in an American publication.

John Collier furnishes fiction, too, with *The Mask and the Maiden*, a tale of unrequited love, an undressed lady, and a disastrous Freudian slip. The lead yarn is by a young writer whose name won't mean as much to you as either Bradbury or Collier, but we have a hunch you'll get some nice jolts from *The Hustler* by Walter S. Tevis. Incidentally, to bring the best in masculine fiction to its readers, PLAYBOY pays considerably more for stories than any other magazine in the men's field. In addition, come January, the editors award a $1000 bonus to the author of the past year's best story. This year the bonus-copping yarn is *The Right Kind of Pride* by Herbert Gold, which appeared in October, 1956.

Pictorially, you'll enjoy *The Playmate Review* in this issue, wherein each and every Playmate of the previous dozen issues returns to curtsey. Also, certain professional ladies who ply their trade in an area of the United Kingdom called Shepherd Market get looked at by PLAYBOY's camera and PLAYBOY's London reporter.

That late, lamented baron of bop, Charlie Parker, is recalled in an evaluative, appreciative essay titled *Bird* which Richard Gehman and Robert George Reisner have done for us. Gehman has six books to his credit, the latest being *Eddie Condon's Treasury of Jazz*: Reisner is curator of New York's Institute of Jazz Studies. Our experts in the food, fashion and travel departments have delved into the mysteries of sandwiches, formal duds and Old Mexico, respectively, and such stalwart staples as the Party Jokes, the Ribald Classic and PLAYBOY's peerless cartoons are all present and accounted for. In addition, there are those resolutions we mentioned earlier, by John Crosby, H. Allen Smith, George Jessel, Jimmy Durante, Fred Astaire and Phil Silvers. And these gentlemen join us in wishing you a prosperous, pleasure-filled New Year!

PICASSO

BRADBURY

TEVIS

COLLIER

JANUARY PLAYBOY

What's New On Wax

By DELMAR LEAMING

and kept on growing. In one short sentence in the chapter of revivalism, "The Great Awakening," Stearns explains the difference, the essential healthy quality, in the mystic fervor of the Southern Negro.

"In the old world, revivalists went to sleep. In the New World, they woke up, violently . . . it was a grass roots phenomenon that took place mainly within a shifting frontier population, although the aristocrats of the East Coast were also touched by it. One of its by-products was a subtle education for many Americans in West African musical characteristics, which sold themselves on their own merits When the next step in the process took place, the blending could start on a more advanced level."

HEAR ME TALKIN' TO YA, edited by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff, continues the story of growth and expansion. The book (Rinehart, $4.00, 410 Pages) is the only thing of its kind ever published. It contains countless interviews and off-the-cuff observations by jazzmen.

New Orleans in 1904 is vividly recalled by Bud Scott: "When Robichaux was playing in Lincoln Park and Bolden in Johnson Park, about a block away, Bolden would strip Lincoln Park of all the people by slipping his horn through the knothole in the fence and calling the children home. Each Sunday, Buddy Bolden went to church, and that's where he got his ideas . . . Even with all that power, the trumpet players would have their notes covered, and not hurt the ear."

On the other side of the ledger, the new edition of the standard GUIDE TO JAZZ by Hugues Panassie and Madeleine Gautier (Houghton Mifflin, $4.00, 306 Pages) is virtually worthless for anyone save the most narrow-minded Dixieland fan. If you want something for laughs when you run low on S. J. Perelman, buy the book. Otherwise, save your money and purchase a copy of "Metronome" or "Downbeat," both of which contain more pertinent biographicals per issue at a tenth of the price.

Turning to Leonard Feather's intriguing ENCYCLOPEDIA YEARBOOK OF JAZZ (Horizon, $3.95, 190 Pages) we find a lively panel discussion in progress, a welcome relief for sufferers of the Panassie locked-room mysteries. One of the subjects of debate is the inclusion of Pelvis in Leonard's biographies for 1957. Seems logical to this reviewer, since the poor boy does wield considerable influence over the females in my vicinity. As the notes indicate, a strong early influence of Big Joe Turner and Bill Crudup is the chief reason for his inclusion. As a public service, here is the home address listed for Presley: 1414 Getwell Road, Memphis, Tennessee. Mad Bomber, please copy.

There are wondrous facts to be gleaned from all of the books. In varying degrees. In Feather's poll of readers, we learn that only 1.4 per cent of all jazz fans like rock and roll. Presumably the 1.4 element is very sick. In Panassie, we learn that bop is "originally a meaningless syllable used in scat singing, "while Stearns, on the other hand, follows the theory that re-bop evolved from the Spanish-Negroid phrase "arriba", meaning "go, go!" And in Shapiro and Hentoff you can read about how Buddy Petit had the boys in the "second line" chain the wheel of George Lewis' truck to the sidewalk. "So we couldn't get away, and Buddy jumped to his feet, and that day they really wore us out."

Charlie Parker sums it up, for all time, in the coda:

"Music is your own experience, your thoughts, your wisdom. If you don't live it, it won't come out . . . they teach you that there's a boundary line to music, but man, there's no boundary line to art."

DAILY NEWS, NEWTON, IOWA (Dec.)

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The author is a noted pianist who teamed with Leonard Feather to record the successful "A Suite in Four Comfortable Quarters" on the Continental label. He is also a well-established jazz critic whose analyses have appeared in many leading music and general publications. A fluent defender of the traditional faith, Dan Burley writes with dedication and authority.)

THIS new and young cat, his goatee dripping the sweat of his determination as his fingers raced over the keyboard, made the piano throb with his attack on the tiny clusters of notes bunched on the arrangement.

can jazz be progressive?

it ain't real
unless it's dirty,
hungry and lowbrow,
says this critic

By DAN BURLEY

28

ESCAPADE — JANUARY

55

JAZZ

The Jazz Messengers — B / B / A
Columbia CL 897 12"

Silver

No longer extant in the form displayed in these seven tunes, the Jazz Messengers consisted, a year ago, of the six musicians on this LP. Their performances at that time earned them the vote of fellow-musicians, voting in the *Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz* poll, as the best new combo of the year. The hard-swinging front line comprised Hank Mobley, tenor, and Donald Byrd, trumpet; the pile-driving rhythm team had Horace Silver, piano, Doug Watkins, bass, and the leader, Art Blakey, on drums. Silver's work stands out on its merits, Blakey's on its volume and excessive solo work (in the rhythm section he's superb, though). *LF*

Earl Coleman Returns — B / B / B
Prestige 7045 12"

Coleman

One of the jazzmen's preferred singers, back from years in obscurity, is flanked by Art Farmer, Gigi Gryce, Hank Jones and other helpful giants in six numbers that offer them solo space between vocal choruses. Coleman often sounds like a Billy Eckstine record played at 25 r.p.m. This makes for slightly glutenous listening at times, though the warmth and sincerity of Coleman's approach usually compensate. Gryce, in addition to playing alto, wrote the moody *Reminiscing* and the easygoing *Social Call*. A couple of the titles would have benefited from an extra take or two for intonation's sake. Standards include *Say It Isn't So, No Love No Nothing*. *LF*

Ella and Louis — B / B / B
Louis Armstrong & Ella Fitzgerald
Verve MG-4003 12"

Fitzgerald

Norman Granz deserves much credit for stripping Ella and Louis of the banal backgrounds and trite tunes that have saddled them so often. Here, their material is eleven old favorites such as *Tenderly, A Foggy Day, April in Paris, Cheek to Cheek* and *Moonlight in Vermont*, their accompaniment the Granz resident rhythm section, Oscar Peterson's quartet (Buddy Rich on drums). The liner notes claim that the rough waters of Louis's vocal cords have smoothed down with time; actually the contrary is the case. At times he sounds unfamiliar with lyrics and melody and is even wobbly on intonation. But his trumpet has pleasant moments and Ella is delightful. *LF*

Pres and Sweets — C / C / B
Lester Young & Harry Edison
Norgran MGM 1043 12"

Young

What's wrong with the jazz record situation? Well, for one thing, records are being rolled off the production lines like newspapers, sometimes with even less attention to quality and permanence. Examples: these two great Count Basie alumni go languidly through the motions of a session on six tunes, mostly over-long and under-inspired, as the customary Oscar Peterson rhythm section backs them up. Nobody who knows the grandeur that was once Lester Young will want to face him on this embarrassing occasion — not even on the new version of Basie's old theme, *One O'clock Jump*. A waste of time on the part of all concerned. *LF*

Wednesday's Child — C / B / B
Patty McGovern & Thomas Talbert
Atlantic 1245 12"

McGovern

The "C" rating refers to the arrangements rather than the compositions, for here is an example of how over-ambitious writing can hamper rather than help a singer. Miss McGovern, a Minneapolis girl full of good vocal intentions, is well worth hearing on these sides (and well worth inspecting on the attractive cover) but Talbert, who, according to some ecstatic liner notes by Budd Schulberg, has "flipped for Celine and Kafka and Wallace Stevens", is a little too far out with the flutes and the French horns and a little lonesome without a piano. Miss McGovern shows promise as a songwriter, too, with *I Like Snow*; Talbert wrote the title number and *Winter Song*. *LF*

Mighty Mike Cuozzo — B / A / B
Savoy MG 12051 12"

Cuozzo

Jazz must be in a healthy state when an unknown like Mike Cuozzo can have two new LPs on the market. This one differs from his current Jubilee issue in several respects. First, the music swings a little more and is better recorded; second, Cuozzo's name is misspelled Couzzo most of the way; third, Costa plays vibes instead of piano, allowing British import Ronnie Ball to take over at the keyboard; fourth, Vinnie Burke's bass is backed by the superlative drums of veteran Kenny Clarke. Included are *There'll Never Be Another You* and *What Is This Thing Called Love?* Highlight is a lengthy blues entitled *An Evening at Papa Joe's*. *LF*

Informal Jazz — C / B / B
Elmo Hope Sextet
Prestige 7043 12"

Hope

Though this is a 12" LP, there are only two tunes to a side. One is a slow ballad *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, one a fast standard, *Avalon*; one an up-tempo blues, *On It*, and the fourth a slender original by Hope, *Weejo*. Thus the whole *raison d'être* for the session is extended improvisation by jazzmen looking for a chance to stretch their horns. Donald Byrd, the promising young trumpeter, and Paul Chambers, a bassist capable of bowing the most eyebrow-raising solos, are among Detroit's most valued exports to the New York jazz scene. Others are John Coltrane and Hank Mobley, tenor saxes; Philly Joe Jones, drums, and Hope on piano. *LF*

Drum Roll — C / B / B
EmArcy MG 36071 12"

Hampton

Hi-fi fans who happen to be percussion *aficionados* can have a field day with this one. Two items feature Max Roach; others bring the spotlight on Shelly Manne, Cozy Cole, a trio of Latin drummers, Buddy Rich, Lionel Hampton, Roy Haynes and Art Blakey. (The Rich items were recorded a decade ago and are strictly low-fidelity.) As a comparative study in techniques this is a collation worth acquiring. Musically, the best passages are the orchestral sequences on Roach's *Mildama* and Paul Quinichette's *Grasshopper*. Rhythm is a vital element in jazz, but extended rhythmic exercises without melody or harmony still strike us as dull records. *LF*

RATINGS OF JAZZ AND POPULAR RECORDS AND TAPE

It must be obvious to everyone that popular music, jazz, and music of the theatre and motion picture, cannot be rated in the same manner as classical music, save for the audio quality of the records. Therefore, the following explanation is given so that you will fully understand the significance of the three letters which appear at the left of reviews of popular, jazz, theatre and motion picture albums.

COMPOSITION (Top Letter)

A: Extraordinary
Indicates that the collection is of superior character, both from a standpoint of material and programming. Assignment of this rating means an unqualified recommendation.

B: Good
In general the collection is excellent, but additions or substitutions might have made the work more attractive and more lastingly enjoyable.

C: Satisfactory
A collection that is highlighted by only a few numbers, yet the over-all is quite acceptable. This might often apply to collections that have a limited appeal, yet are important to those who specialize in specific types of music. It might often apply to collections of historic importance where the artistic performance is the primary factor.

PERFORMANCE (Middle Letter)

A: Extraordinary
Indicates a superior performance throughout the collection. Assignment of this rating means an unqualified recommendation.

B: Good
In general the performance is excellent, save that there are minor imperfections or breaches of artistry.

C: Satisfactory
To all intents and purposes an enjoyable recording, yet one that does not qualify for B rating.

RECORDING QUALITY (Bottom Letter)

A, B, C: The same as for classical recordings.
R: Indicates a re-issue.

JAZZ JOURNAL

By TOM SCANLAN
Weekend Jazz Critic

A DIFFERENT kind of jazz book and one that I highly recommend is **The Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz** by Leonard Feather, another writer devoted to modern sounds but surprisingly fair to other kinds of jazz in this book (Horizon Press, $3.95). Highlight of the book is a poll of 100 well known, important jazz musicians of all schools. The poll concerns their all-time jazz favorites. The results will probably displease, as well as inform, some who believe that jazz began with bop. Except for several musicians who wished to keep their votes secret, Feather wisely includes a chart showing just how every musician is the poll voted. Incidentally, pianist Teddy Wilson who received only one vote in the 1956 Down Beat Jazz Critics poll (mine) does much better with his fellow musicians although the great Tatum, of course, wins hands down. Goodman runs away with the clarinet chair winning many votes from "modernists." New additions to Feather's **Encyclopedia of Jazz**, a valuable book, are included. A foreward by Benny Goodman is included and it is very similar to an article Benny had in **Good Housekeeping** (sic) about a year ago.

Goodman has a word on jazz critics, too: "Although we have many competent critics in the newspapers, magazines, and the book world writing capably about the subject, among them my brother-in-law John Hammond, the fact remains that there are a number of others who tend to go overboard, approaching the subject as if it were some kind of occult science . . . (In Europe) a number of critics have gone about the business of analyzing and criticizing jazz from the most complicated and didactic standpoint, even though they themselves cannot create any of the music they discuss . . .

Feather-Allen Jazz History

New York—Steve Allen is narrating a two-12"-LP set, *The Jazz Story*, for Coral. Script is by Leonard Feather. Some 40 records or excerpts thereof will be used in the album which ranges from pre-jazz roots to the modern scene.

Willie (The Lion) Smith has recorded a description of historical piano stylists for the project. A session on folk roots featured guitarist George Barnes, plus Lou McGarity on violin.

9

DOWN BEAT - JAN. 9

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ ON RECORDS 82
Compiled by Leonard Feather (4-12")
Decca DXF 140

Set was compiled from the rich Decca-Brunswick archives by the eminent jazz critic-author, Leonard Feather, whose "Encyclopedia of Jazz" is the outstanding reference book on the subject. Here, instead of following the more arbitrary encyclopedia rule of programming by artists alphabetically, Feather groups his four disks as follows: Jazz of the 1920's '30's, '40's and '50's, and he he includes prime material, interesting, enjoyable, enlightening and, for the jock, programmable. This representation is broad, and Feather's notes truly informative. Most of the great names are here, and so are many of the all-time great jazz performances. An expensive post-Xmas package, but should be a perennial seller.

BILLBOARD - JAN. 30

M-G-M Issues 6 New Jazz LP's

NEW YORK—M-G-M Records has issued a group of six jazz albums under a special purchasing program for distributors. Included are "Hi-Fi Suite" by Leonard Feather and Dick Hyman; "Jazz Brittania" with the British All-Stars, and packages by Richard Wess and ork, the Eddie Gets Quintet, Cass Harrison Trio and Freddie Kohlman.

BILLBOARD

Maxine Sullivan, who hasn't been heard too frequently of late, turns up on two different sets on two different labels. For Period Records, Miss Sullivan neatly delivers a set of **Andy Razaf** numbers written in collaboration with **Fats Waller** and others. A group headed by **Charlie Shavers** backs her. For Bethlehem Records, Miss Sullivan again is heard on one side with Charlie Shavers, but the trumpeter gets top billing in a set titled **"The Complete Charlie Shavers with Maxine Sullivan."** The packages are closely interrelated via **Leonard Feather** who produced both.

VARIETY - JAN 30

ACCENT ON Youth

LEONARD FEATHER SAYS:

This Is What Jazz Is and Jazz Does

By Leonard Feather

(Jazz critic, author of the Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz)

Jazz acts as an emotional outlet for youth all over the world. It is not only as American as apple pie; it is as stimulating and energizing as freedom of speech; in fact, the improvisation that is its most important ingredient is the esthetic equivalent of that freedom.

Once considered the Cinderella of the arts, jazz was frowned on as an indulgence of thrill-happy adults in dim, smoky night clubs. Today it attracts youths of every race and color to concert halls from Oakland to Oslo, to outdoor festivals, recitals, lectures and jam sessions at colleges.

A RECENT SURVEY showed that the typical jazz fan is from 16 to 22 years old, spends from five to 20 hours a week listening to jazz—and would rather sit and listen than dance.

He sometimes becomes a professional participant, and he may attain front rank with bewildering speed.

Most important of all is the work jazz is doing to unite fans on five continents. A week never passes without my receiving a letter from a jazz fan overseas anxious to find an American pen pal who likes Ellington, Hampton or the Modern Jazz Quartet.

No wonder the State Dept. last year sent the Dizzy Gillespie band overseas on two tours, in the Near East and Latin America, to foster good will.

THE U. S. GOVERNMENT realizes that jazz—the young man's art—may be one of our greatest weapons in the promotion of international good will and understanding.

FEATHER (right), WITH JAZZ GIANT LIONEL HAMPTON

Sat., Jan. 5, 1957 ★ New York Journal-American

57

and our own stuff doesn't sell, which is very bad for the musicians' morale."

One might add that neither the morale nor the pocketbook is helped by the economic situation for Italian musicians. The relatively weak musicians' union imposes a scale of 3,000 lire a night (the current exchange rate is 625 lire to the dollar) for the lowliest sideman, and barely twice that amount for the highest-paid musician; consequently, the incentive is virtually absent.

Union scale for recording sessions is only 1,200 lire an hour. "We must write articles to encourage our local jazzmen not to give up entirely," says Polillo. "The string players and the accordion players are the only ones who get halfway decent money."

If Italy is getting hipper by the moment, the same must go double for France, where the output of both live and recorded jazz is in extraordinarily healthy condition.

Since my visit was limited to four days, I got to hear very little in person but was lucky enough to catch a good session at the Club St. Germain, with the best French rhythm section I had never heard—Martial Solal on piano, Pierre Michelot on bass and Jean-Louis Viale on drums, with Billy Byers and Roger Guerin sitting in on the trombone and trumpet. (Allen Eager, who currently is gracing the frozen custard business with his economic interest, indulged his hobby of playing jazz on several recent occasions at the spot.)

GUERIN, THOUGH ONE of France's best trumpet players, now makes his living as a vocal member of the Blue Stars, whom Eddie and Nicole Barclay assembled a year or two ago as a recording group and installed a couple of months ago in their club for an initial personal appearance.

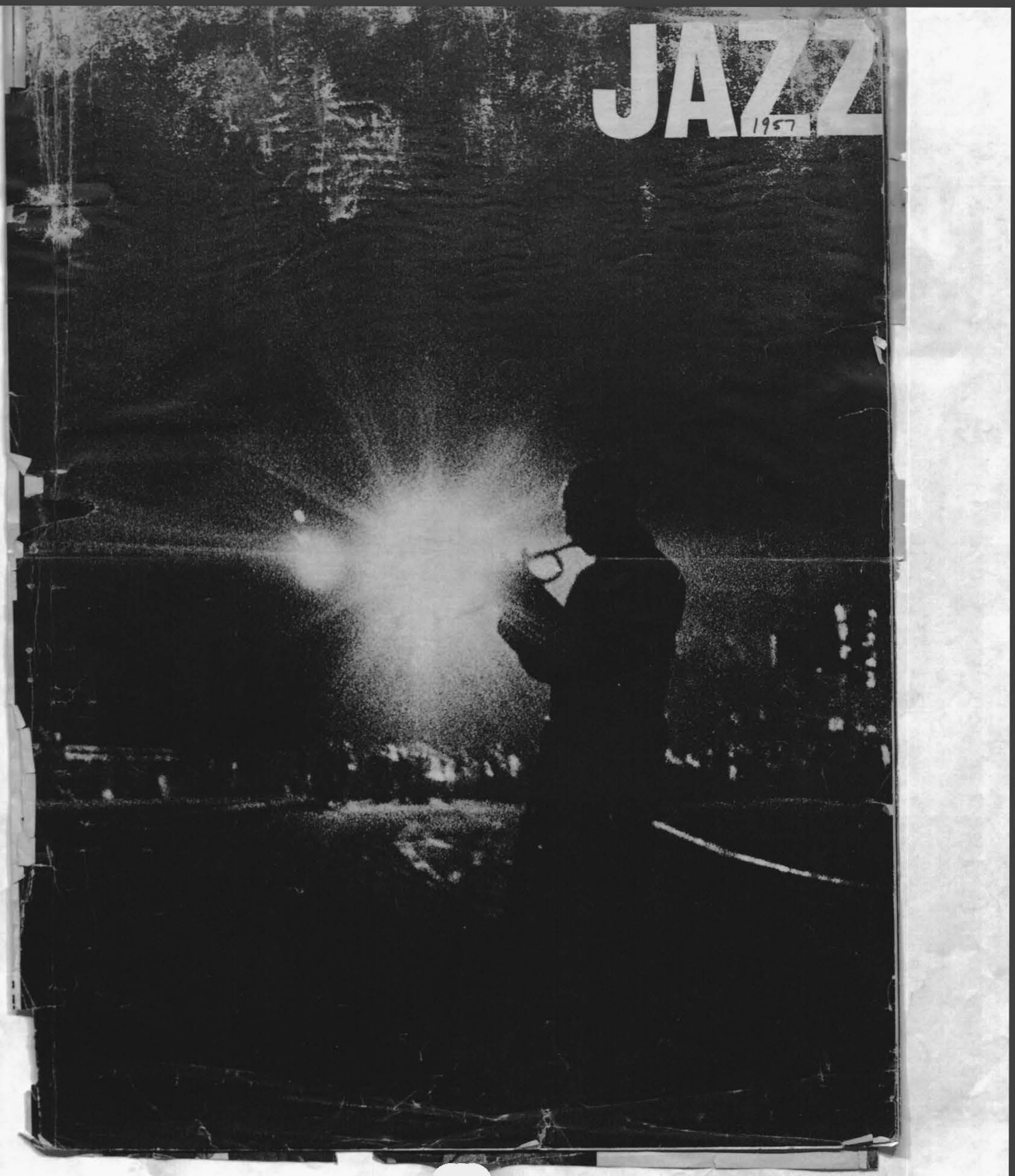
Reduced from their recorded size of eight to a neatly integrated six, the Blue Stars have been as big a hit at the St. Germain as they undoubtedly will be in due course at Birdland. Their blend is remarkable, their visual personality charming, and only rarely a little on the coy side.

Their act was cleverly organized and staged by a Scotsman, Monty Landis. Incidentally, they now include a Canadian member, Stevie Wise, a Toronto girl who worked with Calvin Jackson on TV and later spent several months with Ronnie Scott's band in England.

APPARENTLY THE French musician's don't suffer as heavily as the Italians from the exclusive concentration of interest in American records. The last time I saw Paris, Christian Chevallier was happy to inform me that he had just completed a recording session featuring nine brass, six saxes and rhythm.

Narrow Escape For Granz In Car Crash

Hollywood—Jazz impresario Norman Granz had a close brush with death Aug. 11 when his new Mercedes-Benz sports car skidded on a wet pavement in Benedict Canyon here and plunged into the side of a cliff. Granz suffered facial injuries resulting in 12 stitches in his chin and a fractured cheek bone. The car was completely demolished.


JAZZ
1957

MILLIONAIRE

A cloudburst
of blues at
Randalls Island jazz festival
(preceding page)
symbolizes the message
of these sixteen pages:
photo studies
of the jazz scene in general,
textual inspection
of one man in particular,
Norman Granz,
first man to make
a fortune out of jazz

by LEONARD FEATHER

Granz conceives ideas for teaming and grouping jazzmen, but he seldom tells them what or how to record. Cigar and hat behind him here are Lionel Hampton's

IN 1955 and the early months of 1956, while the earth continued to revolve normally on its axis and the world in general remained somewhat shakily at peace, a series of symptomatic disturbances could be observed in various parts of the globe. The events that took place, though loosely interrelated, were largely spontaneous in origin. They occurred in the area of the lively arts and, to the chagrin of a senator from Louisiana and of a few other very vocal dissidents less highly placed, in that segment of the arts known as jazz.

On the African Gold Coast, Louis Armstrong and his band were cheered wildly by 10,000 fans as they arrived for the first American jazz concert ever staged there. In North Texas, a course in jazz at State Teachers' College was valued at thirty-two credit points toward a degree. In Lenox, Massachusetts, the Music Barn, long dedicated to classical forms, decided to institute a summer jazz colony. At Lewisohn Stadium in Manhattan, the summer music-festival program was rearranged to include jazz. In Canada, Duke Ellington, Oscar Peterson and the Modern Jazz Quartet were announced for the Stratford Shakespearean Festival. In Yugoslavia, the American Ambassador, after watching the reaction to Dizzy Gillespie's interracial band, which was visiting there in the course of the first jazz tour covered by the President's Fund (a branch of the U.S. Information Office), wired Washington that "Gillespie's band has made our job much easier."

That jazz, which a decade ago was hardly ever heard in a concert hall, far less recognized by the U.S. Government, could have reached this summit of prestige and propaganda value was astonishing to some, incomprehensible to others. To many observers, however, it may have seemed like nothing more or less than a logical outgrowth of the efforts on the part of one man to launch jazz as an international commodity. The man in question is Norman Granz, an irascible, slangy, expensively-casually-dressed, impulsive, epicurean, much-hated and much-loved man who, at thirty-eight, is not only the world's foremost jazz impresario, but also can claim to have made more money exclusively out of jazz than anyone else in its relatively short and turbulent history.

Granz, who has often stated that his objectives are, in the order of their importance, to make money, to combat racial prejudice and to present good jazz, is an enigma whose many-sided character is known fully only to a few friends, mostly musicians who have worked for him over an extended period.

Beginning his jazz career in the early 1940's in Los Angeles, where he ran jam sessions without payment at a small night club, Granz gave

Rhythm in motion: Gene Krupa, the Chicagoan who has become a synonym for "jazz drummer," now tours annually with the globe-trotting JATP concert unit

The magnificent and magniloquent Duke Ellington, as composer, band leader, pioneer, gave jazz dignity and stature, remains peerless after thirty years at peak

his first full-scale jazz concert in July, 1944, at the Philharmonic Auditorium, previously dedicated exclusively to symphony orchestras. Before long he started releasing records made at the concerts, at a time when every previous phonograph record had been made, not surprisingly, in a recording studio. Within a few years the success of "Jazz At The Philharmonic," now used eponymously for a regular unit of touring musicians, and of the series of records drawn from their concerts, led to the establishment of a virtual jazz empire. In 1954 Jazz at the Philharmonic, Inc., which he owns, grossed $4,000,000.

Granz today owns four record companies, shepherds his Philharmonic flock through European, Japanese and Australian tours, promotes concert tours for other units in addition to his own, dabbles in personal management through his star singer, Ella Fitzgerald, and is preparing a big-scale return to film production, an area he entered with immediate success in 1944 when his short subject, *Jammin' The Blues*, directed by photographer Gjon Mili, won an Academy Award nomination. He has extended his musical interests far outside jazz to record such artists as Spike Jones, Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire; he has even started, in collaboration with James Mason, a project for a record company that will be dedicated exclusively to the reading of poetry and prose.

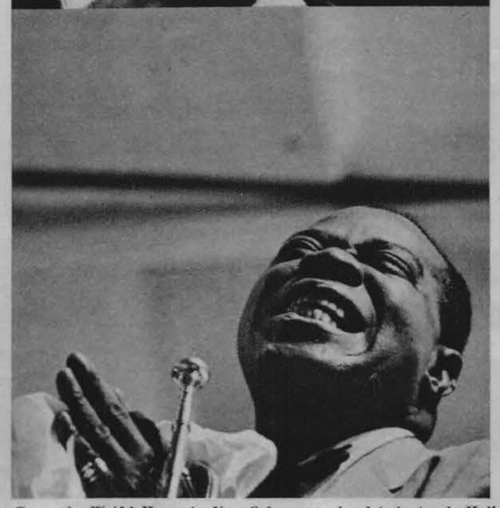
To the musicians for whom his patronage guarantees upward of $50,000 worth of work annually, Granz is a paterfamilias, a benevolent giant who strides through the world in seven-league boots, knocking down the Jim Crow pygmies as he goes. To competing promoters, night-club operators trying to buy talent, booking agents and other businessmen who need him more than he needs them, Granz is a petulant grudge-bearer and a hard man with a buck. To Henri Soulé at New York's famed Le Pavillon restaurant, he is a gourmet sufficiently acquainted with the culinary craft to earn an apprenticeship in Soulé's kitchen (Granz has declared that some day he will give up all his interests for a few weeks to take Soulé up on this offer). To an ex-wife and a number of pouting blondes in the United States and throughout the European continent, Granz is a traveling salesman who is here today and real gone tomorrow. To disinterested observers he is a tough, ruthless businessman; a tireless worker who expects everyone else to have the same endless reservoir of energy and determination; a man of highly sensitive tastes who appreciates the beauty of perfect workmanship, who can be warm, thoughtful and lovable to close friends, and whose acquired fund of knowledge reflects his limitless curiosity.

The man who has given rise to this disparity of characterizations is just the chameleonlike individual one might expect. Depending upon the company in which he finds himself, Granz may act and talk at times like a four-beat Oscar Levant, while at other moments he may take on the warm, grizzly-bear characteristics of a Paul Muni, the martyred air of a homeless evictee, or the pristine enthusiasm of a movie producer showing his Picassos to the new house guests. The failure of the volatile Granz to come into clear focus is more a credit to his adaptability than a reflection on his integration as a personality.

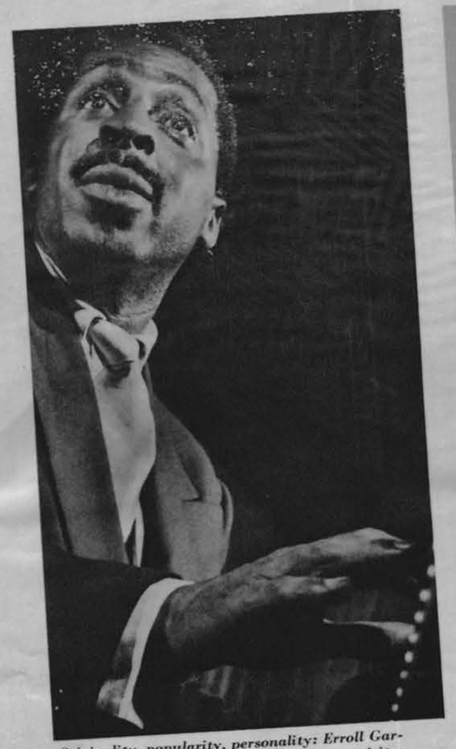
Granz is the product of a middle-class family whose members, living at the time of his birth in what is now the Central Avenue epicenter of Los Angeles, moved first to Long Beach, where Granz's father owned a department store, and later to the Los Angeles area known as Boyle Heights, when Granz, Sr., lost his store and entered an era of diminished affluence during the Depression years.

"Long Beach was predominantly a Midwestern community in its thinking," Granz says. "We were one of about half-a-dozen Jewish families in the whole city. I remember there used to be a gag about all the retired businessmen from Iowa settling in Long Beach. And I think I remember the Ku Klux Klan used to parade there in nightshirts, but I don't recall that it had any impact on me at all at the time. I suppose

Triple pioneer: Benny Goodman set an insuperable pace for jazz clarinet, launched the swing era, fought Jim Crow with a trio



From the Waifs' Home in New Orleans to the dais in jazz's Hall of Fame, box-office records in five continents: Louis Armstrong



Originality, popularity, personality: Erroll Garner has achieved the triad of success requisites

College audiences shouldered him to fame: cerebral ex-Milhaud student, quartet-leader Dave Brubeck

that the reason I can mix so easily with minority members arose from my playing with the kids on Central Avenue, when it was a heterogeneous district with all minorities represented."

Boyle Heights, though it represented a nadir in the Granz family fortunes, failed to upset him. (Granz recalled this era recently when, in a mood that seemed characteristically out of character, he began a diatribe against a singer whose escapades, in jails and recording studios, have caused him frequent trouble and expense. "Why the hell should I sympathize because of her childhood?" he complained. "Mickey Cohen and I came from the same area in Boyle Heights. Mickey Cohen became a gangster; I didn't. Nobody forced him to become what he became.")

After attending Roosevelt High in Boyle Heights and graduating in 1935, Granz went to work in a brokerage house in order to work his way through UCLA. "There was never enough money for a car, so I spent the better part of my life in buses and streetcars. During daylight-saving time, with a three-hour time difference and Wall Street opening at ten, I'd have to be at work at 6 a.m. to get the board clean for a 7 a.m. opening. In those days the clerks worked with chalk and chamois; we had no automatic boards. And during that time I played basketball at UCLA, and stayed up studying at night."

The years of marking time, of late nights and early mornings, lasted until Granz entered the Army in 1941. Originally in the Air Corps, he was later transferred to Special Services. After a medical discharge in 1943 he went to work on a labor gang at the Warner Brothers studio, cleaning up the premises for a dollar an hour. "I was fired from the labor gang," he recalls with an air of quiet satisfaction, "and the next time Warners saw me was when I went back there later to make my own picture."

By now a casual interest in jazz, fed in the late 1930's by a hobby of collecting phonograph records, had developed to the point where he had begun staging jam sessions. His reasons, he states now, were mainly sociological rather than musical. The Hollywood night clubs had a fixed rule against admitting Negroes as patrons. "I remember once when Billie Holiday was complaining that some of her friends had come to see her and they weren't allowed in. She was crying and everything; it was a real drag." (Granz's conversation is a jagged mirror of his various backgrounds. UCLA rhetoric rubs syllables with the latest jazz jargon: musicians are "cats" and money is "bread" or "loot.") Granz proposed to Billy Berg, a leading night-club operator, that he run a series of jam sessions, one night a week, to fill the gap caused by a new union ruling that guaranteed the regularly employed musicians one night off weekly.

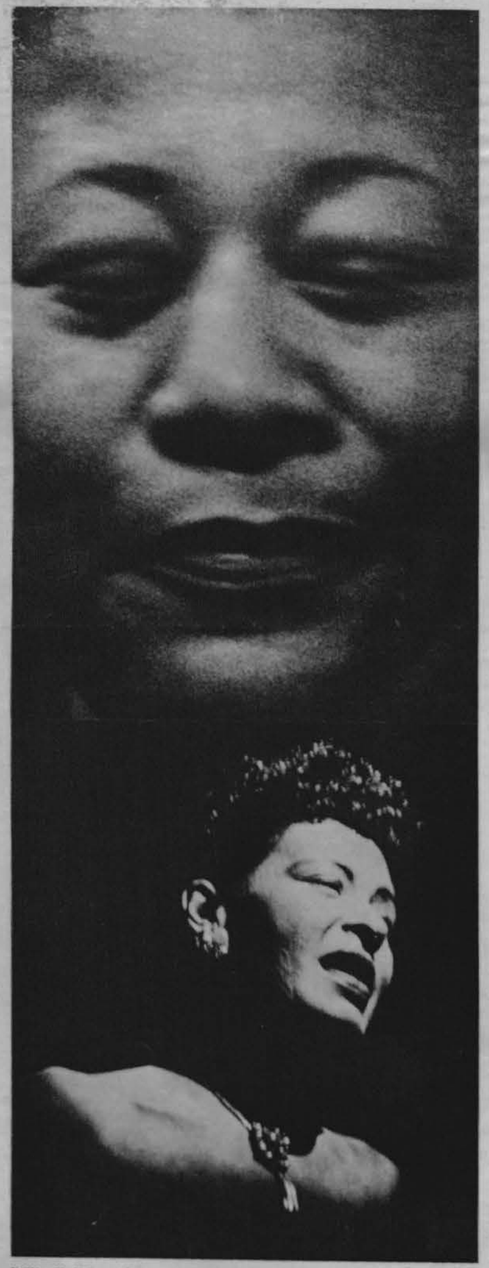
As has always been the case when Granz offers a deal, he stated his terms in an abrupt, take-it-or-leave-it manner. There were three main conditions: first, instead of relying on musicians to drop in and play for nothing, the men would be paid and this would enable Granz to announce their presence in advance. Second, tables were to be put on the dance floor so that there could be no dancing; in defiance of all established night-club standards, listening would thus be almost mandatory. Third and most important, Negro patrons were to be admitted.

"I think the cats got $6 each," Granz recalls, "and those were good days for getting musicians in Los Angeles. Duke Ellington's band was around town; Jimmie Lunceford's men were available; Nat Cole, who had the trio at the 331 Club, was my house pianist; Lester Young and his brother Lee were regulars."

Lee Young, the drummer, who was the first musician to become socially friendly with Granz, remembers him as "a real Joe College type, with the brown-and-white shoes, the open collar, the sweater and the general Sloppy Joe style; he was just a guy that was always around, and at first we wondered what he did for a living. He was a lone wolf. We'd drink malteds together—neither of us ever drank liquor—and before

Granz's JATP tours and Clef discs have no sound more inimitable than the horn of John Gillespie, the not-so-dizzy catalyst of the 1940s' bop era

Ella Fitzgerald, the favorite girl singer of every other singer, looks toward Norman Granz for managerial guidance



Billie Holiday: the sensuous, mocking voice of jazz in the Thirties, rescued by Granz from record obscurity in Fifties

long I'd be going over to his side of town and he'd be visiting mine, and we'd be playing tennis."

Nat Cole, who at that time led a local trio for $35 a week and had not started singing, knew Granz around 1941. "He'd bring a whole bunch of records over and we'd listen to them together and have dinner. He had that sloppy Harvard look, and even in those days he wouldn't knuckle down to anybody. A lot of people disliked him, but I understood his attitude; he just knew what he wanted and exactly how he was going to get it. I remember when the booking agents used to call him a capitalistic radical, which of course wasn't right."

Before long Granz had a little circuit going; because several clubs had a different night off for their regular musicians, he was able to rotate his jazzmen in several clubs on these odd nights and offer them four or five nights' work a week. The time was ripe for his next logical step, into the concert field.

In the Summer of 1944 a defense fund was organized for the liberation of a group of Mexican youths who had been sent to San Quentin after a killing during Los Angeles' so-called "zoot-suit" riots.

Granz says: "There were so many kids accused that it smacked of a prejudice case. Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth and a lot of other Hollywood people were involved in the thing, which was called the Sleepy Lagoon Defense Committee. I don't even remember where Sleepy Lagoon was, and I didn't know what the hell was going on with the case, but it did seem to be a prejudice case, and this was a chance to try out one of my ideas, which was to put on a jazz concert at the Philharmonic."

Granz's cast for the show, held on a Sunday afternoon in July, included Les Paul, a guitarist who was later to sell several million records through the development of electronic techniques that enabled him to twist his music into many lucrative distortions; Meade Lux Lewis, a pioneer boogiewoogie pianist; Nat Cole, and a saxophonist named Illinois Jacquet who, according to *Down Beat*, "had the kids wild with the screaming high notes of his tenor sax."

Granz's millions were preordained by this last item. The erotic appeal of freak high notes played on the saxophone proved to have a commercial lure far beyond that of any jazz hitherto performed. Critics belittled it, but during the rest of the year Granz was able to present his concerts at the Philharmonic as monthly events.

The lone wolf briefly formed a small wolf pack of two, when, for several concerts, a partnership was arranged with Al Jarvis, a local disc jockey. Jarvis and Granz broke up after Jarvis, arguing with Granz backstage, finally managed to edge a vocal protégé onstage to do one number. Granz felt that the unknown singer, who until lately had been manager for a vocal group, had no business in a jazz concert. Though the singer, whose name was Frankie Laine, escaped from obscurity a couple of years later to become one of the country's top juke-box favorites, Granz felt that his participation in a jazz concert was somewhat akin to having a potential Sugar Ray Robinson pitch for the Yankees.

By 1945 Granz was able to muster enough talent, money and courage to take a jazz show on the road; he got as far as Victoria, B.C., and, as

Jazz's most flexible voice: Sarah Vaughan is, at one time, the motherless child and the lady who's a tramp

Chris Connor from Kansas City sells quasi-hip songs to eager young fans

he puts it, "It broke me. I had to hock everything I owned to get the musicians back." Meanwhile, however, another factor had entered the picture that was to shape Granz's future: the first *Jazz At The Philharmonic* album, recorded at one of his concerts, had been released, and had created a panic without precedent among jazz fans.

The idea of releasing a record complete with audience noise, applause and the other spontaneous concomitants of a "live" performance seemed ridiculous to record merchants who rejected Granz's first attempts to peddle the bulky disc recordings. Granz's initial sale was accomplished on his first trip to New York by a system that has often proved a boon to those who are alphabetically blessed by heritage: opening the classified telephone book at the page that listed the record companies, he started going through them from the top of the list. This brought him into contact with a man named Moe Asch, to whom he played some records he had just supervised featuring Ella Logan, the singer. Asch showed firm resistance to the Logan products, but as an afterthought he asked, "What are those other records you've got under your arm?" Granz promptly unwrapped and played a lengthy interpretation of *How High The Moon*, which was then beginning to earn some renown as a new national anthem of jazz.

"Asch flipped," says Granz. "He put the records out as Volume One of *Jazz At The Philharmonic*, and it was incredibly popular. I imagine it sold about 150,000 albums, but I never got an accounting, because Asch eventually not only lost the rights, he lost his whole company."

In the program notes for his maiden record voyage, Granz wrote: "The solos have a certain spirit that I don't think could have been captured so faithfully under any other circumstances. . . . *Jazz At The Philharmonic* represents a trend that jazz is likely to take in the years ahead . . . the concert stage will attract thousands of people . . . listening standards will be raised . . . musicians will be paid a wage commensurate with their abilities." Every prediction came true; by the late 1940's Granz's concert units, fortified by the overwhelming success of a series of albums, had been imitated by a dozen promoters: the idea of issuing albums recorded at concerts was copied by scores of entrepreneurs.

Gerry Mulligan added modern sheen to baritone sax and swing orchestrations

While the first albums were establishing him, Granz ran his business from New York for a while, and from his small apartment in Los Angeles. In 1947, during a cross-country concert tour, he met a tall, attractive blonde named Loretta Snyder Sullivan in Saginaw, Michigan, where she was handing out leaflets at a concert. He invited her to attend another concert in Flint, Michigan. With his customary firmness of immediate conviction, he proposed to her the next night, but it was not until after almost a year of intermittent long-distance phone calls that they were married. Not long after this Granz decided to live in Detroit, which he says, "has always been the best city in the country for jazz. It's a city of feast or famine; when there's a strike it's like a ghost town, but if the plants are running everybody's swingin'." Mrs. Granz became the mother of a daughter, born in Detroit in 1949. She subsequently spent a few chaotic married years in Los Angeles where Granz re-established his headquarters, and in Hawaii, where he indulged himself in what passed for a vacation.

"Norman should have been a lawyer," says Mrs. Granz, who obtained a divorce three years ago. "He wins every argument; you have to sit in a corner and say yes. His mind is on his business every moment. Moreover, I was ill-advised enough to tell him I disliked some of his records." Mrs. Granz, who enjoyed her increasingly rare moments of relaxation with Granz (some of them on the tennis court), says that she felt like a noose around his neck. That it was a fairly capacious noose can be gauged from her recollection that when he took her to Italy for a vacation he left her there and wound up in Germany, looking for a particular camera in which Gjon Mili was interested.

Jazz patrons: the Louis Lorillards, founders of the Newport Festival, left, and the John Hammonds at Newport. On opposite page: Newport sea-jam blues

Lester Young's introvert tenor sax, in Basie band of Thirties, paved way for cool era. Seen in Granz film, Jammin' The Blues, Lester is Clef catalogue staple

salary; but I just dug the idea of his coming over for a few minutes to play with my cats."

Similarly, "I don't know another promoter in the country that can promote like me. The reason is simple: I spend more loot. You don't have to be a genius to be a good promoter; you just take bigger ads than anyone else."

Granz is no less lavish in making his record sessions. "Anyone else could take my company and make a lot of money if they ran it economically. Who needs that album I just made of Dizzy Gillespie with his big band? It cost me $5000; it can't possibly make money. But Dizzy wanted to do it. He's happy."

When the contentment and dignity of his artists may be at stake, Granz is even more reluctant to tighten his purse strings. When two musicians were found shooting dice in Ella Fitzgerald's dressing room in a Houston auditorium in 1955, Granz and others in the room were arrested. After posting $10 bail apiece, the group forfeited the bail and left Houston. For weeks after the incident, Granz was on the phone to lawyers in New York and Houston, attempting to have the charges quashed. Ultimately the cases were dismissed and Granz told he could collect the bonds any time. To get the few dollars back and have the incident expunged from the record, it had cost Granz slightly over $2000 in phone bills and legal fees.

Granz uses transcontinental telephones as if they were interoffice communicators and employs planes as delivery boys use bicycles. On one occasion he put in a call from Los Angeles to Virginia Wicks, his publicity agent in New York, and asked her, as an extracurricular favor, to send a present to the small daughter of a young actress he was then courting. Miss Wicks hung up and had just returned to her typewriter when the phone rang: it was Los Angeles calling again. "While you're about it," said Granz, "might as well get something for your own kid, too," and hung up.

Granz now operates his business from a one-floor-walk-up office in Beverly Hills, where he has gradually taken over most of the floor space and at present employs seventeen people, including an office manager, secretaries, accountants and shipping clerks. His younger brother, Irving, works for him occasionally, traveling in advance of the concerts to arrange promotions with disc jockeys. "Irving's reputation with disc jockeys on the road is far better than mine," Granz concedes, adding a simple explanation: "They says he's courteous."

Recently this reporter followed Granz around on what appeared to be a fairly typical business day, though its start was irregular: he arrived at his office at 11:30 a.m., much later than usual, soaking wet from his bare head to his loafer shoes, wearing a sports suit, open-necked shirt, and an expression of aloof disdain even more pronounced than usual. Los Angeles had had a rainy night, and Granz had had a painful morning.

"Boy!" he said, feeling his jaw, "what a session *that* was!"

Mary Jane Outwater, a tall and attractive blonde who is Granz's private secretary, said, "Well, he's a good dentist."

"Good dentist my foot," said Granz, "he butchered me. Let me have an Anacin."

He opened the door of his own office, a small, pleasant and brightly lit room. On the wall facing the door is a cartoon depicting an anonymous man hanging from a tree by his toes; the caption reads: "He suggested intercutting at a Granz date." (Intercutting is a system of assembling records by using a patchwork of tapes from more than one "take" of a tune, a form of cheating of which Granz disapproves strongly.) Elsewhere on the walls are a Picasso print; a copy of the Cole Porter song, *Now You Has Jazz*, jocularly inscribed by the composer with the dual by-line, "By Norman Granz and Cole Porter" (Granz had given Porter some advice on jazz terminology); a framed picture of Fred Astaire; and a large framed color photograph of Granz's daughter with Mrs. Granz's [illegible] previous marriage.

Granz picked up a telephone and called the Hollywood Bowl. A few minutes later, he commented: "They want me to put on this year's jazz concert there. I offered them two deals: either I'll do it the way they want it, and charge them five grand, or I'll do it for nothing and they can't open their mouths. They took the free deal."

Granz then called Chicago concerning a record session he had made there the previous day. "Basie shouldn't have recorded that way," he muttered, "all that flute stuff, and the same tunes Jo Stafford has recorded. Basie's is a blues band. But he wants to do it, so I let him do it."

He talked briefly to a record-company representative in New York who had just launched a mail-order company using material from Granz's catalogues. "Your so-called expert's views and mine are antithetical," he said angrily. "If you want it that way, maybe you should take my name off the whole thing." He hung up. "People never know how to delegate responsibility," he said. "I always feel that if you trust somebody, you have to let them go for themselves. I don't even know who my distributor is in Minneapolis. That's Bernie's responsibility. (Bernie Silverman, Granz's first lieutenant, oversees the entire distribution of the various Granz record labels—Clef, Norgran, Verve and Down Home Records.) I don't even know what tunes Buddy Bregman is making with Ella today. If Buddy's a good musical director it'll come out right; if not I can always bounce him. . . . Mary Jane, show me the Stevenson contracts. Set up the studio reservation for the Art Tatum session. And get me John Hammond in New York."

Granz became suddenly quiet. He picked up an LP record; inscribed above the artist's name was the legend, "Muenster-Dummel Hi-Fi Recording." Asked what this meant, he explained: "Everybody has to have a highfalutin' name to make it sound as if he has his own individual recording system. This means nothing. Dummel is the name of one of the engineers at the studio and Muenster is my favorite cheese. On the Verve label we have something else again: it's going to be 'Panoramic True Hi Fidelity Recording.'" He laughed abruptly, felt his aching jaw, then let his face fall into its normal expression of repose, a scowl. This was lightened occasionally by a grin that suggested a private laugh at some esoteric joke.

Granz's general demeanor is accentuated by his eyebrows, which are his most striking physiological feature, curling up in a Mephistophelean twist at the far ends. His eyes have a steely intensity. His hair, greying and thinning, tends to make him look older than his well-built, youthful, six-foot figure otherwise indicates.

After completing a couple of hours of telephone calls and brief consultations with Silverman and Miss Outwater, Granz left for lunch at Romanoff's, where he was met by Spike Jones, the veteran comedy band leader, who had signed a contract with Verve Records. Over lunch, Granz talked about outside interests, about a concert he was arranging as a benefit for the Thalians, an organization dedicated to the welfare of mentally retarded children; about the Cadillac chassis he had shipped to Turin, where his friend Pinin Farina, the automotive designer, had equipped it with a body according to his own specifications and shipped it back here, at a total cost of $15,000. "And after that," added Granz, "I had to send it back for adjustments!"

Granz and Jones then drove to the recording studio where most of the Granz sessions are made. They listened to test-pressings of Jones' new comedy discs. The first one left Granz impassive. During the second his face lit up. "My kid will like this," he said. "It's like seeing pink elephants." The record was a satire, with dog-barking effects, of a current popular song. Then Granz mused nervously, "Do you think the publisher will grant us a license for it?" "Not a chance," said Jones cheerfully. "We're ruining their copyright." (The license was granted.)

When they had heard all the new Jones numbers, Granz said: "Dig. Here's a record my kid flips over. One of the greatest children's records I ever heard." He played a record by Stan Wilson, a folk singer, called *The Old Lady Who Swallowed The Fly*. "That ought to be a big seller," said Jones. "I'm hip," said Granz.

After showing an engineer how the music on a recent record could be cut from four and a half minutes to three minutes, to facilitate its release on a 78 r.p.m. disc, Granz said good-by to Jones and left for another studio, where Ella Fitzgerald was recording with a large orchestra.

Gazing at Ella Fitzgerald through the glass-windowed control booth, he said: "You know, I'd been thinking for years about taking over Ella's personal management. Finally, one day on the plane between Tokyo and Osaka, we talked about it. Ella was afraid; she thought I was too much of a bloodsucker. So I told her it was a matter of pride with me; that she still hadn't been recognized, economically at least, as the greatest singer of our time. I asked her to give me a year's free trial—no commission. But she wound up insisting on paying the commission. We have no contract—mutual love and respect is all the contract we need. I went to work right away on getting her into the class of clubs where she'd never been booked. I can get her into the right clubs with just a few phone calls. And now that she's on my own label she'll make more records during the first year than she made in the whole nineteen years she was with Decca; what's more, she'll have complete freedom to record anything she likes. Eventually I want Ella to make enough bread so she can afford to take a couple of months off every year; if she can make two hundred grand a year, and without dieting, why should she knock her brains out? That's what I'm looking out for—that, and her dignity, which hasn't been respected enough."

The session ended at six o'clock; Norman left for his ex-wife's home, where he spends an hour and a half every day, whenever he is in Los Angeles, playing with his daughter. He often arrives armed with presents for the child and with new Granz records for the ex-Mrs. Granz. He left at eight o'clock for dinner at Chasen's. This is the Hollywood restaurant where, after one of the tours two years ago, the JATP musicians surprised him with a banquet in his honor and presented him with a dozen tennis balls, a racquet, and a certificate for ten free lessons with a local pro. ("He looked so uncomfortable and embarrassed," recalls Oscar Peterson, "he didn't know what to do or say. He wants so much for people to like him, but doesn't know how to act when they show they do.")

Over a dinner at which he carefully picked every item for himself and a friend, Granz talked of his interest in food. "I began to become conscious of the art of cooking around the time we began to visit Europe. I'm a firm believer in eating whatever is indigenous to the country you're visiting. It's like anything else; when I become interested in something, I like to know it thoroughly. I bought a whole bunch of cookbooks. Every once in a while I like to cook special dinners at home: one evening I had Oscar Peterson's trio over and we went the whole route, with caviar and vodka along the way."

A friend stopped at Granz's table to ask him to visit a night club. Granz, who becomes restless in clubs, refused firmly. Often in bed in Los Angeles by 9:30 p.m. and up at 6:30 for a game of tennis, he has a chronic distaste for the kind of life led by New Yorkers, and by the majority of jazz musicians forced by virtue of their calling to stay up until four in the morning. A similar phobia keeps him from attending other people's jazz concerts. ("I feel uncomfortable; I'm almost living it up there with them.") The only exception is a concert by the band he considers by far the most important and fascinating of all, Duke Ellington's. Granz sums up his feelings about Ellington by bringing forth the highest compliment in his vocabulary: "Duke's a bitch," he says.

Leaving Chasen's, Granz drove to his apartment in Benedict Canyon. The living room was clogged with tall piles of classical record albums. There were a few jazz albums, a widely assorted library, and a large television set which Granz hardly ever turns on.

As the evening drew to a close Granz's thoughts took a speculative turn. "I don't want to be king of the mountain in America," he said. "I don't dig ostentation. What does one live for? I want to be castigated. I don't want any big rush; and I'd like to be in a place where your competitors think and operate the same way. That's why I dig Italy. I'm going to spend six months a year there from now on. I'm not as eager as some of our friends along Broadway; I want a peaceful existence."

Somehow it was difficult to imagine Norman Granz subsiding into around-the-clock productivity to quasi-immobility. It seemed unlikely that he would ever carry out his threat completely, thereby throwing many office employees and musicians off the payroll. For one thing, he has enlarged his record domain in the past year and is bound to be near on the scene to nurse these new children past the infant stage. For the other, beneath his new interests lies an undimmed love for jazz and the friends it brought him. Aside from that, there is one factor that is bound to take into altruistic consideration: the cats need the bread.

One-night stands are price of jazz fame: Basie band in bus

IN THE CONDON BAND

Did he expect to find many friends in England?

"I don't think we'll be in any trouble. Ernie Anderson and his twin daughters are living there. Eddy Gilmore, of Associated Press, who was in Moscow for so many years, lives in London now, and he's a good friend of ours. Ralph Sutton got to know Gerald Lascelles well while Ralph was in England, and I met him at the club later.

A drink

Then there is Lord Donegall, and the Gilbey family are old pals, so I don't think we'll have any trouble in getting a drink."

"Is there any possibility of your touring the Continent?" I inquired.

"Not on this trip, although I'm sure I'll fly to Paris just for a visit."


● Schroeder

•

WILD Bill Davison, variously referred to by Condon in his columns as "Wild Bull" and "Wild Pitch," was born, appropriately, in Defiance, Ohio, and can proudly claim to be one of the few sidemen who can match Condon drink for drink. (Eddie's almost infinite capacity is the subject for endless discussions by himself, Dick Gehman, George Frazier and other authorities in Eddie's *Treasury of Jazz*.

Born in 1906, he organised his first small band, doubling on banjo and cornet, at grade school; by the time he had started high school, he was already a full-fledged working musician, calling his group "The Ohio Lucky Seven."

"One reason I could always get jobs with bands," he recalls, "was that I could sing and be a comedian. I did a Bert Williams-style drunk act."

Bill did some of his early work around Cincinnati in 1924, where he was a close pal of Bix. He was in New York for a while in 1925-6, then jobbed around in Detroit and Chicago. Listened to Louis' record of "Cornet Chop Suey" and never recovered: soon became a buddy of Louis and retained a lot of him in his style.

Own group

Led his own groups mostly around Milwaukee and Chicago from 1933-42. He and Gene Schroeder are the only original members who opened Condon's club 11 years ago.

Has also been heard on many record sessions with Art Hodes, George Brunis, Sidney Bechet, Tony Parenti and, recently, with strings.

● Davison

Niche

ROBERT DEEWEES "Cutty" Cutshall, Eddie's trombonist, went around the big band circuit before settling into his comfortable Condon niche, which he has held since 1949. Born December 29, 1911, in Huntington County, Pa., he studied with the first trombonist of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.


● Wettling

Did radio staff work in Pittsburgh from 1930-34, then had his first big band experience with Joe Haymes and Charlie Dornberger. Came to New York in 1939 with the Jan Savitt band. Joined Benny Goodman in 1940, staying until he entered the Army in 1942.

After his discharge, he was back with Benny Goodman from January to December, 1946.

During 1947 he spent most of his time freelancing around New York playing theatres and gigging with Charlie Barnet. In 1948 he worked at Nick's with Billy Butterfield and Bobby Hackett. He names Jack Teagarden and Will Bradley as his favourites on trombone. He has been featured on numerous Dixieland discs with Jimmy Dorsey, Bob Crosby, Jimmy McPartland, Maxie Kaminsky, and the Lawson-Haggart band.


● Cutshall

•

ROBERT SAGE WILBER, Condon's clarinettist, is one of those rare musicians to have bridged the gap between Lennie Tristano, mainstream jazz, Dixieland and New Orleans music.

Born in 1928 in New York City and raised in Scarsdale, N.Y., he took up clarinet in 1941 and was active in school jazz groups. Studied at Juilliard and Eastman School of Music in 1945-6, and with Lee Konitz and Tristano in 1952.

His amazing assortment of playmates has included Baby Dodds and Pops Foster, Sid Catlett, the De Paris Brothers, Sidney Bechet and Leon Russianoff, with whom he studied clarinet after ending his two years of Army service in 1954. During 1955 he worked with a co-operative group known as "The Six," but they disbanded and he opened at Condon's last April.

Pianist first

EUGENE CHARLES SCHROEDER, pianist, was born in 1915 in Madison, Wisconsin. He played clarinet in his high school band in 1930-31; attended Wisconsin University Music School in 1932. After several years with commercial bands, he joined Joe Marsala at the Hickory House; then in 1943 began an association with Condon that has lasted almost continuously since then.

Pioneer

LEONARD GASKIN, born in Brooklyn in 1920, was a pioneer associate of all the early boppers. He took up bass at 15; at 19 he played his first job at Murrain's in Harlem, working in Clark Monroe's band with Duke Jordan and Max Roach.

He was with Dizzy Gillespie for three months in 1944. His combo jobs through the years have included work with Eddie South, Stuff Smith, Charlie Shavers, Charlie Parker, and a stretch

Turn to Page 7


● Wilber

59

Cole votes for Heath

THE bulky parcel from America turned out to be Leonard Feather's "Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz," almost as large as the original "Encyclopedia of Jazz" and containing a stack of new information.

No reference work can quite catch up with the rapid onward march of jazz, but this volume, taken in conjunction with Feather's basic work, makes as comprehensive a summary of existing jazz information as anyone could wish.

By STEVE RACE

Swipe

The Yearbook (not yet available in Britain) includes 160 new photographs, well up to the amazingly high standard of the parent volume, both as regards art value and reproduction.

Particularly striking are the studies of some of the West Coast newcomers, a be-fezzed Bud Powell (full page) and the classic Herman Leonard portrait of Gerry Mulligan, which captures the Mulligan fanaticism in a picture so unusual that it resembles an etching almost more than a photographic plate. Unquestionably it is one of the great Jazz photographs.

Benny Goodman writes the foreword to the new volume, and takes a healthy swipe in the general direction of Hugues Panassié.

Survey

Feather opens the book—which incidentally should, but does not, bear a clear indication of its year of issue—with a fascinating survey of the American music scene since the initial Encyclopedia was published, including many backstage facts which will be new to British readers.

In "The Truth About Rock 'n' Roll" he deals crisply with Lionel Hampton's share of the responsibility.

Next comes a statistical survey called "The Jazz Fan"; fascinating, although its findings are based on a dangerously small number of interviews.

There follows a report on Feather's "Musicians' Musicians' Poll," the results tabulated for easy reference. Certain facts stand out: notably that Buddy de Franco and Maynard Ferguson voted for themselves, while Gerry Mulligan managed to vote for himself twice (under "Baritone Sax" and "Combo").

Benny Goodman significantly left the clarinet space blank, and Louis Armstrong voted for every one of his All-Stars under their respective instruments except Edmond Hall.

Nat Cole voted for Heath, Bob Brookmeyer for Jelly Roll Morton. Charlie Parker collected more votes that anyone else—and no one voted for Dave Brubeck in the entire length and breadth of the poll.

In the main Biographical section, Victor Feldman, Freddy Randall and Joe Saye join the British representation, and there is a complimentary note on the first Ted Heath American tour.

Omissions

Certain musicians who ought to have been in the first edition—Frank Signorelli and Sonny Burke, for instance—now have a place, together with the new names one anticipated (Phineas Newborn, Sam Woodyard, Cannonball Adderley and Mel Lewis). Curious omissions: still no Tommy Turk, Alex Hill or guitarist Bernard Addison.

As in the parent volume, one encounters curious bits of information on every other page. Did you know that Gene Ammons recorded "When The Saints Go Marching In," or that Willie "The Lion" Smith evened things with "Perdido"?

Would you have guessed that Red Nichols is one of Gerry Mulligan's three favourite trumpeters, or that one out of every eight American jazz fans is over 30 years of age?

In the immortal words of every reviewer: "I just couldn't put this book down." When, in due course, Feather's first Yearbook is issued here, it will keep the bed-lights of Britain working overtime.

THE JAZZ STORY: Steve Allen will narrate a two 12-inch LP set for Coral Records, the script by Leonard Feather, which will use some forty or so records (sometimes only parts of them) and attempt to cover the entire story of jazz from the beginning until today. Several dates will be made especially for the set. Willie *The Lion* Smith has already recorded a description of early piano music and a folk music session was also done, featuring guitarist George Barnes and trombonist Lou McGarity playing violin.

JAZZ TODAY

Feb, 1957

TRANSATLANTIC TAILPIECES

by 'THE ALLEY CAT'—now in America

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

in the Sombrero Ballhouse in Phoenix, Arizona, and has **Leonard Feather** is taking a jazz package round the States from October 14 bearing the title of his book, "Encyclopedia Of *Jazz*". There is no truth in the rumour that he is considering a British version of the show, to be called "Encyclopedia Britannica" . . .

★ ★ ★

Feather Says Roach Is Right and Wrong

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Courier agrees with Mr. Feather that both Stan Kenton and Count Basie have at one time had interracial bands and appreciates the fact that Mr. Feather brought this to our readers' attention.

■

NEW YORK—Dear Izzy: Max Roach is perfectly right in his views on Stan Kenton expressed in last week's Courier.

However, your reporter, in stating that Kenton "has never had a Negro in his band," is way off base.

Among Kenton's sidemen have been Gus Chappell, the Chicago trombonist; trumpeters Karl George and Ernie Royal; bassist Curtis Counce, who toured with the band in Europe last year, and tenor saxophonist Lucky Thompson, who was also with Kenton briefly in Europe.

Although I have disagreed violently with Kenton's views, both racially and musically, I feel that he is entitled to a true statement of the facts and would appreciate your printing this note.

It is also untrue that Count Basie never has had a white man in his band as Max claims. Johnny Mandel played in the trombone section from June to November, 1953, and Buddy DeFranco played clarinet with Basie for an entire year, from 1950 to '51.

One other point: it was not a "private poll" that elected Max the greatest drummer of all time; it was a poll conducted for my Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz, so the names of the fellow-musicians who voted for Max are public property, as their votes are printed in the book.

Kindest regards.

Sincerely,
LEONARD FEATHER

Billboard 2/23/57

Morris Agency Preps Top Concert Talent

NEW YORK—William Morris Agency, which has been eying the concert field avidly for the last few years, will be in with both feet next season.

Heading its list will be the Piccola Scala, Italian opera company, and an all-star jazz concert troupe organized by Leonard Feather. Latter will bear the title of Feather's book and Decca album, "The Encyclopedia of Jazz."

Feather's package will carry an educational format in which the critic will narrate facts of jazz history and style, to be demonstrated by name artists of all jazz idioms from Dixie to progressive. Cast is to include Don Elliott, Jimmy McPartland, Lucky Thompson, Sonny Stitt, Jimmy Giuffre, Jim Hall, Bob Enevoldsen, Osie Johnson, Dick Hyman, Jimmy Rushing and Joan Shaw. Most of the artists double in instruments and styles. Tour dates are from October thru December, and probably will be followed by a European tour.

The opera company, sister company to La Scala already known

DISCUSSIONS

by BOB HULL

Gals, how would you like to be just about this close to Frank Sinatra?

Barring mass production of Frank Sinatras through some old black magic, you'll have to be content with the sound of his voice as he sings in a mood you've seldom heard before.

A new Sinatra album, titled "Close to You," bows on the record racks today. It's one of the most intimate mood music pieces yet produced by a vocalist. The Capitol disc has Nelson Riddle and the Hollywood String Quartet backing Frank like a chaise lounge.

While the rest of the recording industry takes off for Calypso country on various forms of banana boats, some of the LP people are putting out veritable collector's items, like the following:

In a fine compendium of the greatest sounds in the field, Decca produces an "Encyclopedia of Jazz," compiled by Leonard Feather, in four 12-inch "volumes," ranging from King Oliver, the Dorsey Brothers, Artie Shaw and Stan Kenton to Eddie Condon, Glenn Miller and Red Norvo. This is one jazz lovers can't afford to miss.

The incorrigible Mendota Buzzards are flying around again with a Zephyr two-piecer entitled "Dixieland from the Deep North." The sounds are great, the artistry excellent, but take along a mental shovel to dig this stuff.

Roberta Sherwood's "Show Stoppers" LP, on Decca, is another item worthy of attention. She includes these in her repertoire: "You're Nobody 'til Somebody Loves You," "I Cried for You" and "After You've Gone."

But, if you must have Calypso, there's the new 45 by Ray Anthony titled "Calypso Dance," on Capitol. But don't come to us with a slipped disc in your ear.

It Happened Last Night

Rocky Offered Half a Mill—But Can He Use the Money?

By Earl Wilson

Tattle and Prattle of TV Town . . .

They won't let Rocky Marciano retire. Now, he's being offered half a million for two more fights—one with Floyd Patterson. He hasn't declined . . . but he's doing so well in public relations chores, he doesn't really need half a million.

* * *

JAZZ CRITIC LEONARD FEATHER'S wife was allergic to something, and saw a doctor. He found she was allergic to—feathers! . . . Joan Crawford proudly told Earl Blackwell via ship phone from the Queen Mary that twin dtrs. Cindy and Cathy celebrated their 10th birthday at sea . . . Mickey Mantle and Billy Martin were at the Harwyn, and, while Mickey didn't actually promise to break Babe Ruth's home run record, he said he's feeling his

Waller and Andy Razaf called "Leonard Feather Presents Maxine Sullivan" Volume 2 on Period Records . . . "Lost Boundaries" on Late Show Wednesday, Feb. 13 at 11:15 over CBS-TV . . . Bill Doggett and band on "Good Morning With Will Rogers, Jr.," on Thursday, Feb. 7 (WCBS-TV) . . . Step Brothers on Steve Allen Show, Feb. 10, 8-9 p. m. (NBC-TV) . . . Benny Goodman and band on Ed Sullivan Show, same hour on CBS-TV.

AMSTERDAM NEWS - JAN. 9

61

Music Quarterly – Spring 1956

BRIEF REVIEWS

The Encyclopedia of Jazz, by Leonard Feather. New York: Horizon Press, 1955. $10.

JAZZ MUSIC IS AN extremely volatile art, hard to catch and even harder to hold for purposes of static analysis. Essentially spontaneous and improvisatory, it cannot be separated from the artists who produce it. Even in the orchestrated "written" jazz of today, it is the musician and not the music that provides the essential jazz elements. From the same notation, the same written arrangement, the jazz musician and the non-jazz musician will produce identifiably different music. That difference lies in the jazz musician's legacy of special techniques and effects in rhythm, phrasing, and intonation developed and extended through some fifty years of jazz improvisation, and in the jazzman's intensely personal approach to the music he plays. Every jazz artist has an opportunity—indeed, a responsibility—to place the stamp of his own personality and musical expression on his art. There are no legitimate carbon copies in the field, only a progressive series of jazz originals. *The Encyclopedia of Jazz*, compiled and written by Leonard Feather, is the first full catalog of that series.

Not that this volume is the last word. Jazz is too dynamic and elusive to be hog-tied in encyclopedia form, and Feather—despite the book's title—knows his subject well enough not to try it. Louis Armstrong has put it more colorfully: "When it comes to telling stories about jazz and the men who have made it, Leonard Feather is my boy . . . he is one cat that really knows what's going on." While Feather's attractive reference work includes sections on the history and techniques of jazz, an annotated list of basic jazz recordings, a selected bibliography, and other related information, the bulk of his volume is a thorough dictionary of jazz biography. By collecting individual biographical (and musical) data about 1065 jazz personalities and supplementing these with 200 photographs of jazz musicians in their own settings, Feather's book surrounds and defines its subject more successfully than any previous single volume on jazz.

Among American publications in the field (Feather points out in his section titled "A Brief History of Jazz" that it was not until 1939

FEATHER IN CAP: According to its producers, the most "unusual and comprehensive jazz concert package ever assembled," will start a tour of the United States in October under the title of *The Encyclopedia of Jazz* with narration by author Leonard Feather who will tour with the show. The tour is expected to last for at least six weeks and will continue on to Europe sometime in the Spring. Leonard, in talking of the show, says that it will, "in effect, bring the book to life, representing every phase and style in jazz history and will be geared to appeal to college audiences and to those interested in both the entertainment and historical value of jazz. Jimmy Giuffre and others will write special music to be premiered in the show."

Thusfar the personnel includes the Giuffre Trio (Jim, guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ralph Pena), Don Elliot, Jimmy McPartland, Lucky Thompson, Sonny Stitt, Bob Enevoldsen, Dick Hyman and Osie Johnson with vocalists Jimmy Rushing and Joan Shaw. A television debut is also planned.

JAZZ TODAY MARCH - '57

N.Y. POST - FEB. 5

WE'LL HAVE A BALL IN BRITAIN!

English humour

"In England", says Pearl, "they have the greatest sense of humour in the world. I'm just dying to go back."

PEARL BAILEY AND HER HUSBAND, FAMOUS DRUMMER LOUIS BELLSON, WERE RELAXING AT NEW YORK'S WARWICK HOTEL WHEN I CALLED ON THEM RECENTLY.

Pearl was just reaching the end of a wonderfully successful run at the Copacabana.

"Will Louis and Tony be going with you to London?" I asked. (Tony is the Bellsons' adopted son.)

"Tony won't," said Pearl, "but he is coming to visit us here in New York for four days before we leave."

"My nephew and niece are taking care of our ranch," said Louis Bellson, "and Tony has a wonderful time with them, as they have two boys and a girl, and the boys are just around Tony's age. (The Bellsons, for the past year or so, have had a ranch in Apple Valley, California, 98 miles north-east of Los Angeles.)

SAYS PEARL BAILEY who opens at London's Cafe de Paris on March 4, to— Leonard Feather

"But I'll be going with Pearl on this trip," said Louis. "It will be the first time we've been over there together since we were married in London, November 19, 1952. You can imagine how much we're looking forward to it."

"We'll be staying a month, then we go back to Las Vegas," said Pearl, "where I'll be working at the Flamingo.

Relaxing

"Louis is going to have a quintet there, probably working in the lounge as well as in the show. That will be the end of me for the summer—after that we'll finally get some time to do a little relaxing at home."

"Tell me about your appearance at the President's inaugural dance," I said.

"Honey, that was a wonderful thing. I was home at Apple Valley, and I was down on my knees planting flowers when I got the wire saying they wanted me to appear.

"I flew to Washington for the whole week-end. On Friday night I met Vice-President Nixon. I told him that out home we get our flowers from a place called the Nixon Nursery—it turned out it was his first cousin!

"They gave all the artists tickets for the various affairs that were being held in Washington over the week-end. Then, on Monday night, I was right on the platform with the President where he took the

Awestruck

must have looked quite uck, because a senator and said to me 'What thinking about, young I told him: 'I just what on earth I am

coming out on Mercury soon. You know, Don Redman, my musical director, and Louis have been writing some special new songs for me.

"Louis did three and Don did three, and then they split three. The lyrics were written by Evelyn Cooper, who has been doing a lot of the material for my floor show. I guess a couple of the records won't be played on the air—they're just slightly risqué—and cute."

"Has anything especially exciting been happening at the Copa?"

Bus fare

"Well, we've had all kinds of exciting people visiting the show. Yul Brynner, Errol Flynn, Elia Logan, Dorothy Donegan, Joe Louis and Sarah Vaughan have been in. And a very interesting thing happened just last night.

"A young fellow just out of the Navy came to see me and wanted me to look at a song. He was terribly anxious for me to buy it from him—said all he wanted was his bus fare home. I looked it over, and at the end of the next show I took the sheet music out on the floor with me and did the number right there and then. It's a clever piece of material called 'To The Gentleman Who Wrote The Note'—about the different types of people who send notes to girls who perform in shows. I think I'll use it in the act at the Café de Paris in London."

"Do you know much about the Café?" I asked.

"Not too much—the only time I saw it was when Noel Coward and Mary Martin were doing a benefit there for a

ng up here. ... hospital."
d said: 'Why, you are just
ng yourself, that's all.'"

Louis

"Have you been making any new records?" I asked.

"Sure: I have a new LP coming out on Mercury soon.

A ball

Pearl then told me about a special idea she is planning for the first part of her act at the Café—but I promised not to tell.

"One thing you can say for sure," said Pearl. "Here in New York you can tell a joke and the people laugh and don't even know what you're saying. But in England they have the greatest sense of humour in the world — the English people never laugh unless it's funny. I'm just dying to go back, and it would be a shame for Louis and me not to go together. I know we're going to have a ball!"

the blindfold test

A Jones Boy

By Leonard Feather

Quincy Jones, the latest in a series of arranger-blindfoldees, is a highly unusual character. Still a few weeks shy of his 24th birthday, he has already reached the top echelon among New York freelance writers, rushing from rhythm and blues to jazz to vocal background sessions, and doing much to keep New York's copyists in business.

Quincy's test was as unusual as Quincy himself. Half the records played were recorded either during his infancy or before he was born. They were all drawn from Decca's four-volume *Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records* album. Three tracks apiece came from the *Jazz of the Fifties* and *Jazz of the Thirties* sets, and two tracks each from the *Twenties* and *Forties* volumes. Thus, Quincy was confronted with a miniature panorama of 30 years of jazz history and, in addition to the usual comments on musical quality and guesses on identity, was asked to name the year in which he thought each record was made. He was given no information about the records played.

The Records

1. John Graas. *Mulliganesque* (Decca). Rec. 1955. Gerry Mulligan, baritone; Howard Roberts, guitar; Don Fagerquist, trumpet.

I think it's Don Fagerquist on trumpet. Sounds like a west coast group . . . and John Graas. They are the two that make me think it's a west coast group. The baritone player sounds like it isn't originally his instrument. It sounded like the guitar p ayer had a little tempo trouble in his solo . . . The arrangement and composition were very good . . . At first it sounded like it could have been something Mulligan did for Prestige a long time ago, but the French horn threw me off. I haven't heard anything recorded with a group that size that had French horn solos on it. I'd say it was recorded in the last three years. Give it three stars for the arrangement.

2. King Oliver. *Aunt Hagar's Blues* (Decca). Rec. 1928. Omer Simeon, clarinet; Bill Moore, tuba; Barney Bigard, tenor sax.

Well, it sounds like one of those things that was made when they were first finding out what phonographs were. It makes it very hard for me to tell by the tone or actual sound who it was. Sometimes I had a feeling it might have been King Oliver's group. I don't know who the soloists were, but they all had plenty of soul—especially the clarinet player. I don't know enough about this era to comment on it. It's the recording that sounds funny, the jazz doesn't. The tuba solo was amusing—didn't sound too sincere . . . the tenor sax had a good sound and good execution. I would guess it was recorded about 1922 or 1924. I don't know enough about it to rate it.

3. Andy Kirk. *Walkin' and Swingin'* (Decca). Rec. 1936. Comp. and arr. Mary Lou Williams.

The ensemble writing and playing was a gas and had beautiful execution. We miss a lot of those things today—the unity in the harmony—it was such a fast execution. I couldn't identify anybody, but I think Fletcher Henderson must have had something to do with it because it sounded like much of his feeling orchestra-wise. Four stars . . . I'd say around 1940.

4. Woody Herman. *Perdido* (Decca). Rec. 1943. Juan Tizol, valve trombone; Johnny Hodges, alto sax; Herbie Fields, tenor sax.

I've never heard this before, but I'd say it would definitely be Duke with Lawrence Brown, Johnny Hodges, and I can't think of the tenor player, but he sounded very good. I'd give this five stars for its time. It was probably recorded around 1935 or '36.

5. Les Brown. *One O'Clock Jump* (Decca). Rec. 1953. Arr. Skip Martin. Ronnie Lang, alto sax; Ray Sims, trombone.

That's a hard-hitting band. I'm sure this is Les Brown . . . Ronnie Lang, Ray Sims, and a Frank Comstock arrangement. The band was playing a concert. You can certainly tell the difference between this and a studio recording date, because they sound so loose, and swing more than they do on most of their recording dates . . . probably due to the crowd. That's probably Les Brown at the Palladium, which would be in 1952 or '53. I'll give that five stars.

6. Lionel Hampton. *Flyin' Home* (Decca). Rec. 1941.

Just about every cat who's ever played has been through this band. I think this is one of Hamp's most commendable points— his ears are always wide open and that gives a lot of young guys a chance to play with bands. Just about every modern jazz musician—Art Farmer, Brownie, Navarro—has been through this band. He's had several excellent bands and this is one of them. He's had a tremendous amount of influence on young guys coming up through the ranks, because many of them wouldn't have made it if it hadn't been for him. He'll always have five stars in my book. I think that was recorded in '44 or '45.

7. Benny Goodman. *Muskrat Ramble* (Decca). Rec. 1929. Wingy Manone, trumpet.

That sounds like Louis to me, on a day when his chops were kinda down. I've heard him hit high Gs in 1953, so this just must have been one of his bad days. There's not too much I can say on this type of thing . . . I've heard so many imitations, good and bad of it, that it leaves me almost numb. I can tell this is a sincere record, and it has a good feel. I'd say it was recorded in about 1936. I'd rate it four stars.

8. Fletcher Henderson. *Down South Camp Meetin'* (Decca). Rec. 1934.

That sounded like Fletcher to me. It sounded like Benny's sax section in spots, but there was something about the sound of the overall brass section that makes me have a reservation. It might have been Benny, but I'll say it was Fletcher's arrangement. It has some of his licks and the same instrumentation. You lose so much in recording — this gets kind of a monotone sound. It's too bad some of these things couldn't have been recorded with the hi-fi techniques we have today. I'd say this was about 1936 or '37. This gets five stars.

9. Elmer Bernstein. *Frankie Machine* (Decca). Rec. 1955.

I feel more at ease in passing judgment on something like this because it's more in my era. I can see where it comes from, but I don't know why. It's probably a sound track from *Man with The Golden Arm*. It may be very good to get high by, but sober—ha! ha! I can't get the message. It's probably very good for pictures—that's what it was written for—but taking it as a soundtrack, it's kind of pretentious. It's unfair to judge it starwise, because it was just for an effect — to create a mood or a little frenzy. This was in '54 or '55. No stars—total eclipse!

64

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

IN TAKING ISSUE, with a few points raised by Nat Hentoff in his review of *The Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz*, I'd like to make it clear immediately that the traditionalist jazz critics to whom many of his opinions, as well as mine, are anathema, and who would like nothing better than to drive a wedge between us, need derive no aid and comfort from the following friendly disagreement.

Our views, on the basis of everything written by both of us in the last several years, surely must be as close as those of any two jazz critics you can name, but no two writers are ever likely to be in complete agreement, and this happens to be one instance where I feel my side of the story should be told.

FIRST, NAT contested my claim that the rapport established between church and jazz was not logical. In taking umbrage at this statement, he seemed to be twisting my words to make it appear that I had implied disapproval.

Far from decrying the interest of men like Father O'Connor and Father Huddleston, I am delighted to find anybody taking an intelligent interest in jazz and applying his interest to constructive ends. The word "logical" was used in the sense that these events were not to be expected or predicted in the normal course of things.

There was no such natural, obvious, logical tie between jazz and the church as there is between religious music and the church, but the fact that it was not logical did not make it in any way undesirable. When you come down to facts, it just happened that certain men of the cloth happened to be jazz fans. This was not logic but chance.

AS FOR THE contradiction concerning the fading lines between jazz and classical music, my objection is less to the disagreement with this than to the manner in which it is expressed. "This conclusion just isn't true," it seems to be, is a high-handed and dogmatic statement for which "I don't agree with this" would be a fairer and humbler substitute.

In an area as intangible as musical criticism, where there are so few facts and so many opinions on which to base one's statements, one is treading on dangerous ground in imperiously stating that anything "just isn't true." The mere fact that Nat concedes that "there has been some blurring" of the lines between jazz and classical music shows that the whole question is one of degree, and of opinion, *not* of fact.

A more effective method of showing this would be to subject Nat to the *Blindfold Test*. Like many professional musicians, he might find great difficulty in determining which records in a specially selected group are played or written by classical musicians, jazzmen or both.

IF NAT COULD take a bunch of 1935 records by jazz musicians and mix them up this way—whether they be Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Wingy Manone, or you-name-it—I'll bet my last cent that they could be distinguished immediately.

The fact that works by Bob Graettinger, Bill Russo, Pete Rugolo, et al, have been mistaken for classical works in *Blindfold Tests* proves my point beyond a shadow of doubt—that *in my opinion* (and the opinions of blindfoldees and other musicians with whom I have discussed this) the use of atonality, the infinitely higher degree of musicianship among jazzmen, and many other factors, have combined to bring jazz and classical music immeasurably closer together.

In my opinion, Nat. *Not* "Your conclusions just aren't true."

ONE OTHER POINT: A more careful reading of the preamble to the *Musicians' Musicians* poll would have made it perfectly clear why these particular persons were the voters. The list of voters was compiled by digging up the names of other poll winners through the years (in *Metronome, Down Beat,* and *Esquire)* and by supplementing this with a few musicians who have doubled as critics, plus a couple of last-minute substitutions (for poll winners whose votes hadn't arrived) to bring the total to 100.

So the results gave us a list of "Poll Winners' Poll Winners." This should surely explain why persons such as Baby Dodds and George Lewis did not vote. However, who knows what next year's *Yearbook* may bring? Maybe by public demand Kid Ory will name his favorite flutist.

Down Beat

FEB. 6

The Cash Box, Music Feb. 2, 1957 *Page*

Album Reviews

JAZZ

"ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ"—Jazz Of The Twenties, Thirties, Forties And Fifties—Decca DXF-140 (4-12" LP).

Decca, under the guidance of Leonard Feather, author of the "Encyclopedia Of Jazz," has released a 4 disk package reviewing 4 decades of jazz. The twenties are represented by such pioneering jazzmen as King Oliver ("Aunt Hagar's Blues"), Jelly Roll Morton ("King Porter Stomp") and Duke Ellington ("East St. Louis Toddle-O"). The thirties, with swing the king, is represented by Glenn Miller ("Moonlight Bay"), Count Basie ("Roseland Shuffle") and the Dorsey Brothers' ("St. Louis Blues"). This era also includes an early Ella Fitzgerald effort with Chick Webb, "Sing Me A Swing Song." Swing is held over in the forties with sessions by Artie Shaw ("I Get A Kick Out Of You"), Woody Herman ("Perdido") and Lionel Hampton ("Flying Home"). Interest in combo jazz at that time is brought out by the Nat "King" Cole Trio's "Honeysuckle Rose." Erroll Garner ("Sweet Lorraine"), Tony Scott ("Swootie Patootie") and Red Norvo ("Good Bait") are some of the jazzmen that round out the modern approach of the fifties. Mr. Feather has written informative background notes on each session. These, as the names indicate, are highly reputable performances, ones that offer an excellent introduction to jazz. The package will also be historically valuable to those already jazz inclined.

West Coast vs. East Coast	**A**
Leonard Feather's Stars	A
M-G-M E-3390 12"	B
Leonard Feather Presents The Jones Boys	**B**
Period SPL-1210 12"	A
	A
Hi Fi Music at Home Feb. 1957	Feather

Critic Leonard Feather is a jazzman of many facets. As a sometime impresario he is *nonpareil*, in support of which free advertisement you are earnestly commended to either of these new albums. The M-G-M "Battle of Jazz" squares off (no pun intended) a California six against a Basie/Birdland-based aggregation; their work in effect confronts Pete Rugolo's arrangements with Dick Hyman's, both groups being beyond cavil or comparison as to quality of personnel. The sextet of Joneses — Thad, Jo, Eddie, Jimmy, Quincy, and Reunald — are of course unrelated to each other and that is the cream of the jest. No blood brothers ever got on this well. JL

65

the blindfold test

Frank DeFranco

By Leonard Feather

After too long an absence on the west coast, Buddy DeFranco recently returned to the New York scene for a long enough visit to enable him to dazzle countless customers with his undiminished mastery of the clarinet.

Though it is his instrumental technique that has earned him international renown, Buddy is a composer and arranger of far more than average talent. For this reason, instead of limiting the record choices to clarinet items, I played several selections in which the compositions, orchestral style, and arrangements were the principal elements that called for comment.

DeFranco is well equipped to be a *Blindfold Test* subject. As on the previous occasion, when he took the test, April 21, 1954, his comments are terse, honest, and called for very little editing, since he is not given to redundancy. Buddy was given no information before or during the test about the records played.

The Records

1. Michel Legrand. *The Portuguese Washerwomen* (Columbia).

I don't know who that was. It began like a George Russell arrangement, but I don't know whose band it was. I liked it . . . some interesting stuff. I've heard the composition several times but don't know the name. It's really a high-powered thing—had a good strong pulse. The only thing I could say is that it reminds me of George Russell because of the arrangements he did for me. I'd rate it four stars for what it is.

2. Glen Gray and Casa Loma Orchestra. *White Jazz* (Capitol). Recorded 1956.

That goes pretty far back. Sounds like the old Ambrose or Glen Gray stuff. The trombone player sounded like Pee Wee Hunt for some reason or other. I used to listen to this stuff when I was about 10 years old, and haven't heard anything like it since then.

It seems so dated now . . . I don't really think this music ever had any real validity—it had an insipid style . . . wasn't jazz and wasn't swing. It never did move me—I used to listen to it but never could get anything from it. I guess I'll give it one star for effort.

3. The Sax Section. *Shazam* (Epic). Al Cohn, tenor, arranger; Gene Quill, alto.

All saxophones. The first and last choruses took me back, too. Sounded like one of those modern Benny Goodman things, like *Springtime in the Rockies*. The soloists were nice. The tenor sounded like Al Cohn; alto a little like Gene Quill. The soloists saved the record because the rest of it didn't hold up. The arrangement was disappointing. Maybe it was an attempt at modern swing.

It didn't sound like an organized group—just put together for the session. I had the feeling they were reading music. Who was it, huh? I'd rate it three stars for the solos. I have a feeling it's Gene Quill because he worked for me for so long when I had the big band. He's one of the better alto players, I think.

4. Charlie Mingus. *Gregorian Chant* (Savoy). John LaPorta, alto sax and clarinet.

What ever happened to jazz? First of all, everybody should have tuned up before making the session. I don't recognize these players. The sound of the alto is like Konitz, but there was so little of it that I can just about make it out. I didn't recognize the quality of the clarinet. With what he had to do it could be any clarinet.

This was a feeble attempt to do something classical with modern sounds. It didn't mean anything to me at all—didn't get off the ground. This is nothing to me, so that's how I'll rate it—nothing.

5. Tony Scott. *Rock Me, But Don't Roll Me* (Victor).

Well, let me see. This I couldn't get, either, but it had more of a purpose than some of the other things. They were trying obviously to get down home and play some blues, but again it sounded like three or four rock 'n' roll aggregations trying their best to cause some kind of panic. It had a certain blues flavor though. The clarinet was predominant, but he didn't play below a G, I guess, in the middle register.

It's hard to tell who it was. Artie had that kind of a range, could squeal up there. He had enough hysteria in his playing to make a thing like this. I don't think this quite came off for what it was intended to be, although it came close. I'd really prefer hearing Wynonie Harris or somebody do a number like this. Give it 2½ stars.

6. Tom Stewart. *Some of These Days* (ABC-Paramount). Stewart, tenor horn; Steve Lacy, soprano sax.

Unfortunately, I've always hated this tune, and it makes it difficult for me to judge the record. It had a nice sound—like Bobby Brookmeyer on trombone. The soprano sax was interesting enough. This doesn't sound organized—few things recorded today are by organized bands.

It's so hard to tell whose band it is. Everybody's the leader now. Pretty soon, everybody will have their own band—no sidemen. Ha! Ha! I like this thing. It has a good quality, the arrangement is nice, and I'm surprised they can do this much with a stale tune like this. I'll say 3½ stars.

7. Peanuts Hucko. *Wonderful, Wonderful Copenhagen* (Victor) (from *Wide, Wide World*). Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Boomie Richman, tenor sax.

Sounds like a Benny Goodman-style arrangement, but it's not Benny, I don't think. Sounds like Peanuts Hucko. He plays like Benny played but not quite. I don't think anybody really could play like Benny played. Sounded like Boomie Richman to me on tenor and, of course, Charlie Shavers.

But the band—who was the band? Benny wouldn't tolerate that little sloppy thing in the front, I don't think—those first couple of choruses. This sounds like a lot of different bands to me. I could take a wild guess, because it was Boomie who played with the Commanders, otherwise it could have been a pickup band of guys who were in town. I think the tune was *Ain't We Got Fun?* I'd rate it three stars.

8. Sol Yaged. *After You've Gone* (Herald). Ken Kersey, piano; Mort Herbert, bass; Harry Sheppard, vibes; Mickey Sheen, drums.

There's only one Benny Goodman, and that's Sol Yaged. He gets going pretty good, but Benny's original record of *After You've Gone* spoils you, I think. You want to hear the original record—at least I do, so this is very hard to judge. Of course, as clarinets go, it's nice clarinet. I wasn't too impressed with the other players. I have the feeling that I could hear the same thing in any city from guys who want to play like the Benny Goodman sextet or quartet.

I don't know why they played *After You've Gone*, but I'd say for the desire to create that excitement and the effort put into it, I'll give it somewhere between 2½ and three stars.

9. Herbie Fields. *Nutcracker Swing* (Decca). Peter Compo, bass; Manny Albam arranger.

Why? Oh! Boy! Oh! Boy! Let me see. I'm baffled as to whose band this is, too. The bassist was very good. The beginning was pleasant, although I've always had an aversion to jazzing the classics. I think sometimes that if a classical selection can be played with a modern feeling it's all right, but I can't quite see it, and this is a good example of what I can't quite see. The soprano sax was nerve-racking.

Record Rack

By MEL PATRICK

Two recently published books on jazz being annotated on discs are "Guide To Jazz" of Hugue Panaissie, the great French enthusiasts and "Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records" as compiled by Leonard Feather from his "Jazz Yearbook." The first, packaged by Victor, is a sixteen selection lp and the latter is a massive four lp album of more than 60 selections as picked by Feather for Decca.

Hugue Pannaissie's book is a monumental labor of love glossary of terms, definitions, biographies of jazz greats and performers extolling their contributions to jazz.

The lp covers period jazz from 1920 to 1940.

■

INTERSPERSED AMONG the classic selections chosen by Panaissie are "Some Sweet Day" as played by Louis Armstrong in the thirties; Count Basie and his orchestra playing "One O'Clock Jump"; Sidney Bechet monumental recording of "Shake It And Break It"; Lionel Hampton's "Don't Be That Way"; Earl Hines' "Grand Terrace Shuffle"; Jelly Roll Morton's "Black Bottom Stomp"; Duke Ellington's immortal, "Black and Tan Fantasie," with the great Bubber Miley and Fletcher Henderson's "Sugarfoot Stomp."

Leonard Feather's "Encyclopedia of Jazz" album, starts out with King Oliver's rendition of W. C. Handy's "Aunt Hagers' Blues," emblematic of the twenties and winds up four disc later and 30 years later with Terry Gibbs and the cool jazz school of the fifties.

Interspersed on the four discs which breaks down into periods are classic recordings of "When the Saints Go Marching In" as recorded by Louis Armstrong in 1953; Charlie Ventura's bop classic, "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"; Erroll Garner's "Sweet Lorraine"; Coleman Hawkins' "How Deep is the Ocean"; Fletcher Henderson's "Down South Camp Meeting"; Jimmy Lunceford, "Swanee River"; Chick Webb and Ella Fitzgerald's "Sing Me a Swing Song"; Duke Ellington's "East St. Louis Toodle-O"; Benny Goodman's "Muskrat Ramble," and Pine Top Smith's "Pine Top Boogie-Woogie."

PITTSBURGH COURIER, MARCH 3

Leonard Feather to write Basie biog.

NEW YORK.—Negotiations were completed last week for a full-length book on Count Basie to be written by MM New York correspondent Leonard Feather.

In addition to telling the story of the pianist's life and career as a sideman and bandleader, it will explore the backgrounds of many of the important musicians who have been part of the Basie saga.

The Basie volume is part of a deal that calls for three jazz books to be produced by Feather during 1957 and 1958.

At present he is working on a general, up-to-date reference book that will present, in textual form, a panorama of the leading jazz figures on each instrument, with musical illustrations.

The third book will be a new volume in the Encyclopedia series, along lines similar to the Yearbook of Jazz released recently.

MELODY MAKER — MARCH 9

•

Our own Leonard Feather presents, in *West Coast vs. East Coast* (MGM E3390) another battle of jazz, and if this is war who wants peace? On eight bands, the two groups, 3000 miles apart, take turns playing four numbers and all goes together beautifully. The last band, *Lover Come Back to Me*, combines both groups, still 3000 miles apart — but you can perform that kind of musical hocus-pocus with tape. The West Coast combo includes such regulars as Don Fagerquist, Bob Enevoldsen and Buddy Collette. Plus André Previn playing not only piano, but vibes, too. This is tricky; André uses a gismo called "vibories," a piano keyboard hooked up to vibes, which makes it possible to play up to 10 notes simultaneously. Sounds *magnifique*. The East Coasters are all from the Basie band and include Thad Jones, a trumpetman to keep an ear on. Three of the arrangements are by Feather himself, two being of the same tune *(Beverly Hills)* with the Eastern version slower, more relaxed and lower-keyed than the Western. What's the battle prove? Nothing: it's fine listening.

PLAYBOY — MARCH

SPECIAL JAZZ ALBUM RELEASE

E3494 (12-inch 33-1/3 rpm)

"HI-FI SUITE" - THE DICK HYMAN—LEONARD FEATHER ORCHESTRA

1. FEEDBACK FUGUE
2. BASS REFLEX (Blues in 5/4)
3. WOW!
4. REVERBERATION
5. SQUAWKER
6. TWEETER
7. WOOFER
8. FLUTTER WALTZ

9. HI FI PIE

Terrific jazz listening of a new and striking order comes you way here in "HI-FI SUITE", a fine line-up of "originals" composed, arranged and played by Dick Hyman and Leonard Feather and their crack orchestra of all-stars. This will give your hi-fi equipment a real work-out! (A HIGH FIDELITY RECORDING)

MGM RECORDS

the blindfold test

A Cup of Teo

By Leonard Feather

Attilio Joseph Macero clearly is no first grader in the jazz school. A graduate of Juilliard (bachelor's and master's degrees, 1953), he has been active on the avant-garde jazz front for several years, partly as a tenor saxophonist, but mainly as the composer and arranger of a number of atonal and experimental works that have attracted the absorbed attention of some observers and the violent antagonism of others.

By the same token, the records selected for Teo's *Blindfold Test* could not conceivably have been drawn from first grade material. Because of the quality and quantity of Teo's comments, the selections were limited to six records, all of which, except the last, were of a fairly elaborate nature.

He was given no information whatever, either before or during the test, about the records played.

The Records

1. Modern Jazz Society. *The Queen's Fancy* (Norgran). Comp. John Lewis; arr. Gunther Schuller.

Whoever they are, they are certainly competent performers. This business of fusing classical music and jazz in this particular case doesn't seem to quite make it, because they start out with a classical approach — with polyphony and several lines, and then break that off, and there isn't any continuance in the following choruses. There is a sameness about the whole record . . . there isn't any direction, at least that I can find. The sound in the voicing at times is thin and tinny. I'd give it about three stars. I haven't any idea who the composer was.

2. John Graas. *Andante from Symphony No. 1* (Decca). Herb Geller, alto sax; Dave Pell, tenor sax.

Could I hear that again? That was a very pleasant thing. Sounded like John Graas on horn . . . possibly Lennie Niehaus on alto or Charlie Mariano—I'm not sure. The tenor, I'm still not sure. It could have been J. R. Monterose, Jack Montrose, or Jimmy Giuffre. The solos are excellent. I'd give this four for the solos and split the composition up and give that two-and-a-half or three. Not enough happens unless he meant it to be just a showcase for the soloists, in which case it was competent. If it was meant to be a tightly-knit piece, I'll give it only two. Did you say this is part of a suite? Then it makes even less sense. I could accept it as a ballad, but when it's part of a suite, there should be a lot of creative substance in the background besides the soloists, and there is nothing like that here. The alto and tenor were good. Was that horn part written? That's something I'd like to do—blow relaxed like that.

3. Teddy Charles. *Lydian M-1* (Atlantic). Comp. George Russell; J. R. Monterose, tenor sax; George Barrow, baritone.

That was Teddy Charles. I think I put that piece down in a review I did some time ago for Cooper Union. This is a George Russell piece, but I don't know what you call it. I remember telling Teddy at the time that George was one of our great talents in jazz, but here he didn't develop any ideas. He didn't do anything with what he had. It was all at the same level. I think George is a very talented composer, though. This had J. R. on tenor and George on baritone. For the way Teddy and the guys blew on this, I'll give it five, but for the composition I'd give it three-and-a-half or four. It doesn't quite come up to the standard of the playing. He had a lot of little germs in there, but he didn't develop them . . . the same tonal color all the way through—no contrast. I would definitely classify this as modern jazz. This doesn't really sound like Lydian mode to me. The Lydian mode is the fourth degree of the scale . . . Lydian is a church mode, like Dorian, Phrygian, etc. Because of the accidentals he has in this, it doesn't sound like Lydian, but I'd have to hear this and play it on the piano, because I don't have perfect pitch.

4. Johnny Richards. *Aijalon* (Bethlehem). Arr. Johnny Richards; Richie Kamuca, tenor sax; Tommy Pederson, Frank Rosolino, trombones; Ronnie Lang, piccolo.

I'd like to hear that first part again. I like the orchestration very much. It was very clever and well done. I would have liked it if he had kept on going with what he started—that sonority and that pitch. But I didn't particularly like it when he came in with the jazz and that Latin beat. It doesn't seem to be consistent as a piece, but performance-wise it's tremendous. I like the solos very much—the trombone and tenor. It sounds a little like that German band—Kurt Edelhagen. What's the piccolo doing there? It's very cute. It seems to me Kenton wouldn't do something like this, but I could be wrong. Could I hear the intro again to see if I think it's Kenton? . . . *(later)* . . . It doesn't seem that could be Kenton. It employs too many musicians—piccolo, flute, and tympani. I'd give it about a four. I don't know who the arranger is. It might be Bill Russo —he's capable of doing something like that and even better.

5. Charles Mingus. *A Foggy Day* (Atlantic). Jackie McLean, alto; J. R. Monterose, tenor sax; Mal Waldron, piano; Willie Jones, drums.

I think I know who that is—Charles Mingus. I like this very much, and I've heard it before. Some people will say this is a joke, but it's really a serious work and I respect Charlie for doing this. It's quite humorous at times and I think he intended it to be. The solos are very good. I like the way he approached it—he used authentic sounds. It's *A Foggy Day*, and it sort of depicts a foggy night in London. The way he went about it, I think he did an exceptional job of giving a musical picture of sounds in London, or it could be San Francisco on a foggy evening. I like J. R. much better than Jackie on this particular piece. It sounds like a lot of music for two horns. Mal Waldron is on piano and Willie Jones on drums. I'd give this a five—not because Charlie is my friend —we often disagree on things, but we agree on this piece. If I would write a musical portrait of something, I would go about it the same way.

6. Miles Davis. *'Round Midnight* (Prestige). Charlie Parker, tenor sax.

I guess that was *'Round About Midnight*. Sounds like Miles and Coltrane. If it was Miles, I've heard him play much better. I like this kind of record because it's sheer jazz and good jazz all the way through, although I like the other kind too—the written as well as the improvised. The tenor seems a little out of tune—his intonation could have been better—so could Miles'. . . . The near misses—but they're very nice. Ha! Ha! I like them. I'll give old Miles four if it is Miles, and I think it is.

THIS WORLD, March 10, 1957 SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

From the Decca Files---A New History of Jazz on Records

The Rhythm Section

By Ralph J. Gleason

THE LATEST company to issue a collection of albums from its files to comprise a history of jazz is Decca. Under the editorship of Leonard Feather, author of Encyclopedia of Jazz, Decca has released four 12-inch long-playing albums with the title "Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records."

They cover four periods—the Twenties, the Thirties, the Forties and the Fifties. Each album is housed in a paper sleeve on which Feather has written comments for the various selections including, for the most part, personnels. It is interesting in this context to note that although the album has a substantial plug for the book repeated throughout, there are over 120 musicians mentioned in the notes who are not included in the biographies of Encyclopedia of Jazz.

Despite this and some other questionable points of jazz history and of selection, it is an impressive collection of jazz performances. True, as in all other such albums, it is limited by the material owned by Decca, but this happens to be broader than one would suppose and the end result is a pretty strong collection.

Beginning with King Oliver and Jelly Roll Morton, the collection goes on to include some excellent examples of Casa Loma, Venuti-Lang All-Stars, Jimmie Noone, Andy Kirk, Chick Webb, John Kirby, Bob Crosby, Count Basie and Jimmie Lunceford in the Twenties and Thirties. For the Forties, the album includes selections by Artie Shaw, Stan Kenton, Coleman Hawkins, Jay McShann, Joe Turner, Lionel Hampton and Woody Herman and for the Fifties, Red Norvo, Erroll Garner, Louis Armstrong, Tony Scott, Terry Gibbs, Ralph Burns and John Graas.

It still remains for someone to persuade all the companies to open their vaults to a student such as Marshall Stearns for a multiple volume, really comprehensive history of recorded jazz. Until then, we will have to do with such individual collections as this one which, good as it is, is only a partial view of the whole scene.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG
The vaults need opening

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

I MADE A discovery the other evening that gave me pause. In fact, it scared me. After I had made the discovery, I got to wondering whether this whole big world of jazz enthusiasm and cultism that has built up in the last decade may not be just one vast, bottomless snake pit.

The occasion was an evening spent trying to catch up with an accumulation of records. Nowadays, with some 1,000 new listening minutes of music arriving on LPs each week, it is very easy to fall two or three months behind.

Among the sides I listened to were several from the *Riverside History of Classic Jazz*, a beautiful production, complete with 20,000 words of notes by Charles Edward Smith and discographical comments by Orrin Keepnews.

I REACHED THE fourth side, *New Orleans Style*. I came to the third track, Jelly Roll Morton's Stomp Kings playing *Steady Roll*. I read the comments. The personnel was listed as "probably Natty Dominique, cornet; Roy Palmer, trombone; Townes, clarinet and alto sax; Jelly Roll Morton, piano; Jasper Taylor, drums."

I saw Morton described as a genius and a "dominant influence on his jazz contemporaries." This, I read, was "an early band selection that is among the rarest of Morton recordings."

Then I listened to the music and found out why it is so rare. Among other things, Jelly Roll Morton doesn't play piano on it. Furthermore, there is no pianist at all. Also no cornet, no trombone, no clarinet, no alto, no drums.

In fact, the only instrument I heard on the entire record was a banjo; and to anyone with half an ear, it was perfectly obvious that the record consisted of human voices imitating instruments!

WHAT SHOCKED me most of all about this discovery was not so much the fact that of the many reviewers who appraised and praised the album, not a single one drew attention to this gross error, but rather that of the many persons who must have been involved in the preparation, selection, and production of the album—all of whom must certainly have heard the records at one point or another—none was able to distinguish Jelly Roll Morton (with three horns and a drummer) from a collection of voices accompanied by a banjo.

One wonders whether the pedestal on which the traditionalist jazz experts have set their idols may not be as shaky and undependable as the steps that led to this monumental goof. One wonders, indeed, whether the "genius" of Morton may not largely have been built on just such confused and careless listening.

Nor is this the only error in the album. One would think that even a traditionalist jazz expert would recognize such tunes as *Everybody Loves My Baby* and *Lonesome Road*, yet when you play Volume 7, Track 1, instead of the former tune by Muggsy Spanier's Stomp Six, you hear an entirely different melody entitled *Why Couldn't It Be Poor Little Me?*; and instead of *Lonesome Road*, Volume 9, Track 6, you hear a melody that was evidently strange to the ears of the producers and reviewers: something called *Muskrat Ramble*.

Moreover, the pianist on *Muskrat* is not Joe Sullivan, as listed, but Lucky Roberts, according to Rudi Blesh, who should know—he recorded it. And there are other, less important errors in the album.

HOW MUCH credence can one give to the historiographers and discographers of early 20-century music? Time and again there have been incidents such as the discovery that the "one and only" Louis Armstrong, on some ancient record, was not Armstrong at all, but some lesser mortal who, on a blindfold test basis, evidently was undistinguishable from the inimitable one.

One wonders, too—30 years from now, will a record by Babs Gonzales be reissued as a collector's item by Dizzy Gillespie, and a record of *Night in Tunisia* be identified as *Make Me a Pallet on the Floor?*

Down Beat

MARCH 21 –
DOWN BEAT

69

JAZZ

Geo. Hoefer

The Original Dixieland Jazz Band made the first jazz phonograph record in 1917. The band did not really "create" jazz, as it claimed, but it influenced later musicians, such as clarinetist Benny Goodman, *left*, who won fame as the "King of Swing."

Pix

JAZZ is a kind of music that was born in the United States, probably toward the end of the 1800's. Today the best jazz is still played in America, but more and more musicians in other countries are learning how to play it.

Jazz has often been called the only art form to originate in the United States. It is mainly a music of so-called "low-brow" origin. That is, it was developed by people who, in the early days, had little or no formal training in music. But jazz has slowly risen to a much higher level. Today many classical musicians study jazz and some try to write it. Jazz musicians are better educated musically than ever before. Many of them, such as Benny Goodman, play classical music, too.

Almost all jazz is played in strict tempo, four beats to the bar (measure). Of course this is also true of *popular music*, the kind you hear on radio and television shows. But jazz has something extra and unique: *improvisation*. In a jazz performance, the musicians *improvise*. This means they play any notes they wish, as long as these notes sound right with the harmonic pattern, or chords, being played by the rhythm instruments (such as piano, guitar, and string bass).

The Growth of Jazz

How Jazz Began. No one really knows just where and when jazz was born. It was not born in any one particular city, although New Orleans, La., sometimes is called the cradle of jazz. During and after the War Between the States, people played and sang simple melodies that developed into the kind of tunes you can hear in both jazz and popular music today. Even further back, there had been certain rhythms that Negro slaves probably brought with them from Africa. By the middle of the 1800's, some of the elements that became a part of jazz could be heard in music played at Negro funerals, or strummed by slaves on battered banjos and guitars.

The quadrille, a dance imported from France, contained some of the themes that came to be used in early jazz, or *ragtime*, as it was first called. The melody that became famous as "Tiger Rag," a favorite jazz tune, is based on one of these quadrilles.

Jazz was probably played in the 1890's by Negro brass bands in street parades and funeral processions. We cannot judge how much the music of those days

Jazz Terms

Ball means a good time.
Blow means to play any instrument, even a piano.
Cat refers to any person, but especially a musician.
Combo is a small group of jazz musicians.
Cut means to play better than another musician.
Dig means to appreciate or understand.
Gig is a job (engagement) played by jazz musicians.
Hip means familiar with current jazz ideas.
Jam means to improvise.
Jam Session is an informal performance.
Riff is a musical phrase repeated many times.
Send means to excite the listener with a performance.
Square is an unsophisticated person.

which includes ravens, crows, and magpies. They are smaller than the crows, and usually more colorful. In their habits, they are mischievous and thieving like the rest of the crow family. Jays may injure other birds.

The best-known American species is the *blue jay*. This bright blue bird with crested head lives from eastern North America west to Kansas. It is a little larger than a robin, and has a harsh cry.

The Canada Jay Is Not as Noisy as its cousin, the blue jay, but it has the same habit of stealing at every chance.

The *Canada jay* is familiar to men of the North Woods. This bird boldly steals food and camp refuse. Its habits have gained it such names as *whisky-jack*, *meatbird*, and *camp robber*. The Canada jay is somewhat plumper than the blue jay. It has gray feathers.

The *Rocky Mountain jay* and the *Oregon jay* have habits and feathers that are much the same as the Canada jay's. Various other kinds of jays live in other parts of the United States. A.A.A. and L.A.Ha.

See also Bird (color pictures, Birds' Eggs, Color Makes Them Stand Out); Blue Jay; Crow.

Classification. Jays belong to the crow family, *Corvidae*, in which they make up the subfamily *Garrulinae*. The Canada jay is *Perisoreus canadensis*, and our common blue jay is *Cyanocitta cristata*.

JAY, JOHN (1745-1829), was a distinguished lawyer and statesman of the early days of the United States. He worked with John Adams and Benjamin Franklin in making the peace treaty with England at the end of the Revolution. Jay helped Alexander Hamilton in his efforts to get the Constitution ratified, and wrote some of the articles in *The Federalist*. He negotiated the most important treaty of Washington's second term.

Chi. Hist. Soc.

John Jay was a statesman and first Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Jay was born in New York City, and was graduated from King's College (now Columbia University) in 1764. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1768. New York sent him as its representative to the First Continental Congress in Philadelphia in 1774. He was also a delegate to the Second Congress. He would have been one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence had he not been called away to attend New York's provincial congress.

Jay was president of the Continental Congress from December, 1778, to September, 1779. He then went abroad as Minister to Spain. In 1783, he took part in framing the Treaty of Paris. See Paris, Treaties of.

Jay was Secretary of Foreign Affairs from 1784 until the government was organized under the Constitution. Washington then appointed him the first Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. He went to England in 1794, and there negotiated the agreement known as the Jay Treaty. He resigned as Chief Justice in 1795 to become governor of New York, and retired in 1801.

Jay's main contribution to his country was his understanding of what was necessary to keep the nation going during its difficult early years. He perhaps lacked the qualities of greatness of Washington and Jefferson. But his quick mind and skill in diplomacy made him of great aid to those leaders. W.Sz.

See also Federalist, The; Jay Treaty; Supreme Court of the United States.

JAYHAWKER STATE, popular name for Kansas. See Kansas.

JAY TREATY. The Treaty of Paris ended the Revolutionary War, but it did not put an end to trouble between Great Britain and the United States. Neither country fully lived up to the terms of the treaty. For example, both countries had agreed not to obstruct the collection of debts by citizens of the other country. But British subjects found themselves barred from the collection of debts owed to them before the war. Britain also complained of the treatment of the Tories (British sympathizers) who had remained in America. Great Britain had agreed to give up its garrisons in various forts on the northwestern frontier, but it had not done so. It had also avoided any payment for Negro slaves carried away by British troops at the end of the war.

As time passed, Britain insisted on the right to search American vessels for supposed deserters from the British Navy. After war broke out between England and France in 1793, the British even claimed the right to capture merchant vessels carrying provisions from America to France.

John Jay, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, was named by President George Washington as a special ambassador to negotiate a treaty with Britain which would clear up the disputes. The treaty was signed in London on November 19, 1794. It established reciprocal trading relations with certain restrictions, and Britain agreed to withdraw the garrisons from the northwestern frontier. But the treaty said nothing whatever about the question of the British right to stop and search American ships. Nor did it mention the matter of payment for stolen slaves. The United States agreed that the debts owed to British merchants at the outbreak of the Revolution would be assumed by the Federal Government. The two governments agreed that joint commissions should settle the boundary disputes.

Publication of the Jay Treaty aroused intense anger in the United States. Many persons thought that Jay had made a bad bargain. But the United States in 1794 was in no condition to fight a war, and Great Britain knew it. Jay had labored hard with Lord Grenville to get even the modest treaty he did obtain. Both Jay and President Washington were criticized severely, and Jay himself was even charged with having sold his country to England. E.C.Bar.

sounded like jazz, because jazz did not appear on phonograph records until about 20 years later.

The early jazz bands usually included one or two cornets, a trombone, a clarinet, a banjo or guitar, a drum, and a string bass or tuba. The leaders of these bands in New Orleans included the cornetists Buddy Bolden, Bunk Johnson, and Freddie Keppard.

Although the jazz played in the 1890's sometimes was called ragtime, this term refers primarily to a type of piano music featuring lively rhythmic patterns. The early ragtime pianists included Scott Joplin of Sedalia, Mo., who wrote "Maple Leaf Rag," perhaps the greatest of all ragtime tunes.

Along with the gay rags came the slow, mournful *blues*. Some notes of these blues songs (usually the third and seventh notes of the scale) are flatted. That is, they are played or sung a half note lower. This gives the tunes their melancholy sound. The best-known blues song is "St. Louis Blues," written by W. C. Handy in 1914.

Many musicians developed jazz ideas while wandering up and down the East Coast and through the South and Middle West. One of the earliest was the pianist James P. Johnson, who made his professional debut in New York City in 1904. He influenced the work of Fats Waller, composer of "Honeysuckle Rose" and other jazz favorites. Jazz was spreading in many areas at the same time, although there was no means of communication except the wandering musicians themselves.

Just before and during World War I, many white musicians came to Chicago from the South. Five of them formed what eventually became known as the "Original Dixieland Jazz Band." They moved to New York and won fame there in 1917. That year they became the first jazz band to make phonograph records. Also in 1917, Fate Marable, a pianist and bandleader, started taking young musicians on trips up the Mississippi River in bands that played on the riverboats.

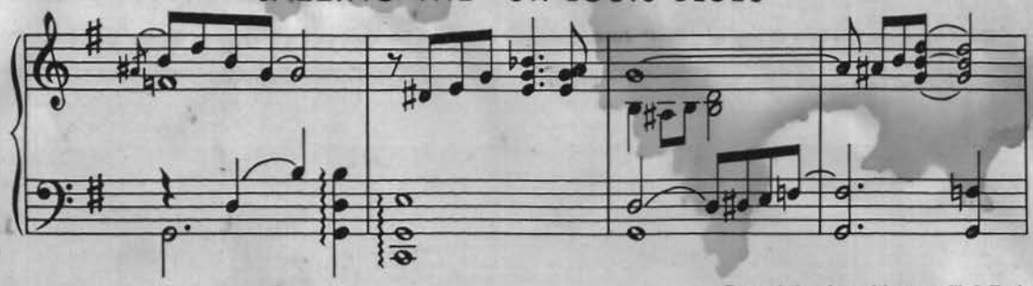
Jazz Grows Up. A 22-year-old trumpet player named Louis Armstrong moved from New Orleans to Chicago in 1922 to join the jazz band led by his childhood friend and early teacher, Joe "King" Oliver. Oliver's "Creole Jazz Band" became one of the groups that helped jazz spread during the 1920's with the help of phonograph records. Armstrong's powerful, driving trumpet style became known throughout the world. So did the cornet playing of Bix Beiderbecke, one of the few great white jazzmen of the period who learned enough from the Negro musicians to branch out with an individual style.

A group of Chicago youths, most of them from Austin High School, played a type of improvisation that came to be known as *Chicago style* jazz. They included Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Jimmy McPartland, cornet; Frank Teschemacher, clarinet; and Dave Tough, drums. Also in Chicago, 16-year-old Benny Goodman and his clarinet joined the veteran Ben Pollack's jazz band in 1926.

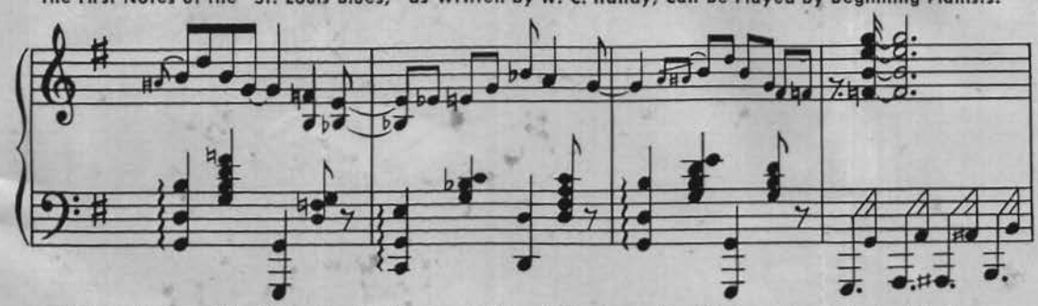
Jazz musicians began to learn more about reading and writing music. Expert musicians such as Duke Ellington and Fletcher Henderson arranged music for their own bands, but gave their musicians plenty of freedom to improvise when playing solos.

The Swing Era. Jazz took its next important step forward in 1935. Benny Goodman, playing his clarinet in front of a band that used many Fletcher Henderson arrangements, brought happy, swinging, big-band jazz to a nation-wide audience. This was the beginning of

JAZZING THE "ST. LOUIS BLUES"



The First Notes of the "St. Louis Blues," as Written by W. C. Handy, Can Be Played by Beginning Pianists.



A Jazz Version of the Same Music Is Harder to Play. It Has Improvised Notes and a Swinging Rhythm.

the "swing era." The best bands during these years included those of Count Basie, Bob Crosby, Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey, Woody Herman, Jimmie Lunceford, and Artie Shaw. All these bands featured top jazz soloists. Most musicians believe that Duke Ellington had the finest band and soloists, and the most original compositions and arrangements.

Another jazz form that became popular during the late 1930's was *boogie woogie*, chiefly a piano style of jazz. Boogie woogie uses eight beats to the bar instead of the usual four, and features the traditional blues pattern for most of its themes. Pinetop Smith and Meade Lux Lewis were probably the most important boogie woogie artists.

Bop and Cool Jazz. In the early 1940's, several jazz musicians in New York City; Kansas City, Mo.; and other cities began to try out new harmonic ideas. They had great technical ability and keen ears. In improvising, they used more complicated chord patterns than the earlier jazz musicians did. They developed a style that came to be known as *bebop*, or *bop*. These men included Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Charlie Parker, alto saxophone; Bud Powell, piano; and Thelonious Monk, piano. Their contributions became an important element of jazz.

Later, in the 1950's, many musicians tried to develop other new ideas. Some of the bop musicians started playing in a relaxed style that came to be known as *cool* jazz, in contrast to the more robust style associated with traditional *hot* jazz. Some musicians, such as pianist Dave Brubeck, show their knowledge of classical studies when they improvise. But they are seldom able to improve on the piano jazz of men such as Art Tatum and Bud Powell. Similarly, Stan Kenton has sometimes used as many as 40 men in his orchestra and has played elaborate works that were praised by critics of classical music. But, among musicians and jazz critics, the most popular band is probably Count Basie's. The Basie band has the swinging rhythm that still is one of the most essential elements of all great jazz.

Famous Jazz Musicians

Armstrong, "Satchmo," Louis (1900-), born in New Orleans. He learned to play the trumpet in the city's Waifs' Home. Armstrong won international fame, as both a trumpeter and a singer, through phonograph records made in the late 1920's with his band, called the "Hot Five." He became the most-imitated jazz soloist and the best-known personality in the history of jazz.

Basie, "Count," William (1904-), born in Red Bank, N.J. His swing band won fame in the 1930's with several fine jazz soloists and his own simple piano style.

Beiderbecke, "Bix," Leon B. (1903-1931), born in Davenport, Ia. He played with the "Wolverines" and the bands of Frankie Trumbauer, Jean Goldkette, and Paul Whiteman. His pure, clean cornet style and keen harmonic sense were years ahead of their time. He was also a fine pianist and composer, best known for "In a Mist."

Ellington, "Duke," Edward K. (1899-), born in Washington, D.C. He won world-wide fame when his band played at the Cotton Club in New York City in the late 1920's. Ellington became one of the most important creative figures in jazz as a composer, arranger, bandleader, and pianist.

Gillespie, "Dizzy," John B. (1917-), born in Cheraw, N.C. His original trumpet style played a leading part in the creation of bop. In 1956 he became the first jazz musician to take his band on an overseas tour sponsored by the United States Department of State.

Goodman, "Benny," Benjamin D. (1909-), born in Chicago. He learned to play the clarinet at Hull House, and joined Ben Pollack's band at the age of 16. Goodman formed his own band in 1934, and became nationally famous the next year by launching the swing era with

Dizzy Gillespie Leads a Group of "Cool" Jazz Musicians in a Jam Session as He Plays Bop on His Trumpet.

Boston Sunday Globe 3/17/57 A—31

's -- Recordings

New Records: Guy Lombardo; "The Encyclopedia of Jazz"

By JOHN WM. RILEY

It would be hard to find two types of music further apart than the dance tunes of Guy Lombardo, and "serious" jazz, whatever the performer or period. Many an interesting comparison can be made with two new Decca releases, each a four-disc album, one devoted to "The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven," the other Leonard Feather's "The Encyclopedia of Jazz."

★ ★ ★

This year Lombardo is observing his 25th season as a band leader, surely a remarkable record of success for a band whose style has changed so little over the years.

Oddly enough, Lombardo has become the target of some rather unpleasant shafts aimed by long-hair writers on popular music. Since Lombardo has thoroughly proven himself, such criticism reflects more on the writer than on the music. Whether you like Lombardo or not, one can not gainsay the consistency, the inherent musical qualities of his work.

The new album of his music is a handsomely gotten out thing, one of the fanciest in recent years. All the favorite Lombardo arrangements (many of original tunes written by the Lombardo brothers) are included on the eight sides. To stir your memory there are "Boo Hoo," "Coquette," "Shadow Waltz," to a total of nearly 60. And of course "Auld Lang Syne" is the last piece of the collection.

JAZZ ON RECORDS

"The Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records" has been compiled for Decca by Leonard Feather whose excellent book, "The Encyclopedia of Jazz" belongs in every music library. Each of the discs encompasses a decade, as best it can from the 20's to the 50's. There are some mighty fine things here. Feather's notes list the performers in each piece, the date of recording, as well as enough succinct comment to place the piece in the history of America's new art form. It's a grand job.

Despite the age of some of the recordings, this is all playing. Consider King Oliver doing "Auld Hagar's Blues" or James J. Johnson playing piano solo in a wonderful piece, "You've Got to Be Modernistic." There's a deal of nostalgia, as much as in the Lombardo music, in listening to Glen Gray play "Chinatown, My Chinatown," or Glenn Miller doing "Moonlight Bay."

And there's some mighty fine playing by Artie Shaw in "I Get a Kick Out of You," by Stan Kenton's boys in "Gambler's Blues" ("St. James Infirmary"), or Lionel Hampton in "Flying Home." And from the 50's there is Errol Garner playing "Sweet Lorraine" like you never heard it before, Tony Scott making wonderful clarinet sounds in "Swootie Patootie," Les Brown playing "One O'clock Jump" with real drive.

Though poles apart, as far as you can get musically, these two albums, one of Lombardo, the other of the most esoteric jazz, are treasures of modern American music.

NOTED BRIEFLY

"Jazz Lab-1," first of a Decca series, presents John Graas, a West Coast French horn player, with his group making some unusual musical sounds. Hard to get used to, but always musical.

Decca's record, "Tom Sawyer," a musical version of the Mark Twain story written by Frank Luther for a Theater Guild TV production on the U.S. Steel Hour, is very pleasant business for the children.

"Here's Hibbler," presents Duke Ellington's former vocalist, Al Hibbler in a spate of songs: "Trees," "On a Slow Boat to China," "Because of You," among them. The style is individual, though the voice is rather rough.

"Strings and Things" has Jack Pleis at the piano, assisted by chorus and orchestra in some fresh arrangements of "St. Louis Blues," here called "Frenchman in St. Louis," "Mr. Peppers," "A Catchy Tune." The latter just about sums up the style.

If you happen to be inclined that way, you can get recorded music from the sound track of some recent movies: "Rock, Pretty Baby," "Written on the Wind" and "Four Girls in Town." On two Decca discs.

"Not so Crazy Otto" is a recording by the German pianist, Fritz Schulz-Reichel, one-time concert star turned to popular music. He does a very nice job, with rhythm accompaniment, on "The Glory of Love," "In the Blue of the Evening," "Rain." Well played, and straight.

3/6/57

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

The Real Jazz Old and New by Stephen Longstreet (Louisiana State Univ. Press, 198 pp., $5) is heralded on the dust jacket as "a serious study" that "treats jazz—from Dixieland to the west coast school—in a serious way."

The author clearly is a man of considerable achievement in extra-jazz fields. He has written several travel books, a half dozen novels, such movies as *The Jolson Story*, and a successful play *(High Button Shoes)*. He is also an artist of viable talent (his illustrations are this book's most valid attraction).

As a jazz expert, Longstreet can best be summed up by a selection of typical quotes rather than by any comment or criticism. After dedicating the book to the memory of Buddy Bolden and King Oliver, Longstreet opens his introduction with the words: "I didn't write this book. I heard it. Almost all of it was told to me by many jazzmen." An important difference between the approach here and that of *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya* is that in the latter, the sources of the quotes were always acknowledged. Longstreet's quotes, though numerous and lengthy, are always anonymous.

A chapter entitled "The Jazzman" begins: "There is no school to learn jazz. There are no endowed halls where the bright boys are sent to study the history and theory of the thing." (Will Dr. Stearns kindly send Longstreet a list of the dozens of schools in which precisely this project has been undertaken?)

Later quotes show that such musicians as Coleman Hawkins and Joe Venuti are too modern: "Hawkins kept two styles going—a slow and fast-climbing scale arpeggios (*sic*) that led no place, and a blowing, rising and falling multo-note (*sic*) fury . . . Joe Venuti, a good fiddler, came in and jazz took on a lot of Tin Pan Alley. The vo-de-o-do, the rhythmic stress, but little syncopation of polyrhythm were (*sic*) the thing for the uppity listener."

Benny Goodman, Red Norvo, and Adrian Rollini, representing the "smooth salon swing of the post-Gershwin school," are all fine musicians but their work is "often thin and empty . . . usually only good in the solos when they try to reach the New Orleans manner." Teagarden committed musical suicide, it seems, when he used a harp on one record in 1934. The real jazz was fast disintegrating.

The chapter on "Vices and Words" is particularly illuminating—not in the light it sheds on the subject but in the attitude it reflects on the part of the writer. After quoting a news report stating that Negroes number 45 percent of all narcotics addicts, he cheerfully adds: "That could mean that the same figures or averages would hold good for the average Negro jazz band. Maybe a bit higher . . ." He also has, in anonymous quotes and without refutation, a description of an opium party that might lead the unto look for the birthplace of jazz

Down Beat

—g Kong rather than New Or-

The same chapter offers helpful information on jazz terminology: "ofay" is "pig-Latin for pig." Also "boogily-boogily is not to be too confused with boogie-woogie, but means pell-mell"; a yardbird is "a low mug," "string-whanger" is a guitarist, and a dance is a "cement mixer." Although Longstreet confines his definition of modern jazz to one sentence—"The true meaning of be-bop, also called re-bop, and rip-bop *(sic)* is a fast, frenzied, and mechanical jazz"—he does spend time recounting bop anecdotes, such as the one about the pie that is gone.

Later, however, in the four pages of text (out of 198) that are devoted to post-1939 jazz, we learn some fascinating facts: "Billy Eckstine's band was once part of Earl Hines' group when he reorganized it in 1934 . . . Bop came into jazz when Dizzy got around to singing in octave jump phrases . . . Coleman Hawkins and Dizzy made some records for Bluebird *(sic)* . . . that settled bop as a pattern . . . Dizzy led a band of his own playing bop in 1945: it was the Three Deuces." Fuller explanation: "When the words were hard . . . you sang out phrases like *co-pappa-da (sic), Oolva-koo (sic). . . .*"

Needless to add, the vast bulk of this not-very-bulky tome is dedicated to such chapters as "Black God music," "The Real Storyville," "A King Called Oliver," etc. The writing is colorful and the reporting may well be on a level with that of the innumerable earlier books that have dealt with the identical subject matter.

A glance at the index of *The Real Jazz Old and New* reveals that there is no mention anywhere of Roy Eldridge, Lester Young, Bud Powell, Dave Brubeck, Charlie Parker, John Lewis, Woody Herman, or Stan Kenton. Aside from a couple of brief, unflattering passing mentions there is nothing about Goodman or Ellington either. And despite the dust jacket I couldn't find a word about Shorty Rogers or the west coast school.

If you are one of those who feel that jazz began to be bastardized around 1929, that New Orleans was its sole *locus vivendi*, look up this book. Longstreet may be a man after your own heart. However, you may be inclined to agree that his title was just two words too long.

Popsie

Count Basie swings out with a jazz solo in his simple piano style. The driving rhythm of his playing has helped make his band a favorite among jazz audiences everywhere.

Zinn Arthur

Louis Armstrong reaches for a high note on his blazing trumpet. Asked to define jazz, Armstrong once replied: "If you have to ask what it is, you'll never know."

his peerless clarinet style and rhythmically exciting arrangements. He also has recorded many classical works.

Hawkins, Coleman (1904-), born in St. Joseph, Mo. He played with Fletcher Henderson's band from 1924 to 1934. Hawkins made the tenor saxophone a popular instrument by inspiring other musicians to imitate his style. His solo record of "Body and Soul" is a jazz classic.

Henderson, "Smack," Fletcher (1898-1952), born in Cuthbert, Ga. He led his own band during the 1920's and 1930's, but gained his greatest fame as chief arranger for Benny Goodman's band.

Herman, "Woody," Woodrow C. (1913-), born in Milwaukee, Wis. He entered show business at the age of 6, playing the sax and clarinet, and singing. His band, formed in 1936, produced many important big-band developments of the 1940's.

Hines, "Fatha," Earl (1905-), born in Duquesne, Pa. He developed his "trumpet-style" piano solos while playing with Louis Armstrong and his own band in the 1920's. This style, featuring hard-hit octaves played by the right hand, influenced many great jazz pianists, such as Jess Stacy and Joe Sullivan.

Parker, "Bird," Charles (1920-1955), born in Kansas City, Mo. He became famous for his recordings with Dizzy Gillespie, and for his technique and originality on the alto saxophone. A cofounder with Gillespie of the bop movement, Parker became one of the most imitated musicians of the 1940's and 1950's.

Smith, Bessie (c.1900-1937), born in Chattanooga, Tenn. She gained fame after her death through her blues records. Few persons recognized her as a great jazz artist during her lifetime, when she sang mainly to vaudeville audiences. The mournful recordings of "The Empress of the Blues" became among the most famous in jazz history.

Tatum, "Art," Arthur (1910-), born in Toledo, O. Although he has been almost blind since birth, his technique, light touch, and endless flow of ideas made him one of the most admired jazz pianists of all time.

Teagarden, "Jack," Weldon J. (1905-), born in Vernon, Tex. He taught himself to play the trombone. Teagarden recorded with hundreds of outstanding jazz musicians, including Louis Armstrong and Red Nichols. He became a powerful influence with his original trombone style and carefree singing.

Tristano, "Lennie," Leonard J. (1919-), born in Chicago. Blind since the age of 9, he led a group of musicians who created new harmonic ideas in jazz. As a pianist and as a composer, Tristano was among the most progressive jazz figures in the 1950's. L.Fe.

See also Music; Popular Music.

U.S. Army

The Jeep is one of the most useful vehicles of the United States armed forces. It combines the strength and ruggedness of a truck with the driving ease and speed of a light car. Jeeps became famous in World War II because they could be used for so many different tasks.

JEANES FOUNDATION, popularly known as the JEANES FUND, was incorporated in 1937 under the name of the Southern Education Foundation. The George Peabody and John F. Slater funds were also added in that same year. The Virginia Randolph fund was added in 1938.

The fund is used at the present time to support teachers in rural areas whose salaries are supplied either wholly or partly by the foundation. C.A.

See also SOUTHERN EDUCATION FOUNDATION.

JEANNE d'ARC, *zhahn DAHRK.* See JOAN OF ARC, SAINT.

JEANNERET, CHARLES ÉDOUARD. See LE CORBUSIER.

JEAN PAUL. See RICHTER, JOHANN PAUL FRIEDRICH.

JEANRON, PHILIPPE AUGUSTE (1810-1877), was a French painter of figures and landscapes. He was one of the group of painters known as the *Barbizon School.* Jeanron founded the Luxembourg Museum in Paris.

JEANS, JAMES HOPWOOD, SIR (1877-1946), wrote a number of books to explain science to the ordinary reader. He was born in England and was educated at Cambridge University. He specialized in physics and astronomy, and became interested in the nature of gases and sun radiations. Jeans was professor of applied mathematics at Princeton from 1905 to 1909. His works include *The Universe Around Us; The Mysterious Universe; The New Background of Science; Through Space and Time;* and *Science and Music.* E.T.B.

JEAN VALJEAN, *zhahn VAL ZHAHN.* See LES MISERABLES.

JEBEL AYASHI, *JEB el ah YASH ih.* See ATLAS MOUNTAINS.

JEEP. A jeep is a military truck used by the United States armed forces. It is smaller than the so-called "command" car and larger than the sidecar motorcycle used by the army.

Jeep is a slang term for the truck's official name, *General Purpose* vehicle. It has a 60-horsepower motor with four cylinders, and is 11 feet long, 40 inches high, and 62 inches wide. A jeep can carry as many as six persons and can run 65 miles an hour. It can haul half a ton. A jeep has both a four-wheel and a two-wheel drive. The jeep can pull antitank guns and howitzers.

A jeep can move rapidly through mud and water and can bounce over very uneven ground without turning over. It can be used to pump water and air, and to provide power for road scrapers and other devices.

When capitalized, *Jeep* is a trade-mark for a civilian automotive vehicle. F.M.R.

JEEP CARRIER. See AIRCRAFT CARRIER.

JEFFERS, JOHN ROBINSON (1887-), is an American poet whose colorful poems are marked by a pessimistic, even negative, philosophy. He helped to extend the range of American poetry. Among his narrative, dramatic, and lyric verse are the collections *Tamar and Other Poems, Dear Judas and Other Poems,* and *Give Your Heart to the Hawks.* His works also include *Medea,* an adaptation of the drama by Euripides.

Jeffers was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. At the age of eighteen he was graduated from Occidental College, Los Angeles. Although he did graduate work in several fields, including medicine, he found that only poetry interested him deeply. In 1914, he settled at Carmel, Calif., where he continued to write.

JEFFERS, WILLIAM MARTIN (1876-1953), worked his way up from office boy to president of the Union Pacific Railroad. He was born at North Platte, Neb., and went to work for the railroad when he was fourteen. He became president in 1937, and retired in 1946.

Jeffers put his talents as an organizer and administrator to work in World War II as National Rubber Administrator from 1942 to 1943. He developed the synthetic rubber program. H.U.F.

JEFFERSON, JOSEPH (1829-1905), was an American actor. He was best known for his part as Rip in *Rip Van Winkle,* which he played for forty years. Jefferson was called "the dean of the American stage." He also achieved considerable success as a painter of landscapes.

Jefferson was born in Philadelphia, Pa., of a family of actors. His great-grandfather had acted with Garrick's company at Drury Lane Theatre, London. B.M.

JEFFERSON, MOUNT. See OREGON (Physical Features); WHITE MOUNTAINS.

JEFFERSON, STATE OF. In 1915 it was proposed in the Texas legislature that a separate state be made of the Panhandle, or northwestern part of the state. This new state was to be known as the State of Jefferson. The proposal was discussed but did not become law. It was of interest because it brought out the fact that the law which admitted Texas to the Union gave the state the right to divide itself.

JAZZ SURVEYS

Styles From Twenties To Present Day

By JOHN S. WILSON

FOR the historically minded, jazz is being organized on disks in almost every conceivable manner these days. The approaches include the chronological, the stylistic, the personality and even the "let's-dump-out-that-old-drawer-and-see-what's-in-it."

Chronology is the basis for **The Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records** (Decca), a four-disk set compiled by Leonard Feather as a recorded companion piece to his excellent book "The Encyclopedia of Jazz." From Decca's files, he has culled samples of jazz of the Twenties, the Thirties, the Forties and the Fifties, devoting one disk to each decade.

The set provides a clearly focused outline of the development of jazz during the forty years that it has been recorded. It is strongest in its earlier sections, which include a magnificent Louis Armstrong-Johnny Dodds duet on **Wild Man Blues**, Jimmie Noone's light and airy **My Monday Date**, Pine Top Smith's widely imitated **Pine Top's Boogie Woogie**, Duke Ellington's brilliantly uncouth early version of **East St. Louis Toodle-O**, John Kirby's bouncing **From A Flat to C**, Fletcher Henderson's swinging **Down South Camp Meetin'** and the strutting Bob Crosby performance of **South Rampart Street Parade**. During the last two decades, Decca appears to have been less alert in its jazz recording and Mr. Feather has been hard put to find performances by such important recent figures as Charlie Parker, Stan Kenton, Woody Herman and Erroll Garner. Except for Mr. Garner, they are inadequately represented.

Ingenuity

The working up of such an extensive set from one company's catalogue inevitably has to face up to the fact that some artists are not available. Mr. Feather has shown a good deal of ingenuity in making this collection as representative as he has. However, he has had to present the jazz of the Twenties without Bix Beiderbecke, the jazz of the Thirties without Benny Goodman's orchestra, the jazz of the Forties without Dizzy Gillespie and the jazz of the Fifties without either Dave Brubeck or the Modern Jazz Quartet. This borders on producing "Romeo and Juliet" with only Romeo but, fortunately, the supporting cast in the tumultuous chronology of jazz is strong enough to carry the plot line clearly and to keep the narrative exciting.

BAND LEADER

Credit: LEONARD HALPERN

Duke Ellington, represented in Leonard Feather's new jazz "encyclopedia" by some early, "brilliantly uncouth," playing.

NEW YORK SUNDAY TIMES - MARCH 24

Norm Weiser in Family Living April 8

JAZZOMANIA: For those who are new to jazz as well as those who are experts on the subject, "Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records," a four-record Decca package, is a must. It covers 40 years of jazz, from Armstrong to the Bird. Records may be purchased individually as well as in the deluxe package. "The Most Happy Piano" is just that, a Columbia delight by Erroll Garner. Two outstanding Atlantic albums

Leonard Feather's Jazz Encyclopedia Set to Wax

NEW YORK—Leonard Feather, the Englishman who has become an American jazz expert, and to prove it has written for many such publications and almost as many books, came up with yet another piece just a few moons back which has got the critics writing his praises.

The new effort is his "Encyclopedia of Jazz," set to wax in a four-disc set which takes jazz from then through now. The tallow tracts embrace just about every sound of this modern music. They're made through the superb talents of Louis Armstrong and Johnny Dodds on "Wild Man Blues," Jimmie Noone's "My Monday Date," Pine Top Smith and so many others who make up the tremendous sounds of America's greatest culture.

The collected works of this new effort by Feather include such great names and music as those of Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Stan Kenton, Dizzy Gillespie, Joe Jones, James Rushing, Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, Earl Hines and Artie Shaw.

Pittsburgh Courier
4/6/57

72

Pasadena, Calif. Independent
4/57

Pasadena Independent

THE JAZZ LAB

Everyone Makes a Jazz Anthology

By GEORGE LAINE

On the desk are three anthologies of jazz on record, each the effort of a supposed critic.

There is Hugues Panassie's "Guide to Jazz" (RCA-Victor) which is scarcely more than a nostalgic look backward at a form of jazz that is no longer inventive, no longer productive of progress.

There is Leonard Feather's "Encyclopedia of Jazz" (Decca), a dazzling, star-studded, 4-record package that encompasses jazz of the 20's, 30's, 40's and 50's. It is both a tribute to Feather's taste and an indictment of Decca's lack of concern for the galaxy of musical stars it "owned" at one time or another.

Satch: Panassie digs.

There is Dave Garroway's "Wide, Wide World of Jazz" (RCA-Victor) in which Garroway apparently assumes that the wide, wide world of jazz is bounded by the narrow, narrow preference of Garroway.

These anthologies had to come.

Pacific Jazz, I believe, started it all with their tremendously successful, tremendously worthwhile "Jazz West Coast" LPs.

Following the initial acceptance of Vol. 1 of that series, Richard Bock and Co. put together a second effort that has been accorded much the same approval. But since then, the imitations have become profuse. Riverside jumped into the act. Leonard Bernstein did an LP for Columbia in which he tried, without much success, to explain "What Is Jazz."

The three new arrivals, however, focus in detail some of the crying needs of the recording business.

Panassie isn't the kind of a person whom I'd hire to write a book on jazz. But Houghton-Mifflin Co. did. Further, he's not the person I'd seek out for an anthology on jazz. But RCA-Victor did.

In both instances, Panassie was allowed to demonstrate his preoccupation with traditional jazz to the complete exclusion of anything that antedates 1940.

Panassie's jazz world starts with Louis Armstrong and ends with Jimmy Yancey. In between are Sidney Bechet, "Sleepy" John Estes, Earl Hines, Ellington, Hampton and some others.

But no Miles Davis. No Stan Kenton. No Basie. No Gillespie. No Giuffre and no Mulligan. And most assuredly no Modern Jazz Quartet.

beginning, he is no credit to music, to man or himself.

We can dispose of Garroway in simpler fashion. I hadn't thought of him as a jazz critic until I saw the RCA-Victor LP. I'm not going to take Victor's word for it when the man tosses Tito Puente, Lee Wiley, Barbara Carroll, "Peanuts" Hucko and Deane Kincaide into a common hopper, introduces them benignly and with a sweep of his hand changes them from a small (and largely inferior) group of jazz artists into the whole "Wide, Wide World of Jazz."

For Feather and for Decca, the matter of criticism isn't so simple. Before I even begin to criticize, let me say that the collection of artists on the eight sides are without peer, that even the somewhat scratchy reproductions of masters from 20 years past are acceptable for what they are and that, musically, the entire package is superb.

I should like, also to call attention to the fine, coherent job that Leonard Feather did on the jackets of each of the four records. Feather accomplished what Bernstein tried for in defining "What Is Jazz." But Leonard did it unconsciously, without effort, simply by explaining the selections.

Now, about Decca.

One of the reasons that jazz has been slow to gain favor is best explained by looking at Decca's history. Here, by their own admission, they show the artists they recorded and the ones they had access to for recording purposes.

There isn't much King Oliver around today, a fact that causes much weeping and wailing amongst the Dixieland set. There is a King Oliver in the anthology: Aunt Hagar's Blues.

There wasn't much Chick Webb recorded during the thirties. But here is a side called Sing Me a Swing Song with Ella Fitzgerald doing the vocal.

One of the major reasons that Fletcher Henderson virtually gave away his book of arrangements to the Benny Goodman band was his inability to make enough money to keep a group together. But here is Fletcher Henderson, with Hilton Jefferson and Russ Procope, Ben Webster and Buster Bailey and many other GREAT sidemen, swinging on Down South Camp Meetin'.

There is Basie and Lunceford —of which we used to get all too little—and Coleman Hawkins and Jay McShann and Art Tatum and a long list of others.

My point is simply this: Why is it that Decca, which can now come forth with a $20 encyclopedia, couldn't find time or need to record these artists when it meant something? Why did Decca have to wait until companies like Pacific, like Savoy, like Contemporary and Prestige and Fantasy and Atlantic and a few others had made it commercially lucrative for Decca to enter the jazz recording field?

I don't expect answers.

What I do expect is to never get another complimentary record from Decca. I'll let you know what happens.

Tribune ★ Wed., March 13, 1957

★ Records noted . . .

By Rick Ratcliffe

one Sacred Series, DL 221, Lillian

It's peace, it's relaxation, and it's comfort in a cruel and unremitting world.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Maxine Sullivan" sings lyrics by Andy Razaf. Released by Period Records, SPL 1207.

Leonard Feather presents a second album of Maxine Sullivan, the second in a year, this one combining the talents of Maxine as vocalist, Andy Razaf as lyricist and Charlie Shavers as trumpeter and bandleader.

Andy Razaf — born Andreamenentania Paul Razafinkeriefo — is an adopted Angeleno, a songwriter of long standing, and a poet known to all readers of the Negro press for his brief, but meaty, comments on race relations in these our times and states (United, that is).

Some of the oldies, but goodies — to coin a phrase — are — "Keeping Out of Mischief Now", "Memories of You", "Massachusetts", "Sposing" and a song usually identified with the late "Fats" Waller, "Ain't Misbehaving". In keeping with his awareness of the world around him, despite his being an invalid, Andy recently composed a song dedicated to an all-Negro town in Mississippi, Mound Bayou, and this, too, is in this album.

This is the time of revivals — musical, that is. Many record companies have found it profitable to reissue some of the music of the 30's and many a performer and songwriter has found popularity anew. A public bloated with the nihilism of some of our so-called modern jazz, and satiated with the lust of the rhythm and blues has found new hope in the return to the meaningful, swinging lyrics and melodies of the swing era.

Razaf was, and is, prolific and the arrangements are well suited to the original intent of the songs. Maxine is warm and invigorating though no longer in her prime. Charlie Shavers and crew — Buster Bailey, Jerome Richardson, Dick Hyman, Milt Hinton, Osie Johnson and Wendell Marshall — are swinging all the way as you might well expect.

If you're the nostalgic type and wish for the good old days, or even if you're one of the younger set, there's something good here for you.

DownBeat 3/6/57

'Encyclopedia' Jazz Show Due

New York — Leonard Feather will head a touring unit of an animated *Encyclopedia of Jazz* starting Oct. 14. The tour will last a minimum of six weeks, with Feather as narrator, the William Morris Agency as booker, and Stephen Rose producer.

The personnel will include the Jimmy Giuffre trio, Don Elliott, Jimmy McPartland, Lucky Thompson, Sonny Stitt, Bob Enevoldsen, Osie Johnson, Dick Hyman, and vocalists Jimmy Rushing and Joan Shaw. Special music will be written for the package.

The unit will tour most sections of the United States and Canada and probably will make its debut in a special television presentation. "The show," Feather said, "will, in effect, bring the book to life, representing every phase and style in jazz history. It will be geared to appeal to college audiences and to those interested in both the entertainment and historical value of jazz."

73

May 2, 1957 - Down Beat

5/2/57

Bridgeport, Conn.
Herald 3/17/57

Leonard Feather's "West Coast vs. East Coast" on an M-G-M platter (E-3390) is one of those contests between jazz combos that is supposed to prove that one style of jazz is better than another and that some performers play better than others. Here it is not so much a competition as it is an exposition. The two very competent bands differ in style, yet either style has merit and logic to justify it.

There are six numbers on the record. Each is played by both units consecutively, the better to show the distinction between the Eastern and Western jazz points of view. In the last number, both bands are joined together by electronic magic. As a contest, it's a draw. As playing, it's highly enjoyable.

An unusual

Oakland, Calif. Tribune
11/18/56

West Coast vs. East Coast (M-G-M) pits two small groups in a so-called Battle of Jazz. Representing the west are Don Fagerquist, Bob Enevoldsen, Buddy Collette, Andre Previn, Curtis Counce, and Stan Levey. Their "opponents" are Frank Wess, Thad Jones, Benny Powell (all of the Basie band), Oscar Pettiford, Osie Johnson, and Dick Hyman. For what it is, it's good.

Variety 3/27/57

Horizon Press has tapped Leonard Feather to pen a bio on Count Basie. It'll probably be written under a joint byline and will explore Basie's two-decade career as a bandleader. Deal for the Basie bio is part of Horizon's deal with Feather for three jazz books during 1957-58. He's currently working on a reference book tentatively titled "Horizons of Jazz" with illustrations from the Norman Granz catalog. The third book will be a new volume in the Encyclopedia series along lines similar to the recently released "Yearbook of Jazz."

74

Jazz-Echo
1957

LEONARD FEATHER-RALPH BURNS ORCHESTRA

Mit Herbie Mann (fl); Danny Bank (bs); Ralph Burns (p); Kai Winding (tb); Oscar Pettiford (b); Billy Bauer (g); Osie Johnson (dr); Joe Wilder (tp) Dasher - Dancer - Prancer - Vixen - Comet - Cupid - Donner - Blitzen

MGM D 135 (33)

Winterlicher Weihnachtsjazz nachträglich auf den Gabentisch des artigen Jazz-Kindes. In einem klassischen englischen Weihnachtsgedicht „A Visit from St. Nicholas" gibt es acht „Renntiere", jedes hat einen Namen (siehe oben), und jeder der acht Solisten porträtiert ein Renntier (siehe ebenfalls oben, gleiche Reihenfolge). Osie Johnson also, beispielsweise, ist „Donner", Kunststück — denn er spielt Schlagzeug. Joe Wilder blitzt als „Blitzen" auf der blitzenden Trompete . . . usw. Daß die Sache gleichwohl vorzüglich gemacht ist, ist kein Zweifel . . . Kunststück, siehe die Namen der Beteiligten. Leonard Feather schrieb ansprechende Themen, und Ralph Bruns arrangierte sie mit der ganzen Kunst seiner Klangfarben-Paletten. Ausgezeichnet sind vor allem auch einige der Soli, etwa das von Kai Winding („Vixen"), das Cello-Solo von Oscar Pettiford („Comet") und das von Joe Wilder. *

Feb. 18 1957

Lon Feather

THE DAILY CALIFORNIAN

Hard wax

'Justification of ideas detracts from record'

EAST COAST vs. WEST COAST

Why can't record companies just come out and say, "Here is a record. It is a jazz record. People play on this record. These people are . . . etc.?" Why do they feel that there must be a grand idea behind each record? They do, even though the lengths to which they must go to justify their "ideas" detract from the record.

This album is titled, modestly enough, "East Coast vs. West Coast, a Battle of Jazz." The grand plan involves two groups, one supposedly representative of "east coast" jazz, and the other, just as supposedly, representative of "west coast" jazz. (The quotes are the reviewers). The two opposing bands draw opposite, and, in battle formation, proceed to try to outdo each other.

There seem to be two main faults in this plan. (1) There is, in this reviewer's opinion, no immediately apparent difference between "east" and "west" coast jazz, and (2) The styles appearing on this record are not representative of whatever difference there might be.

ASIDE FROM . . .

Aside from this, the record itself isn't bad. The weak point musically lies in the arrangements, with the "east" version of "The Goof'n'I" being the best of a rather usual lot.

The album features Don Fagerquist, trumpet; Bob Envoldsen, trombone and tenor sax; Buddy Collette, tenor and alto saxes and flute; Andre Previn, piano; Curtis Counce, bass; and Stan Levey, drums; for the West. For the East the line up reads, Frank Wess, tenor sax and flute; Thad Jones, trumpet; Benny Powell, trombone; Dick Hyman, piano and organ; Oscar Pettiford, bass; and Osie Johnson, drums.

Collette and Previn steal the solo spotlight for the West. Collette's moving full-bodied flute, expressive richly toned alto sax and smooth direct tenor sax are reason enough for the album. Previn continues to show greater understanding and maturity with each record he makes. Envoldsen turns in some excellent trombone, with a wonderful completeness of thought and ease of delivery.

JONES SHINES

For the East, it's Thad Jones who shines. His trumpet is always moving, always thoughtful, and always pleasing. Pettiford's bass work is up to his usual standards, that is great. He swings without effort, and, as a result, so does everyone else. Johnson continues to justify this reviewers opinion that he is the best backing drummer in jazz. He is certainly one of the most tasteful.

This album has much to recommend it, but it is spoiled slightly by the form which the groups are forced to follow. Too bad the record wasn't allowed to stand on its own merits.

MGM 12" LP E3390

—Bill Harrison

Miami Herald 2/17/57

* * *

CAPITALIZING on coastal pride is M-G-M's West Coast vs. East Coast (E3390), dual sessions set up by Leonard Feather. Two sextets trade versions of three jazz pieces; The Goof 'n' I, Here's Pete, Beverly Bills, and on East Side, West Side. The real gimmick is a tape porridge, using men from both groups on Lover Come Back to Me. Plenty of talent, including Don Fagerquist, Buddy Collette and Andre Previn, Curtis Counce, Stan Levey and Bob Enevoldsen from the west; Oscar Pettiford, Osie Johnson, Dick Hyman, Frank Wess, Thad Jones and Benny Powell from the east.

Happily, it isn't the battle of jazz the album advertises. Those usually are honking affairs that appeal only to a lunatic fringe. This music is a far cut above a cutting session.

New York Cavalcade:

Berle Taking a Walk?

By LOUIS SOBOL

MILTON BERLE, TV circles hear, is negotiating for a cancellation of his long term contract with N.B.C.... Yvonne Lime, the young beauty whom they had set to elope with Elvis Presley, is actually preparing to take the big step with screen actor James Best...After for El Morocco—and may stall the move for a year or more...

* * *

Jazz authority Leonard Feather has been signed to turn out the biography of Count Basie for Horizon Press...Platter spinner Bill Williams, who changes his

N.Y. Journal-Amer.
6/19/57

N. Y. Journal-Amer. 4/2/57

Journal-Amer 4/2/57

Program Guide

Latest Records

"Hi Fi Suite"—Feather-Hyman Orchestra (M-G-M Album). Consider, please, you high fidelity fans: The nine sections comprising this suite are given the following titles—"Feedback," "Bass-Reflex," "Wow," "Reverberation," "Squawker," "Tweeter," "Woofer," "Flutter," and "Hi Fi." Wouldn't a better title have been "Hi Fi—A Tour-De-Force Suite"? [The question mark looks so very desolate outside the quote, but that's where it belongs, I think, Ed.]

Anyway, in "Feedback" we have a fugue—let's say fughetto—a musical device which more or less answers to the idea of feeding back in hi fi parlance, since the theme keeps re-entering the running line of the music. Incidentally—and I beg you not to look upon this as a scholium—a fugue is a pretty difficult form to master. . . . The one appearing here is brief and well made. And, to me, at least, it adds a zestful touch to the proceedings. Another notable stunt is the employing of a 5/4 tempo for the section "Bass-Reflex." Since Oscar Pettiford is the bassist, I do not need to inform you that he takes such a thing right in stride. Swinging in it with great facility. So do the others.

The music is really very good, composed by Leonard Feather and Dick Hyman, the former coming up with the themes and harmony, the latter with their treatment, extension, arranging orchestrally, and all this besides doubling on piano and organ. I can't resist telling you that Hyman makes it a little easier for the boys in the 5/4 deal. He comes down on the first beat very deciso.

—Previewed by Robert Bagar.

Billboard 4/6/57

Billboard Apr 6, 1957

Jazz

HI-FI SUITE—FROM PICCOLO TO TUBA IN RHYTHM ★ 87
Leonard Feather and Dick Hyman Ork (1-12")
M-G-M E 3494

An unusually interesting package that deserves attention from hi-fi fans and-or jazz aficionados and students. Hi-fi nomenclature is used for titles of the originals, mostly co-written by Feather and Hyman. J. Richardson plays piccolo; F. Wess, flute and tenor; Hyman, piano and organ; Thad Jones and J. Newman, trumpets; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Bill Barber, tuba; Don Elliott, vibes and bongos, etc. There are some great solos within unusual, original frames —for example, a really swingin' blues in 5-4 times. One great surprise is Richardson on alto, and there are many more. Recommend this one.

Hi Fidelity June, 1957

Something Different: An obvious gimmick that turns into an unusual and interesting musical experience falls into the man-bites-dog category. The dog is bitten on *Hi-fi Suite* (M-G-M 3494. 12-in. 40 min. $3.98), a group of selections by Dick Hyman and Leonard Feather bearing such titles as *Feedback Fugue, Flutter Waltz, Tweeter, Woofer,* and so on, which are both amusing and appealing and are played to the hilt by an excellent group of musicians. *On Bix Duke Eats* (Atlantic 1250. 12-in. 39 min. $4.98) Thomas Talbert

Variety 3/27/57

Eddie Getz's Quintette also is featured in a set of light, modern jazz sounds that are not too far out on a limb. In a frankly more experimental vein, "Hi Fi Suite" is a partially amusing, partially effective original work **by Leonard Feather** and **Dick Hyman** keyed to the jargon of the hi-fi buffs with titles like, "Squawker," "Feedback Fugue," "Wow," "Bass Reflex," "Tweeter," "Woofer," etc. The sound is there for testing purposes. In a more traditional groove, **Freddie Kohlman's Mardi Gras**

Cash Box 4/13/57

The Cash Box, Music — *Page*

Co-Stars

NEW YORK—Ella Fizgerald proudly shows Julie London a specially bound copy of "The Encyclopedia Yearbook Of Jazz," presented to her by the book's author Leonard Feather (center), during a recent Ed Sullivan show. In a poll of musicians conducted by Feather, Ella was unanimously chosen as the number one female vocalist. Julie performed her latest disk "Boy On A Dolphin" to advantage on the Sullivan stint and Ella did likewise by plugging her new single "Hotta Chocolatta."

76

N.Y. Journal-Amer. 4/4/57

N.Y. Journal-Amer.
APR 4, 1957

New York Cavalcade:

Longer Life for G

By LOUIS SOBOL

BECAUSE after intensive study over a span of years, it has been determined women live longer than men, average 4 years, the Equitable Life has chopped insurance rates for women 10 per cent—and so notified its agents... Novelist Bob Ruark and his wife flew in from Spain for a fortnite round of the town...All about an egg, the new play "Hide and Seek"—and it laid one!

* * *

"One of my musicians and myself have a wager as to just who originated the jazz-band. Will you kindly give us your opinion?"—Eddie Ashman, orchestra leader. We checked with the outstanding expert on jazz, Leonard Feather. His answer: "The jazz band more or less originated all over the country—no one specific person was responsible. The origin of the term 'jazz' is vague"...Lovely Paula Stewart,

N.Y. Journal-Amer. 4/10/57

York Cavalcade:

ew Invaders from Pa

By LOUIS SOBOL

make-up? . . . The Mack ... the 21 clan are readying the bassinet for an Autumn arrival . . .

* * *

Despite Expert Leonard Feather's contention that the word "jazz" and the "jazz band" just happened, no one knows how—Billy Reed, who also considers himself something of an expert, insists that the Créoles around New Orleans way used the word "jazz" to mean "hurry up" in connection with the ragtime prevailing. He adds that in Vicksburg there was a fellow called Alexander who had a ragtime band—and who became famous after Irving Berlin wrote his song. Alexander's first name was Charles, abbreviated to Chas. when he signed his name. His pals and fans called him "Chazz" and when the band played through the South, the folks would yell out "Come on, Chazz" and gradually the band's music became known as Chazz music—finally softened to jazz. This is Reed's version. Says it started back in 1910.

* * *

4/16/57

Journal-Amer.
4/16/57

New York Cavalcade:

Still the Boss's Wife

By LOUIS SOBOL

INCLUDED among glowing wires of congratulations to the newlywed Rosalind Courtright and Ben Silberstein was one from Hernando Courtright, Rosalind's ex. Rosalind, who was the boss's wife when she was married to Hernando, is still the boss's wife because Ben Silberstein now owns the Beverly Hills Hotel, having bought it from Courtright and his partners, including Irene Dunne and Tony DeMarco. Courtright is still managing director of the hotel—which makes his ex-wife's present husband his current boss. It sounds mixed-up but everyone concerned is quite happy — especially Hernando who, having remarried, expects a second heir from his pretty new wife.

* * *

The controversy over the origin of "Jazz" and "Jazz Bands" continues. We are in receipt of another note from Leonard Feather, author of "The Encyclopedia of Jazz." He writes: "I was interested to read Billy Reed's version of the origin of the word 'Jazz.' However, I doubt very much whether anybody named Chas. or Chazz was responsible since there was a French verb, 'jaser,' meaning to pep up or exhilarate, that is often claimed to be the source. Aside from this, there is the important point that 'Jazz' was a verb long before it was a noun, and a verb with a connotation not employed in polite society. In fact, when Brown's Dixieland Jazz Band appeared at the Lambs Cafe in Chicago in 1915, the musicians' union frowned on the use of the term, thinking it was an attempt to smear the music."

* * *

Bert Kelly, who claims to be the originator of the Jazz Band, takes issue with Feather who previously had insisted, "No one specific person was responsible for the current use of the word 'Jazz' or for the origin of the jazz band." He writes in part: "It was because of the gibberish written by the fakers who claimed to be jazz musicians, jazz greats, jazz authorities, I decided to write the exact truth about how, when and where I originated the jazz band and, thus not only stop the hordes of false claimants, but leave a really authentic book of reference for posterity. Just imagine a newspaper columnist fifty years hence trying to unravel the maze of untruths and even fables such as the New Orleans jazz myth, in order to find one iota of truth about jazz and its etymology."

Kelly encloses a series of clips crediting him with originating the jazz band (including a quote from Paul Whiteman). Also an excerpt from an article in the Chicago Evening American, May 20, 1924, as follows: "The first jazz band, a Chicago organization, was created by Bert Kelly whose Stables Cafe is known all over the world. Thomas Meighan, the movie star, gave a party one night in 1914 and had the Kelly Band for dance music. Motion pictures were taken by Richard Travers of the Essenay Moving Picture Company and on the film showing the musicians was placed a caption reading, 'The Originators of Jazz.' Thereafter it was the 'Jazz-Band'."

* * *

4/17/57

4/17/57

its Back

S SOBOL

with Benito at his colorful little Spanish rendezvous...

* * *

Another note on "Jazz." From songwriter F. D. Pat ("Mister Sandman") Ballard: "With all respect to Leonard Feather and Billy Reed, they're both way off the true track on the origin of the word "jazz." The first published use of the word spells it "jass." This was the label of the first issue of Victor's "Original Dixieland Jass Band" recordings—later changed to "jazz" because this type of music was used for, among other things, as a noisy come-on for sporting houses wherein the loudest band, playing through open windows, attracted the most patrons. When the first riverboat bands hit Chicago, the local musicians were bitter and scornful and called the new sound "jass music." The staid old Victor Co. fell in a trap on their first labels and it was later cleared up—thence the term "jazz."

* * *

77

NEWS ABOUT MUSIC

March 22, 1957

from the
Press Information Department
Mutual Broadcasting System

LEONARD FEATHER JOINS WALLCE FOR "BANDSTAND" SHOW!

Leonard Feather, one of the nation's most outstanding jazz authors and critics (Playboy and Esquire magazines), will join Guy Wallace as emcee of Mutual's BANDSTAND, U.S.A. broadcast Saturday (Mar. 30, 8 to 11 p.m., NYT). They'll be welcoming such stars to the show this week as Bobby Hackett, trumpeter featured at New York's Henry Hudson Hotel; the Modern Jazz Quartet, who headline the entertainment bill at The Red Hill, Camden, N.J., and drummer Art Blakey, now at New York's Cafe Bohemia.

MUTUAL...the network for PLUS programs

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

BELOW IS A recent tape-recorded interview with Teo Macero, which took place immediately after his recent *Blindfold Test*. It is a postscript to my previous answer in this column concerning what I feel is the increasing rapprochement between jazz and classical music.

Macero stated, "I think jazz and classical music *are* moving closer together." He was then asked to cite some examples, and the dialog ran as follows:

MACERO: Some of the things Teddy Charles has done and Charlie Mingus, and maybe a few of Jimmy Giuffre's and J. R. Monterose's show this. The Shelly Manne thing—I think Volume 2.

There are some excellent things there that convince me that jazz and classical music are coming together and just a couple more years would do the trick. But suddenly they seem to have stopped that on the West Coast. Giuffre now has a different approach and isn't doing the things he used to . . . Mingus' *Minor Intrusion* has everything well thought out, is clear cut, and has a real development of ideas. It has a classical approach, yet it's basically very jazz.

A recent thing for percussion by Teddy, which was done at Cooper Union a few weeks ago, was a gigantic piece. It had everything—feeling, warmth,

April 18, 1957

Down Beat
4/18/57

THE BILLBOARD APRIL 13, 1957

Leonard Feather—Dick Hyman orch.

HI FI SUITE

E3494

Picked by Billboard for Hi Fi Sound)

Dallas, Texas News 3/27/57

THE PASSING SHOW:

Encyclopedic Jazz On Culture Series

By JOHN ROSENFIELD

WE HEAR THAT DONALD C. KNICKERBOCKER and other managers of the Community Course at McFarlin Auditorium are searching their souls thoroughly these days and wrestling with a devil or two.

Will it be proper to bring as an attraction Leonard Feather's "Encyclopedia of Jazz"? This is a band act narration by Feather tracing jazz from "Dixieland" to "Progressive", from "West Coast" to "New Orleans", from "Blues" to "Swing", "Boogie-Woogie", "Bop" and "Cool Jazz" are among the subjects that will be discussed and then illustrated.

We throw our weight, if any, on the side of booking this attraction for Dallas. The issue is not whether or not jazz is worthy on a cultural lecture-concert subscription series. Nobody but a snob would say otherwise. The only question is whether or not you can stand the embattled experts on the subject. For there are those who would cut out your heart for calling "Blues" or "Swing" a species of jazz. And they will be screaming until their faces are red in McFarlin lobby some night next winter. But they will be there, and that will be something.

Mr. Feather, who has written a definitive "Encyclopedia of Jazz" with 1,065 biographies (including the debated Paul Whiteman's) has assembled some great contemporaries for this tour.

* * *

THE CAST OF this show will consist of Joan Shaw, a blues and ballad singer of distinction; then Don Elliott, out of the Goodman and Shearing's bands; Jimmy McPartland, trumpet and violin expert of Bix Biederbecke background; Lucky Thompson, tenor sax, clarinet and flute; Sonny Stitt, alto sax, tenor sax and baritone sax; Jimmy Giuffre, clarinet, tenor sax, baritone sax with his two associates of the Giuffre Trio, Jim Hall, guitar; Ralph Penna, slap bass; Bob Enevoldsen, valve trombone, tenor sax, slap bass and clarinet; Osie Johnson, drums, tenor sax, trumpet and valve trombone; Dick Hyman, piano and Hammond organ; Jimmy Rushing, vocals and piano.

Jazz was a generic term for all popular music, introduced around 1914. One of its first manifestations was rag-time grown into the fox trot. Paul Whiteman wears the title of "Jazz King," although sweet rag-time was his forte; and the late Al Jolson was "The Jazz Singer," although balladry and foxtrottery were his specialties.

"Jazz" has evolved as a term to mean anything that isn't balladry. Its more fervent devotees would eliminate everything that isn't hot jazz, which position is hardly tenable.

* * *

HOT JAZZ, however, has grown potent in the pop music world for the simple reason that it is far more sophisticated and controlled than in its primitive New Orleans day. It is better-played and covers the ground that one might study collegiately in "Theory 1, From Bach to Haydn."

Like so many experts on this most American contribution to musical culture, Leonard Feather is not American. He is an Englishman who came to New York in 1935 and has been a learned contributor on jazz to many publications.

He has composed more than 200 pieces, recorded by Ellington, Goodman, Billy Eckstine and others. Many are familiar with the hits he wrote for Dinah Washington like "Evil Gal Blues" "Blowtop Blues" and the like.

* * *

HE HAS BEEN active in the careers of Ellington, the later days of Louis Armstrong, Woody Herman, Lionel Hampton and Dizzy Gillespie. George Shearing of London is Feather's discovery and he imported him to these shores in 1947. It was Feather who arranged and supervised the recording debuts of Hazel Scott, Dinah Washington and Sarah Vaughan.

This man and his cast of characters may not be what the Community Course is used to, they being an audience largely sold on lecturers, folk ballets and mimes like Angna Enters. But "The Encyclopedia of Jazz" show would do them good. And, if they will tell the truth, it should do anything but bore them.

Leonard Feather. . . . An Englishman with an encyclopedic knowledge of jazz, all kinds.

Musica Jazz 1957

oltre oceano

● Leonard Feather sta lavorando ad un singolare progetto: un giro di concerti, che avrà inizio in ottobre negli Stati Uniti e che probabilmente comprenderà l'Europa nella primavera del 1958, sotto l'insegna dell'*Enciclopedia del Jazz*, la fortunata opera dello stesso Feather. Lo spettacolo presenterà «ogni fase ed ogni stile nella storia del jazz» avvalendosi di un gruppo di musicisti quanto mai versatili. Ecco i nomi dei componenti il gruppo: Jimmy Giuffré (cl., ten. e bar.); con Jim Hall (chit.) e Ralph Pena (cb.); Don Elliott (tr., mellophone, trombone a pistoni, vib. e bongos); Jimmy McPartland (tr. e viol.); Lucky Thompson (ten., cl. e fl.); Sonny Stitt (alto, ten. e bar.); Bob Enevoldsen (ten., cl., trne a pistoni, cb.); Osie Johnson (batt., ten., tr. e trne a pistoni); Dick Hyman (p., org.). Saranno aggiunti i cantanti Jimmy Rushing (che suonerà pure il pianoforte) e Joan Shaw.

N.Y. Mirror (Nick Kenny) 4/23/57

...ough Stitt struggling from a lax-ity in the writing department, was one of Ray's best.

* * *

NBC-TV's "America After Dark" visits New York's Cradle of Swing, John Popkin's Hickory House in West 52d St. at 11:30 tonight to catch Leonard Feather's Allstars in action. Feather is one of the world's foremost jazz experts! Al Johnson is negotiating with Sammy Fuchs to put the Bowery Follies on TV films in a 13-week series!

* * *

79

Down Beat May 2, 1957

the blindfold test

Hawk Talks

By Leonard Feather

Although by no means inactive on the present-day jazz scene (currently he is playing numerous college gigs and jam sessions, as well as frequent record dates), Coleman Hawkins is wrongly viewed by many as a sort of professor emeritus of the tenor saxophone.

It has occasionally been pointed out in these pages that as one of the first and foremost of the jazz soloists, he is taken too much for granted, though there seems to be little chance that history will neglect or belittle his contribution as the most vital exponent of them all in the tenor field.

Hawkins' *Blindfold Test* gave him an opportunity to catch up on some fairly recent records, most of them featuring tenor men in various old and modern styles—not that Coleman doesn't do a great deal of listening anyway, for his enthusiasm and interest in jazz developments of all kinds will never be quenched.

Coleman was given no information before or during the test about the records played.

The Records

1. Zoot Sims. *Pegasus* (ABC-Paramount). Zoot Sims, alto, tenor, baritone (multitrack).

Well, I sure don't know who it is, I can tell you that! Well . . . only trouble is, Leonard, these cats get ornery if you don't . . . I mean, they all want five stars, don't they? Now for instance, that sounds *fair* to me. Fair is two stars, huh? I liked the theme all right . . . Actually there isn't any arrangement, but the chorus that's fixed up is all right.

The changes are familiar, but I don't know the piece. Outside of that first and last chorus, it's the usual thing—just one solo after another. That's the kind of thing I'm going to try to get away from, if I can, on my next date. More like we used to do back in the 52nd St. days—at least get two things together, because with three horns you can have like a little arrangement, you know?

The solos are average, nothing that you don't hear every day, all day. Well, I think I'll give it three, tentatively; it's the first thing I've heard today.

2. Oscar Pettiford Orchestra. *Smoke Signal* (ABC-Paramount). Gigi Gryce, alto, composer, arranger; Art Farmer, trumpet; Jerome Richardson, tenor; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Osie Johnson, drums; Janet Putnam, harp.

That sounds good! They've got a good-sized band there. I like the arrangement very much. That part with the harp at the beginning . . . yeah, a real interesting record. Solos were good, too. I might give that one four.

3. Ruby Braff. *What's The Reason?* (Bethlehem). Sam Margolis, tenor; Ken Kersey, piano; Milt Hinton, bass.

That's either Buck Clayton or somebody stealing from him! . . . That sounded good for what it was. Was that one of them Columbia things—was that Buck? The tenor sounded a lot like Pres, but he don't sound too much like Pres plays himself today. That's the reason I thought it was somebody else, like maybe Paul Quinichette or somebody. Piano was all right; bass sounded like a good bass player. May-be Oscar; but a few things about it sounded an awful lot like Milt Hinton. Three stars.

4. Jelly Roll Morton. *Grandpa's Spells* (Label "X"). Morton, composer; recorded, 1926. Morton, piano; John Lindsay, bass.

Well, I suppose those fellows did the best they could with that piece . . . That's strictly Dixieland fellers . . . I really don't want to rate that at all. You know, all that Dixieland sounds alike to me. They're pretty precise, usually; take that boy Erwin, Pee Wee Erwin; he's correct, he's real precise in his playing. . . . This is a lot of hodgepodge; I wouldn't even be particular about listening to that any more. You know? (Feather: Do you hear any musical value in it?) Actually, no. The piano? I didn't notice —wasn't that like the rest of it? The bass sounded like Pops Foster—was that Pops Foster? He's the only one I can even come close to identifying—because of that popping sound. Well, Dixieland is a type of music, you can't get away from it; if it's good, it's good—but I've heard a lot better than this. Fair is two? Well, give it two.

5. Bud Freeman Trio. *Perdido* (Bethlehem). Dave Bowman, piano; George Wettling, drums; Recorded, 1956.

It might not have been, but it sounded an awful lot like Bud Freeman to me. I don't know who was on the piano; the drummer could have been George Wettling. Do I like that tenor style? Well . . . hm . . . no, not exactly . . . Is that new, or an old record? (Long silence) . . . I didn't hear any bass. I'd say pretty fair; two.

6. Duke Ellington Orchestra. *Cotton Tail* (Bethlehem). Paul Gonsalves, tenor sax; recorded, 1956.

Well now, I know all about this record. I know who it is and everything. I think it's lost something by being played too fast. I liked the original version . . . If Duke had even struck a happy medium, a tempo somewhere in between the original and this one, it might have been nice. This way, it's just notes bouncing off notes.

There are some pieces that seem to be written for a fast tempo; but this arrangement is not right for this treatment. I don't know how to rate that. Two or three stars tops. The tenor is the boy from Providence, you know—Paul. At first I thought it might have been Lucky. He could have been a little more expressive at an easier tempo, but he did a very good job considering.

7. Sonny Rollins and Modern Jazz Quartet. *Almost Like Being in Love* (Prestige). Kenny Clarke, drums.

That's tough; I don't know who that was. I'd say it was good. An awful lot of tenor players sound exactly the very same, and I'm wondering if this was the boy that plays with Max—Sonny Rollins. In fact, I wondered whether it was Max, too. But Max doesn't have a vibes player, he uses trumpet. Three is good, huh? Oh . . . three is good enough for that.

8. Dave Pell. *Can't We Be Friends?* (Atlantic). Don Fagerquist, trumpet.

That's another of these peculiar records . . . sounded a little like Chet Baker on the trumpet. Tenor a little like Getz . . . I liked this all right, but you know, the harmony of this piece is very pretty the way it was written; they didn't have to change it. You lose more than you gain. The record Bird made on this was very nice, because they stayed right with the piece. Three.

9. Al Cohn and the Natural Seven. *920 Special* (RCA Victor). Joe Newman, trumpet; Freddie Green, guitar; Nat Pierce, piano.

The rhythm was very nice, like the old Basie rhythm a bit. I wasn't too awfully impressed with the solos. I guess it's good for two or three.

10. Count Basie. *Let Me See* (Epic). Buddy Tate, Lester Young, tenors; recorded 1940.

Well, that's another very familiar thing, with a bigger band. There were two different tenor players. One was playing like Pres used to play; I don't know who the other one was playing like. I'd rate it about the same as the other one; two to three.

Down Beat 5/2/57

5/2

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

A BRIGHT BREEZE blew in from the west a few weeks ago in the person of Andre Previn. With him, as always, came news of the western scene told as only an insider of Andre's insideness could tell it.

Among other things, I learned that he had made no fewer than 10 record sessions in two weeks. Six of them featured the identical rhythm section. All 10 had the same four horn men in the lineup, alone or as part of a larger ensemble.

This situation is, of course, not peculiar to the west coast. And it happens constantly in New York, and if there were as much recording going on in Chicago or possibly in Dodge City, Kan., it would go on there, too.

There is one good thing about cliques. The musicians get to know and like each other's work and function almost as if they were an organized unit. But the disadvantages of this system need hardly be pointed out. As Andre and his colleagues know all too well, there is an inevitable sameness in many of the records emanating from either of the two major centers.

MY SOLUTION IS one that would be popular only with those musicians who have complete financial security; it would be coldly received by the record companies and probably by fans, too, who are not deluged, as we critics are, by a staggering pile of new releases every week.

I think the union should double, or even triple, the recording scale.

Inevitably some of the fly-by-night companies would go out of business, but, more important, the middle-size and large outfits would think twice about recording so promiscuously. In any event, it is at least debatable whether or not the $41.25 a jazzman receives for each 15 minutes of music he records is really adequate compensation in view of the endless public performances for profit to which the records are subjected.

HOWEVER, SINCE this situation is not likely to be brought about in the immediately visible future, and since Fantasy has not come up with any of those satirical press releases lately, I should like to spend the next few paragraphs offering, without fee, a few suggestions for hungry record company executives who are running out of formats for their endlessly recording jazz stars.

For Norman Granz, I submit as his next three piano-with-rhythm albums (1) *Oscar Peterson Plays the Phonograph*, (2) *Oscar Peterson Plays Pinochle*, (3) *Oscar Peterson Plays Hooky*.

For Bethlehem, Pacific Jazz, Contemporary, or any of the other companies whose artists always appear by permission of each other, I propose for their next four LPs the following. (1) *Andre Previn Plays the Compositions of Shorty Rogers, arranged by Marty Paich, featuring John Graas;* (2) *Shorty Rogers Plays the Compositions of Marty Paich, arranged by John Graas, featuring Andre Previn;* (3) *Marty Paich Plays the Compositions of John Graas, arranged by Andre Previn, featuring Shorty Rogers;* (4) *John Graas Plays the Compositions of Andre Previn, arranged by Shorty Rogers, featuring Marty Paich.* (You wanna bet it won't happen?)

FOR RIVERSIDE, by way of compensation for the way I hurt their feelings by drawing attention to a few flaws in their generally admirable *History of Classic Jazz*, I offer a suggestion for a follow-up album to be called *Jazz Roots*. This would be in four movements: (1) *Early Armstrong*, or *Rooting for Louis;* (2) *Early Paul Whiteman*, or *Square Roots;* (3) *Swingin' for Miss Rheingold*, or *Root Beer*, and (4) *Swingin' on String*, or *The Root of the Cord.*

For Atlantic, which seems at the moment to be the borrowingest outfit of all, how about this for your next? Cover design by Alan Fontaine and Bob Crozier, by arrangement with ABC-Paramount; recording engineer Ray Hall, by arrangement with RCA Victor; liner notes by H. Alan Stein, by arrangement with Savoy; supervised by George Avakian, by arrangement with Columbia.

With a cast like that, who needs musicians?

Billboard 4/29/57

4/29/57

THE BILLBOARD

'PLATTERBRAINS' TABS BIRTHDAY

NEW YORK — "Platterbrains," the record quiz show conducted over ABC radio every week by music critic-author Leonard Feather, celebrated its fourth anniversary on the web Saturday (27) with an all-star panel of experts.

Feather's panel consisted of Duke Ellington, Gene Krupa, Steve Allen and Sammy Davis Jr.

"Platterbrains" actually was originated by Feather and producer Bob Bach, a one-time Billboard staffer, in 1939, on WNEW. Decca's pop a.&r. man, Milt Gabler, was a regular panelist in those days. From 1940 thru '45, it was on WMCA, with Bob Thiele and Dave Dexter as regular "brains." Thiele is now Coral a.&r. head, and Dexter is a top a.&r. staffer at Capitol. In those days they were strictly jazz cats.

In 1950, the program moved to WOR, and in April, 1953, it went network, over ABC. The show now is carried by 160 stations.

Pittsburgh Courier 5/4/57

• **ON JAZZ, CRITIC** Leonard Feather theorizes: "There's too much classifying going on. Jazz is either good or bad. It is good if it really swings, if a rhythmic message comes across. Bad jazz is imitation without real emotion, someone trying to sound like Charlie Parker, but without his underlying musicianship" . . . An insurance policy of $300,000

Melody Maker 5/4/57

MM 5/4/57

BILL SIMON'S 'NEW YORK DEADLINE'

feeling. Billboard picked 'em both to win.

Sal Mineo shines

SAL MINEO, the film star favourite of the teenagers, is now a disc artist. Epic will have his first on the market this week to cash in on some heavy film and TV plugging.

Today (Wednesday) he did the material on the Kraft TV Theatre production "Drummer Boy."

Also, he has been booked for three of the other big TV Variety shows, and is doing the lead in the upcoming "Gene Krupa Story" for films.

The featured jazzman-actor in "Drummer Boy" is alto saxman Phil Woods, who plays a jazz theme throughout. Originally this rôle was slated for Don Elliott. Latter still will make an appearance, but won't be featured in an active musical rôle.

Jazz birthday

LEONARD FEATHER'S jazz quiz show "Platterbrains" celebrated its fourth anniversary on the ABC radio network (it is carried by 160 stations weekly) on Saturday night.

Panellists for the special show were Duke Ellington, Gene Krupa, Steve Allen and Sammy Davis, Jr.

called "Songs For ... Lovers," which ... inspired by ... Sinatra ...

81

Jazz Today April, 1957

Decca Presents Feather's

ENCYCLOPEDIA ON RECORDS

Leonard Feather, in conjunction with Decca Records, has produced a set of four records, which can easily serve as companions for his *Enclyclopedia of Jazz* and the first annual supplement to that book (see review on next page), but is, more strictly, a recorded history of jazz from 1926-1956, available either as a package (Decca DFX-140) or as four separate volumes (Decca DL 8383-6), with fine notes by Leonard on each album liner.

Volume One, deals with jazz of the 1920's (1926-1934 really), with twelve tracks which run in this order. King Oliver: "The first artist of any consequence to introduce Negro jazz, New Orleans style, to the phonograph," which is an arguable point. The New Orleans Rhythm Kings (actually recorded in 1934, so that this track is somewhat cleaner than other early tracks on this LP), but hardly the originals for only Brunis remains of the first edition. Johnny Dodds with an excellent solo by Louis Armstrong. Eddie Lang, one of the first of the early jazz guitarists with Jimmy Dorsey soloing on both clarinet and alto. Jimmy Noone, the excellent clarinetist, who glows despite the stolid, typical New Orleans accompaniment. Jelly Roll Morton in solo form—the beginning of unorthodox ragtime. Pine Top Smith and boogie-woogie which comes close to swinging. James P. Johnson—excellent example of this early jazz pyrotechnician. The star with the Friars Society Orchestra is clearly Frank Teschemaker, who died when he was twenty-five. Benny Goodman and his boys, all of them studio musicians, as he was at this time—Freeman, Manone, Sullivan, etc. The Venuti-Lang All-Star Orchestra, with such as Goodman, both Teagardens, Ray Bauduc, all of them swinging wildly. Duke Ellington, with Carney, Miley, Nanton, etc., in the second of the many versions of *East St. Louis Toddle-O*. (In our opinion, these last two tracks are among the most valuable in this collection of reissues.)

Volume Two, deals with jazz of the 'thirties (1934-1938), that is jazz of the Swing era. The album begins with Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra (with a trumpet solo by Sonny Dunham), the first white, pre-swing band. The Dorsey Brothers Orchestra follows, another pre-swing band with a strong trace of Dixieland still. Andy Kirk's band represents Kansas City swing, with the arrangement and composition by Mary Lou Williams, whose writing always demanded the kind of musicianship found here (this is the best writing and playing of the first two volumes). Chick Webb, with Ella Fitzgerald, is, perhaps, a poor choice—there are much better sides available, but it is interesting to hear the young Ella, in swinging but lighter voice.

(Continued on page 38)

Above: Pioneer pianist, James P. Johnson.
At left: Lester Young and Drummer Jo Jones.

DECCA'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

(Continued from page 22)

Sidney Bechet shows up on track five of this volume, playing clarinet, but playing that instrument with a tone practically indistinguishable from his characteristic soprano sax sound. Sister Rosetta Tharpe represents the gospel singing, but it seems to us that its commercial direction is a weak point in the album. Fletcher Henderson and his orchestra (shades of Goodman, for it's an almost identical arrangement of *Down South Camp Meetin'*, which Henderson arranged for Benny), features Red Allen and a reed section composed of Hilton Jefferson, Russell Procope, Buster Bailey and Ben Webster. John Kirby represents the small band (Shavers, Bailey, Procope, Kyle, Kirby and Spencer), with tight orchestration and discipline, although this is certainly not the best of Kirby. That criticism is due, too, on both the Bob Crosby and Count Basie tracks—better examples of both bands during that era are available. The Jimmy Lunceford track, on the other hand, is an excellent example of that band's taut, staccato style. It's Sy Oliver's arrangement and trumpet with Willie Smith, but, as Leonard says in his notes, "it was the band itself, slick and disciplined, that made this performance a collector's item for Lunceford fans." (It should be pointed out that this is in violent contrast to the looseness of the Basie band which, incidentally, features some interesting trading of fours by Basie and Lester Young.) The Glenn Miller track, *Moonlight Bay*, is early Miller, before the characteristic style had developed. It's quite removed from jazz and its one recommendation is that former editor George Simon made his record debut on this track.

Volume III consists of jazz of the 1940's (1941-1949), although, through a fault in Decca's jazz catalog, there is no indication of the early or middle years of bop. Outside of a few individual tracks, this volume is more interesting for its presenting of some earlier solos by present-day, modern jazz greats, than it is for a realistic portrayal of the revolution building in the jazz of those years. The Artie Shaw track, for example, which leads off the album, has solos by Al Cohn, Jimmy Raney and Dodo Marmarosa, with an arrangement by Gene Roland. The Kenton track, *Gambler's Blues* (Stan's arrangement of *St. James Infirmary*), is in the Balboa Beach style and sound, probably not too recognizable to present-day Kenton fans. 1940 Nat Cole, with Oscar Moore and Wesley Prince, shows the strong Hines and Waller influences in Nat's playing. Bill Coleman, Ellis Larkins, Pettiford and Manne all complement the deep-throated Coleman Hawkins on *How Deep Is the Ocean*. And the late Charlie Parker blows a brief, but historically interesting solo on the Jay McShann track, *Sepian Bounce*, serving notice of the bop that was to come. There is a wonderfully expressive Roy Eldridge selection, which is practically a trumpet solo except for some wild Ike Quebec. But the most fascinating track on the whole LP is by Art Tatum and his band (with Joe Thomas, Edmond Hall, Johnny Collins, Eddie Dougherty, Tatum and bassist Billy Taylor), with a vocal by blues-shouter Joe Thomas. It's an unexpected combination and the result is a wonderful blues record *(Wee Baby Blues)* with an unusually cooperative Tatum. Billie Holiday is represented by *Lover Man*—wonderful singing with a large, bestringed orchestra. An Eddie Condon track has a marvelous vocal by Jack Teagarden and solos by Teagarden, Bobby Hackett, Ernie Caceres and Pee Wee Russell; it's superior New York Dixieland. Eddie Heywood, who is familiar to most now as a rather commercial pianist, stars with Aaron Sachs, Don Byas, John Simmons, Shelly Manne and Ray Nance on violin, in an uncommercial *How High the Moon*, which is most noted for Byas' tenor. The Lionel Hampton track is the classic record of *Flying Home* (although we wish the V-Disc version was available) with Illinois Jacquet blowing his famous solo and trumpeter Ernie Royal way up in the upper registers. Woody Herman's *Perdido*, Woody on an Ellington kick, appropriately features Johnny Hodges with Tizol, Herbie Fields, Woody and Ralph Burns.

Volume IV, the weakest of the set, covers the jazz of the 1950's (1945-1956 in terms of the recording dates). The Decca catalog is slim on modern jazz, which, of course, is no fault of Leonard's, and, because of that, he has tried to include records which would indicate "the variety of approaches . . . available to the aficiondo in recent years." It should be noted, though, that it is just an indication; it is a far from comprehensive collection. Red Norvo's *Good Bait*, with Tal Farlow and Red Mitchell, is wonderfully swinging, with excellent solos by all three. Erroll Garner plays an unaccompanied solo on *Sweet Lorraine*, a good example of many of his original characteristics. Charlie Ventura, who played "bop for the people," during many of these years, is found here with one of his fine groups (Conte Candoli, Benny Green, Boots Mussuli, Kenny O'Brien and Eddie Shaughnessy), with Jackie Cain and Roy Kral doing the clever, half-scat singing

Jazz Today April, 1957

Shelly Manne on a sound track.

LEONARD FEATHER'S

Encyclopedia of Jazz Yearbook

This companion volume to the Decca series (see page 22), is the first annual supplement to Leonard's *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, and, like the first, it is published by Horizon (New York, $3.95). Naturally enough, it deals with jazz happenings during 1956 under seventeen different titles, which we have subdivided again, for purposes of review, into 23 different matters of importance, not including the somewhat strange choice of Benny Goodman as a foreword-writer.

Items 1-12 fall under the chapter heading, *What's Happening In Jazz*, a lucid, quick review of the past year. 1) One of the most important happenings was the realization of jazz' importance as a diplomatic force overseas. 2) An overseas move, not connected with the government sponsored tours, was also in full swing. 3) Jazz recording reached a quantitative level where quality was often sacrificed. 4) Radio and television became more responsive to jazz. 5) Even the motion pictures began to nibble. 6) "The strangest and least logical step taken by jazz was its sudden involvement with religion."

This is, perhaps, the only section of the book with which we would disagree, but only because of the wording of the statement—we agree with Leonard's later observations. It is "strange," considering the present direction of much of jazz; but it would be a perfectly "logical" step for any art form to take—to investigate the spiritual ideas that have for so long buoyed men's hopes and influenced so much of the truly great art of all ages. Unfortunately, however, this new interest of jazz in religion, and the other way around (we hesitate to write vice versa), is more social than serious and too much tied to such vague, sometimes theologically inaccurate mouthings as a parallel of freedom of expression between the two. Music is the handmaiden, not the equal, of most liturgical services; and most liturgical religions have certain areas which re justifiably guarded against freedom of expression. There room, therefore, for an allegiance between the two, but, as as we have discovered, it has not yet been stated or followed except in a few notable cases (notable in future issues).

7) The press, that is the outside press, began to devote time and space to jazz, as did some of the advertisers. 8) Jazz courses of all kinds, began to be taught in the nation's colleges. 9) The concert and/or festival field again widened its scope. Even Local 802 began to give jazz credence by financing some experimental concerts in New York. 10) A number of *classical* musicians and composers allied themselves to jazz; began writing and playing *jazz*, although not always with success; and the lines between the two musics seemed to be vanishing on certain fronts. Similarly, the lines between jazz and Latin and Popular music were becoming less strict. Even jazz musicians seemed to go along with this trend as witness their choice in this book of Frank Sinatra as favorite vocalist over a long list of singers more generally thought of as jazz singers.

11) Three pages devoted to rock and roll; its emergence from what we once called rhythm and blues and, before that, *race records;* its most successful artists, strangely enough, are mostly white, mostly vocalists and mostly male; and its three general types—the traditional blues, the low-grade rhythm songs and the poorer ballads. He finishes by stating that "rock and roll bears the same relationship to jazz that wrestling bears to boxing."

12) Jazz collided with the intellectuals. And, here, an important point is made. "The rapproachment between jazz and literature had a curious counter-revolutionary effect. Writers who had ignored jazz . . . found it acceptable only to the degree that it could be aligned with their preconceived notions of its place and stature in the American cultural scene . . . [as] . . . a playful little subculture, the product of unlettered souls who could speak eloquently only through their horns." The point is well-taken, as are the others which follow: that jazz is accepted only when it is respectable (and there are curious standards), when it is

(Continued on page 42)

83

(Continued from page 23)

free of European "taints," when it affirms its status as a folk music and when, in fiction, its figures may be type-cast.

Items 12 and 13, concern themselves with statistical evidence. 12, comprises an analysis of approximately one thousand returned questionnaires. Many of the statistics are interesting, although not necessarily a completely accurate cross-section, at least not according to our own surveys. Leonard discovered that the jazz audience encompassed the ages thirteen to fifty-five with the years of college age providing the biggest percentages, reaching a peak at twenty, declining during the twenties and dropping off sharply thereafter. (Our survey followed his, but found a resurgence after thirty, presumably as mom and dad found time and money to go back to an earlier listening habit.) Listening to jazz, spreads between one and fifty hours per week with the largest percentage, 26.4, spending between ten and fifteen hours. And on and on the questions go—obviously it would be a disservice to the publisher to continue revealing the statistics. Our one question would be about the legitimacy of including this in such a book. We would think it more interesting to manufacturers than readers, and we feel strongly about that, because there seems to be a trend here to find the golden average again, almost as if these are rules to which one should relate.

Of much more interest, generally, is item 13, *The Disc Jockeys*, because of their importance in determining tastes. The personal choices of the eight disc jockeys who cooperated with the polling correspond rather closely with the national choices of jazz fans as seen in jazz polls. Interestingly enough, however, although most of the disc jockeys voted predominately modern, and stated that their listeners were in substantial agreement with them, several stated personal preferences which were definitely rooted in the Swing Era.

Item 14, contains a poll of musicians by musicians (one hundred and one of them), divided into two categories, the greatest ever and new stars. Aside from a few notable exceptions, this poll followed the polls taken by the music magazines. Those exceptions were either ones of inclusion or omission. Dizzy Gillespie won the trumpet poll; he has never won a *Down Beat* Poll; Dave Brubeck wins all sorts of polls, but he didn't get a single vote in this poll; similarly, Chet Baker and Stan Kenton, were almost completely neglected. However, several other musicians, whose inclusion would not create as many problems for the contributing pollers, were barely mentioned; the immediate conclusion being that musicians are only a little less likely to allow the strangest things to enter into their choices than are the fans, who are less influenced by intertrade warfare and more influenced by records, critics and traveling tours.

Item 16, concerns the results of international polls taken in America, England, France and Germany during the last two years. Item 18 contains 150 new biographies, correcting some omissions of the original book and adding some new jazzmen. There is an apology made for lack of completeness, a promise that the listing will eventually be complete; but our original criticism, that the listings are not made with encyclopedia-like criticalness, still stands.

For the rest, there are excellent picture sections, a plug for the Decca series, a listing of the 52 best records of 1956, which has some arguable moments, a section devoted to favorite versions of favorite tunes (a somewhat wasted space, we feel), a listing of nightclubs throughout the country, a listing of jazz organizations and of record companies and booking offices.

Obviously, it's a big (190 pages) and a good job. Outside of our differences, as stated, we consider it a valuable addition to the already published encyclopedia as well as a valuable source-book for jazz information.

April 1957 ESTRAD

Full fart för Feather...

I slutet av februari avslutades underhandlingarna med Horizon Press, som tidigare publicerat Encyclopedia of Jazz, och Leonard Feather beträffande en fullständig skildring av Count Basies liv.

Basie kommer genomgående att samarbeta med Feather och antagligen skall de två stå som delförfattare. Förutom berättelsen om den kände pianistens förflutna, dels som vanlig musiker, dels under dryga 20 år som kapellmästare kommer boken också att handla om flera av de viktiga musiker, som spelat stor roll i Basies karriär genom årens lopp.

Leonard Feather skall för Horizon Press färdigställa tre böcker under 1957 och 1958. För närvarande arbetar han på ett uppslagsverk där de ledande jazzmusikerna på samtliga instrument kommer att presenteras med hänvisningar till lämpliga musikillustrationer. Basieboken blir den andra i serien och den tredje kan räknas in i raden av planerade encyclopedier i en stil ungefär jämförbar med den jazzårsbok Feather fick publicerad i höstas.

Den 14 oktober startar i USA en turné, som verkar bli en av de ovanligaste vi någonsin hört talas om i jazzsammanhang. Då börjar nämligen ett sex veckors härnadståg över den amerikanska kontinenten med "The Encyclopedia of Jazz" — en konsertgrupp innehållande 12 stjärnmusiker och vokalister samt idéns upphovsman, Leonard Feather, som konferencier och upplåsare.

Meningen är att ge liv åt boken, berättar Feather i ett brev till Estrad — och därmed även ge liv åt jazzhistorien, som via sammanbindande kommentarer kommer att presenteras från första början ända till våra dagar.

Följande artister är redan kontrakterade: Don Elliott, Osie Johnson, Lucky Thompson, Dick Hyman, Sonny Stitt, Jimmy Rushing, Jimmy Giuffres trio, Jimmy McPartland, Bob Enevoldsen samt Joan Shaw — den sistnämnda sångerska.

Planerna har redan hunnit ganska långt för en europeisk turné i början av nästa år och självfallet har även Estrads Konsertbyrå fått förfrågningar om vi har intresse av attraktionen. Det behövs bara ytterligare en titt på raden av attraktioner för att vi lugnt kan svara ja på den frågan. Det blir säkert flera anledningar att återkomma till evenemanget längre fram.

N. Y. Journal-Amer. 5/11/57

New York Cavalcade:

Headache for a Mussolini

By LOUIS SOBOL

ROMANO MUSSOLINI, 28, is having trouble getting a visa to England. The son of the late dictator says he can't understand why. He is known as an Anglophile—even tries to dress in the English style. He was too young to know much about his father's ideology or what it represented, he says. All he's interested in is music and his trio. Romano plays the piano, accordion and guitar, is a hip guy when it comes to Dixieland jazz, rock 'n' roll, calypso—and his recent recording, "Love Me or Leave Me," is a whizzer, according to no less an expert than Leonard Feather.

Of course, besides visa trouble, Romano has another headache. His precious trio is broken up temporarily. Prince Petito Pignatelli, one of the group, is in jail—drug charges.

* * *

Sophie Tucker is her own best

84

San Francisco Chronicle
5/5/57

ICLE Page 31

Rushing Blues Package

JO STAFFORD
The combination pleased

for my taste. However, she does sing well and the accompaniment by Pete Rugulo is fine. Songs are top notch with "Once in a While" my favorite.

SAUTER-FINEGAN (RCA Victor 12-in. LP). "Under Analysis" is the title of this one and I wondered how long it would be before they told the truth! I have always considered the Sauter-Finegan band one step removed from snake charmer music and this LP, though well recorded and full of odd little bits of interesting things, doesn't make me change my mind.

HI-FI SUITE. Dick Hyman and Leonard Feather (M-G-M 12-in. LP). This is a series of compositions with names like "Wow" and "Flutter Waltz" all gimmicked around the high-fidelity craze and all well recorded by a group that includes Thad Jones and Oscar Pettiford. It's cute as a bug's ear and even the flute playing is less annoying than usual. There are a lot of good solos and Hyman plays organ on one side, "Wow," in very exciting fashion.

WALTER (FATS) PICHON (Decca 12-in. LP). "A Night in New Orleans" from the Decca series of music from various cities. Pichon has some fame as a jazz pianist, though you wouldn't understand it from this emasculated LP. He sings in a pleasant style and while the result is far from exciting it should be very entertaining in person and is certainly pleasant enough on disc. —R. J. G.

Capitol Records Music Views April, 1957

April Music Views 1957

● MacRAE RE-PACTED

Gordon MacRae has extended his ten-year association with Capitol by signing a new long-term contract with the label recently. The vocalist has been featured on a great many of Capitol's top-selling albums, including such recent hits as "Oklahoma" and "Carousel."

● STEREO PREDICTED

If the guarded guesses of electronics experts are realized, the public may be able to buy stereophonic sound, reproduced from a single groove by a single needle, in two or three years. The disk will also be "compatible" with traditional record players and needles.

● KENTON GOES 'UNDER'

Stan Kenton will conduct the "Biggest Show" orchestra which tours Australia for 16 days beginning April 4. Five of Kenton's own featured soloists will also make the junket.

● FEATHER LIFTS QUILL

Writer and jazz critic Leonard Feather will write Count Basie's biography. The book will probably appear under joint by-lines of Feather and Basie. Book is one of a series of three which Feather will write concerning jazz.

Dick Hyman's newest on MGM is an harpsichord-type arrangement titled "Blue Danube Bounce." Flipside is another novelty, "Yancy Special."

Don Elliott, a jazz musician, was recently cast on TV as a jazz musician, but he didn't play any jazz. Elliott records for ABC-Paramount.

29

Compact Magazine
May, 1957

Probably the most extensive jazzography ever put together is Decca's **"Encyclopedia of Jazz,"** compiled by Leonard Feather as a recorded counterpart to his book of the same name. A boxed set of four long-playing records (one each for the 1920's, '30's, '40's and '50's), it features several hundred top jazz artists, from King Oliver and Red Nichols to Goodman, Ellington and Armstrong. A revelation to new jazz fans and a must for the confirmed jazzophile.

NEW YORK AMSTERDAM NEWS, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1957 ● 13

OLDEST ON AIR — Leonard Feather's "Platterbrains," radio's oldest music quiz show (on the air since 1940), recently celebrated its fourth anniversary on the ABC network which carries it to 160 stations. Seen here, l to r, are guest panelists Steve Allen and Gene Krupa; moderator Feather, and guests Sammy Davis, Jr. and Duke Ellington.

85

Jazz Today
April, 1957

Playboy June, 1957

swinger, a curiously undated swinger as shown on her latest record, *Volume II* (Period SPL 1207), with Charlie Shavers, Buster Bailey, Jerome Richardson, Dick Hyman, Wendell Marshall or Milt Hinton and Osie Johnson, singing lyrics by Andy Razaf (music by Fats Waller and others). Needless to say, the lyrics are excellent (as is the music as a general rule), the Kirby-patterned accompaniment is just what is desired and Maxine, as noted, swings hard, swings with her particularly warm-voiced authority. Notice some of the songs: *Keepin' Out of Mischief, Memories of You, Ain't Misbehavin, Mound Bayou* (the melody for which, was written by Leonard Feather—a delightful bit of melancholy that has only been recorded once before, as far as we know; was it by Louis Jordan?), and the haunting *Blue, Turning Grey Over You.*

cognac, one ounce of Cointreau. Guaranteed to make anyone burst into song.

RECORDS

Stan Kenton's ex-bassman, Curtis Counce, leads his own quintet in one of the most penetratingly masculine West Coast jazz LPs of recent months, ***The Curtis Counce Group*** (Contemporary 3526). In place of the usual clutch of overworked studio jazzmen you'll hear trumpeter Jack Sheldon, who for our money can give Chet Baker a run for his; Harold Land, a tenor sax with intestinal fortitude, and a new and energetic pianist, Carl Perkins; all three contribute original tunes. As you might expect of a West Coast jazz group, the members hail from Missouri, Florida, Texas, Indiana and Kansas.

•

Counce's sidemen, all in their twenties, remind us that young blood is consistently a revitalizing force in instrumental jazz; but two other LPs remind us that vocally, the olden sounds are, for the most part, the golden sounds. Lee Wiley, heard in ***West of the Moon*** (Victor 1408) and Jimmy Rushing, in ***The Jazz Odyssey of James Rushing, Esq.*** (Columbia 963) have both been around for some 25 years on records. Miss Wiley's vibrato, still a unique and warmly wonderful thing, decorates some great songs (*My Ideal*, among others) with a variety of finely woven settings, from sexy to Dixie, all by Ralph Burns' groups. Mr. Rushing salutes four historic jazz towns with three suitable tunes apiece: New Orleans, Chicago, Kansas City, New York. On *Tricks Ain't Walkin' No More*, a piquant lyric for which Jimmy accompanies himself playing barrelhouse piano, you can almost see the red light. Both of these LPs, by the way, boast strikingly effective cover art.

•

Censored (Jubilee 1028) is a puckish package of unexpurgated show tunes: original versions of a dozen "dirty" ditties that made it big on Broadway but failed to clear for broadcasting. You can hear far better versions of most all on the original-cast LPs, but this one piles all the azure lyrics in one handy basket. Martha Wright, who wields a nothing voice, does her best to dispense the proper amount of piqued-maiden cuteness, almost succeeds on Rodgers and Hart's *Why Can't I?* ("Only my book in bed, knows how I look in bed") and Cole Porter's *The Great Indoors* ("If passing by, come in and try biting your initials on my artificial tan"). Some of the other tale-telling tunes are *Love for Sale; Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered; Den of Iniquity* and *Let's Misbehave.* The recording is a paean to infidelity rather than an example of high fidelity . . . In the same blue vein, ***A Treasury of Ribaldry*** (Riverside 7001) offers 10 catholic selections from Louis Untermeyer's same-name anthology (PLAYBOY's *Christmas Package*, December 1956), by authors like Ovid, Boccaccio, Benjamin Franklin, *et al.*, in readings by erstwhile Gilbert-&-Sullivanite Martyn Green. A great idea, but it lays an egg, chiefly because Green – although he gives it the old Oxonian try – is too brittle, bloodless, arch and arid for this earthy material which needs the range, warmth, dexterity and *brio* of a Charles Laughton or, at least, the Brobdingnagian leer of a Groucho Marx.

•

Five highly commendable discs of current vintage nicely demonstrate the vitality of the swinging idea in much of the best contemporary jazz. Not too surprisingly, some of the same personnel wander in and out of several of them. ***This Is How I Feel about Jazz*** (ABC-Paramount 149) – the "I" being Quincy Jones – is, on the musical evidence, a fine way to feel about it. Quincy Delight Jones, Jr. – to accord him his full handle – is an arranger who likes to give his boys an opportunity for self-expression. Here, they take full advantage of the offer in six sustained compositions (three of them by Jones) and every one of them is resolved, vigorous, exciting – as you'd expect when you get together a team which includes Herbie Mann, Gene Quill, Jimmy Cleveland, Charlie Mingus, Charles Persip, Zoot Sims, Urbie Green, Hank Jones and Billy Taylor . . . ***Music to Listen to Barney Kessel By*** (Contemporary 3521) is the clever title of one of the most powerful jazz discs we've had the pleasure of hearing this season. Barney, of course, walked away as top git man in the PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ POLL for 1957. For this platter he's assembled a powerhouse of his co-moderns (men like Buddy Collette, André Previn, Shelley Manne, Red Mitchell) to provide five woodwinds and a rhythm section that swing like crazy while retaining the modern sound. It's great stuff – but the big news is that every arrangement is by Barney and they're all stand-outs. Among the dozen numbers presented is a Kessel original which we have a special reason for liking, a happy, bluesy, swinging ditty called *Blues for a Playboy* . . . ***Herbie Mann Plays*** (Bethlehem 58) brings on the flautist with an easy, swinging accompaniment by six of his cool colleagues, giving a controlled, happy treatment to a half-dozen mixed originals and standards. This is the best we've heard from Herbie to date: his flute is breathily sexy and can sound hoarse and potent or sweet and romantic, as the tune requires . . . A nifty notion pans out to perfection in ***Rhythm Plus One***

Hi Fi Music at Home May-June, 1957

Music To Awaken the Ballroom Beast
The Brute Force Steelband
Cook 1048 12″

B
A
A

I'm really crazy about this incredibly mellow type of music, and it is very easy to recommend to your attentions this steelband recording, just as I have the others in this same pattern that Emory Cook has released. For this disc, the mighty Brute Force band — the best of all the Antigua steelbands — plays *Say Si Si, Take Me, Take Me, Teach Me Tonight, Meringo Jenny, Take Her to Jamaica Where the Rum Comes From, Beastly Meringue, Now Is the Hour, Carnival, Pierconela, Perfidio, Man Smart, Woman Smarter, Steelband Invention, Gloria, Green Faced Man,* and *Go March.* Lovely music, all of it and so colorful. *FR*

JAZZ

Hi-Fi Suite
Feather-Hyman Orchestra
M-G-M E-3494

A
A
A
Feather

No, our own Leonard Feather has not gone and got himself a band. It's just a name for the virtuosic pickup group he assembled with Dick Hyman to record their music. And "must" music it is for all *aficionados* of the woofer and the tweeter, not to speak of those who are interested in exploring the jazz esthetic without regard for semantic extra-musicalities. The latter may be inferred (but they are better heard) in the several subtitles, which include Feedback, Bass-Reflex, Reverberation, Squawker, Flutter, and Wow. The gimmicky aspects notwithstanding, this is worth your attention. *JL*

A String of Swingin' Pearls
(Vault Treasures from the Swing Thirties)
RCA Victor LPM-1373 12″

A
A
R
Teagarden

Pure gold. Sixteen items by various groups dating from the 1930's, all but two enlisting something smaller than standard swing band (four rhythm and saxes, five brass). Included are such rarities as two numbers by Casa Loma arranger Gene Gifford, a pair of Wingy Manones with tenor man Chu Berry (try *Limehouse Blues*), four shots of Bud Freeman's Chicagoland friends (hear *The Eel*) and Bunny Berigan (miraculously on seven numbers including the Fletcher Henderson arrangement of *Blue Lou*). Also present and swinging are Jack Teagarden, Frankie Trumbauer, B. Goodman, Max Kaminsky, D. McDonough *et al.* These are real collectors' pieces — an education for the novice, joy for connoisseurs. *CG*

Tenor Conclave
Hank Mobley, Al Cohn, John Coltrane, Zoot Sims
Prestige 7074

B
A
B
Cohn

Don't let the production slips bother you (the tunes *Bob's Boys* and *Tenor Conclave* are switched on label credits, and the cover design and photos are something short of professional); the important factor is the music, and if you dig tenor saxes, here's where you can dig deep. Coltrane has the biggest sound, Zoot the littlest, but all four are expert modernists and the accompanying rhythm section leaves no room for improvement (Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Art Taylor, drums). Eight shorter tracks would have been preferable to these four extra-long items. Ira Gitler's program notes are succinctly informative. *LF*

New Jazz Conceptions
Bill Evans
Riverside RLP 12-223

A
A
B

Evans is a 27-year-old pianist first prominent last year with the Tony Scott quartet. He swings, has a modern conception, is a composer of merit (this LP includes four originals), and will undoubtedly develop a fully mature style and personality. On several tracks Paul Motian's overloud drumming mitigates the enjoyment; Teddy Kotick's firm bass, however, provides a solid anchor. Tunes include Shearing's *Conception,* Dameron's *Our Delight,* Ellington's *I Got It Bad.* Evans is the freshest addition to Riverside's illustrious piano roll of honor, which covers all territory from Scott Joplin through Thelonious Monk, a span of more than a half-century. *LF*

J. R. Monterose
(with Ira Sullivan, Horace Silver, Wilbur Ware, Philly Joe Jones)
Blue Note 1536

B
B
A
Silver

Another of the Detroit jazz flock, Monterose teams with trumpeter Ira Sullivan in a modern quintet session, hard-swinging and persuasive. Monterose and Sullivan compensate in technique and ideas what they may lack in tonal finesse; moreover, they are backed by a singularly felicitous rhythm section, with Silver playing his customarily personal piano, a fine new Chicago bassist named Wilbur Ware, and the outspoken Jones on drums. Each track runs a little too long, but there is quality to match the quantity in most of the six originals heard. *LF*

Streamline
The Rolf Kuhn Quartet
Vanguard VRS-8510

B
A
A
Kuhn

Prediction: Kuhn will win this year's *Down Beat* critics' poll as the best new clarinetist. There really isn't much competition for this German newcomer's fluent, warm-toned modern style, clearly patterned after Buddy DeFranco. For his debut in this country, he was backed by the excellent trio heard on this LP, with a sparkling new pianist, Ronnell Bright, plus Joe Benjamin, bass and Bill Clark, drums. Among the selections are several originals and such standards as *Laura, Street of Dreams* and *Love Is Here to Stay.* *LF*

Sweets
Harry Edison and His Orchestra
Clef MG C-717

B
A
A
Kessel

Edison's horn has graced a variety of jazz and popular bandstands; his obbligatos frequently adorn Sinatra's LPs, Rosemary Clooney's TV shows and other commercial California ventures. Here, happily, the session and the style are his own and his companions are worthy members of an all-star sextet under his leadership: Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Barney Kessel, guitar; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Alvin Stoller, drums; Joe Mondragon, bass. This is unpretentious, mainstream jazz, using as its material a few simple originals and three standards. *LF*

Down Beat 5/16/57

the blindfold test

Giuffre Advice

By Leonard Feather

Few musicians have enjoyed as rapid a multiple rise to fame as Jimmy Giuffre. In the last two or three years, the Dallas-born arranger has established himself firmly on four different fronts as clarinetist, tenor and baritone saxophonist, and composer. Now that he is leading his own group and making some superb LPs for Atlantic, there can be little doubt that new poll victories are in sight for him.

Jimmy's *Blindfold Test* was conducted during one of his recent visits to New York to take part in a *Look Up and Live* television show. Because his own approach to jazz reflects the width of his knowledge and interest, I included everything from Dixieland and New Orleans jazz to the latest in modern arranging.

Jimmy was given no information whatever, either before or during the test, about the records played.

The Records

1. Urbie Green. *Stella By Starlight* (ABC-Paramount). Al Cohn, tenor sax; Johnny Carisi, arr. and trumpet.

The trombone man was very good—also the tenor man. The arrangement's sort of a commercial-type arrangement—not really jazz. But I guess that's the way a band has to do things, because if you get too jazzy, I guess you don't work. I thought the trumpet man was going to play like Miles, but it sounded a little bit like Dick Collins . . . I don't think it was, though. I didn't like the recording—you couldn't hear the background. Whoever had the solos covered up the band so much. It was well-played, though—nice band. I wouldn't rate this as a jazz record, but as commercial jazz. I'd give it three stars . . . (Later) . . . About that first record—who am I to say it isn't jazz? It has so many flavors that *are* jazz, but every once in a while I'd hear a device that sounded commercial.

2. Jones Boys. *Jones Beach* (Period). Thad Jones, trumpet; Quincy Jones, flugelhorn; Jimmy Jones, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

That was two trumpets, I think. The second one, playing the second harmony part or the counterpoint, sounded a little like a mellophone or something . . . sounded like two different solos. It first sounded like a Miles approach that I liked pretty much. The rhythm section seemed to swing pretty good. The piece was kind of choppy and didn't seem to go anywhere for me. I'd rate it about two stars.

3. John LaPorta. *Concertina for Clarinet* (Fantasy). Wally Cirillo, piano; Clem DeRosa, drums; Wendell Marshall, bass; comp. and arr. John LaPorta.

Sounded something like a clarinet player would play like Abe Most—gets Abe Most's sound and comes, I think, from using a plastic reed. It didn't sound as fluid as Abe usually plays, and I didn't like it very much . . . just seemed to go on and on. The rhythm section played at one level and the music seemed like it was being read sort of mathematically. The solo sounded—I don't know if he was improvising all the time—but even when it seemed like he was improvising it sounded like he was reading it. He played his improvisations sort of stiff. The writing was mathematical and didn't have a bluesy, relaxed feel. I would give it one star because it was well played from a technical standpoint.

4. Johnny Griffin. *Mil Dew* (Blue Note). Griffin, tenor sax; Wynton Kelly, piano; Curly Russell, bass; Max Roach, drums.

I like that kind of tempo but they weren't playing it relaxed—they were forcing. The rhythm section didn't seem to ride across it easily. The tenor man has a hell of a lot of technique. Oh! you're not supposed to say that, are you? Ha! Ha! He seems to be rushing—never relaxed. I guess you have to blow real loud to play that tempo with that kind of rhythm section. He blows real strong and his sound gets blatant. But that's a certain way of playing and sometimes you have to play that way to get across the real emotion you feel, so there isn't anything wrong with it. The piano didn't skate in his solo—seemed to be jerking a little bit. I'd give that about one star.

5. George Lewis. *Fidgety Feet* (Blue Note). Chester Zardis, bass; Edgar Mosley, drums.

They were doing the same thing over and over. All of them were. Every once in a while they'd stop and the clarinet player would play by himself. I'm sure that was part of the background of what's happening now, and those guys were experimenting. They didn't show too much imagination and I've heard records that sounded like they were made as far back as this that had a lot of imagination. I won't say I've heard records that are perfect from that era or from this one, but for instance, I remember a lot of Armstrong and Beiderbecke records where Louis and Bix were just terrific to me. This didn't have any imagination and the rhythm section played on the same level. Of course, the recording techniques were different. I don't know about the musicianship—I'd say one star. I didn't like the clarinet—it sounded like an exercise book.

6. Westlake College Quintet. *Motif* (Decca). Comp. and arr. John Graas; Sam Firmature, tenor sax; Luther McDonald, valve trombone; Fred Taggart, drums; Dick Fritz, bass; Dick Grove, piano.

They were just on the bottom of the tempo—they weren't riding across it and making it relaxed. The tenor man played too loud and blatant for me and the trombone player sounded like he was just a little behind in his solo and couldn't catch up. The tune is very mathematical sounding. I know I've used that word before, but it's the only one I can find for it. They didn't seem to settle back and get relaxed and the rhythm section just kept pushing them on in sort of a chaurning type thing. It certainly was played well, so I should give it one star for that. I'm a low rater, I guess.

7. Lucky Thompson. *Old Reliable* (ABC-Paramount). Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Hank Jones, piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Both the tenor man and the trombone man really played with a nice feeling—they seemed to make that contact. They settled back and relaxed. The rhythm section was moving. Sometimes it just went on and on, but one thing I liked was the imagination the bassist used in the first part of the piano chorus. Instead of just walking all the time, he played the pedal note for four bars. The record was relaxed and they were at home in that tempo. I'll give that four stars.

8. Roy Eldridge. *Jada* (ARS). Eddie Barefield, clarinet; Benny Morton, trombone. Rec. 1956.

I guess that must be Roy Eldridge. I've never heard him play with a Dixieland group—I guess you'd call that Dixieland, but it must have been a long time ago. He just sits back and plays, and to coin a phrase, he gets across a message. The clarinet man started to do that at first, then he got wound up playing a lot of scales. The trombone man seemed to bust a lot of notes, but whenever the trumpet man started, he just settled down and really got a mood across. I'd give that five stars for the trumpet playing. The rest was just maybe two. That's sort of like what happens on a lot of Louis Armstrong records—the leader stands out like a pearl.

Down Beat 5/16/57

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

TWO LETTERS that reached this department recently inadvertently served to point up the sharp contrast that exists today among jazz musicians in their attitude toward the profession and the public they serve.

The first comes from Robert F. Carroll Jr., president of the Beta Nu chapter of the Alpha Phi Alpha fraternity at Florida A&M university in Tallahassee, Fla.

"Too often," he writes, "people fail to give credit where it is due . . . it is a joyous moment when a successful artist comes along who hasn't forgotten the 'common touch' and the people who once helped him along.

"Recently Julian (Cannonball) Adderley and his quintet rendered a jazz concert at our school, sponsored by Alpha Phi Alpha, of which he is a member, having been initiated at Beta Nu chapter here on our campus. The

Cannonball Adderley
'In Every Respect'

concert was a tremendous success in every respect. Cannonball proved so effectively his astuteness with the alto that the ghost of Bird must have been stimulated. He received ovation after ovation.

"BUT THE REAL CLUE to Cannonball's greatest achievement came after the concert, when he was meeting old friends, being interviewed and hounded for autographs. Here was this man who had flirted with greatness all during the concert, but who maintained his humility . . . Certainly he has tasted the nectar of success, but as he stood there smiling, answering questions, and exchanging greetings, you believed that he was completely devoid of selfishness He heaped praise on everyone but himself for his success."

The second letter comes from a fan who asks to be unnamed. His subject is a young musician who suddenly gained national prominence four or five years ago and has since won several jazz polls. Recently he was arrested, not for the first time, on narcotics charges.

"I happened to be in Italy when ——— was there," runs this letter. "Nobody saw much of him; he was too busy running around looking for dope. But I saw plently of him recently, when he played a week at a local night club with his quintet.

"One evening I got there early and was chatting with the manager when we gradually became aware of some disturbing noises on the bandstand. Finally we realize what it was. There were already a number of customers in the room, but ——— was rehearsing a number on the stand, and it was quite obviously a rehearsal, not a performance, with all the stops and false starts that become so repetitious and jarring to the ears. They they left the stand.

"TWENTY MINUTES later it was time for the first set. The emcee announced the group with a big buildup, ending with 'and here he is now, ———.' The audience applauded; then complete silence. ——— was nowhere in sight! He finally showed up at least 15 minutes later, walked on the stand without a word, beat off the first number without even facing the audience, and went through half the set slouched on a chair with his legs stretched out, his horn pointed at the floor.

"A bunch of fans wanted to talk to him later, but he brushed them off and disappeared.

"He was on a disc jockey show durthe week. The deejay cheerfully said: 'Well, I hear you just got back from a wonderful European tour!' Naturally he thought this would give ——— a perfect lead into an account of his adventures.

"But ——— just said nothing for a moment and then, bored and sarcastic, replied: 'Man, that was three months ago!' Then he relapsed into silence.

"Can't the union do something about people like this?"

WELL, MY FRIEND, there is one law on the books that might cover the situation, but it would deprive the man of his right to work and might be justifiably contested.

My suggestion is a complete boycott of people like ———, including their records and any concerts in which they appear, and complete support of all Cannonballs wherever they may fall.

If you happen to be a fan of ——— and feel this treatment might be unduly rough on him, there is one thought with which you may console yourself. He only needs about three more arrests before he can write his autobiography and sell it to the movies.

Can It Transpose?

Washington — The New York *Times* reports that Vice President Richard Nixon's new electric range has a "gadget in the oven that reports 'doneness' of the meat. When it reaches the desired point, a music box plays *Tenderly*."

And presumably, if the gadget goofs, the next track is *Hotter Than That*.

89

Down Beat 5/30/57

the blindfold test

Previn's Picks

By Leonard Feather

Andre Previn continues to keep one foot firmly planted in the two worlds of which he is a citizen—the Hollywood celluloid cosmos that has earned him security, prestige and Academy award recognition through his work as an M-G-M music director, and the jazz set, in which he finds leave-of-absence enjoyment with a combo in a club.

The last time Previn took a *Blindfold Test* (almost four years ago), and at our subsequent occasional meetings on the coast, I observed that his opinions were apposite, often spiced with humor, and very often remarkably similar to my own, which is something you notice after years of transmitting, via this page, hundreds of opinions to which one's own views are antithetical.

Visiting New York a few weeks ago, Andre took a new test. As before, he was given no information, in advance or during the test, about the music he heard.

The Records

1. Phineas Newborn. *Come to Baby Do* (RCA Victor). Inez James, Sidney Miller, composers.

This is probably the fellow I heard on the coast a few months ago, Phineas Newborn—because of a lot of unison playing in the right and left hand. I haven't heard this record before. I like the tune, which of course is Duke's, isn't it? I think it is extremely elegant, clean playing, and I enjoyed listening to it, but it didn't excite me too much. I'll give it about three stars.

2. Jimmy Giuffre and Modern Jazz Quartet. *Serenade* (Atlantic). David Raksin, composer.

Again, I haven't heard the record, but it's got to be from that album of Giuffre and the Modern Jazz Quartet. Also, it had to be John Lewis' tune, not Jimmy's. I'd better preface this by saying that I think Jimmy is one of the biggest, most important talents in jazz, and, of course, the MJQ is one of my very favorite small groups.

I think in this particular record there was no attempt made to say this was jazz. It's a pretty piece, but I think one of the few times that John's simplicity has gotten the best of him. This is so oversimplified that it didn't get to me too much. However, I can't give a low rating to anything that involves these people, so I'll say four stars.

3. Birdland Dream Band. *That Jones Boy* (Vik). Hank Jones, piano; Jimmy Campbell, drums; Manny Albam, arranger.

I haven't the faintest idea who the band was or the pianist, but I liked it. I'll take a wild stab and say the arranger was Bill Holman. I don't seem to know any of these records, Leonard. The whole thing had a nice feel to it . . . I loved the writing. I didn't much like what the drummer was doing behind the piano soloist, and I'm probably insulting my best friends with this whole thing, but I'd say about 3½ stars.

4. Bob Scobey. *The Girl Friend* (RCA Victor). Phil Stephens, bass; Ralph Sutton, piano; Bob Short, tuba.

I kept waiting for them to get the joke over with. It's a confusing thing—the bass is playing four, and so is the tuba, God help us all! I kept thinking it was one of those things Billy May does very cleverly which I love when he kids around and then gets down to business, but the more this went on I knew they weren't kidding. I'm afraid I found it noisy and pointless. No stars.

5. Bill Evans. *Displacement* (Riverside). Paul Motian, drums.

I can't even guess with this one. It must be a new pianist. I like what he did with the theme—he turned the time around a couple of times in an interesting fashion. This is unfair to the pianist, but I never like piano records where the drummer builds the Empire State building under him. He got in the way so much that I had trouble listening to the pianist.

He's a good pianist, and I think he's a good technician. The time is wonderful, but I think it's just another record in these days of 10,000 releases a week. Two stars.

6. Opus in Swing. *Wess Side* (Savoy). Frank Wess, flute; Freddie Green rhythm guitar; Kenny Burrell, solo guitar; Eddie Jones, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

I haven't gotten to the point yet where I can tell jazz flute players from one another. I know it isn't Bud Shank—it must be somebody out here like Frank Wess. I have no idea what this group could be, with two guitars, bass, drums, and flute. I don't much care for the guitar soloist. The flutist was very good. He gets a pleasant sound, and he is always in tune, which is half the battle with a flute player, but I'm afraid over-all it didn't do a thing for me. One star.

7. J. R. Monterose. *The Third* (Blue Note). Ira Sullivan, trumpet; Horace Silver, piano.

I have a dismal feeling I should know more definitely who this is. I'll give you the detriments first. I thought it was terribly sloppily played—not the solos, but whatever ensemble there was, the band wasn't any too happy about it. It's a good trumpet player—sounds like Miles playing more notes than usual. I didn't like the sax player at all.

It's a shame, because in the old days when there weren't so many hundreds of records, this is a record I might have listened to more carefully, but nowadays, it's just another one of the enormous output that you have to go through every month. I didn't notice the piano—I wasn't paying too much attention. I'd say in comparison with what I have been giving the other people—three stars.

8. Nat Adderley. *Hayseed* (EmArcy). Cannonball Adderley, alto.

That's a crazy record! Do you realize you haven't played one record I'm familiar with yet? That's terrible! I'll take another guess—that's Nat Adderley and Cannonball. It's wonderful . . . They're having a ball on the record and I hate to use a word that's been much overworked and has begun to take on too many meanings, but they're really cookin' all the way through. I enjoyed the whole thing very much. Four stars.

9. Bud Powell. *Coscrane* (RCA Victor).

Oh, no! . . . that must be Wingy Manone playing piano. Surely Bud Powell can't be that sick . . .

I think this is where I make some enemies. One of the things I know I'm wrong about is that I pay a little too much attention to technique. I fully realize that it isn't always necessary for a great jazz improviser, but this thing is really so badly played that I hope the excuse is that they were running out of time and didn't want to make another take rather than saying that the fellow just doesn't know how to play very well.

However, the thing that's confusing is that there are flashes of some awfully good ideas in it . . . It sounds very much like a terribly out of shape Bud Powell. But even if it is, and I consider him the very best of the modern pianists, I'm afraid it's no excuse for this record being released. If it is Bud, it's an injustice to him, and if it isn't Bud, then the fellow should have practiced more. No stars at all.

DownBeat May 30, 1957

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

ALL RIGHT, I dished it out; now it's my turn to show that I can take it.

Having leveled my machine gun at Orrin Keepnews when he made himself a target by committing a few goofs in the Riverside *History of Classic Jazz*, it becomes my privilege—nay, my duty—to open up this pillar to Ernie Edwards Jr. of Los Angeles, a vigilante who not only has spotted all the errors of omission and commission in my Decca *Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records*, but has come up with the correct data in every instance, thereby adding some valuable innovations to discographical annals.

"I noticed," he says, "that the personnel for Artie Shaw's *I Get a Kick out of You* is not listed . . . I have compiled many discographies on modern jazz artists along with a friend of mine in Copenhagen, Denmark, Jorgen Grunnet-Jepsen, so I only wish to give you some help, shall we say, that maybe you can pass along to others.

"**THE PERSONNEL** for the Shaw recording is Don Fagerquist, Don Palladino, Dale Pearce, Victor Ford, trumpets; Freddy Zito, Sonny Russo, Porky Cohen, Bart Varsalona, trombones; Frankie Socolow, Herbie Steward, altos; Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, tenors; Danny Bank, baritone; Gil Barrios, *not* Dodo Marmarosa, piano; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Dick Niveson, bass, and Irv Kluger, drums; recorded January, 1950.

"For Woody Herman's *Perdido* (I have the most complete Herman discography ever compiled) my files have Neal Hefti, Ray Nance, Ray Wetzel, Billy Robbins, Cappy Lewis, trumpets; Juan Tizol, Al Esposito, Ed Kiefer, trombones; Woody, clarinet; Johnny Hodges, Chuck DiMaggio, altos; Herbie Fields, Pete Mondello, tenors; Skippy DeSair, baritone; Ralph Burns, piano; Billy Bauer, guitar; Chubby Jackson, bass; Red Saunders, drums."

(Man, that's one personnel even Woody couldn't help me with!)

Edwards' capacious files also tell him that the Red Norvo trio side, *Good Bait*, was recorded April 24, 1953, with Norvo, Red Mitchell, and Jimmy Raney, not Tal Farlow, on guitar. Well, it sure sounds like Tal to me—and to Tal; remind me to check with J.R.

FINALLY, WE LEARN that the personnel of the Elmer Bernstein orchestra on the excerpt from *Man with the Golden Arm* was Shorty Rogers, Pete and Conte Candoli, Buddy Childers, trumpets; Frank Rosolino, Milt Bernhart, George Roberts, trombones; Jimmy Giuffre, Bud Shank, Bob Cooper, Jack Monterose, reeds; Pete Jolly, piano; Ralph Pena, bass, and Shelly Manne, drums.

These were the only personnels conspicuous (as Ralph Gleason and other reviewers rightly pointed out) by their absence. All I can comment is that Edwards evidently can unlock vaults at Decca for which Milt Rackmil himself has no key.

Ernie also throws in, for no extra charge, the piquant information that there are three unreleased Herman sides made for Decca Dec. 11 and 12, 1954, with the sensational First Herd personnel of that era, including John La Porta, Flip Phillips, Hefti, Bill Harris, Margie Hyams, and the fabulous rhythm section of all time: Burns, Bauer, Jackson, and Dave Tough.

THE TUNES are *1-2-3-4 Jump*, *Flyin' Home*, and *Crying Sands*. Now that a decent interval has elapsed since their interment, Edwards suggests that they be placed on public sale.

I'm with him all the way. Milt Gabler, Bob Thiele, are you listening?

Thanks for all your help, Edwards, and I hope your merciless exposure of my inexcusable stupidity will help to prove to readers what I have long suspected—that you just can't trust these modernist jazz critics.

Small Change

New York—A few famous bandleaders are notorious for the small fees they will pay for arrangements. Manny Albam recently electrified a gathering of musicians by announcing, "Do you know that ——— is now paying three bills for arrangements?"

"Sure," he quelled the exclamation of disbelief. "A five, a 10, and a 20."

Jet May, 1957

MR. & MRS.

Powell, Mrs. Belafonte with Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Feather

Powell Escorting Ex-Mrs. Belafonte 'To Help Her'

Congressman A. Clayton Powell has been an escort on several occasions to Harry Belafonte's recently-divorced wife, Margurite, but says he is merely acting as a friend "to help her over the rough spots." The two showed up together at the New York opening last week of Langston Hughes' play, *Simply Heavenly*. The famous New York Congressman, who married Harry and Margurite in 1948 at Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church, where he is pastor, also spent several hours at Brooklyn's Town and Country Club trying to talk Harry into a reconciliation the night before the famed singer announced that he already had wed white dancer Julie Robinson.

Though often reported estranged from his own wife, pianist Hazel Scott, Powell, when asked about Mrs. Belafonte, told JET: "I told you a long time ago that everyone would know if I made any change in my personal life. She (Mrs. Belafonte) is a very confused girl. She needs help. I've been helping her to get around to see people and

Variety 7/23/57

ELLA FITZGERALD ON BBC

London, July 23.

Ella Fitzgerald stars in the first of five weekly BBC radio shows entitled "Transatlantic Spotlight," which makes its bow on Aug. 1 in the Home Service.

During the recorded program, made available by "Voice of America," she will sing several of her click numbers and be interviewed by Leonard Feather.

Variety 7/23/57

Cosmopolitan - June

THE BEST IN RECORDS

Crooner's Comeback

BY PAUL AFFELDER

Ru Cu Cu Paloma," and the Cockney "The Drummer and the Cook," this last performed in real English music-hall fashion. (*An Evening with Belafonte.* RCA Victor LPM 1402. $3.98)

Jazz anthologies. To illustrate musically his *Encyclopedia of Jazz* (Horizon Press), Leonard Feather has assembled a four-disk album of outstanding jazz performances, tracing the history of the medium from the blues to cool and progressive jazz. One record each is devoted to jazz of the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties. The collection features memorable sides by such immortals as the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Pine Top Smith, James P. Johnson, the Venuti Lang All Star Orchestra, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra, the Dorsey Brothers, Sidney "Pop" Bechet, Fletcher Henderson, John Kirby, Artie Shaw, Stan Kenton, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Eddie Condon, Erroll Garner, Louis Armstrong, Tony Scott, John Graas and Les Brown. Carefully and completely annotated by Feather, this is a valuable contribution to recorded jazz that belongs in every home library. (*Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records.* Decca Set DXF 140. 4-12" $15.98. Also available singly at $3.98 each.)

they were admirably suited to their

Four Decades Of Jazzmen

Leonard Feather's book "The Encyclopedia of Jazz" has been given an aural form by Decca in a four-record album. One disk each is devoted to the Twenties, Thirties, Forties and Fifties, providing some overlapping but also a comprehensive compendium of the changes that jazz has undergone.

Since the material comes from Decca's archives, there is naturally some limitation as to both tunes and personnel. But any set that ranges from King Oliver to John Graas, with plenty of Basie, Ellington and Condon scattered between, obviously contains a goodly share of first rate stuff. "Progressive" jazz is represented rather mildly, which may not altogether displease adherents of the New Orleans school and all others who yearn for the good old days. H. K.

Herald Tribune 6/24

40 YEARS OF JAZZ ON 4 RECORDS

YOU could not have picked a better moment to start a jazz collection. Brunswick have just issued an **Encyclopaedia of Jazz** on four 12-inch L.P.s (LAT 8166-9)—almost 50 tracks stretching from the raw,

ON RECORD

full-blooded jazz of the early twenties to the brittle, cerebral harmonics of the middle fifties

Not forgetting the ubiquitous Mr. Louis Armstrong, who was in at the beginning and seems likely to be still there at the end.

Each disc covers a decade—the twenties, the thirties, the forties, the fifties. A chronological ABC at a cost of £6 10s. 2d.

The selection is by Leonard Feather and, inevitably, it will be criticised. In fact few, if any, of the great jazz recordings are here. Indeed, few of

POP:

by Julian Holland

the great Brunswick jazz recordings are here.

There is nothing from Duke Ellington other than one of his earliest recordings; there is nothing at all from 1945-49—the most important period of modern jazz.

One could criticise for ever. Nevertheless here are 48 tracks of jazz music most of which would be worth having at any time.

STEWPOT

THIS is not an encyclopaedia by any means; it is a random sampling, a generous helping out of the stewpot that is jazz.

My main impression at the end of this two and a half hour marathon?

How little jazz has changed since the thirties when the swing bands first began to slick it up. Since then there seems to have been little important change other than a considerable improvement in technique.

What say you modern jazz fans?

TOP TEN...

1. **Butterfly,** Andy Williams (London).
2. **Yes, To-night Josephine,** Johnnie Ray (Philips).
3. **Rock-A-Billy,** Guy Mitchell (Philips).
4. **When I Fall In Love,** Nat "King" Cole (Capitol).
5. **I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen,** Slim Whitman (London).
6. **Freight Train,** Chas McDevitt Skiffle Group (Oriole).
7. **Baby, Baby,** Teenagers (Columbia).
8. **Too Much,** Elvis Presley (H.M.V.).
9. **Cumberland Gap,** Lonnie Donegan (Nixa).
10. **Mr. Wonderful,** Peggy Lee (Brunswick).

Compiled by "The Record Mirror."

CLASSICAL

Sir John's First Love

by LESLIE AYRE

IN his earlier career as a cellist Sir John Barbirolli played under the conductorship of Sir Edward Elgar and, as a soloist, gave

93

abc radio network

feature

7 WEST 66TH ST., NEW YORK 23, N.Y.

April 19, 1957

JAZZ APLENTY SERVED UP ON PLATTERS

"Americans now enjoy more jazz than ever before thanks chiefly to radio and LP records," says Leonard Feather, well known exponent of jazz music and moderator of ABC Radio's "Platterbrains" which goes into its fifth year on Saturday, April 27.

"A lot of musicians who would have remained in obscurity years ago can not cut their own LP's, and sell them in the tens of thousands," according to Feather. "Small outfits like Dave Brubeck's make as much money for four people as Glenn Miller or Harry James got for 14 before the war."

Amid America's unprecedented jazz boom, Feather, an elegant, soft-spoken Englishman, remains unique. In addition to "Platterbrains," he has won fame through his authoritative writing and comments on music in such books as his "Encyclopedia of Jazz," as well as the composition of over 200 tunes. Feather also watches for promising newcomers. He brought George Shearing from England and supervised the recording debuts of Hazel Scott and Sarah Vaughan.

(MORE)

DECCA RECORDS, with the cogent guidance of Leonard Feather, heads-up jazz critic and author of the excellent "Encyclopedia Of Jazz," has just released 4 disk package reviewing 4 decades of jazz entitled "Encyclopedia Of Jazz On Records." Instead of following the usual path of programming artists alphabetically as do most encyclopedias, Feather groups his 4 discs and assigns one record each to the jazz of the twenties, thirties, forties and fifties. He also includes loads of informative material that will tickle the palate of any jazz buff. Most of the great names are here (although he did neglect some bright lights whom we would consider automatically in such a compilation) and also many of the all-time great jazz performances.

The twenties are represented by such pioneering jazzmen as King Oliver ("Aunt Hagar's Blues"); Jelly Roll Morton ("King Porter Stomp"); and Duke Ellington ("East St. Louis Toddle-O"). The thirties, with swing in the driving seat, is represented by Glenn Miller ("Moonlight Bay"); Count Basie ("Roseland Shuffle") and the Dorsey Brothers ("St. Louis Blues"). Swing is carried over into the forties with sessions by Artie Shaw ("I Get A Kick Out Of You"); Woody Herman ("Perdido") and Lionel Hampton ("Flying Home"). The interest of the fifties in small combos is catered to by Nat Cole ("Honeysuckle Rose"); Errol Garner ("Sweet Lorraine"); Tony Scott ("Swootie Patootie"); and Red Norvo ("Good Bait"). The space we've devoted to this presentation gives you a small idea of how high we rate it. For the young jazz student, we couldn't recommend a better introduction to the field. For the knowing jazzaphile, this package can well be considered historically valuable. A session where the greats of yesterday come alive.

There are extremely fine buys in the many browse shops all over the U.S. and A. ■

by Arthur J. Stone

Satan Magazine

Buffalo Evening News
5/14/57

Decca Records' "The Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records" is a boxed four-long play album compiled by Leonard Feather as a companion piece to his definitive book, "The Encyclopedia of Jazz," published by Horizon Press Inc. It is a big, fat, nourishing education in this type of musical expression.

Although recordings of some important jazz artists were not available to him, Feather has done a stunning job of presenting the growth of jazz with samples from each decade from 1920 on. There's one whole long play for each decade.

The rarest examples are from the hard-to-come-by recordings of the 20s. There is an exciting Louis Armstrong-Johnny Dodds duet, Wild Man Blues, and Jimmie

Bob Crosby Glenn Miller

Noone's My Monday Date; Pine Top's Original Boogie Woogie; Duke Ellington's free-wheeling Down South Camp Meetin' and Bob Crosby's cocky South Rampart Street Parade.

Those who study jazz or just love to hear it will treasure Charlie Parker and Art Tatum's numbers, circa 1942, and Joe Turner's all-time classic, Wee Baby Blues. Among the 140 performers are Lester Young, the Teagardens, Baby Dodds, Les Brown, Ella Fitzgerald, Errol Garner, Lionel Hampton, King Oliver, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Trummy Young, etc.

Capitol Records
Music Views
June, 1957

● **CELEBRATE 'BRAINS'**

"Platterbrains," a record panel-quiz show celebrated its fourth birthday on ABC-Radio recently. The panel for the show, moderated by author-critic Leonard Feather, consisted of Duke Ellington, Gene Krupa, Steve Allen and Sammy Davis, Jr.

Although it has only been network for four years, the show is actually one of the oldest of its type. It was originally started in 1939 as a local show in New York City. Regular panelists through the years have included Milt Gabler, Dave Dexter and Bob Thiele, all of whom are now executives with major recording companies.

Madamoiselle May, 1957

Great days for jazzzzzzz

The best ever on platters. Here's Leonard Feather's 4-LP album (Decca), *Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records*. This trove comes naturally out of Feather's *The Encyclopedia of Jazz* (Horizon Press). The book's precisely what the title says, so's album—encyclopedic. That means everyone from Allen, Red, to Young, Trummy—154 plus: instrumentalists, vocalists, band leaders. Each disc spans a decade of jazz history: 1's the '20's, 4's the '50's. It all begins with Handy's *Aunt Hagar's Blues*, King Oliver's Dixie Syncopators. Oliver guided the young Satchmo, was the first important musician to introduce New Orleans-style Negro jazz to wax. Platter 4 ends with *One O'Clock Jump*, Les Brown and his band of renown. *Jump* was first convoluted by Count Basie and his men: they recorded it in '37. It's been requisite rep ever since. Number's basic, a blues. It's what happened to that simple blues when Basie dug into it, when Brown had it arranged by Skip Martin that makes *Jump, Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records* plus Feather's tome most of the must. . . New Doris Day (Col.) is a dilly. She sings heart-to-heart.

95

E BONY, Sept. '57

NOT ASHAMED OF THE BLUES

Critic Leonard Feather, London-born New Yorker, is one of world's top jazz authorities, prolific writer of "blues."

Columnist Berta Wood, London-born Californian, and son Jimmy, enjoy blues in Los Angeles Club. Her cha that Negroes scorn own rich tradition, prefer white culture, brought storm of protest from EBONY read

Famed jazz authority answers charges made by Berta Wood

BY LEONARD FEATHER

ONE OF the less desirable aspects of American culture today is the tendency toward categorization, especially on the racial level. In the supposedly enlightened year 1957 one still hears Langston Hughes referred to as "the noted Negro poet" and Duke Ellington as the "distinguished Negro composer." It never occurs to those who use these phrases that it would seem odd to identify Benny Goodman as "the celebrated Jewish clarinetist." Yet this is the kind of thinking that provided the psychological motivation for the complaint (by Berta Wood, a well-meaning but confused white woman) that "Negroes are ashamed of the blues," in the May, 1957, issue of EBONY.

The complaint that Negroes scorn the traditions that produced jazz and have been victimized by a superficial and valueless white culture is a cruelly subtle example of Jim Crow sectarianism. First Miss Wood, with all the passion of a social worker and the piousness of a professional do-gooder, states that she went to live among Negroes "to study their genius . . . to be close to the people that produced Louis Armstrong."

It is interesting that Satchmo's name was singled out in this context, for his philosophy has something in common with Miss Wood's. "We were colored, and we knew what that meant," he wrote in his autobiography. "I and some of the other musicians in the band were from the South, *so we never had any hard feelings. I have always loved my white folks*, and they have always proved that they love me and my music . . . Many a time white folks have invited me and my boys to the finest meals at their homes, with the best liquor you would want to smack your chops on . . ."

Miss Wood loves her black folks the same way Louis loves his white folks, and she wouldn't want anything to change. She laments the passing of the old-style Negro, who respected his white folks, kept his distance and his separate culture, never became militant about exerting his rights as a citizen. Her view of the Negro is a deceptively pretty p[illegible]ing for which she dipped her brush in the nostalgia of the same well-intentioned but invidious paternalism that made the seemingly innocuous *Uncle Remus* one of the most objectionable motion pictu of the past decade.

Negroes don't want to be Negroes anymore, she complains. Th reject the blues because they want to be like "superior" whites. would seem axiomatic that in order to be sure that Negroes are race-proud, or are ashamed of the blues, one would have to be (a Negro, (b) aware of the real meaning of "the blues." During l masochistic, martyred sojourn in a ghettoized neighborhood (in l own words, "hurt, angry, bitterly frustrated . . . a total cultural outcast she patronized the Negro as the maiden aunt visits her poor relativ adores the children and wishes they would never grow up. Evident she closed off her mind to any realities about the Negro and the blu that might disturb her passion for the status quo.

Some of the most rabidly segregationist white southerners are qui to assert that the Negro is a happy, child-like creature, "born singi and dancing," and was really happier before his emancipation. M Wood has a close bond with them; she wants Negro playing, singi and dancing preserved in a tightly sealed cultural closet and spea wistfully of the days when Negroes lived in a world apart: "Nothi was too hard to bear—extreme poverty, racial prejudice . . . or a lo life without hope for a better world." That is the way Uncle Rem accepted it, and that is what Miss Wood misses.

That this attitude has become an anachronism was pointed up recer ly in a television interview between Mike Wallace and John (Dizzy Gillespie. Wallace said to the trumpet player: "I would like yo opinion on the Negro's success in jazz. Is it because, as some peop say, the Negro has more music, more rhythm, more beat in him th the white people?"

Gillespie's reply was: "I don't think God would give any one ra of people something that the others couldn't get if they had t facilities . . . you probably could take a white kid and subject him the same things that one of us was subjected to, and he'd probab stomp his foot just like we do. *It's not a matter of race, but environment*

Melody Maker 6/8/57

8. 1957

● Jack Teagarden

● Jimmy Lunceford

● Don Byas

NOTHING NEW SINCE DIZZY

● Art Tatum

VOLUME 3 ("Jazz Of The Forties," Bruns. LAT 8168) begins for no reason I can discern with the most recently recorded track of the whole 12.

Taking the four volumes in sequence, one has no sooner left the tricky staccato arrangings of a minor Lunceford classic than one is plunged in the casual bop references of Al Cohn and Jimmy Raney.

The occasion is Artie Shaw's "I Get A Kick Out Of You," a big-band studio job which represents the attempted comeback of a once famous leader, rather than a pioneer effort with the fire of youth behind it.

Shameless

As one who considers Artie Shaw's contribution to jazz to have been just about negligible, I can only regard this first track as a warning for better things to follow.

Stan Kenton's composition "Gambler's Blues" must be the most shameless steal in the bloodstained history of jazz robbery with violence.

Better known as "St. James Infirmary," it bears some traces of the later Kenton—especially the throbbing sax vibrato of "Opus In Pastels"—but is stultified by the heavy plod which stalks almost all those who record this number, and overtakes most.

Misplaced

The King Cole Trio is represented by "Honeysuckle Rose" (fast, noisy and decidedly Hines-inspired). Coleman Hawkins follows with "How Deep Is The Ocean?" (splendidly inventive but hollow-toned). And suddenly we meet the young unknown alto saxophonist of Jay McShann's orchestra, Charlie Parker.

The occasion is McShann's "Sepian Bounce," recorded in July 1942. Feather's piece about "a fantastic demonstration of how far he was ahead of his time" strikes me as enthusiasm somewhat misplaced.

I even beg leave to doubt whether any of the American critics currently biting each others' backs in "Down Beat" could have prophesied that this charming but undistinguished soloist would one day rock the jazz world to its foundations—and not so very long afterwards, either.

There is a school of thought—to which only I belong, and then only occasionally—which holds that nothing much has happened in trumpet jazz since Roy Eldridge passed the torch to Dizzy Gillespie.

Buck Clayton and Co. have gone on playing much as they always did, and very nice, too. Dizzy's ideas have been translated into even more fiery terms by some (Fats Navarro, Maynard Ferguson) and refrigerated by others (Miles Davis, Chet Baker).

Sensitive

Louis plays Louis and the rest just sit on the steps of one shrine or another, blowing to the empty air.

That sort of reasoning, if correct, makes Louis Armstrong,

Four from the forties

Steve Race reviews volume 3 of Brunswick's "Encyclopaedia of Jazz"

Dizzy Gillespie, Buck Clayton and Roy Eldridge the Four Who Matter, and I put forward the idea for your consideration. Grist for the Eldridge mill is found in "The Gasser," which closes Side 1 of this third volume.

Art Tatum and Joe Turner combine for "Wee Baby Blues," to show that the most cultured pearl on earth can be set beside the roughest diamond and still (to mix metaphors slightly) make beautiful music.

What a dainty, sensitive blues player Tatum was, and how Joe Turner's voice evokes the hot dust of Southern America. "Wee Baby Blues" is a startling success.

Sadness

I wish I could say the same for the triple combination of Billie Holiday, "Lover Man" and half a dozen fiddle players. As so often happens when the Strad boys invade a recording session, those unison semibreves and minims in thirds blend with the astringent voice of jazz about as well as custard with gorgonzola.

There is something of Billie Holiday's sadness in Jack Teagarden's singing, a chorus of which graces the Eddie Condon "Somebody Loves Me."

Notable among the solos are Mr. T's snake-like trombone, on top of the world as usual, and the clarinet of Pee-Wee Russell, whose eight bars must rank quite seriously as the worst ever recorded by a big-name jazzman. Was he unwell at the time?

Weeping

Eddie Heywood's "How High The Moon" would seem to set jazz back 10 years, what with Ray Nance weeping over his fiddle, Heywood hacking out broken octaves and Aaron Sachs forgetting the chords in bars seven and eight preparatory to getting his fingers caught at odd moments between 16 and 32.

Don Byas is first-rate but if Feather really believes "the performance abounds with fine solos" then I'm a Dutchman and you can call me Vermeer.

No historical survey of jazz would be complete without Hampton's "Flying Home," and one of the many versions obligingly comes next. Before mob rule takes over, comes a spell of quite attractive Illinois Jacquet tenor, not to mention the leader's vibes. A pity the rhythm section is such a plod.

Capricious

And so to the last track of Volume 3: a Woody Herman orchestra, with Johnny Hodges and Juan Tizol, in "Perdido."

Both Ellingtonians play great solos, Hodges notable as ever of that capricious charm which transcends fashion and is his exclusive property.

97

June 15, 1957

VÄSTERBOTTENS-KURIREN nr.

JAZZ

Av Coolinger

Jay Jay Johnson t. h. under en intervju tillsammans med Leonard Feather.

Melody Maker 10/26/57

Jet 10/3/57

WHITE, NEGRO CELEBRITIES

Louis Armstrong: "The government can go to hell."

On the night of September 17, 1957, in the town of Grand Forks, N. D., Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong, the jazz-talking, unofficial U. S. ambassador of goodwill abroad, laid down his portfolio of pacifying wit and snatched up the banner of racial pride. Said he: "The way they are treating my people in the South, the government can go to hell."

It was as if John Foster Dulles had arisen on the floor of the UN General Assembly and led the singing of the Russian national anthem. For Armstrong, more than any other American alive, is the gravel voice that the foreign peoples of the world listen to. With his trumpet under his arm and a grin festooning his sweat-drenched face, he has traveled thousands of miles through Europe and Africa, spreading jazz, jive speech and the impression that the Negro's lot in America is a happy one.

But now Satchmo was growling a different tune. Incensed over rioting in Little Rock, Nashville and other Southern cities as school integration made a painful start, Armstrong let fly a verbal blast at President Eisenhower, Arkansas Gov. Orval Faubus, and smashed hopes that he would go abroad to Russia this winter to sell U. S. racial harmony to the Reds. "It's getting so a colored man hasn't got any country," he snapped, describing the President as "two-faced,"

Melody Maker 10/26/57

Jet 10/3/57

Honor Cop: The first Negro to win Detroit's Cotillion Club Award for humane service, patrolman Avery Jackson gets plaque from Police Commissioner Edward Piggins (r.). Watching is William T. Patrick.

IN BID FOR INTEGRATION CONFAB

NAACP," said Wilkins, "in all sections of the country report that these degrading spectacles have also embittered 16 million Negro Americans, many of whom are being driven to the conclusion that they may expect no hearing of their grievances on any level and no succor from any source."

NAACP heads blame the snub on the President's moderate civil rights position. Since the organization is under terrific attack in the South as "rabble rousers," they feel that Ike isolates them for fear of losing "faith in Dixie." They also point out that several of his ranking advisors are southern industrialists who see the NAACP as a "left-wing outfit" anxious to precipitate a second Civil War.

Meanwhile, scrupulously screening colored visitors in a well-planned campaign to muster all non-NAACP Negro support, White House aides have arranged meetings with Ike for leading churchmen such as AME Bishop D. Ward Nichols and Baptist leader Dr. William Jernagin, business executives such as Durham insurance man Asa Spaulding, Pittsburgh publisher Mrs. Robert Vann and a group of other Negro newspaper publishers. Their plan, it is learned, is to make inroads into the Negro vote while undercutting the NAACP.

"As much as I'm trying to do for my people, this man (Pierre) Tallerie—whom I've respected for 20 years, although I've suspected him of being prejudiced and who has worked with Negro musicians and made his money off of them—has proved he hates Negroes the first time he opened his mouth. I don't see why Mr. Glaser (booking agent Joe Glaser) doesn't remove him from this band. He has done more harm than good.

"I wouldn't take back a thing I've said. I've had a beau-

Robinson

Jackie Robinson, business executive and ex-baseball star: ". . . In principle, he is correct. I think the government and President Eisenhower have failed miserably in the Arkansas situation. I can't agree with Louis on his 'to hell with the government' statement because this is a wonderful country."

Feather

Leonard Feather, jazz critic: "I agree 100 per cent with Louis. I think some of the statements he made were a little too strong in language, but in principle, they are what thousands of other Americans believe. Only Armstrong has had the guts to speak out. I have a lot more respect for Louis today than I've ever had before."

Sampson

Marian Anderson, singer: "One has feelings . . . but now is not the time for me to say something. He (Armstrong) is a great artist. I could say something."

Edith Sampson, former UN alternate delegate: "Maybe Louis Armstrong feels just like I feel, that world security begins at home, and that we're trying to democratize America."

High Fidelity July 1957

Melody Maker 9/28/57

YEARBOOK OF JAZZ

LEONARD FEATHER has crammed a readable assortment of features into his yearbook, the first annual companion to "The Encyclopedia Of Jazz."

They include Benny Goodman's foreword, Feather's "What's Happening" chapter, a stack of information on the likes and spending habits of the Jazz Fan, a hundred or so photographs, and sections devoted to disc jockeys, records, international polls and so on.

Meat

The real meat, for anyone who uses jazz reference books, is the 50-page section of biographies of many jazzmen left out of the "Encyclopedia," and additional details about some who were in it.

Then comes the "Musicians' Musicians" Poll, in which 101 leading musicians took part. Steve Race, when he reviewed the U.S. publication (MM, 23/2/57), remarked on several fascinating results —such as G. Mulligan voting for himself as

MAX JONES

reviews Leonard Feather's "The Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz" (Arthur Barker Ltd., 42s.)

"greatest ever" baritone, and nobody voting for Brubeck at all.

Naturally there are scores more. Miles Davis, Brookmeyer, Gillespie and Graas, for instance, listed Armstrong among their greatest trumpets; Louis voted for Berigan and Hackett, Eddie Miller on tenor, Basie as big band and Tatum's trio as combo.

Not in the Poll are Hines, Hampton, Edison, Teagarden, Edmond Hall, Vic Dickenson, Dicky Wells, Higginbotham, Trummy Young, Jo Jones, Walter Page, Freddie Green and a few more established stars.

Criticism

There has been criticism that says a preponderance of modernists results in, for example, Gillespie polling 45 for "greatest ever" against Armstrong's 39, J. J. Johnson scoring 30 to Teagarden's 20 and Dickenson's five, and Parker notching 76 to Hodges's 17.

I know that if I had distributed the ballots on my fairest basis, the balance would have been significantly different. For me, then, this weakens the importance of the findings. But it cannot make them less than engrossing.

Book Review The Gramophone 10/57

ENCYCLOPEDIA YEARBOOK OF JAZZ*

This is Leonard Feather's first (and your reviewer hopes henceforth annual) follow up of his "Encyclopedia Of Jazz", British printing of which was published here last year.

In exactly the same format and handsome production as the "Encyclopedia", it covers the period from where the "Encyclopedia" ended up to 1956.

Its main section is devoted to biographies of jazz musicians who sprang to fame since the "Encyclopedia" went to press and bringing up to date the biographies of those originally mentioned in it, and the wealth of information given—it includes the birth places, ages, careers, recordings, artistic features and often private addresses of the subjects—is again a tribute to the author's amazing patience and industry.

There are also chapters devoted *inter alia* to: "What's Happening In Jazz" (and if you think there was nothing during 1956, read what Feather says and then bow your head in shame); analysed and tabulated opinions of 100 famous jazz musicians on who are (and were) the greatest jazz instrumentalists, vocalists, big and small bands etc. of all time; the fifty-two recordings which in the opinion of the author were the best issued between the summer of 1955 and the summer of 1956, with his reasons for his choices; favourite recorded versions of some twenty-five tunes that have become favourites in jazz.

If ever there were two "musts" for everyone interested or in any way concerned with jazz, they are the indefatigable and world-recognised authority Leonard Feather's "Encyclopedia Of Jazz" and his extension of it, the just published "Encyclopedia Yearbook Of Jazz". R.G.

* Arthur Baker Ltd., 30 Museum Street, London, W.C.1. 190 pp. (inc. 32 pp. of "Candid Camera" pictures of musicians). 42s.

STEVE RACE writes the first of four articles about four LPs—'a condensed, reasonably comprehensive jazz history'

● King Oliver's Dixie Syncopators—(l-r) Bud Scott, Paul Barbarin, Darnell Howard, Oliver, Albert Nicholas, Bob Shoffner and Barney Bigard.

I support Louis's claim to the golden crown

THE birth of jazz so nearly coincided with the invention of gramophone recording, it seems a shame that the two could not have arrived on this earth at the same moment.

What a lot of arguments would be solved (and how many would never start) if we could hear now those first fumbling attempts at the blues, or if the clarion call of Buddy Bolden were to ring out from our record-players as once it rang over the swamps of New Orleans.

GOLDEN PAGES

Yet of all students of art we are perhaps the most fortunate. What wouldn't the classical music-lover do to hear the piano improvisations of the young Beethoven or assess himself the technique of Paganini, as you and I can hear the duets of Oliver and Armstrong, or trace the development of piano jazz from Pinetop Smith to Phineas Newborn?

Pre-1920 jazz may be a closed book, but at least from the 'twenties onwards we can read those golden pages for ourselves.

"Golden" is not an adjective to be used lightly, and this seems as good an occasion as any to dismiss once and for all the fiction that anyone who enjoys Brubeck and the MJQ is necessarily deaf to the glories of early jazz.

One can be slightly cynical about the Lower Puddlecombe Stompers without rejecting the New Orleans pioneers whom they — so inexpertly — copy. (Reader Eric L. Thacker, please note.)

All this brings us to "The Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records," recently issued on four LPs by the Brunswick Co. (LAT8166-9).

Here is a condensed and reasonably comprehensive jazz history, from King Oliver's Dixie Syncopators to the abstractions of John Graas, chosen (out of a by no means inexhaustible store of recorded material) by encyclopedist Leonard Feather.

THE THIRTIES

One may carp here and there at his selections; one may even point out that three of the 12 performances in Vol. 1 ("Jazz Of The Twenties") were recorded in the thirties. The point is that the four albums give a better picture of 40 years' jazz than could have been drawn from any other single catalogue.

For the young jazz student who wonders about those years before his interest was awakened (or even before he was born) this set is required listening.

The first disc opens with King Oliver's "Aunt Hagar's Blues." This is a post-Armstrong Oliver, from a 1927 date which featured Barney Bigard on tenor sax.

Oliver's horn really sings: it is plain that Louis really did learn at his hands. Moreover, in its way, the rhythm section swings. There are many sterling qualities, even in this mediocre sample of the Oliver band.

The second number ("Tin Roof Blues" by the 1934 New Orleans Rhythm Kings) comes as something of a chronological jar, with its string bass and brushes, and the trumpet-clarinet riff in thirds which was so obviously worked out in advance as a backing to George Brunis's trombone.

A WARNING

Although one doesn't object to the mere fact of preparation, it serves as a warning to the young listener, who must not imagine that jazz succumbed to the arranger's art within (so to speak) three minutes of its birth.

Johnny Dodds's "Wild Man Blues" is rightly a classic, glowing with the liquid perfection of Louis Armstrong's unforgettable chorus. For all the Dizzys, Brownies and Mileses I am prepared to go on record any time in support of Louis's claim to the golden crown of jazz: on this chorus alone his claim might well rest.

As to the extravagant praise lavished on clarinettist Johnny Dodds, I pass. The bland way he toots out an Eb against the rhythm section's Bb7 (the second chord of the piece) is surely enough to bar him from that Musicians' Hall of Fame in which Satchmo blows always the *right* note.

Certain critics have pointed out for years that the final artistic conviction in jazz playing is somehow denied to white musicians. It is a view I neither share nor wish to encourage, but when the next number starts (Red Nichols's "That's No Bargain") it is hard to avoid the impression of a bunch of college kids showing their betters how to play jazz.

OH, SO CLEVER

It's all so damnably efficient: from Nichols's so-clever break at the 15th bar to Jimmy Dorsey's "my-next-trick-is-impossible" alto solo. One further point, which so far as I know has not been raised before: this must be the first-ever jazz record to feature a bar of 6/4 time. See if you can find it.

Even Jimmy Noone, who follows, was nearer to the heart of jazz than this, and in "My Monday Date" he featured the then impossibly brilliant Earl Hines. (For an evaluation of the present Hines, see my terse comment of last month, which I already regret! To enlarge a little, I feel that if the Earl had developed his fine, two-fisted style of those days, instead of listening to a thousand modernists from Teddy Wilson to Bud Powell, he could have out-played the whole pack of them today.)

I am afraid the genius of Jelly Roll Morton (here playing "King Porter Stomp") still eludes me. I must have been listening to him, off and on, for half a lifetime, but always with that blank expression which I wear equally when confronted with the work of Liszt, Donald Wolfit or the Ink Spots. The fault, clearly, lies within me, and there we had better leave the matter.

Over on Side 2 "Pinetop's Boogie-Woogie" acts as an appetiser for the exciting James P. Johnson, whose "You've Gotta Be Modernistic" is a fine piece of piano jazz by any standards. After hearing it one regrets the passing of many things, including the earthy tradition of "stride" piano.

OUT OF TUNE

"Prince Of Wails" is frankly unworthy of inclusion, having by way of recommendation only the work of Frank Teschemacher, intolerably out of tune as usual. One scarcely even hears the clarinet in Benny Goodman's early "Muskrat Ramble," which follows, but the record is a joy for any listener who can train his ear to isolate the richly inventive tenor of Bud Freeman.

The last two tracks are among the most important in all jazz: the Venuti-Lang "Farewell Blues" because in it white middle-period jazz achieved one of its most signal successes, and the Duke's "East St. Louis Toddle-O" because it brought colour and shape to jazz.

With the former's emphasis on inventiveness through instrumental proficiency, and the latter's insistence that the arranger must have his roots in jazz, the compiler could hardly have chosen two better records to usher in the fruitful 1920s.

How, and by whom, the dangers implicit in arranged virtuoso jazz were avoided, I hope to discuss next week.

The Goofus comes back

OLD readers may recall an instrument known as the Goofus. It was brought into prominence by Adrian Rollini, who performed upon it on records and brought it to this country when he joined Fred Elizalde's Music at the Savoy Hotel on New Year's night, 1927-8.

This very instrument was found by bandleader Jimmy Power when he was at the Savoy five years ago. Power had the goofus repaired and set about learning it.

He has become sufficiently skilled to introduce this weird-looking horn to dancers at Liverpool's Grafton Room, and nobody has objected.

Deletions

Had Power known about memory-man Brian Rust he could have asked: "Has anything been written on the goofus?" We did, and Rust at once replied: "Yes, Adrian Rollini himself wrote an article, 'The Goofus And How To Play It,' in the MELODY MAKER of March, 1928."

Now, at last, we can complete the list of Capitol deletions. The Manone single and the Julia Lee sides—especially "Nobody Knows You"—are well worth hearing. The Ellington and Miles Davis EPs are from famous LP sets.

STANDARDS

JULIA LEE AND HER BOY FRIENDS
CL 13055 You're A Wise Guy/King Size Papa
CL 13321 Decent Woman Blues/Nobody Knows You When You're Down And Out
CL 13323 Snatch And Grab It/Cold-hearted Daddy

WINGY MANONE DIXIELAND BAND
CL 13170 I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate/PETE DAILY.

RED NICHOLS FIVE PENNIES
CL 13235 If I Had You/You're My Everything

FRANK ROSOLINO SEXTET
KC 65001 That Old Black Magic/Yo Yo

BOBBY SHERWOOD ORCHESTRA
CL 13066 The Elks' Parade/Poor Little Rich Girl

CHUCK THOMAS AND HIS DIXIELAND BAND (Woody Herman)
CL 13322 Rose Of The Rio Grande/Oh, Gee—Say Gee! You Ought To See My Gee Gee
CL 13320 Jelly Bean/Calico Sal

LENNIE TRISTANO SEXTETTE
CL 13157 Wow/Crosscurrent
CL 13456 Intuition/Yesterdays

CLAUDE WILLIAMSON TRIO
KC 65003 All God's Chillun Got Rhythm Woody'n You

EPs

MILES DAVIS ORCHESTRA
EAP 1-459 Jeru / Moon Dreams/Venus de Milo/Deception
EAP 2-459 Godchild/Rocket/Israel/Rouge

DUKE ELLINGTON (Piano)
EAP 1-477 and 2-477 The Duke Plays Ellington

STAN HASSELGARD ALL STAR SIX
EAP 1-466 Swedish Pastry / Who Sleeps?/Sweet And Hot Mop/I'll Never be the same

MARION McPARTLAND (Piano)
EAP 1-574 I Hear Music/Tickle Toe/I've Told Every Little Star/Moon Song
EAP 2-574 Street Of Dreams/How Long Has This Been Going On?/Skylark Ja-da
EAP 3-574 Let's Call The Whole Thing Off/Lush Life/Mad About The Boy/Love You Madly

EDDIE MILLER ORCHESTRA
EAP 1-614 My Monday Date/Yesterdays/I'm Gonna Stomp Mr. Henry Lee/The Hour Of Parting

ELLA MAE MORSE (Vocal)
EAP 1-513 Rock Me All Night Long/Money Honey/I Love You Yes I Do/Daddy Daddy

RED NORVO TRIO
EAP 1-616 Take The Red Car/Band in Boston/Twelfth Street Rag/El Rojo

LENNIE TRISTANO SEXTETTE
EAP 1-491 Crosscurrent/Intuition/Sax Of A Kind/Digression

—Max Jones and Sinclair Traill

The fight for survival

STEVE RACE reviews volume 2 of Brunswick's "Encyclopaedia of Jazz"—covering the 1930s

VOLUME 2 of this recorded Encyclopædia of Jazz (Bruns. LAT 8167) covers the 1930s. It begins, whether intentionally or not, with a chilling example of the fate which awaited jazz at that juncture in its history, and which might well have overtaken it had not a handful of strong individualists asserted themselves.

That fate can be summarised in two words: Casa Loma. The Promoter having established his right to say *what* was played, the Arranger had now come along to say *how* it should be played.

The false scale of values which resulted is neatly demonstrated in the Casa Loma Orchestra's "Chinatown, My Chinatown." For example, in the clarinet solo, where poor Clarence Hurchinrider fights a losing battle against a farrago of open brass stabs and smears.

One notices with interest that trumpeters were being called upon to play top E's and F's even in those days, but the sum total of all their efforts was mere frustration. They sounded like—and indeed they were—a bunch of clever young men in search of the magic potion which Louis Armstrong kept securely locked in his trumpet case.

Having been brought up among jazz neighbours, so to speak, the brothers Dorsey were better able to capture the jazz sound in their "St. Louis Blues" (which follows). The secret was then — as now and always — relaxation. Note here the first outstanding glimpse in the whole album of cultivated virtuoso playing: Tommy Dorsey's trombone coda.

Andy Kirk's "Walkin' and Swingin'," a cute Mary Lou Williams composition, brings the first rhythm section which could pass as "modern" and the first tenor sax—Dick Wilson's—which to contemporary ears even *sounds* like a tenor sax.

Hard on Andy Kirk's heels comes Chick Webb, with the first real ensemble sound. A very young Ella Fitzgerald sings "Sing Me A Swing Song." Webb himself plays an incoherent break and generally drags the tempo to such an extent that one wonders if he should not be discussed in

Bechet

Writing of Bechet's "Blackstick," Leonard Feather comments: "To pigeonhole Sidney Bechet as part of the jazz of any single decade is an arbitrary move, since Bechet's name has been honoured in jazz for at least 40 years . . . and today is perhaps at a new peak of international renown."

The reference is, of course, to France, where Bechet is held in the esteem which Americans reserve for Sir Winston Churchill and Englishmen for Adlai Stephenson.

In passing, it should perhaps be added that "Blackstick" is a nickname for the clarinet, and that Bechet's voice only found its true timbre in the richer tones of the soprano saxophone.

I have a firm liking for Sister Rosetta Tharpe, despite her occasional habit of swallowing the words one most wants to hear. Listening to "That's All" one realises again how pathetically far from the real thing are those ample British ladies who like to describe themselves as Blues Shouters.

Fletcher Henderson's "Down South Camp Meeting" introduces a musician who to me (and apparently only to me) is one of the most fascinating individualists in all jazz: Henry Allen Jnr., otherwise known—but perhaps not any more—as "Red."

Parker

Hearing once again his curious gipsy style of playing, not to mention the way he anticipated Parker's "lean-back" style by a mere 15 years, one marvels that he should have been allowed to sink into comparative obscurity.

How pleasant, too, to renew friendship with the delicious John Kirby Sextet, and to hear Billy Kyle playing as he used to do.

One hopes that Leonard Feather wrestled with his conscience before slapping it down and including Glenn Miller's "Moonlight Bay."

Its position — immediately before Basie's historic "Roseland Shuffle" — is all the more very finest is worthy to rub shoulders with the incomparable Lester of those days.

And so to the final track in Vol. 2: Jimmy Lunceford's "Swanee River." One could perhaps have wished for a better example than this of Lunceford's great contribution to big-band jazz.

Sidney Bechet is represented by "Blackstick" but Steve Race points out: "Bechet's voice only found its true timbre in the richer tones of the soprano saxophone."

Bo Diddley in Montreal

COLLECTORS' CORNER

edited by Max Jones and Sinclair Traill

FROM John Norris in Canada comes news of an interesting visitor to Montreal: Bo Diddley.

"If it had not been for your review of the BD record in the MM," writes Norris, "I would not have bothered to hear him, for he appeared at the local 'House of Rock-'n'-Roll.'

"Compared with the records of his I now have, Diddley does not sing much. His guitar is very heavily amplified and he often produces that deep, rich, slurring tone and pulsating rhythm noticeable in much of Muddy Waters's work.

"I was able to show him the review and he was surprised and impressed to find mention of his music in a British paper.

Maraccas

"With BD were Jerome Green on maraccas and drummer Frank Kirkland. Most of the recordings use this line-up, but there have been occasional additions.

"The fine piano on 'I'm A Man' and 'Cops And Robbers' was by Sam Spand, who plays with Muddy's group. Incidentally, a tambourine was mentioned in your review. Actually the sound was produced by maraccas.

"Bo comes from Mississippi." He moved to Chicago when he was six and learned violin before taking up guitar. His family was very poor and Bo used to earn money by singing in the streets. According to Kirkland, he then sang 'real funky blues.'

Sax trio

"At present Bo is keen about rock-'n'-roll, mainly because of the unprecedented good times and money he can enjoy now. For added rhythmic effect he would like to use three saxes, but I can hardly imagine any sax player being content to play in the rhythm section.

"By the way, his real name is Ellis McDaniel. He still uses the fiddle and played one tune on it the night I heard him. The instrument was amplified and the number sounded more like a country dance than anything else.

"Bo is a tall, well-built man who wears horn-rimmed glasses. He and Green sing a few duets, one humming while the other sings the lyrics.

"Bo composes all the songs, but I would say he has only four or five basic tunes."

Melody Maker 8/57

BIRD'S BOY

EXTRA. . . . Charles Baird Parker, the five-year-old son of Bird, made his recording début, under the ægis of Leonard Feather, singing "Salt Peanuts," accompanied by George Wallington.

Variety 8/57

Parker Scion Cuts for Mode

HOLLYWOOD—Charlie Baird Parker, five-year-old son of the late modern jazz innovator, Charlie (Bird) Parker, made his recording debut recently on a George Wallington session cut in New York for the recently organized Mode Records.

Session, helmed by jazz critic Leonard Feather, is the first one completed by Mode for September release, with the firm aiming for a schedule of 10 LP's each month. Other sessions scheduled by a.&r. chief Red Clyde include Warne Marsh, vibist Vic Feldman, Doris Drew, Al Viola, Don Fagerquist and Johnny Holiday.

Clyde also disclosed the entry of the firm into the stereo tape field, with all of the label's catalog to be ready for tape release prior to the Christmas season. Label has also finalized plans for a series of album covers by cartoonist Bill Box.

August 31, 1957. MELODY MAKER—Page 9

HOLLYWOOD headlines

NITERY NEWS. . . . The Stan Kenton Ork plus comedian Mort Sahl are at Gene Norman's Crescendo. . . . Zardi's Jazzland changed back from dancing to jazz with the Chamber Jazz Sextet and then went broke entirely. . . .

NO DANCING

"JAZZ TODAY" reports that pianist Jack Elliott 'phoned guitarist Tal Farlow and told him that he had a gig for the two of them.

"It's a great gig, Tal. You only play for a few hours. Best of all, there's no dancing."

"That's great, man," replied Tal, "'cause I don't dance too well."

ALL WASHED UP

DISC DATA. . . . Atlantic Records' Nesuhi Ertegun reports that a rock-'n'-roll singer is all washed up at 19—receding sideburns. . . . The big Dot Record Company has entered the jazz field with LPs by Chico Hamilton's Paul Horn, Don Bagley and Johnny Keating ("Swinging Scots"). . . . Leonard Feather is New York A and R man for Mode—new Hollywood company. . . . The first girl to kiss Elvis Presley on the screen, Jana Lund ("Lovin' You"), has her own records on Liberty.

by Howard Lucraft

28-Fri., Sept. 20, 1957 *** New York Journal-American

Jack O'Brian's TVIEWS

Bob Bach of "What's My Line." Bob Bach and Leonard Feather are prepping a jazz show for Dumont.

Ed Wynn's "legacy" to son Keenan is all Ed's old scripts

LETTERS continued

miseries and penalities suffered by the working classes in other countries, deserves highest respect. . . .

ROBERTO GOMEZ CISNEROS
Mexico City, Mexico

Living, Swinging Legend

Duke Ellington: A Living Legend Swings On [LOOK, August 20] . . . was everything a national-magazine feature on a jazz personality should be, and rarely is—tasteful, accurate, informative and never patronizing.

LEONARD FEATHER
The Encyclopedia of Jazz
New York, N. Y.

N.Y. Daily News 8/12/57

Opening Tonight

"The Saga of Song Show" opens tonight at Central Park's Theatre Under the Stars. Featured in the program of blues, spirituals and popular songs will be Les Paul and Mary Ford, the Hi-Los, Lurlean Hunter, Slim Gaillard and Leonard Feather.

Baby singt

Charles Baird Parker, Sohn des so früh verstorbenen großen Altsaxophonisten Charlie Parker, ist fünf Jahre alt. Vor einigen Tagen machte er seine erste Schallplattenaufnahme. Der rührige Jazz-Kritiker Leonard Feather hatte das Unternehmen arrangiert.

BRAVO MAG., SWITZERLAND 15

101

Jazz Magazine, June, 1957

Playboy July, 1957

Biggest jazz project of its kind to date is ***The Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records*** (Decca DXF 140). Put together by PLAYBOY Jazz Editor Leonard Feather, who compiled the same-name book, it comprises four LPs titled *Jazz of the 20s, 30s, 40s* and *50s*, all the way from Jelly Roll Morton's *King Porter Stomp* (1926) through up-to-date innovations by John Graas, Mulligan and Shorty Rogers. In case your taste doesn't run in all four directions at once, each decade is available singly. Our preference: the 40s set, with Kenton, Cole, Hawkins, McShann, Shaw, Tatum, Holiday, Hampton, Herman and Eldridge.

Teen Age Review - June, 1957

JAZZ OF THE 20's, 30's, 40's & 50's
DECCA DXF 140 ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ

This four record set was compiled by Leonard Feather, author of The Encyclopedia of Jazz. The set traces the history of jazz with excellent examples of each period. Every jazz great is represented from King Oliver to Les Brown and his orchestra. Every jazz fan should put this on his list. There is hours and hours of enjoyment awaiting the purchaser.

JUNE 1957 89

Teenage Review

ALLO ELLA !...

par Leonard Feather

LF Allo, Ella.

EF Allo !

LF Comment allez-vous ?

EF Ça va à peu près bien.

LF Je suis content que vous puissiez répondre au téléphone. J'espère pour votre repos que vous n'aurez pas à le faire trop souvent. Vous remettez-vous ?

EF Oui. On m'a enlevé les dernières agrafes aujourd'hui et j'ai pu marcher.

LF Bon. Je voudrais savoir pourquoi vous aviez tenu à chanter les derniers jours alors que vous étiez malade ?

EF Je ne sais pas. Je ne me croyais pas si menacée. Je pensais seulement que, enfin vous savez...

LF J'espère que vous ne recommencerez pas ?

EF Non, ce fut une bonne leçon.

LF Réellement, rien n'est important sauf la vie, vous savez. Vous vous en êtes sortie. C'est l'essentiel. Pensez-vous que vous puissiez encore faire la tournée européenne ?

EF Je ne sais pas. Je n'en ai pas parlé à Norman. J'espère... Si je la faisais ce serait sûrement au printemps ou en juin.

LF Peut-être. Je suis sûr qu'il pourrait toujours s'arranger. De qui avez-vous eu des nouvelles ? Je parie que vous avez reçu des milliers de télégrammes ?

EF Oui, mon vieux, je vous le dis ! On a amené à la maison deux boîtes pleines de lettres, tout le monde a été si gentil... Pearl et son mari... Pearl m'appelle à chaque instant, et m'envoie des roses tous les jours. Lennie, Lena et Louis Armstrong... il m'a envoyé une gerbe de roses splendides avec des orchidées au centre. Vous n'avez jamais rien vu d'aussi beau ! J'ai eu aussi des nouvelles d'amis du Canada, Sammy Davis m'a envoyé un beau cadeau. Oh ! J'ai eu tant de fleurs ! Frank Sinatra m'a fait parvenir trois douzaines de roses jaunes. Peter Lawford a aussi donné signe de vie, Bob Wagner m'a appelé de Los Angeles. C'est si bon de savoir que tout le monde prend le temps de s'occuper de moi. J'ai eu une lettre d'Inez Cavanaugh, je l'ai d'ailleurs appelée ce matin.

LF Formidable ! Vous savez ainsi qui sont vos amis ?

EF Oui. Ça rend ma convalescence moins triste. C'est la moitié de ma peine enlevée. J'ai eu des lettres de gamins de sept, huit, douze ans. J'adore ça !

LF Avez-vous lu au lit ?

EF Oh ! Je n'ai pas fait beaucoup de lecture.

LF Avez-vous un tourne-disques ?

EF Non, j'ai la télévision et j'ai passé mon temps à ouvrir les lettres de mes « fans ». Je vais essayer d'y répondre, car le médecin pense que j'en ai encore pour une semaine avant de pouvoir sortir.

LF Eh ! c'est la meilleure manière de liquider votre courrier. Autrement vous n'y seriez jamais parvenue. J'ai été très heureux de pouvoir bavarder avec vous, Ella. J'espère pouvoir aller vous voir bientôt.

EF D'accord Leonard. Votre coup de fil m'a fait un grand plaisir.

LF Prenez bien soin de vous.

EF O.K., mon vieux, à bientôt !

9

Cosmopolitan June, 1957

Jazz anthologies. To illustrate musically his *Encyclopedia of Jazz* (Horizon Press), Leonard Feather has assembled a four-disk album of outstanding jazz performances, tracing the history of the medium from the blues to cool and progressive jazz. One record each is devoted to jazz of the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties. The collection features memorable sides by such immortals as the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Pine Top Smith, James P. Johnson, the Venuti Lang All Star Orchestra, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra, the Dorsey Brothers, Sidney "Pop" Bechet, Fletcher Henderson, John Kirby, Artie Shaw, Stan Kenton, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Eddie Condon, Erroll Garner, Louis Armstrong, Tony Scott, John Graas and Les Brown. Carefully and completely annotated by Feather, this is a valuable contribution to recorded jazz that belongs in every home library. (*Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records*. Decca Set DXF 140. 4-12", $15.98. Also available singly at $3.98 each.)

02

22 ★ MINNEAPOLIS MORNING TRIBUNE Mon., Sept. 23, 1957

Satchmo Blows Up Blazing Controversy

Q. I SEE WHERE Louis Armstrong said the government can go to blazes, or words to that effect, and I would like to say that I noticed several "fluffs" in Armstrong's trumpeting recently and while he undoubtedly was a great trumpeter in "Mahogany Halls," old rubber lips can't play worth a darn any more. I was interested to see that while Leonard Feather in his encyclopedia devoted much space to Satchmo's undeniably great contribution to jazz, he had nothing to say about Armstrong's current ability as a trumpet player.

MR. FIXIT

A. YOU AND FEATHER can go to blazes and take "progressive" music along with you. —MR. FIXIT.

...lk around

HI AND

JUDGE

BEVERL... TO A... EXPI...

Billboard, Sept. 23, 1957

relief. He simply dropped the sticks on the floor.

Chicago Memories was a tour de force for Morello. He imitated air brakes, boats on the river, and a juke-box pounding out a Krupa solo, down in Bronzeville. Smashing the foot-pedal at auspicious intervals, he created an atmosphere of unrelieved nervous tension, sweat coarsing down his face. And then the applause began. It lasted almost as long as the seven-minute solo. Surprised, Morello nodded at the anonymous faces he could not see, pulled a linen handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his eyes. He was genuinely moved.

Later, Marshalltown's Jean Seberg, a friend of Max Weiss, who owns the Fantasy label, turned up for a pizza dinner with the Quartet. Her hair growing beautifully blond in between gigs (Saint Joan and *Bonjour Tristesse*), she offered a few comments on the second set. Jean is, you'll discover, an astute observer of the jazz scene:

"I think the new *Impressions* album limits the gang in their creativeness, because it's all obviously pre-arranged. I feel, as do the Quartet members, that Joe Morello is the world's greatest drummer and a definite addition to the group. I think Desmond plays a wonderful pure-emotion sax. Any jazz group which gains the immense popularity they have, becomes a curiosity piece attracting all types of people. Any group has to adjust to this, in any field, and this is often called going 'commercial.' The group has made this adjustment, but it still maintains an incredible unity of feeling, and the all-essential creativity."

A hip Saint Joan! This backwoods areas, supposedly nonviable, is wide open for further expansion by entrepreneurs who are willing to take chances. After all, even Lawrence Welk appealed to a minority audience, ten years ago. Now we must work hard to prevent serious damage to the essential structure of jazz, during its inevitable expansion and bastardization. The college concert level may be one of the most effable mediums, just as the Benedictines preserved essential history during the early Middle Ages. And, it seems to me, Gilbert Highet's comment on the rediscovery of Benedictine manuscripts might apply, very loosely, to this preservation of the jazz heritage:

"It was as though the range of colors visible to the eye had suddenly been enlarged, from the present small spectrum of seven to twelve . . . at last, men began to really understand and sympathize with the ancients. Difficulties of interpretation, confusions of personalities and traditions, stupid myths and silly misunderstandings which had existed since the onset of barbarism, perpetrated . . . by rationalization and misinterpretation, began rapidly to disappear. Vast areas of antiquity were explored, mapped, and became real."

Perhaps, in order to rediscover the past on a campus level, we shall be forced to call upon our friends, "the moldy figs," who, for all their clannishness and inbred distrust of change, maintain a fanatical, packrat loyalty for antiquities of importance, the attitude that also characterized the Benedictines.

GEORGE SHEARING

Ten and Twenty Years
A Musical History

In an age when it is hard to keep pace with the number of budding luminaries in an expanding jazz world, George Albert Shearing, blind and British-born pianist, goes his merry way producing the kind of sound that packs the clubs, sells thousands of recordings, and is a joy to box offices all over the country.

We finally caught him between the second and final performances of the Quintet on a night during his recent Storyville session in Boston, and, by adding two and two, discovered that the year 1957, is a significant one to this unusual musician, showman, raconteur, and gentleman with a sense of humor. Exactly twenty years ago he cut his first disc, and ten years ago he laid a solid foot on U.S. soil to begin his climb to success here. This represents a double decade of achievement. Most outstanding, however, is the fact that Shearing is just as dedicated to jazz today as he was then, any rumors you may hear to the contrary, and in support of the man and his music we give you the following verbatim evidence gathered in the few minutes we had to visit with him.

(The applause was deafening as Shearing made his way from the stand into the small musician's anteroom where he sat down, sighed, and yanked off his dark glasses.)

Music World 10/1/57

Program for Jazz Under the Stars July, 1957

MICHAEL P. GRACE and CHRIS F. ANDERSON

present

THE SAGA OF SONG SHOW

Produced by MR. GRACE

Commentary by

LEONARD FEATHER

LES PAUL AND MARY FORD

"Mr. and Mrs. Music"

HI-LO'S

GENE PUERLING
BOB STRASSON

BOB MORSE
CLARK BURROWS

LURLEAN HUNTER

SLIM GAILLARD

MAYNARD FERGUSON AND ORCHESTRA

INTERMISSION

EDDIE HEYWOOD

AND HIS TRIO

LOUIS JOHNSON

WITH JACKIE WALCOTT

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

BILLY WILLIAMS QUARTET

Musica Jazz Nov. 1957

PICCOLO « BIRD »

Il piccolo Baird Parker, figlio del grande Charlie, ha fatto recentemente il suo debutto discografico in occasione di una recente seduta d'incisione organizzata per la « Mode » a New York, dedicata ai classici del bop. Al bambino (che ha ora cinque anni) è stato affidato il compito di cantare il chorus di Salt Peanuts. *È stato compensato con un sacchetto di* Salt Peanuts, *e cioè di mandorle salate.*

104

KING COLE versus JIM CROW

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

THE Nat "King" Cole show, though rapidly rising to the top as one of America's most popular musical television shows, cannot find a sponsor.

The programme has been on the air for several months on a sustaining basis, paid for by NBC, which gives Nat $2,500 a week—an extremely modest salary by his present standards.

It has been expanded from 15 minutes to 30. It is on no less than 77 stations, 18 of them in the South.

Leonard Feather reports

It has gradually crept up in the ratings until now it has almost as big an audience as the "$64,000 Question" quiz show with which it competes on the opposite network (CBS) at the same time—10 to 10.30 p.m. every Tuesday

Jim Crow

Jim Crow is the only reason Nat Cole has not found a sponsor. True, the network and the advertising agency executives have made various excuses.

They point out that TV audiences are smaller in the summer, that agencies hate to buy shows when many viewers are away on holiday and that other popular shows, such as Helen O'Connell's, are also unsponsored.

It is still a fact that Nat Cole did not even get his own show at all until many years after he had risen to national popularity, while other less important and less popular singers were featured in regular TV series of their own.

Cancelled

Last week, when Louis Bellson and Pearl Bailey were scheduled as guests on the show, it was cancelled by the local station in Birmingham, Alabama—the same city where Nat was born and where he was attacked by a member of the White Citizens' Council at a concert during his tour with Ted Heath last year. It is believed that the show will no longer be screened at all in Birmingham.

Nat has ventured the opinion: "The advertising agencies are afraid of the dark. They don't want to take any chances. I think the show can be sold if the agency men look at it from a money point of view rather than at the race issue. The network likes me, and so do the television viewers."

Nevertheless, after some of the biggest stars in the country—people who normally get from $10-$50,000 for a single television appearance—have appeared as guests on Nat's show for a nominal fee of a few dollars just to help bolster its popularity, the entire sales staff at NBC has been unable to find a sponsor for Nat Cole.

● **Nat King Cole—he has one of America's top TV shows but he can't get a sponsor.**

Melody Maker 9/28/57

LEONARD FEATHER REPORTING . . .

SATCHMO BLITZES GOVERNOR FAUBUS

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—Currently the talk of the jazz world, and likely to remain so for many weeks, is the angry and completely unexpected outburst by Louis Armstrong in his refusal to take his band on a Government - sponsored tour to Russia because "the way they are treating my people in the South, the Government can go to hell."

Louis' statements were made in an interview when he happened to stop off for a concert at the small town of Grand Forks in North Dakota.

'No guts'

Louis, often criticised in the past by fellow-musicians as a man of exceptional caution in airing his political views, said that President Eisenhower has "no guts," described Arkansas Governor Faubus as "an uneducated plowboy" and said that his use of National Guard troops to prevent integration in Little Rock schools was "a publicity stunt led by the greatest of all publicity hounds."

'Solid'

Shown a copy of the story that had been written on the basis of his remarks, he said: "That's just fine. Don't take nothing out of that story. That's just what I said and still say." He then wrote the word "solid" at the bottom of the account and signed his name.

In addition to the cancellation of my own Encyclopedia Of Jazz tour, both Norman Granz and Dave Brubeck cancelled southern dates in Dallas and elsewhere.

Irving Granz, Norman's brother, who works as publicist for Jazz At The Philharmonic, said that the main reason for the cancellation in Dallas was that the auditorium management would not allow desegregated seating.

Melody Maker 9/28/57

YEARBOOK OF JAZZ

LEONARD FEATHER has crammed a readable assortment of features into his yearbook, the first annual companion to "The Encyclopedia Of Jazz."

They include Benny Goodman's foreword, Feather's "What's Happening" chapter, a stack of information on the likes and spending habits of the Jazz Fan, a hundred or so photographs, and sections devoted to disc jockeys, records, international polls, and so on.

MAX JONES

reviews Leonard Feather's "The Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz" (Arthur Barker Ltd., 42s.)

Meat

The real meat, for anyone who uses jazz reference books, is the 50-page section of biographies of many jazzmen left out of the "Encyclopedia," and additional details about some who were in it.

Then comes the "Musicians' Musicians" Poll, in which 101 leading musicians took part. Steve Race, when he reviewed the U.S. publication (MM, 23/2/57), remarked on several fascinating results —such as G. Mulligan voting for himself as "greatest ever" baritone, and nobody voting for Brubeck at all.

Naturally there are scores more. Miles Davis, Brookmeyer, Gillespie and Graas, for instance, listed Armstrong among their greatest trumpets; Louis voted for Berigan and Hackett, Eddie Miller on tenor, Basie as big band and Tatum's trio as combo.

Not in the Poll are Hines, Hampton, Edison, Teagarden, Edmond Hall, Vic Dickenson, Dicky Wells, Higginbotham, Trummy Young, Jo Jones, Walter Page, Freddie Green and a few more established stars.

Criticism

There has been criticism that says a preponderance of modernists results in, for example, Gillespie polling 45 for "greatest ever" against Armstrong's 39, J. J. Johnson scoring 30 to Teagarden's 20 and Dickenson's five, and Parker notching 76 to Hodges's 17.

I know that if I had distributed the ballots on my fairest basis, the balance would have been significantly different. For me, then, this weakens the importance of the findings. But it cannot make them less than engrossing.

Variety Oct. 16, 1957

On The Upbeat

New York

Horizon Press boxing a two-volume package of **Leonard Feather's** "Encyclopedia of Jazz" and the "Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz." Package will sell for $12.50 . . . **Clara Ward Singers** touring the

Hildegarde set f
Merv Griffin's AF
Ziggy Lane bac
Slipper, Glen Co
third time this
Devices presented
with a golden ta
in recognition o

DOWNBEAT 11/14/57

strictly ad lib

NEW YORK

JAZZ: Pianist **Ken Kersey**, well on the road to recovery from his recent illness, rejoined **Sol Yaged's** group at the Metropole. Bass man **Gene Ramey**, a veteran of the **Jay McShann** and **Count Basie** bands among others, also joined the Yaged group . . . **W. C. Handy** will be given a testimonial dinner on his 84th birthday in November . . . When **Count Basie** reforms his band, trumpeter **Reunald Jones** and sax man **Bill Graham** will be among the missing . . . **Hal McKusick** did some work with **Dizzy Gillespie's** band, and is readying a new group to take into Birdland. He is enthusiastic about **The Sharecroppers**, a five-part suite written for the group by **Bobby Scott** . . . **Miles Davis** will tour Europe soon . . . **Marian McPartland's** trio was the rhythm section for the **Jimmy McPartland - Bud Freeman** group at Jazz City an early October weekend. Jimmy, Bud, and **Vic Dickenson** returned the compliment by appearing at the Hickory House on Marian's opening night to wail on **Royal Garden Blues** with her, accompanied by bassist **Tommy Potter** and drummer **Gus Johnson** . . . **Leonard Feather's Encyclopedia of Jazz** and the **Yearbook of Jazz** are being published as a two-volume set. The **Encyclopedia** has gone into its fourth printing . . . Decca plans a reissue LP of the **Lionel Hampton** band, featuring such sidemen as **Charlie Mingus** and

Handy

Billboard 9/30/57

Rhythm & Blues

DINAH WASHINGTON SINGS THE BEST IN BLUES 78
(1-12")
Mercury MG 20247

These are old tracks of Miss Washington, taken from as long as 10 years ago, in her earlier "Queen of the Blues" era. Tho the sound doesn't measure up to current standards, the material is a bonanza for collectors. Such items as "TV Is the Thing," "Trouble in Mind," "Evil Gal Blues," are included. Nothing old-style about the packaging here with a cover shot of the gal that hits the eye. With blues fans this can be solid merchandise.

N.Y. Amsterdam News 11/2/57

. . . and a series of essays on music . . . WMCA's prize-winning dramatic program "New World A-Coming" returned to air for fourteenth consecutive season Tuesday night . . . New volume by Leonard Feather, "The Book of Jazz" due to be released by Horizon Press on Nov. 4 . . . Ed Murrow's "Person to Person" visits Sugar Ray Robinson Friday, Nov. 8, from 10:30-11 P. M. on CBS-TV . . . Barbara McNair makes second visit to "The Arlene . . .

Metronome Nov. 1957

MUSIC U.S.A.

ITEM: The photograph above is of Chan Parker, her son Baird and Leonard Feather, taken on the occasion of a record date which Leonard arranged, on which the young son of the late Charlie Parker sang the vocal on *Salt Peanuts*.

ITEM: Paul Cost, ex-contributor to

Capitol Music Views
Dec 1957

Jazz critic Leonard Feather feeds "Salt Peanuts" to 5-year-old Charlie Baird Parker who made disc debut as singer on tune of that title. Tot's father was the late jazz musician Charlie "Bird" Parker. Mother, Chan, is seen above.

106

PLAYBOY
NOV. 57

Jazz By LEONARD FEATHER

ELLA MEETS THE DUKE

a session with two of jazzdom's all-time greats

Today's World of Jazz is fat and sassy. So great is the embarrassment of riches served up in night spots, at concerts, on LPs, that the good performance is rejected as commonplace, the exceptional as merely acceptable. Rarely, then, does an event take place that can boost the pulse-beat of the jaded jazzophile. But such an event is the current release of Verve's "Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Duke Ellington Song Book," a four-platter package that brings together — for the first time — two of jazzdom's greatest talents.

If one all-round genius of jazz could be singled out, that man would be Duke Ellington. For more than 30 years, no other figure has come close to matching the Duke — as composer, conductor and arranger. No other figure has caused so much lasting excitement throughout the ups and downs of Dixie, swing, bop and cool. No other figure can boast his stunning string of infectious jazz hits. No other figure has influenced the entire jazz scene more than the Duke.

And if one all-round queen of jazz vocalists could be chosen, it would have to be Ella Fitzgerald. Her victory in the femme vocalist division of the first PLAYBOY *poll came as no surprise, for Ella has been copping top honors in polls continuously for the past 20 years.*

That such jazz royalty should merge on LPs is as logical as serving caviar with champagne. Over two dozen of Ellington's finest songs are included. Ella sings some and scats on others, using her inimitable voice as a musical instrument. The Duke's full band accompanies Ella on a number of the pieces; on others, she warbles his elegies in the intimate setting of an all-star sextet, featuring Ben Webster and Stuff Smith. The LP package also includes an elegant Ellington instrumental salute, "Portrait of Ella," composed especially for the album.

During the series of recording sessions necessary to produce the four LPs, perfectionist Ellington was heard to complain that this had turned into one of the most demanding tasks of his life. "With Ella up front," Duke declared, "you've got to play better than your best."

One could find no more fitting time to tell the stories of these two jazz immortals and you will find intimate word pictures of both beginning on this spread.

THE DUKE EDWARD KENNEDY ELLINGTON knows he is a great man. His denials, if and when they are made, are made in the full knowledge that a great man must include modesty among his self-evident characteristics.

What Duke Ellington knows, and has gladly accepted for three decades, is that his peer has yet to be found among jazz composers, arrangers and conductors. Cushioned by this knowledge, lulled by it into a permanent state of emotional ease, Ellington drifts through his daily life as though in a dream — in a world where such unpleasant realities as box-office failures, moochers, swindlers, Jim Crow, junkies and the need to meet deadlines simply do not exist. When one of these problems touches him he will shrug it off, look the other way or simply convince himself that the incident happened to somebody else.

Barry Ulanov, in his book *Duke Ellington*, made it clear that the Duke's self-confidence is not of recent origin. "When he was late in getting up for school, his mother or his Aunt Florence would shake him and push him and rush him out of bed into his clothes. Once dressed, Duke's tempo would change. He would come downstairs slowly, with an elegance. At the foot of the stairs he would stop and call to his mother and his aunt.

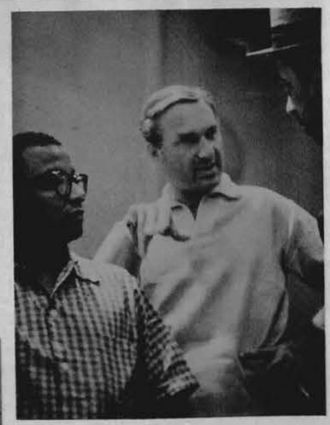
" 'Stand over there,' he would direct, pointing to the wall. 'Now,' he would say, 'listen. This,' he would say slowly, with very careful articulation, 'is the great, the grand, the magnificent Duke Ellington.' Then he would bow. Looking up at his smiling mother and aunt, he would add, 'Now applaud, applaud.' And then he would run off to school."

The great, the grand, the magnificent Duke Ellington has been on display before a world-wide audience for some 30 years. Most experts place the starting point of fame at Dec. 4, 1927, the night the Ellington orchestra, augmented a few months earlier to the healthy complement of 10, opened at the Cotton Club, which was to Negro show business

(continued on page 68)

PLAYBOY Nov. '57

Top: during the recording session at Verve, Duke ponders a run-through chorus of *Take the "A" Train*, while side-kick Billy Strayhorn shouts for more guts from the brass. Right: Strayhorn, Verve prexy Norman Granz and the Duke talk over timing problems on the four-disc LP package. Lower right: long-time Ellington sax star Johnny Hodges takes ten between takes. Below: Duke jokes with Ella during break in rehearsal of *Don't Get Around Much Anymore;* Dizzy Gillespie, the man with the upswept horn, dropped by to dig the sounds, stayed to wail on wax behind Ella. Left: Miss Fitzgerald listens dreamily to strains of Ellington's *Sophisticated Lady*.



ELLA THE EVENING OF JULY 20, 1957, was perfect for a concert under the stars. The audience of 16,500 at the Hollywood Bowl, still cheering, loosed a fresh burst of applause as the tallish, heavily-built girl returned to the mike. Frank DeVol gave the cue as 102 musicians, most of them members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, cruised into the introduction of a new, mambo-style arrangement of *A-Tisket A-Tasket*.

On the basis of 750 shows a year for close to 20 years, this was approximately the 15,000th time Ella Fitzgerald had sung her first and best known hit, but tonight a symbolic significance had attached itself to the performance: Ella was the only attraction at the Bowl. In the words of the TV quizmasters, she had reached a new plateau.

En route from the Lafayette Theatre, in Harlem, where she had been booed off the stage at an amateur night appearance 23 years earlier, she had traveled slowly and inexorably upward through three professional phases. First: as a member of the Chick Webb band warbling inane pops and novelty numbers. Then: as a solo attraction, moving up from the smokier and more obscure bistros to concert tours that brought her before enraptured crowds throughout Europe, Japan and Australia. And third: as a star of the smarter supper clubs, a solo concert recitalist, and a best-selling record artist purveying the intelligent music of Cole Porter, Rodgers and Hart, and Duke Ellington.

Ella's life will never be made into a movie. The worlds of alcoholism, dope addiction and kindred vices – stepping stones to the best-seller lists and Hollywood's wide-screen – are utterly alien to her. Even the fable that she was raised in an orphanage, which might offer a slender story line, is untrue. Nevertheless, the graph of her progress reveals that the Hollywood Bowl must have seemed at one time as far out of reach artistically as it was geographically.

Ella Fitzgerald was born Ella Fitzgerald in Newport News, Va., April 25, 1918. She never knew her real father or

her native town; moving north as a child, she lived in Yonkers with her mother and stepfather. During her childhood years, she spent much time shuttling back and forth between her mother and an aunt, Mrs. Virginia Williams.

Despite her early undernourished appearance, Ella was a healthy kid who loved to dance and sing. During lunch hours at junior high, she would sneak off with a couple of friends to catch Dolly Dawn at a theatre with George Hall's orchestra, and at night she would flip over the Boswell Sisters on the radio; Connee Boswell soon became her favorite.

"Everybody in Yonkers thought I was a good dancer," Ella says. "I really wanted to be a dancer, not a singer. One day two girlfriends and I made a bet—a dare. We all wanted to get on the stage, and we drew straws to see which of us would go on the amateur hour. I drew the short straw, and that's how I got started winning all these shows."

Ella's first appearance, at the Apollo, won her a prize. "Benny Carter saw the show and told John Hammond about me; they took me up to Fletcher Henderson's house, but I guess they weren't too impressed when I sang for Fletcher, because he said 'don't call me, I'll call you.'"

The round of amateur hours continued, and word leaked downtown to the CBS offices, where there was talk of putting Ella on a show with Arthur Tracy, The Street Singer. After the audition a contract was drawn up, and Ella was promised she would get a "build-up like Connee Boswell," an assurance tantamount to a guarantee that a fledgling heavyweight was to be groomed as the next Joe Louis. The bubble burst suddenly when Ella's mother died, leaving her orphaned, a minor, with nobody to accept legal responsibilities for her.

A week or two later, forced to resume the weary amateur hour routine in the hope of making a buck, Ella lost a contest for the first—and last—time. Dressed in black, she tried to sing *Lost in a Fog*. ("The pianist didn't know the chord changes and I really *did* get lost.") Ella ran off stage bawling to the accompaniment of boos. Her long-delayed professional debut took place soon afterward—a week's work at the Harlem Opera House for $50.

"Tiny Bradshaw's band was on that show," Ella remembers. "They put me on right at the end, when everybody had on their coats and was getting ready to leave. Tiny said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, here is the young girl that's been winning all the contests,' and they all came back and took their coats off and sat down again."

The orchestra scheduled to follow Bradshaw's was that of Chick Webb, a drummer from Baltimore who, frail and humpbacked and barely literate, had risen magnificently above these handicaps to form one of the greatest bands of the day. Though primed by Benny Carter and by Bardu Ali, a wandwaver who fronted the Webb group, Chick resolutely refused to add to his vocal entourage, which consisted of a male ballad singer. "He didn't want no girl singer, so they hid me in his dressing room and *forced* him to listen to me," Ella recalls.

"I only knew three songs: *Judy*, *The Object of My Affection* and *Believe It Beloved*. I knew them all from Connee Boswell. I sang all three of them. Chick still wasn't convinced, but he said, 'OK, we'll take her on the one-nighter to Yale tomorrow.' Tiny Bradshaw and the chorus girls had all kicked in to buy me a gown. The kids at Yale seemed to like me, so Chick said he'd give me a week's try-out with the band at the Savoy Ballroom."

"The first time she came to my office," says Moe Gale, who was Webb's manager, "she looked incredible. Her hair disheveled, her clothes just terrible. I said to Chick, 'My God, what can you do with this girl?' Chick answered, 'Mr. Gale, you'd be surprised what a beauty parlor and some make-up and nice clothes can do.'"

They did a lot, but they couldn't produce a Cinderella overnight. Edgar Sampson, saxophonist and arranger with Webb, recalls: "We all kidded her. It would always be 'Hey, Sis, where'd you get those clothes?' We all called her Sis. And 'Sis, what's with that hairdo?' But she always took it in good spirits."

Ella was still slim during her first months with the band, despite her fondness for southern cooking. While the Lindy Hoppers at Harlem's famous Savoy grew familiar with Fitzgerald in person, her voice alone was slowly becoming known to radio listeners everywhere as the band broadcast late-night remotes. Eventually, Ella's fame forced Chick to include her in a record date for Decca.

"I'll never forget it; the record was *Love and Kisses*. After we made it the band was in Philadelphia one night when they wouldn't let me in at some beer garden where I wanted to hear it on the piccolo (jukebox). So I had some fellow who was over 21 go in and put a nickel in while I stood outside and listened to my own voice coming out.

"Things went so good that by the fall of '36 Benny Goodman had me make some records with the band for Victor. But Chick was under contract to Decca and they made them call the records back in." (There were three tunes, all rare collectors' items today.)

Ella's reputation had spread so far and fast that by 1937 she won her first *Down Beat* poll, sharing the vocal victory honors with Bing Crosby. It was pride rather than southern cooking that swelled her when Jimmie Lunceford, whose band she revered, offered her a job at $75 a week. Though he later retracted the bid out of respect for Webb, it did enable Ella to get another raise. Her salary crept up to $50 and before long was to reach $125.

This was the 52nd Street era. Jazz clubs spread like crazy, and the catch phrase "swing music" was on everybody's lips. Anybody who could "swing, brother, swing," was in great demand. Stuff Smith tried it on the fiddle, Artie Shaw had a whole string section in his band, and Maxine Sullivan, showing Onyx Club audiences how to swing a folk song, was the new national rage as the *Loch Lomond* lady.

If you could swing a folk song, mused Ella, why not extend the concept? One day the band was at a rehearsal in Boston when Van Alexander, who was doing some of the vocal arrangements, heard her fooling around with an old children's ditty.

"Hey, why don't we get together and add some lyrics and a middle part?" he suggested.

So they nursed it, rehearsed it, and gave out the news that the Webb band had given birth to—*A-Tisket A-Tasket*. A couple of months later, the band, with Ella handling the vocal, cut the tune for Decca. It was a smash. "If they'd been giving out gold records in those days I imagine we'd have gotten one," says Ella.

The Webb band and Ella flew high with their hit records. They played the Park Central Hotel, as well as two dates at the Paramount Theatre. But Chick's health deteriorated rapidly: he had tuberculosis of the spine and it was a miracle that he could summon enough stamina even to sit behind his drums.

After the band played a riverboat outside Washington, he was rushed to Johns Hopkins for an operation. Chick's amazing will to live carried him through a whole week, then the pain-wracked little giant looked around at friends and relatives, had his mother lift him up, said, "I'm sorry—I gotta go!" and passed away.

All who remember agree that Ella's voice will never surpass the poignant beauty it achieved when she sang at Chick's funeral. "There were thousands of people," says Moe Gale. "It was the biggest funeral I had ever seen—and I know there wasn't a dry eye when Ella sang."

Life began again when Gale decided the band should keep going, using Chick's name but with Ella fronting and one of the saxophonists as musical director. There were more tours and

(continued overleaf)

PLAYBOY Nov. '57

ELLA *(continued from page 40)*

records and Ella won her third straight *Down Beat* victory.

When the band hit Los Angeles, some of its members were invited to earn an extra $6 by playing an occasional jam session run informally at a night club by a tall, intense young man named Norman Granz. "Sure, he used my musicians but he didn't want me; he just didn't dig me," smiles Ella today. ("I never used Nat Cole either," admits Granz.)

The bandleading era was not one of the happier Fitzgerald phases. Ella contracted a marriage that was a mistake from the start and was ultimately resolved by an annulment. Meanwhile the draft had wrought havoc with the band's personnel, and Ella's career as a bandleader was over; Gale teamed her with a vocal-instrumental group, the Four Keys, a union that produced one big hit record, *All I Need Is You*, until the Keys got drafted themselves. Ella joined forces with a series of road shows.

The jazz revolution engineered by bop never fazed her; she had Gillespie in her band for a while in 1941 and her keen ear grasped the harmonic intricacies of the new style well enough to enable her to incorporate it in a series of wordless performances known alternately as scat singing or bop singing. *Flyin' Home* in '46, *Lady Be Good* in '47 and a series of follow-ups established her with the same addicts who combed the record shops for the latest Diz and Bird platters.

An early member of the bop clique was a young bassist from Pittsburgh, Ray Brown, who, after a long apprenticeship in Gillespie's combo, began to play dates with Norman Granz, who by now had moved out of the night clubs into the comparatively open air of the concert hall. Ella's interest in this new kind of music began to focus on Mr. Brown. Visiting him at a "Jazz at the Philharmonic" concert, Ella was spotted in the audience and asked to do a number by her admiring fans. Granz grudgingly consented and Ella knocked everybody out – including Granz. A contract was offered then and there. She married Ray Brown that same year, 1948.

Once aboard the Granzwagon, Ella's prestige gained momentum. For a decade she has been a regular member of his unit, though to Granz's regret he had to excise her vocal segments from records of his concerts because her Decca contract was still in force. Not until 1955, when he was able to negotiate a release, did Granz snare her for his own Verve label. Moving fast, he teamed her with Louis Armstrong on an LP, gave her a flock of Cole Porter songs for another, followed it up with Rodgers and Hart, and kept her constantly on the best-seller lists.

The mutual trust and admiration kindled between Ella and Granz eventually cast him, a couple of years ago, in the role of personal manager. Their business alliance has proved more durable than the marital tie with Brown, which ended in 1952 in divorce.

Granz aims to have Ella work only eight months a year and take it easy the rest of the time; but she thrives on travel, on the company of musicians and on the applause of audiences from continent to continent.

Never able to conceive of herself as someone famous and talented, Ella is constantly amazed at her reputation. There are no anecdotes concerning her encounters with celebrities because, not considering herself their peer, she shuns them. Newspapermen often wrongly attribute to haughtiness the reserved, seemingly uncooperative manner with which she reluctantly confronts them.

"You will never meet a star more completely un-publicity-conscious than Ella," observes her harassed press agent, Virginia Wicks. "She can come over to the house and we'll exchange small talk and she's just as sweet and charming as can be. Then I'll gingerly try to ease the conversation around to, say, a *Life* or *Time* man that wants to see her and her face will fall and she'll stomp her foot and say, 'Gosh darn it, Virginia, I can't do it – I have to go *shopping*!' And she'll stay crotchety, but finally, very reluctantly, she may say, 'Oh, all right.' " When Ella is sulky, her manner and expression are identical with those of the little girl she becomes in the song when, in answer to the line "Was it green?" she pouts and answers, "No, no, *no*, no!"

Ella's other *bête noire* is the cameraman, especially the type whose flash bulb tactfully explodes during the more tender syllables of a love song. "That's the one thing that can drive her crazy at concerts," Granz says, "that and nervousness. I have yet to see her do a show when she isn't nervous. We can be at an afternoon concert playing to a small house in Mannheim, Germany, in the fifth week of a tour, doing the same show she's done every day, and she'll come backstage afterward and say, 'Gee, do you think I did all right? I was so scared out there.'

"She and I have no contract," Granz adds, "just a handshake, and we can afford the luxury of telling each other off. On the last tour in Italy we had a terrible flare-up. It was in Milan; she didn't sing *April in Paris*, her big hit record there; instead she let the audience shout her into *Lady Be Good*. When she came off I yelled and she yelled and we didn't speak for three days."

The views of Ella's managers and fans alike concerning what songs are best for her were in violent conflict for many years. Always a frustrated ballad singer, she burst into tears when Chick Webb ("He didn't think I was ready to sing ballads") assigned to the band's male vocalist a tune that had been specially arranged for Ella.

"She was temperamental about what she sang," says Tim Gale, Moe's brother, whose booking agency handled Ella for many years. "However, she would sing *anything* if her advisors were insistent. One of her records was a thing called *Happiness*. She cut it under protest; I brought the dub backstage to her at the Paramount, and she said 'It's a shame. A corny performance of a corny song.' It turned out to be one of her biggest sellers.

"She once played a club in Omaha when Frankie Laine's *Mule Train* was a tremendous hit. One of the biggest spenders in Omaha came in constantly and demanded that she sing it. She kept ducking it until finally the club boss begged her to please the money guy. Ella said to herself 'I'll sing it in such a way that he'll never ask for it again,' and proceeded to do a burlesque so tremendous that on leaving town she kept it in the act and scored riotously with it everywhere – even at Bop City."

Granz's first move on assuming the managerial reins was to steer Ella away from the jazz joints and into the class clubs. Skeptical at first, Ella gradually took to the new, plush environments when she found that an audience at the Fairmont in San Francisco or the Copa in New York was as susceptible to *Air Mail Special* and *Tenderly* as the bunch at Birdland.

The quantity of Ella's performances has caused more disagreements than the quality. "I'll ask her to do two ballads in a row, to set a mood," says Granz, "but some kid in the back will yell *How High the Moon* and off she'll go. Or I'll say I want her to do eight tunes and she'll say 'Don't you think that's too many? Let's make it six.' And she'll go out there and do the six and then if the audience wants 50 she'll stay for 44 more. It's part of her whole approach to life. She just loves to sing."

"Every tour I ever made with her convinced me that singing is her whole life," says guitarist Barney Kessel. "I remember once in Genoa, Italy, we sat down to eat and the restaurant was empty except for Lester Young and his wife and Ella and me. So while we waited to give our breakfast order I pulled out my guitar and she and Lester started making up fabulous things on the blues.

(concluded on page 68)

ELLA

(continued from page 42)

"Another time, when we were touring Switzerland, instead of gossiping with the rest of the troupe on the bus, she and I would get together and she'd take some tune like *Blue Lou* and sing it every way in the world. She'd do it like Mahalia Jackson and like Sarah and finally make up new lyrics for it. She would try to exhaust every possibility, as if she were trying to develop improvisation to a new point by ad libbing lyrically too, the way Calypso singers do."

"Ella does that even on shows," recalls another musician who toured with her for years. "If there's a heckler she'll interpolate a swinging warning to him in the middle of a number, or the mike'll go wrong and she'll tell the engineer about it in words and music.

"But she's terribly sensitive socially. Whenever she hears a crowd mumbling she feels that they are discussing her — and always unfavorably. I think she lays so much stress on being accepted in music because this is the one area of life into which she feels she can fit successfully. Her marriages failed; she doesn't have an awful lot of the normal activities most women have, such as home life, so she wraps herself up entirely in music. She wants desperately to be accepted."

Lest these observations lead to the impression that Ella is a subject for the analyst's couch, let it be made clear that she is a happy extrovert whom her fellow-workers consider one of the gang, a whiz at tonk or blackjack when the cards are pulled out on bus trips. She is also endowed with many of the naively enthusiastic qualities of one of her own fans. ("Do you know who caught the show the other night? Judy Holliday — and she came backstage afterward to see me! And she went on and on about how she liked me! Imagine that — *Judy Holliday*!") Once when a restaurant owner for whom she had just tape-recorded an interview picked up the check for her dinner she expressed astonishment and intense gratitude, as if this gesture were without precedent.

Constantly contributing to the support of a number of relatives and friends, and quietly generous with her earnings, Ella has never been money-minded. Her accountant now has her on a weekly allowance; much of the rest of her earnings goes into a special savings account. Her weekly night club stipend now is never less than $5000; this year she will probably gross a cool quarter-million.

Her imperviousness to all this is best illustrated by an incident backstage at the Copa soon after her opening last spring. Several people had buttonholed her at once, her press agent and a woman who, with her two daughters, had just caught the show. The dialogue went roughly as follows:

AGENT: Ella, I have terrific news for you!

ELLA: Yes? Say, have you met this lady? She brought her daughters with her, and she says she has all my records and ——

AGENT: They want you back in the Copa next year and this time you're going to headline the show!

ELLA: Gee, that's swell. Say, Virginia, did you know this lady's two daughters buy my records too, and they came all the way from Paramus, N. J., to see me?

AGENT: Not only that, they want you for four weeks instead of two!

ELLA: Imagine — all the way from Paramus, N. J.! Virginia, hand me some paper so I can sign some autographs for this lady and her daughters!

Ella's modesty and graciousness extend to her professional life as well. "Some actresses will insist on showing their good profile and upstaging others," Granz points out. "Ella is just the opposite. When she made the album with Armstrong she insisted that he select the tunes, and sang them all in his keys even if they were the wrong keys for her. She defers completely to other people. She'll apologize for even the slightest goof, where most artists would blame (and curse out) the orchestra. She'll say 'I'm sorry, fellas, that was my fault,' when actually her little fluff comes on the heels of 10 goofs by the fiddle players."

But perhaps the real indication of Ella's stature was voiced immediately after the historic night at the Hollywood Bowl, when the classic tribute to great performers was paid by the concertmaster of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. "Ella Fitzgerald," he said, "could sing the Van Nuys telephone directory with a broken jaw and make it sound good. And that," he added, "is a particularly dull telephone directory."

THE DUKE

(continued from page 38)

what the Palace was to vaudeville. (The Palace itself was to open its stage to the band less than two years later.) Ellington was then, and is now, an imposing figure. An inch over six feet tall, sturdily built, he had an innate grandeur that would have enabled him to step with unquenched dignity out of a mud puddle. His phrasing of an announcement, the elegance of his diction, the supreme courtesy of his bow, whether to a Duchess in London or a theatre audience in Des Moines, have lent stature not only to his own career but to the whole of jazz. Since the music he represented was stifled for many years by several kinds of segregation — social, esthetic and racial — this element certainly played a vital part in bringing to jazz its full recognition, just as his music itself brought the art he epitomized to a new peak of maturity.

Though he and his band have slipped from first place in some of the popularity polls, musicians and critics remain almost unanimous in their respect for Ellington and in their conviction that nothing and nobody — no matter how loud the fanfare, how fickle the votes — can replace or surpass his position as *the* greatest figure in the 50-year dynasty of jazz. None but Ellington can claim the reverent respect of an eclectic unofficial fan club composed of Woody Herman, Milton Berle, Arthur Fiedler, Peggy Lee, Percy Faith, Deems Taylor, Pee Wee Russell, Lena Horne, Lennie Tristano, Benny Goodman, Guy Lombardo, Dave Garroway, Cole Porter, Morton Gould, Lawrence Welk, André Kostelanetz and Gordon Jenkins, all of whom not only tossed verbal bouquets at Ellington on the occasion of the silver anniversary of his Cotton Club debut but also listed five of their favorite Ellington records. No other bandleader alive could persuade such a galaxy even to *name* five of his records, far less select the five best.

The Ellington orchestra, which aside from a few leaves of absence (including a Hollywood jaunt for its movie debut in a sleazy Amos and Andy feature, *Check and Double Check*) spent all of 1928, 1929 and 1930 at the Cotton Club, was to subside in later years into a pattern more familiar to dance orchestras, that of the floating band with occasional home bases. By 1957 Ellington and his sidemen had long been accustomed to the necessity of interminable one-night stands, with only an occasional one- or two-week stint at a major city and, very rarely, a few days of comparative leisure in New York to complete a disc date. Duke has been constantly under pressure from well-meaning friends and relatives who point out that his income might be boosted rather than diminished if he were to keep the band on salary, and on tour, for three or four months out of each year and spend the rest of his time at ease in New York, stretching his legs and mental muscles, writing music for shows and possibly acquiring the permanent television program that has long been one of his dreams. But Ellington without his musicians would be lost. "I want to have them around me to play my music," he has often said; "I'm not worried about creating music for posterity, I just want it to sound good right now!"

(continued on page 71)

PLAYBOY Nov. '57

THE DUKE *(continued from page 68)*

Ellington's background upsets most of the convenient legends that envelop jazz giants. After having the poor taste to be born not in New Orleans but in Washington, D. C., he was raised not in poverty but in relative security, the son of a successful butler who worked at the White House and at many great parties held in the Capitol's embassies. Despite the rigid Jim Crow system that held in Washington, Ellington grew up a well-adjusted child.

Duke's nickname was awarded him, in obvious deference to his elegant style and manners, by a young neighbor, Ralph (Zeb) Green. Zeb and Duke's mother both liked to play piano, but apart from a few piano lessons when he was seven, Ellington had little interest in music until his middle teens. Before then, studying at Armstrong High in Washington, he became absorbed in art, revealed a nimble talent for sketching and even won a poster contest sponsored by the NAACP. The kicks he got out of making posters and working with colors paled as he developed a more intense concern for tone colors; by the time the Pratt Institute of Applied Arts in Brooklyn had offered him a scholarship, just before he left high school, his interests had switched to music and he turned the offer down.

During this period, the ragtime surrounding Duke Ellington provided ample evidence that jazz had long been flourishing far from New Orleans, often wrongly credited as its sole birthplace. Talking of the "two-fisted piano players" of that era, he recalls "men like Sticky Mack and Doc Perry and James P. Johnson and Willie 'The Lion' Smith . . . With their left hand, they'd play big chords for the bass note, and just as big ones for the offbeat . . . they did things technically you wouldn't believe." He had little time for the garrulous Jelly Roll Morton, whose reputation was built on Jelly's own ego rather than on musical values: "Jelly Roll played piano like one of those high school teachers in Washington; as a matter of fact, high school teachers played better jazz."

Ellington's informal music education, acquired from pianists he heard around Washington and later in New York, combined with his meager formal training, enabled him to make a substantial living out of music almost from the outset. Engaged in sign-painting by day and combo gigs by night, he was well enough fixed financially to get married in June, 1918, to Edna Thompson, whom he had known since their grade school days. The following year Mercer Ellington was born. By 1919, supplying bands for parties and dances, Duke was making upward of $150 a week. He attributes much of this early success to his decision to buy the largest advertisement in the orchestra section of Washington's classified telephone directory.

Ellington's first sojourn in New York in 1922 – with Sonny Greer, Toby Hardwicke, Elmer Snowden and Arthur Whetsel – was the only period in his life marked by real poverty. Jobs were so scarce, Duke remembers with a smile, that at one point they were forced to split a hot dog five ways. With the help of Ada Smith, who was later to achieve a degree of fame in Europe under the cognomen "Bricktop," the band opened at Barron's up in Harlem under Snowden's nominal leadership. When they moved into a cellar club called the Hollywood at 49th and Broadway, Duke became the leader and Freddy Guy took over Snowden's banjo chair. This was their first downtown job, and it was during their incumbency at the Hollywood, later known as the Kentucky Club, that they made their first records.

The Kentucky Club era, which lasted four-and-a-half years, provided a warm storehouse of memories for the band: memories of wild breakfast parties after the job; of the patronage of Paul Whiteman and his musicians, working a block down Broadway at the Palais Royale; of $50 and $100 tips; Duke's first attempt to write the score for a show (*The Chocolate Kiddies*, in 1924, which never made Broadway, but ran for two years in Berlin); and the uninhibited bathtub gin busts of Duke, Bubber Miley and Toby Hardwicke in the very face of prohibition.

Ted Husing, one of the early and regular ringsiders, helped to secure the band its first broadcasts at the Kentucky Club. *East St. Louis Toddle-O*, a minor-to-major lament with an acute accent on plunger-muted brass, became the band's radio theme.

"I'll never forget the first time I heard Edward's music," says his sister Ruth. "Of course, we'd heard him at home, playing ragtime, but here he was playing his own music with his own band on the radio from New York, coming out of this old-fashioned horn-speaker. I think radio had just about been invented, or at least just launched commercially.

"It was quite a shock. Here we were, my mother and I, sitting in this very respectable, Victorian living room in Washington, my mother so puritanical she didn't even wear lipstick, and the announcer from New York tells us we are listening to 'Duke Ellington and his *Jungle* Music'! It sounded very strange and dissonant to us."

Black and Tan Fantasy, on which Bubber growled the famous interpolation from Chopin's *Funeral March*, may have horrified the Ellington family, but it succeeded in catching the attention of a man named Irving Mills. A successful song publisher who was beginning to extend his practice by dabbling in the management of artists, Mills soon formed a corporation in which he and Duke each owned 45% and a lawyer the other 10%. It was the start of a partnership that lasted through the Thirties, through the first great years of the Ellington story. Confident that his counsel and guidance were tantamount to full collaboration, Mills published the Ellington songs and also appeared on record labels and sheet music as co-composer of most of the famous Ellington hits of the Thirties, among them *Mood Indigo*, *Sophisticated Lady*, *Solitude* and *I Let a Song Go out of My Heart*. Mills wrote years later that he "withdrew" from his relationship with Duke because he sensed that Ellington had "fallen into a different attitude toward his music, and was taking off into what I thought to be a wrong direction." This claim was never disputed, nor was Ellington ever quoted on his side of the story. His characteristic avoidance of subjects that could not be discussed without personal recriminations precluded any public comment.

Matters about which Ellington feels more able to comment include a rundown of several high spots in his career, such as the band's first gig at the Palace Theatre when they opened the show with *Dear Old Southland*. "The men hadn't memorized their parts," recalls Duke, "and the show opened on a darkened stage. When I gave the down beat, nothing happened – the men couldn't see a note."

A somewhat more recent highlight, but one that flickered out prematurely, was 1941's *Jump for Joy*, a stage review in which the whole band took part. "A number of critics felt this was the hippest Negro musical," says Duke, but this fact notwithstanding, the show ran for only three months in L.A. and never got the New York unveiling for which every Ellington well-wisher had hoped.

The evening of Saturday, January 23, 1943, was auspicious not only for Ellington, but for jazz itself. This was the first Ellington concert at Carnegie Hall and it was given under conditions that could not be duplicated today. A concert by a jazz orchestra was a rare novelty then (the last comparable event had been Benny Goodman's, five years earlier), and the orchestra played a new work, *Black, Brown and Beige*, described by the Duke as a "tone parallel to the history of the American Negro." In its original form, it ran for a full 50 minutes and was easily the most ambitious, spectacular and successful extension of Ellingtonia to longer musical forms.

As Ellington has pointed out, the

quality of the appreciation, the attentiveness of the 3000 who listened that night, was "a model of audience reaction that has proved hard to duplicate." Ironically, when an Ellington jubilee concert was set for November, 1952, the presentation of a self-sufficient orchestra introducing original works was no longer considered desirable; it was announced that the show would also include Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Stan Getz and others. The concept of a jazz concert as Ellington had visualized it was dead.

To bring his listing up to date, Ellington would have to add the chaotic scene at Newport, Rhode Island, during the three-day jazz festival in July, 1956. During an extended and revitalized version of a fast blues entitled *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue*, first recorded in 1938 and lengthened on this occasion to 14 minutes and 59 choruses, Ellington and his band whipped the audience into such a frenzy that elder jazz statesmen present could recall no comparable scene since the riots occasioned in the aisles of New York's Paramount Theatre two decades earlier during Benny Goodman's first wave of glory.

During the years of his undisputed acceptance as leader of the world's foremost jazz orchestra, and as the most distinguished of jazz composers, Ellington's career moved forward in three different areas. From the economic standpoint the most important was his work as a song writer. Some of his biggest hits were written casually in taxis, trains and recording studios (but never in planes; his aversion to flying is intense) and are simple single-note lines designed to be set to lyrics; others, whether written casually or more formally, were primarily instrumentals for the orchestra but were later furnished with lyrics. At this stage, Ellington is in the field with Cole Porter and Richard Rodgers.

From the esthetic standpoint, Ellington's significance as a contributor to the culture of the Twentieth Century lies in his orchestrations of original music for the instrument he plays best – his own orchestra. These range from simple blues and stomps to such elaborate efforts as the *Liberian Suite*, *New World A-Comin'*, *Blue Belles of Harlem* and *Blutopia*, all of which were heard during the annual Carnegie Hall series but few of which have been preserved on records. In this department, Ellington's counterparts are Jimmy Giuffre, John Lewis, Shorty Rogers, Ralph Burns and a large number of other men, none of whom has yet achieved anything approaching the stature of Ellington.

Thirdly, there is Ellington the dance band leader, who occasionally tries for a hit record and comes up with something like *Twelfth Street Rag Mambo* or *Isle of Capri Mambo* in an attempt to sail with a prevailing trade wind. This Ellington, more acutely conscious in recent years of the implacable exigencies of the commercial world, is wont to open a dance date or even a stage show with an arrangement of *Stompin' at the Savoy*, which was neither composed nor arranged by anyone in the band and has about as much of the Ellington stamp as a Sammy Kaye arrangement of *Solitude*. In this sphere, Ellington's competitors include Ray Anthony, Count Basie, and Woody Herman.

Not content to limit himself to mere composing, orchestrating and leading a band, Ellington has also set his sights on other fields. As a composer-dramatist he was responsible in 1956-7 for *A Drum Is a Woman*, a sort of jazz-tinged opera-cum-ballet in which he was the slightly specious narrator; earlier he had shown himself capable of achieving a simple beauty in the pyramid-lined construction of *The Blues*, the only lyricized passage in *Black, Brown and Beige*, and a sophisticated brand of hip humor in *Monologue*. As a librettist he has had a few misadventures: one hears of his plans to stage his own Broadway musical, or a straight drama, or a comedy with music, or some other venture that fails to materialize after months of rumors. "What the hell, you have to have some direction, you've got to go somewhere," he was heard to remark recently when his insistence on entering this field was questioned. Having scaled every mountain peak available to him, he has had to look for new heights to conquer. "I'm so damned fickle," he once said. "I never could stick with what I was doing – always wanted to try something new."

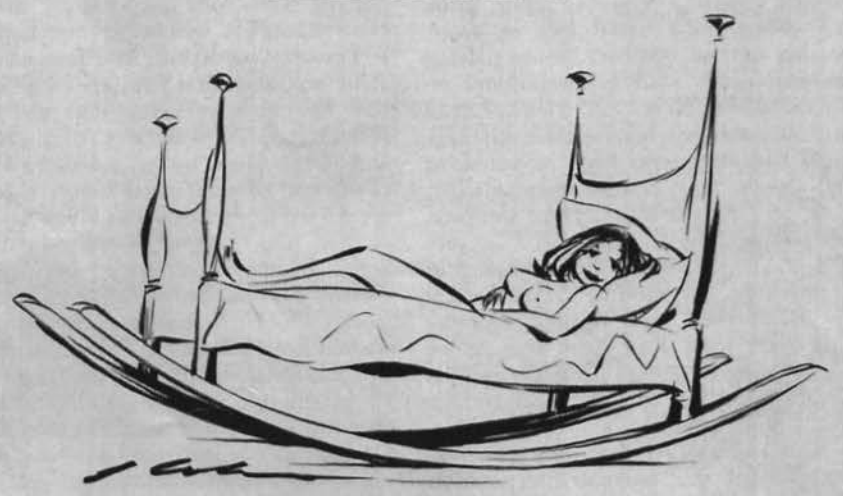
Ellington's personality is riddled with paradoxes. "I may be a heel," he is reported to have said, "but I hate for people to think so." His warm personal attachments are few, but intense. When his mother died a lingering death in 1935, he was at her bedside for the last three days, inconsolably grief-stricken. Two years later his father died in a New York hospital with both his children beside him. His sister Ruth, 16 years his junior, became Duke's closest friend and confidante. Dr. Arthur Logan, the family physician for the past 20 years, caters to his hypochondriacal tendencies. Fundamentally strong and healthy, Ellington gave up his heavy drinking around 1940, but never stopped indulging his insatiable appetite until, in 1956, he embarked on a diet and reduced his contours by some 35 pounds.

Ellington's vanity takes strange turns. His son, Mercer, tall and good-looking like his father, has had several chaotic careers – bandleader, trumpet player, band manager, liquor salesman, record company executive, and general aide-de-camp to his father – and has suffered from Duke's vacillations between parental pride and the desire to hide from the calendar. Mercer played E-flat horn in the Ellington band for a few months in 1950, but was dropped without notice from Ellington Sr.

Ellington's customary demeanor, with strangers or casual friends, is one of sardonic badinage or subtle sarcasm that catches the victim unaware. "We are indeed honored by the presence of such luminous company," he will say with a low bow to a song publisher with whose company he would be delighted to dispense. His capacity for small talk is endless. Complimented by a feminine guest on a striking blue and gray checked jacket he wore during a recent Birdland engagement, he promptly rejoined: "Yes, I was up all afternoon sitting at the loom, weaving it to impress you." It is difficult to coax him into an intellectual discussion; his reluctance to bruise any feelings and his desire to remain noncontroversial are jointly responsible.

Ellington is a magnificent and magniloquent mixer, as befits one who, alone

FEMALES BY COLE: 41



Lazy

PLAYBOY Nov. '57

among jazz musicians, enjoys the respect of Leopold Stokowski (who came in alone to the Cotton Club, sat discussing the music with Duke and invited him to his own concert the following evening at Carnegie Hall); President Truman ("whom I found very affable and musically informed," during a half-hour private audience at the White House); the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor: "he sat in with us on drums in London and surprised everybody, including Sonny Greer"); George, Duke of Kent ("I fluffed off the guy who kept requesting tunes all night, then found out he was the King's son"); as well as Jackie Gleason and Orson Welles.

Some of his fans have wondered why Ellington, who used to set so many trends, has tended to follow others in recent years. His was the first band to use the human voice as a wordless musical instrument (*Creole Love Call*, in 1927); first to devote an entire work to a single jazz soloist (*Clarinet Lament* for Barney Bigard, in 1936); first to use extended forms beyond the standard three-minute length of the 78 rpm record (the six-minute *Creole Rhapsody* and 12-minute *Reminiscing in Tempo* in the Thirties); first to use the bass as a melody solo instrument (Jimmy Blanton, 1939); first to make elaborate use of rubber-plunger mutes and Latin rhythms in the U.S. Asked why he now reverts to the likes of *In the Mood* and *One O'Clock Jump*, which have none of the Ellington sound, and why he writes so few new long works, he remarks brusquely that nobody can dictate to him what is meant by "the Ellington sound," that the pieces thus criticized are warmly received by the audience, and that there is no call for the longer works. Perhaps this can be explained by one of his greatest frustrations – that *Black, Brown and Beige* was coolly received by a number of critics and was never recorded in its entirety.

Ellington's oldest and closest friend within the band is Harry Carney, now in his 31st year as an Ellingtonian, and usually Duke's driving companion between one-night stands. Musically, his closest ties are with Billy Strayhorn, his sidekick for almost two decades. Ever since he joined the orchestra, Ellington has had an almost telepathic understanding with "Strays," whose writing for the band so closely resembles Ellington's own that veteran bandsmen are sometimes unable to discern where one leaves off and the other begins. Ellington, a lenient employer, gives him complete freedom to come and go as he pleases, a freedom Strayhorn exercised not long ago to the extent of wandering off briefly into a job as accompanist to his friend Lena Horne.

The Ellington employment policy has

(concluded on page 77)

PLAYBOY Nov. '57

RRIDA

(continued from page 66)

anachronistic as it is in this jet and atomic world of today, appears to be here to stay; for example, there were 288 corridas in Spain in 1945, as opposed to only 241 in 1915, and this year there should be close to 300. The extraordinary interest manifested by Americans in the last 10 years should insure steady customers by itself. Bullfighting books and records are best-sellers, there is a rash of bullfighting movies, and the torero's costume has influenced Milady's wardrobe quite considerably.

Periodically there are attempts to hold corridas in the United States, but they are generally abortive attempts in Texas or bloodless parodies in California. Far from encouraging this activity, I deplore it and will do anything to discourage bringing bullfights to the United States. This country is culturally, historically and ethically incapable of producing an El Callao, just as it is incapable of furnishing an arena with 50,000 people who would deliriously chant "to-re-ro" to a man who'd risked his neck to do a couple of arabesques around a bull.

No – let us leave la fiesta to the Latins, to the El Callaos, for only they truly have the proper talent and history and breeding and decadence to savour the pagan spectacle, to know how to enjoy the death ritual. Let us continue to go to the source. Let the gates of fear continue to swing on their original hinges in their original sites, for when the bolt is thrown they creak open onto yellow sand that is steeped in centuries of blood and lore with layer upon layer of cowardice and bravery on top.

THE DEADLY WILL

(continued from page 52)

while. I got Andy Gammon's garage backing me – they're in Pinetop? – see, and the thing is, I'm kind of after 36. You know? The blown Ford?"

"Yeah."

"So, what I mean is, if you can pass me, what the hell, go on, know what I mean? But, uh – if you can't, I'd appreciate it if you'd stay out of my way." The kid's eyes looked hard and angry. "I mean I really want me that Ford."

Buck lit his cigar, carefully. "I'll do what I can," he said.

"Thanks a lot," the kid said. Then he winked. "I got the chick along, see. She thinks I'm pretty good. I don't want to let her down; you know?" He slapped Buck's arm and walked back to his car, walked lightly, on the balls of his feet. His jeans were tight and low on his waist and the bottoms were stuffed into a pair of dark boots. He doesn't have a worry, Buck thought. He may be a little scared, but he's not worried. It's better that way.

The sun began to throb and the heat soaked into Buck's clothes and he began to feel the old impatience, the agony of waiting. Why the hell did they always take so damn long? he wondered. No reason for it.

He started to walk across the track, but the plate in his leg was acting up – it did that whenever it rained – and he sat down instead. His face was wet; dirt had caked into the shiny scar tissue behind his ear, and perspiration beaded the tips of the black hairs that protruded from his nostrils. He looked over and saw Tommy Linden and the girl in the pink dress. She was whispering something into the kid's ear; he was laughing.

Damn the heat! He wiped his face, turned from Tommy Linden and the girl and rechecked his tires. Then he checked them again. Then it was time for the first race, a five-lap trophy dash. It didn't count for anything.

The race started; the two Fords shot ahead at once; Buck gunned the Chevy and took off after them. Number 14 spent too much time spinning its wheels and had to drop behind. But it stayed there, weaving to the right, then to the left, pushing hard. Buck knew he could hold his position – anyone could in a five-lapper – but he decided not to take any chances; it didn't mean a goddamn. So he swung wide and let the Pontiac rush past on the inside. It fishtailed violently with the effort, but remained on the track.

Within a couple of minutes it was over, and Buck's Chevy was the only car that had been passed: he'd had no trouble holding off the Mercs, and they kept daylight between themselves and the Fury.

But of course it meant nothing. The short heats were just to fill up time for the crowd; nobody took them seriously.

A bunch of motorcycles went around for 10 laps, softening up the dirt even more; there were two more dashes; and then it was time for the big one – for the 150 lap Main Event.

Once again Buck pulled into line; it was to be an inverted start. Fast cars to the rear, slow cars in front.

He slipped carefully into the shoulder harness, cinched the safety belt tight across his lap, checked the doors, and put on his helmet. It was hot, but he might as well get used to it; he'd have the damn thing on for a long time.

Number 14 skidded slightly beside him, its engine howling. Tommy Linden fitted his helmet on and stretched theatrically. His eyes met Buck's and held.

"You know what?" Linden yelled. "I don't think them two Fords is exactly stock, you know what I mean?"

Buck smiled. The kid's OK, he thought. A pretty nice kid. "Well, are *you*?" he shouted.

"Hell, no!" Linden roared with amusement.

"Me either."

"What?"

The loudspeaker crackled. "Red Norris will now introduce the drivers!"

Up ahead, the track was like a rained-on mountain trail; great clots of mud and sticky pools of black surfaced it all the way around; there wasn't a clear hard spot anywhere.

Buck glanced over at number 14 and saw Tommy Linden waving up at the grandstand. A middle-aged man waved back. Buck turned away.

"Gonna let me get him?" The kid was pointing at number 36.

"I wanted to start my own bank."

THE DUKE

(continued from page 73)

that the two of them were at that spot, right there, where one would have to give; but he didn't consider any of this.

The two cars entered the turn together, and the crowd screamed and some of the people got to their feet and some closed their eyes. Because neither car was letting off.

Neither car was slowing.

Buck did not move his foot on the pedal; he did not look at the driver to his right; he plunged deeper, and deeper, up to the point where he knew that he would lose control, even under the best of conditions; the edge, the final thin edge of destruction.

He stared straight ahead and fought the wheel through the turn, whipping it back and forth, correcting, correcting.

Then, it was all over.

He was through the turn; and he was through first.

He didn't see much of the accident: only a glimpse, in his rear view mirror, a brief flash of the Pontiac swerving to miss the wall, losing control, going up high on its nose and teetering there . . .

A flag stopped the race. Two other cars had crashed into the Pontiac, and number 14 was on fire. It wasn't really a bad fire, at first, but the automobile had landed on its right side, and the left side was bolted and there were bars on the window, so they had to get it cooled off before they could pull the driver out.

He hadn't broken any bones. But something had happened to the fuel line and the hood had snapped open and the windshield had collapsed and some gasoline had splashed onto Tommy Linden's shirt. The fumes had caught and he'd burned long enough.

He was dead before they got him into the ambulance.

Buck Larsen looked at the girl in the pink dress and tried to think of something to say, but there wasn't anything to say; there never was.

He collected his money for third place – it amounted to $850 – and put the mufflers back on the Chevy and drove away from the race track, out onto the long highway.

The wind was hot on his face, and soon he was tired and hungry again; but he didn't stop, because if he stopped he'd sleep, and he didn't want to sleep, not yet. He thought one time of number 14, then he lowered the shutters and didn't think any more.

He drove at a steady 70 miles per hour and listened to the whine of the engine. She would be all right for another couple of runs, he could tell, but then he would have to tear her down.

Maybe not, though.

Maybe not.

always been unique. The idea of firing anyone is so repugnant to Duke that he will tolerate unparalleled degrees of insubordination. It is no less painful to him to find a sideman quitting without due cause, which in his eyes means nothing less than complete physical disability or retirement. Men stepping out to form their own groups have hurried off the bandstand to the echo of Ellington's laconic comment, "He'll be back," and in a matter of months or years this has almost always been true. Johnny Hodges, Ray Nance and Cat Anderson, all members of the 1957 orchestra, had at one time left to launch ventures of their own that petered out.

Observers of Ellington rehearsals, and even of public performances at which two or three men may amble in an hour late, find it hard to believe that the apparent lack of band morale can produce such exemplary music. They are no less bewildered by the team spirit in the brass, reed and rhythm sections, despite the fact that certain men may not be on speaking terms with Ellington or each other or both.

Duke's escapism and aloofness have had the valuable effect of keeping him clear of any musical hybridization, any involvement with other musical forms. He rarely listens to classical music, but when he does, his taste runs to such works as Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe*, Debussy's *La Mer* and *Afternoon of a Faun* and Delius' *In A Summer Garden*.

In addition to its complete independence from classical and modern concert music, Ellington's orchestration technique cannot be said to have founded any particular school within jazz itself. Direct imitation has often been found in the recordings of Charlie Barnet, Woody Herman and others; the impact of Ellington on Ralph Burns and other contemporary arrangers is unmistakable. Yet there is no true parallel between Ellington and any lesser jazz scorer comparable to that which exists, say, between Milhaud and Pete Rugolo. The reason is simple: Ellington's works remain inscrutable. He has never allowed his orchestrations to be published, preferring to take the secrets of his voicings on solo journey to posterity.

The result is best summed up by André Previn, a musician who was not yet born when the Cotton Club era began. "You know," said Previn, "another band leader can stand in front of a thousand fiddles and a thousand brass, give the down beat, and every studio arranger can nod his head and say 'Oh, yes, that's done like this.' But Duke merely lifts his finger, three horns make a sound, and nobody knows what it is!"

Melody Maker 10/19/57

Leonard Feather in Hi-Fi mood

ceedings.—Edgar Jackson.

LEONARD FEATHER-DICK HYMAN ORCHESTRA (LP)
"Hi Fi Suite"

Feedback Fugue (a); **Bass Reflex** (b); **Wow** (d); **Reverberation** (c); **Squawker** (a); **Tweeter** (c); **Woofer** (c); **Flutter Waltz** (e); **Hi-Fi-Pi** (a).

(MGM 12 in. C762)

(a)—**Hyman** (pno.); **Jerome Richardson** (alto, piccolo); **Frank Wess** (tnr., flute); **Romeo Penque** (bar., clt.); **Joe Newman** (tpt.); **Benny Powell** (tmb.); **Don Elliott** (vib., percussion); **Oscar Pettiford** (bass); **Osie Johnson** (drs.); **Feather** (director). 16/6/56 USA. (Am. MGM.)

(b)—**Hyman** (pno.); **Richardson** (alto, piccolo); **Wess** (tnr., flute); **Phil Bodner** (bar., oboe); **Thad Jones** (tpt.); **Powell** (tmb.); **Pettiford** (bass); **Kenny Clarke** (drs.); **Feather** (director). 11/7/56. Do. (Do.)

(c)—Personnel as for (b), plus **Bill Barber** (tuba). Do. Do. (Do.)

(d), (e) — Hyman (Hammond organ); **Eddie Safranski** (bass); **Don Lamond** (drs.). (d) 12/9/56; (e) 28/9/56. Do. (Do.)

LEONARD FEATHER and Dick Hyman hit on a cute idea for this "Hi Fi Suite." The title of each item is the name of some component, technique or characteristic found in what is called hi-fi—though today the term is technically quite meaningless.

Each item carries out in music the title's meaning, either in the nature of the composition or the instrumentation and scoring, and in some cases by a combination of both methods. For instance, "Squawker" is depicted by Joe Newman's growl trumpet. Jerome Richardson's flute plays the rôle of the "Tweeter," Bill Barber's tuba that of the "Woofer," and, of course, Oscar Pettiford's bass is the "Bass-reflex."

"Feedback" is represented by a fugal composition. You don't get it? Then refer to the sleeve note—which is excellent, as Feather's notes invariably are.

After explaining their objective and method of collaboration generally, Leonard and Hyman deal with the titles individually. After explaining the meaning of each term they discuss the procedure it suggested and why, and give an idea how it was carried out.

Probably in deference to American MGM requirements (they have yet to prove that they are really jazz-minded) the whole thing is light in texture, uninvolved in orchestration and performance.

But Hyman and Feather—always efficient even when he does tend to put his tongue in his cheek—have produced some very pleasant tunes.

And they seem to have done a Nelson when soloists have become a little more ambitious than, perhaps, was sought, with the result that we get some restrained but very presentable jazz from Frank Wess, Joe Newman, Benny Powell and Oscar Pettiford, not to mention Hyman himself, in this musicianly and entertaining album.—Edgar Jackson.

● Dick Hyman

● Leonard Feather

SANTO PECORA DIXIELAND

JAZZ

Satchmo — A
Louis Armstrong — A
Decca set DXM-156 4-12" — B

Once in a while one of the record companies takes a major musical figure or event, devotes a great deal of time and money to planning a recording of that personage or happening, executes the actual recording session(s) painstakingly, wraps it up in a striking and expensive package, and music lovers get something that justifies all the time and labor and money and love. It doesn't happen often that way, but it happens. This is one of those rare times. Critics and experienced *aficionados*, seeing the beautiful cover of "Satchmo", are likely to say "Sure, but what's inside?", daring Decca to make it that good. And on reading the well-written (Gilbert Millstein and Louis Untermeyer), elaborately laid-out text and marvelously detailed recording notes, you may say "Yeah, it reads great, but what could really sound like all that jazz?" And then you play it. There are 48, count 'em, 48 numbers recorded with modern techniques, most of them just for this album. My regular critical clichés can't be used. 'Tis wonderful. Louis talks, and he sings, and he blows that golden Selmer trumpet he's been shouting, crying, screaming, singing through since 1912 or so. He narrates a brief bit of history about each selection just in front of it, starting off with tunes he first recorded in 1923. Through all 48 pieces the music sings and swings as though there had never been another trumpeter, or for that matter, another jazzman except this Louis Armstrong. There have been many ordinary recordings of his work in the past 10 years (the worst nevertheless bettering the output of most others). Thus it's incredible that this much-recorded (perhaps only Duke Ellington's total outnumbers Louis') genius has maintained the musical quality of these numbers at such an unremittingly even and high level. Space forbids detailing the physical aspects of the album, but the packaging is superb, with more than a score of photographs of Armstrong, ten of them new color shots. Bouquets also to critic Leonard Feather and Decca A&R man Milton Gabler for their working up the whole thing. It's a fitting monument to the man most widely acclaimed as the most important single jazzman. The four-record album lists for $20.00, and it's worth twice that if you've never bought an Armstrong record before. If you have all of his previous records, buy it anyway — you'll get your money's worth just from looking at it, to say nothing of the incredible music inside. Small matter that Decca was unable to keep out the ghosts (i.e., "echo") which are audible in many spots where a loud groove precedes or follows a quiet one. CG (Charles Graham)

Jam Session No. 9 — A-C
Jazz at the Philharmonic Stars — B
Verve MGV-8196 12" — A

This latest in Norman Granz' series of recordings of his barnstorming JATP (Jazz at the Philharmonic) stars presents 25 minutes of real jam session on each side of the disc by Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie, Oscar Peterson, Buddy DeFranco and other stellar jazzmen. An interesting comparison

RATINGS OF JAZZ AND POPULAR RECORDS AND TAPE

It must be obvious to everyone that popular music, jazz and music of the theatre and motion picture, cannot be rated in the same manner as classical music, save for the audio quality of the records. Therefore, the following explanation is given so that you will fully understand the significance of the three letters which appear at the left of reviews of popular, jazz, theatre and motion picture albums:

COMPOSITION (Top Letter)

A: Extraordinary
Indicates that the collection is of superior character, both from a standpoint of material and programming. Assignment of this rating means an unqualified recommendation.

B: Good
In general the collection is e substitutions might have made and more lastingly enjoyable.

C: Satisfactory
A collection that is highlighted yet the over-all is quite acc apply to collections that have important to those who spec music. It might often apply to cc tance where the artistic perf factor.

PERFORMANCE (Mic

A: Extraordinary

November-December 1957
Hi-Fi Music At Home

108

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR

The Billboard

PRICE: 35 CENTS

NOVEMBER 4, 1957 THE AMUSEMENT INDUSTRY'S LEADING NEWSWEEKLY

P-R Program Wins Juke Box Friends

Distributor Aims Operator Story at General Public and Location Owners

By AARON STERNFIELD

UTICA, N. Y.—A pioneer program to win friends and influence people on behalf of juke box operators is setting a successful precedent that is attracting industry-wide attention.

The program, spawned, championed and being carried out with impressive results by a major juke box distributor, is expected to awaken the industry to the public relations role that can be played to great advantage by distributors.

Two publics are aimed at in the move—the general public and the owners of locations where juke boxes are located. Results on both groups are gratifying.

Prime mover is the Davis Distributing Company, Seeburg distributor for all of New York State except New York City and surrounding area.

Davis, one of the most public-relations-conscious distributors in the nation, is currently culminating a successful campaign to install dime play thruout the Empire State. In the main, the effort has been directed to the general public, with the editorial columns of daily and weekly papers explaining the position of operators.

But at no time during the campaign did Davis lose sight of the fact that the location owner must be convinced of the soundness of dime play—for the operator and for himself.

Last week, at the Hotel Utica here, the New York State Restaurant Liquor Dealers' Association, Inc., held its 21st annual convention. Davis Distributing, with the aid of the Atlantic-New York Corporation, Seeburg distributor for Metropolitan New York, North Jersey and Connecticut, played an important role in that convention.

Location Owners

For the third successive year, Davis played host to some 500 of the top location owners in the State. Davis representatives and operators wined and dined the bonifaces and provided a program of top-flight entertainment for the bistromen and their wives.

The program, arranged and emseed by Ted Kisil, Davis' public relations director, served to entertain. But it also served to indoctrinate the tavern owners. Every act made reference of some sort to the 200-play juke box and dime play. Stage backdrop was a new Seeburg 200. Talent included Dory Sinclair, comedienne; George Gilbert, comic emsee; Bob Whalen, Jubilee recording star; Paul Kohler, xylophone artist, and the Four Echos, Coral recording group.

But the entertainment program is only one small phase of Davis' program to cement relationships between operator and tavern owner. No major pitch for dime play is made before tavern owner groups. The goings-on at the meeting are regarded by the distributor pretty much the way a product manufacturer regards institutional advertising.

The big pitch, to convince the tavern owners that dime play is best for him, is made on an individual basis by a two-man flying squad, consisting of Tom Ferrara, Syracuse area sales manager, and his assistant, Ed Bertram.

Plug Dime Play

Ferrara and Bertram spend much of their time with tavern owners, explaining to them how conversion to dime play will allow the local

(Continued on page 76)

Stops & Ops: Juke Pardners

CHICAGO—Thanks to the program engineered by a New York juke box distributor of promoting friendly relations between operators and tavern owners, the stability of locations in the State was never greater.

Ted Kisil, public relations director of Davis Distributing Company, feels that similar programs can be launched in other areas either by distributors or by music machine operators' associations.

Kisil advises operator associations and distributors to work thru local tavern owner associations, attend their functions, know the individual locations owners, and most important of all, impress upon the tavern owner that his interest and those of the juke box owner are parallel.

ALL INGREDIENTS UNDER ONE ROOF IS TV PANACEA

NEW YORK — "All the ingredients of a production, particularly a TV show, must be under the same roof if maximum efficiency, exchange of ideas and agreement on policy are to be ensured." So says Robert Schuler, executive producer of the Patrice Munsel show (ABC-TV, Fridays, 8:30 p.m.) in explaining his unique packaging operation.

M-S Productions, founded by Schuler and Miss Munsel (his wife), occupies several floors of a mid-Manhattan building, housing rehearsal studios, publicity, promotion, exec offices, writers, choral director, in fact everyone and everything concerned with the series, except sponsor and ad agency.

"There's time and place to correct all misconceptions with physical proximity," says a William Morris Agency exec connected with the Munsel show. "The set-up is responsible for the critical success of the series, as opposed to network-produced musical stanzas which by and large are in trouble. Half the time, the producer and director of a web music show don't see each other till camera rehearsal. And neither sees the writers at all."

"That's why the networks are building costly television cities in California," adds the agent, "to solve the serious communications problem among the departments of each show. Like dependence upon ratings, this problem can destroy a healthy show."

Publisher Lists Tab Jazz, Opera, Drama Tome Upbeat

Fare Offers Lively Browsing For Show-Struck Literati

By BILL SIMON

NEW YORK — Showbusiness, and especially the music part of it, can always be counted on to inspire some of the liveliest literary fare in any given year. This fall-winter season, the book publishers' lists indicate an intensified interest among the literati in the subject of jazz, and modern drama, the latter particularly pertaining to TV.

Jazz Build

According to Jessie Kitchum, book review editor of Publishers' Weekly, jazz began building strongly last year, during which seven important new works on the theme appeared. This year the pace is continuing. In fact, three major books on jazz have hit reviewers desks within the past two weeks. To date, we have received Barry Ulanov's "A Handbook of Jazz" (Viking), Leonard Feather's "The Book of Jazz" (Horizon) and the Nat Shapiro-Nat Hentoff compilation of profiles, "Jazz Makers" (Rinehart). A previous entry, slanted primarily at teen-agers, was Studs Terkel's "Giants of Jazz" (Thomas Y. Crowell and Company).

Reportedly, other jazz tomes, by Rudi Blesh and by Ralph Gleason are forthcoming.

Composer biographies, for adult readers, may have tapered off this year, altho there are a number on tap for juveniles. There are two on Beethoven, one, "The Story of Beethoven" by Helen Kaufmann (Grosset and Dunlap), and "Beethoven" by Riva Paess Mirsky (Follett). Miss Kaufmann also has compiled "History's 100 Greatest Composers" for Grosset-Dunlap.

For adults, there is "Bach" by J. S. Pirro (Crown), and also "Caruso: His Life in Pictures" by Francis Robinson.

New Opera Approach

Something new among books on opera is George Marek's "The World Treasury of Grand Opera" (Harper's), which is a collection of pieces about the opera and its stars rather than the usual run-down of "Stories From [illegible]." A new twist on the latter idea will be provided in January with Rudolph Fellner's "Opera Themes and Plots" (Simon and Schuster), which will include simple arrangements of the music from 32 operas, running along with the libretti.

Abram Chasins, musical director at station WQXR, has a series of reminiscences in "Speaking of Pianists" (Knopf) starting with his own teacher, Josef Hofman, etc. In the nature of a bio is "The March King and His Band," concerned, of course, with John Philip Sousa, by Kenneth Berger (Exposition). And "speaking of pianists" again, Decca's pianist Ruth Slenczynska, in collaboration with critic Louis Biancolli, has penned an unusually touching account of her early years in "Forbidden Childhood" (Doubleday). "From the World of Music" (Coward-McCann) is a collection of essays by the noted longhair critic, Ernest Newman. And at the opposite end of the pole is the McGraw-Hill collection, "Calypso Song Book."

A bio of interest to music people

(Continued on page 18)

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Fray Brews on Madison Avenue Over Attack on Commissions . . .

A Madison Avenue scrap may be brewing as a result of the "Frey Report" out of the Association of National Advertisers. A survey showed admen feeling agencies should receive less than 15 per cent on packaged TV show purchases, but a check-up shows agencies standing pat on usual commission structure. ..... Page 2

CBS Film Offers Bargain Sale On 10 Series to Small Marts . . .

CBS Television Film Sales has launched what is probably the first real bargain sale in syndication history. Volume discounts aimed at small markets apply to 10 properties, exclude three others. ..... Page 10

Increasing Distrib Field Reflects Indie Disk Growth . . .

Approximately 663 record distributors are currently active thruout the U. S., thereby reflecting the growth of the disk industry as a whole, and more particularly of the independent record manufacturer. This figure represents an increase of nearly 30 per cent over the number of distributors engaged in the business five years ago. ..... Page 17

Spotlight on Internal Harmony At Semi-Annual ASCAP Meeting . . .

In marked contrast to earlier meetings this year the semi-annual business meeting of ASCAP in New York City last week spotlighted a spirit of internal harmony. Prexy Paul Cunningham told the group that a "cordial" atmosphere surrounds ASCAP's negotiations for new TV contracts. ..... Page 18

DEPARTMENTS AND FEATURES

Solid Jazz Book Market

NEW YORK — Apparently there's a sound business basis for the continued flow of new books on jazz.

It's just two years since the appearance of Leonard Feather's large "Encyclopedia of Jazz" published by Horizon to sell at $10. The skeptics then considered it a poor risk because of the big tag. Today the tome is in its fourth printing, having sold close to 30,000 copies, for $300,000 worth of business at retail.

Now Horizon has taken the Encyclopedia, and its supplement, "Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz," and grouped them in a special slip case. Singly, their retail price was $13.95. Coupled, the price will be $12.50.

TV **WHAT'S ON?** RADIO

Grab Bag: A Varied Column of This & That

By BEN GROSS

N.Y. Daily News 10/25/57

'Book of Jazz':

There's not a reader of this column who at some time or other has not heard jazz either over radio or TV. But how many actually know what jazz is?

By all counts, very few. It is these, as well as the aficionados, who would find fascination in Leonard Feather's latest volume, "Book of Jazz" (Horizon Press.)

It contains the history of this American art form, an account of its great personalities and a discussion of its various instruments. But even more, Feather offers a marvelous chapter, "The Anatomy of Improvisation." This shows for the first time, how 15 of the greatest jazz musicians, from Louis Armstrong to Dizzy Gillespie, can take a simple melody and use that as the basis of their complex and stirring embellishments. Here is a must book for all music lovers.

of the

Dream Street

By ROBERT SYLVESTER

N.Y. Daily News

a day older than he did 20 years ago and beats those skins better than ever. . . Jazz historians and fans are alerted to the fact that Leonard Feather's new "The Book of Jazz" is on the stands. . . . Mary Lou Williams, one of the great jazz pianists, opens at the

N.Y. JOURNAL-AMERICAN, Sat. Nov. 2

New York Cavalcade:

Manhattan Round-Up

By LOUIS SOBOL

a sum which was proferred him for a spectacular...In his new book, "Jazz," Leonard Feather debunks the popular conception that this form of music originated in New Orleans...Have you heard about the dependent lad who laid his woes before the psychiatrist?

...t a Texan," he revealed, "and

N.Y. JOURNAL-AMERICAN, NOV. 18

Latest Records

"It's Been a Long Long Time" and **"I'm New at the Game of Romance"**—Jane Morgan (Kapp). "Long Long Time" is revived persuasively by Miss Morgan as "I'm New at the Game of Romance" follows up the style and mood of her current hit "Fascination." This is a romantic ballad with lilting tune and loaded with violins. Miss Morgan has a true and surprisingly big voice.

"The Anatomy of Improvisation"—(Verve Album). For the serious student and jazz buff, Leonard Feather presents 10 famed soloists whose work is analyzed in his latest book, "The Book of Jazz." Among those heard cutting way out (some selections are clipped from previously issued records): Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Johnny Hodges, and Art Tatum.

VARIETY, Nov. 20

Album Reviews

"The Anatomy of Improvisation"

(Verve). In a tie-in with Leonard Feather's "The Book of Jazz," this set serves as the musical illustrations of analyses made in the text of the work of 10 top jazz soloists. Collated from various albums previously released by Norman Granz's labels, this set is a solid menu of varied jazz showcasing the talents of Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Buddy De Franco, the late Charlie Parker and Art Tatum, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Teddy Wilson, Johnny Hodges and Bud Powell.

Bill Harrington: "The Golden

N.Y. Daily News 11/7/57

Broadway

By DANTON WALKER

RCA-Victor's "Robert Shaw Conducts Christmas Hymns and Carols" beautifully illustrated. . . . Music critic Leonard Feather's newest book, "The Book of Jazz—A Guide to the Entire Field," has been accepted by the N. Y. Public Library as an authoritative reference book. . . . Tennis star Karol Fageros tells us her film tests were

10

N. Y. Journ.-Amer
11/7/57

New York Cavalcade:

'There Shall Be Music'

By LOUIS SOBOL

LEONARD FEATHER threw his own party to launch his new "Book of Jazz" at his home. There wasn't too much conversation, but there was plenty of music—about the only guest who didn't play an instrument or sing during the evening being Doris Duke. However, her beau, Joe Castro, substituted adequately with a piano concerto. Here are the musical statistics for the evening: Steve Allen blew notes out of a trumpet and clarinet, played the piano, beat the drums, tapped away on a vibories. Dizzie Gillespie expressed himself via drums, trumpet and piano. Lionel Hampton contented himself with the piano, vibes and drums. Osie Johnson displayed his versatility with the piano, bass viol, tenor sax, drums, and for an encore he sang. All participants were paid off in autographed books.

Not too many hours later, Doris Duke did finally sing—a sad tune—when heading for an airplane to take her to France, she lost a bundle of jewels in the cab.

* * *

N.Y. JOURNAL-AMERICAN, NOV. 23 '57

On the Flip Side

By ATRA BAER

and "What's New."

For jazz fans an important offering on Verve, "The Anatomy of Improvisation" which features the work of ten soloists whose styles are analyzed in Leonard Feather's new tome, "The Book of Jazz." Included: Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins and Teddy Wilson.

HOT 45's: Frankie Lymon, left The Teenagers, but the

Pitts burgh Courier 11/9/57

The WEEKS BOOKS

Top Novel and Jazz World

BOOKS ON JAZZ have become increasingly high-brow, with the cognoscenti getting so arty that they can only be understood by the cognoscenti. Perhaps this is a self-conscious effort to get away from the jazz beginnings in dives and dumps. One of the top jazz buffs, Barry Ulanov, attempts to somewhat reverse the trend with his own down-to-earth "A Handbook of Jazz" (Viking, $3.50) which is designed for laymen. This guided tour of the jazz world takes one to New Orleans, Chicago, Kansas City, etc., etc., and sweeps through the regions of swing, bop, hot, cool, barrelhouse and boogie woogie, and ends with the usual suggestions for building a jazz record library.

SOMETHING of the same ground is covered by that eminent jazz buff, Leonard Feather, in "The Book of Jazz" (Horizon, $3.95) who is one of the most prolific and authoritative writers on the subject. This, too, is a kind of guide to help one through the maze of mysteries encompassing the art and industry of popular music, and has the added attraction of a unique special section giving the actual music scores of improvisations by 15 master performers. This is designed to enable the lay reader to "dig" what the jazz masters are doing when he hears them. It is called "The Anatomy of Improvisation" and we are told that Verve Records is bringing out an accompanying album based on this chapter.

Mr. Feather

■

DAILY NEWS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1957 • 76

Broadway

By DANTON WALKER

Broadway Beat

Latest gimmick at those rich Texas parties is giving flu shots to guests on arrival. . . . With construction proceeding rapidly at International Airport, it is expected that LaGuardia Airport will be closed down for renovation sometime during 1958.... The military is planning to make a formal request for a 6% raise in base pay for all personnel. . . . Oregon is reducing state income taxes by 20%, made possible by large grants of federal aid (other states, please copy.). . . . The U. S. Golf Association is researching a golf ball that will lengthen the distance of drives from the tee.

Leonard Feather

Shelley Winters

* * *

Jazz seems to be taking over where calypso left off. The first all-female jazz concert ("Jazz Female") takes place at Carnegie Recital Hall next Friday. W. C. Handy's movie autobiography, "St. Louis Blues," will be one of the big pictures of 1958. The TV networks are readying three 90-minute stanzas built around three all-time greats of the jazz world—Jellyroll Morton, Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong and Lionel (Pops) Hampton. Leonard Feather, regarded as an authentic mouthpiece of jazz—since 1951 he has acted as emcee of the State Department-sponsored Voice of America jazz shows—has just turned out "The Book of Jazz," (Horizon Press) and there are several other new books out on the subject.

111

12 ● N. Y. AMSTERDAM NEWS, Sat., Nov. 16, 1957

THEATRICALS

By JESSE H. WALKER

...ord" . . . Leonard Feather's new "Book of Jazz" out and features chapter called "Jazz and Race" which tells story of discrimination in jazz . . . Moderne Jazz Studio ...

New Jazz Book Tells Bias Story

NEW YORK — Leonard Feather's new book of jazz, simply titled "The Book of Jazz," has been released here by the Horizon Press Inc. The latest pen work of the English-gone-American critic sheds a new light on several aspects of jazz history.

In a chapter entitled "Jazz and Race," the whole story of racial discrimination in the profession is presented in unique detail. It tells of the early jim-crow conditions, of the gradual breaking down of color barriers, first by the musicians and then by the public.

PITTSBURGH COURIER 11/16/57

AFRO-AMERICAN, NOV. 9 '57

Winley records. Playing and singing ... the nation.

New book by Feather tells of JC in jazz

NEW YORK—A new volume by Leonard Feather entitled "The Book of Jazz," set for release this week by Horizon Press, Inc., sheds a provocative new light on several aspects of jazz history.

In a chapter entitled "Jazz and Race," the whole story of racial discrimination in jazz is presented in unique detail. It tells of the early Jim Crow conditions, of the gradual breaking down of color barriers, first by the musicians themselves and then by the public. Even the recent sponsorship of the Nat (King) Cole TV show is discussed.

Another provocative chapter of "The Book of Jazz," entitled "New Orlean, Mainspring or Myth?" demolishes the theory that jazz was born in New Orleans.

In interviews with W C. Handy, Eubie Blake, Willie the Lion Smith and other pioneers, Feather shows that jazz was born spontaneously all over the United States.

"THE BOOK OF JAZZ" also contains a chapter on the history of each instrument and its most famous exponents, as well as separate chapters on singers, big bands, and composers.

In the concluding chapter, Ellington, Goodman, Armstrong and seven others attempt to answer Feather's question: "What do you think jazz will be like in 1984?"

THE BOOK has a foreword by John (Dizzy) Gillespie, who says, "This will be a very valuable addition to our literature on the subject."

Langston Hughes says, "Leonard Feather's 'The Book of Jazz' has more musical sense per page, and more intellectual meat per paper pound than most factual books on any subject these days.

"His dramatic and informative chapter on 'Jazz and Race' is alone worth the price of the book."

N.Y. Times Sunday Dec. 1, 1957

112

Hi Fi Music at Home Yearbook

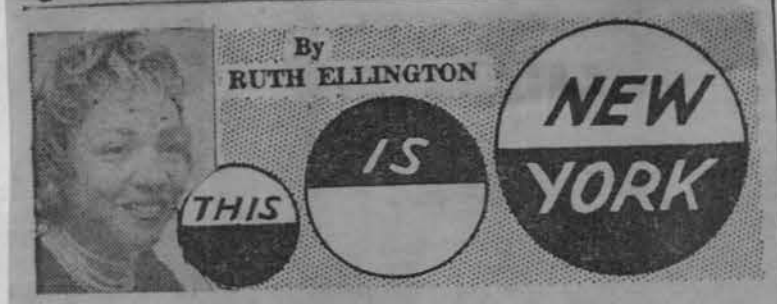
The HFM Board of Reviewers

Introducing the Experts Whose Reviews of Music on Records and Tapes You Have Been Reading in HI-FI MUSIC Magazine. You Will Find All Their Reviews Indexed in This Yearbook Issue

LEONARD FEATHER

Leonard Feather is best known as author of "The Encyclopedia of Jazz", the principal reference work in the jazz field. Last year its publishers, Horizon Press Inc., followed it up with "The Yearbook of Jazz", featuring Feather's unique Musicians' Musicians poll; this past September they published "The Book of Jazz", a textual handbook in which Feather tells the story of jazz, instrument by instrument. The *Hi-Fi Suite*, containing such movements as "Tweeter", "Woofer", "Squawker", and "Feedback Fugue", is his latest contribution as a composer; it was released on an MGM LP by the Leonard Feather-Dick Hyman orchestra. He has written music, and sometimes lyrics and arrangements, for more than 250 compositions recorded by top jazz artists.

London-born, he came to New York in 1935 and has contributed to *Down Beat*, *Playboy*, *Esquire*, the *New York Times*, *Red Book*, the *World Book Encyclopedia*, *Look* and numerous foreign music publications. As a talent scout, he discovered George Shearing and brought him to the U. S. in 1946. Also, he arranged and supervised the first recording sessions of Sarah Vaughan and Dinah Washington. As an impresario, he staged the only two concerts that ever featured jazz at the Metropolitan Opera House (the Esquire All Stars in 1944, Ellington in 1951). He is moderator of a weekly radio show called "Platterbrains", a music quiz now in its fifth year on the ABC network.



Flowers While He Lives . . .

NEW YORK — W. C. Handy's 84th birthday dinner party in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria was the big event here this week. This affair was one of a series planned to be given for the W. C. Handy Foundation for the Blind. The organization's services are geared to all blind people, regardless of race or creed.

At the Waldorf we saw Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Handy, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Bunche, Congressman Adam Powell, Dr. Channing Tobias, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Feather and Miss Althea Gibson. Others on the dais included Miss Fannie Hurst, Assemblywoman Bessie Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein, Ed Sullivan, Deems Taylor and New York State Senator James Watson. Mrs. Buchanan was like a doll in a delicate pink bouffant gown. Her ear lobes looked like sea shells reflecting the pink of the gown. Fannie Hurst is always stark drama in her simply cut black gowns enhanced by the huge white lily brooch which is her trademark—all a fitting setting for her ivory skin and jet hair. Mrs. Hammerstein was very chic wearing a green and white striped stole atop her dark gown—lovely for her chestnut hair.

■

THE PARTY WAS emceed by Paul Cunningham, president of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. We believe that Ed Sullivan's speech was the shortest and perhaps most effective—only three words to W. C. Handy—"God love you." As soon as the speeches were over, we were treated, to a fine show, with Paul Whiteman conducting a large orchestra as background music and accompaniment for the guest stars. The orchestra began the show with the "St. Louis Blues" played mambo style. The great surprise of the evening was Althea Gibson, who did a quick switch from tennis to music. She made her debut as a lush contralto vocalist. It seems that Althea intends to carry on two careers simultaneously. Very gifted gal! Margaret Tynes' romantic soprano voice was perfect against the baritone of Leverne Hutcherson as they sang, in duet, "Bess, You Is My Woman Now" from "Porgy and Bess." Margaret wore a white lace tiered sheath —her satin wrap was the palest of pinks adorned with white orchids.

Adelaide Hall (after 15 years in Europe) was sensational. Took us back to the old Cotton Club days. Cab Calloway was, as usual, tremendous. There was a very novel touch to the evening when Ella Fitzgerald and Nat Cole greeted Mr. Handy and then sang a happy birthday duet all the way from California, where they are making the "W. C. Handy Story" movie.

■

Greetings From the Famous . . .

Telegrams came from such famous persons as President Eisenhower, Vice President Nixon, New York Governor Averill Harriman, Pearl Bailey, Fritz Kreisler, Lena Horne and Milton Berle.

The Handy family had its own table, which included W. C. Handy III, a very handsome young man, too. Mr. Handy gave a beautiful speech, reminiscing about the old days when he was climbing to the top. He seemed to enjoy the evening, chuckling heartily as his lovely wife interpreted the scene, using her eyes for his.

■

W.C. HANDY

FATHER OF THE BLUES

85th Birthday Celebration Year

NOVEMBER 17, 1957 • NOVEMBER 17, 1958

TV **WHAT'S ON?**

WITH COMPLETE TV LISTINGS FOR THE WEEK

Why Does TV Ignore Great Jazz?

Leonard Feather Says Networks Aren't Doing Right by Native American Music

By BEN GROSS

Go to any part of the civilized world and ask, "What is America's most important contribution to art?" Nine times out of 10, the answer will be: "Jazz." But you wouldn't know that if you tuned in U. S. television. It has practically ignored this form of music.

Wanting to know why, I dined at the Hotel Carlyle with London-born Leonard Feather, who is recognized as one of the world's foremost authorities in this field.

"Without a doubt, American broadcasters haven't done right by jazz," he told me. "But I predict that, within the next few years, it will come into its own on both TV and radio. Already there are signs of this."

Feather mentioned the tremendous response of listeners to his jazz show, "Bandstand, U.S.A." on WOR-Mutual Saturday nights at 8:05. Also, he told me of the first all-star TV jazz series, "Music '55," which he wrote for CBS two years ago.

They Want Jazz

"Stan Kenton's band was on that," Feather said, "but they wouldn't let us do much of the real thing. They were afraid it wouldn't have popular appeal. However, we devoted the last program of the series entirely to jazz and it drew the biggest mail of all.

"It proved that Americans want this music on the air and, eventually, you may bet on this, you'll have more shows of this type on TV and radio."

"But, actually, haven't we enough of it on the air today?" I asked.

"Not the real thing," Leonard said. "Dance music, pop tunes, rock 'n' roll, yes; but not true jazz. And that's odd."

"Why?"

"Because there are more jazz nightclubs around and more jazz records sold today than ever before—millions of them. I know. You see, I write reviews for many publications and in any average week I get at least 20 new albums, each with at least 40 minutes of this music. News weeklies, the most dignified newspapers and even the women's magazines, are now running jazz platter columns."

Since he was a youth in England, jazz has motivated the life of Leonard Feather. While working in a London motion picture studio for a mere two pounds 10 shillings a week ($7.00), he dreamt of it. Just as he did later in Germany and France, where he studied languages. It was that interest which caused him to become a contributor to London's "Melody Maker," the largest publication in the world devoted to music.

Leonard, who is still the American representative of that magazine, knew even then he could not be happy in any country but the U. S. A., the birthplace, the world center of this art form. So he arrived here in 1935.

Like a Dream

"And it was like a dream come true," he recalled. "I had my first glimpse of the Savoy Ballroom, 52nd Street, the Hickory House, the Famous Door, the Onyx, the Harlem clubs and other homes of jazz. You just can't imagine the thrill I experienced. I knew immediately that here was where I wanted to stay."

And stay he did, to win a reputation as a musicologist and critic. Also, Leonard has become known as a composer-pianist and a radio-TV personality. In 1940 he began a jazz quiz program on radio which ran for six years in New York. He discovered such stars as George Shearing, Marian McPartland and Hazel Scott and has recorded for MGM, Decca and Coral.

In addition to contributing to leading magazines, Feather is the author of many authoritative volumes, including "The Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz" and the just-published "Book of Jazz" (Horizon Press). The latter is regarded by critics as one of the most illuminating works ever written on the topic.

Not 'Commercial'

With such a background, it's no wonder that Feather's big gripe is that the TV networks still refuse to recognize his favorite brand of music as "commercial."

"What's the reason for this?" I wanted to know.

"I guess it's because jazz is not visual," he said. "And then, as you know, it's primarily not dance music. In fact, it's more for listening."

"And yet," I pointed out, "many associate jazz with dancing."

"Some of it can be used for that," he admitted, "but it should not be limited to that purpose."

What Is Jazz?

"This brings me to what may seem to you a silly question," I said. "But I assure you most

(Continued on page 15)

Jazz expert Leonard Feather is surrounded by other jazz buffs on his recent ABC-radio show. Standing, L-r.: Gene Krupa, Feather and Sammy Davis Jr. Seated, L-r.: Steve Allen and Duke Ellington.

TV Ignores Good Jazz

(Continued from page 9)

people don't know the answer: Just what is jazz?"

Leonard smiled wryly. "That's a toughie. But I should say that jazz is a form of music that developed in America. It's composed of various elements, including syncopation and certain harmonic devices—blue notes. Originally it was 100% folk music; then it became less and less so."

"What does that make it today?"

"Today, it's so far removed from folk material that some of it is on the same intellectual level as classical music," he said.

"That sounds enlightening enough," I answered, "but being a real square I still don't understand."

The Great Duke

"Well, it doesn't matter, as long as you appreciate good jazz," Leonard said.

"Who in your opinion is this music's greatest figure today?"

"Duke Ellington on almost every count," was his answer. "He has contributed the most."

"But what of that pioneer, Paul Whiteman?"

"Whiteman's a man who deserves much credit, but he seldom played true jazz. Of course, I know he brought it to Aeolian and Carnegie Halls. They say that in doing so Paul made a lady of jazz; but it was Ellington who made it a man."

The various schools of jazz . . . some of its outstanding artists . . . and its relationship to classical music will be discussed by Leonard Feather here in next Sunday's NEWS.

N.Y. Times

Dec. 1 1957

The Critic And the Cats

THE BOOK OF JAZZ: A Guide to the Entire Field. By Leonard Feather. 280 pp. New York: Horizon Press. $3.95.

By CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

IN contrast to his "The Encyclopedia of Jazz," a valuable addition to any jazz library, Leonard Feather's new book is confused and contradictory. Much of what he has to say on jazz and environment is pertinent, but his little sortie in opinion-tasting, "New Orleans—Mainspring or Myth?" can hardly be accepted as a serious contribution to jazz history. Long before the British-born critic reached these shores collectors, musicians and musicologists played many thousands of records in an unsuccessful search for bands at all comparable to those that blasted out of New Orleans in the early decades of this century.

In the main part of the book, a discussion of instruments and bands, Mr. Feather is on surer ground and, with some exceptions, follows accepted patterns of chronology and change. Prolixity of names and lack of selective discographical references (rather than general ones) are likely to be stumbling blocks to new listeners.

The section on the jazz vocal is extremely interesting though his statement, referring to Armstrong's embrace of Tin Pan Alley in the Twenties, that "the lyrics, completely losing their importance to the song, become a mere vehicle on which to transport the melody," is pretty wide of the mark. In jazz the lyric, like the melody, is what you make it.

A MUSICIAN'S skill is needed as one reads this book—if one is to grasp the fine points—especially for a proper evaluation of the scores the author uses in illustration. Jazz is postulated as Western European in scalar-modal respects, in contrast to the view of William Russell and others that, through Negro-American music, some aspects of it may be interpreted otherwise. Of ad lib playing he states categorically, "The improvisational bases of jazz are not melodies, but chord structures." This is not always true, though the harmony, related to the instrument, is important to every improvisation.

Mr. Feather has much to say and has raised some valid questions. However, his differences with historians, in various chapters, are rather pointless, since he specifies what but not always whom, and the notion that thorough documentation of jazz was undertaken only after 1940 is certainly in error. There is intriguing speculation by contemporary jazzmen as to jazz circa 1984. The chapter on jazz and race is excellent.

Mr. Smith is co-editor of "Jazzmen" and a frequent writer on jazz.

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

Billboard 12/9/57

AUDITION BOOKSHELF

Controversial book on jazz:

"The Book of Jazz (Horizon, $3.95) is the latest in a series of valuable, interesting books on the music by Leonard Feather. It stands with the immediately forthcoming Shapiro-Hentoff "Jazz Makers" (Rinehart) as the outstanding entry in the field this year.

Feather's approach in the two initial sections is certain to arouse lively controversies which, up to now, have been relatively dormant. First, he takes exception to the accepted notion that jazz originated exclusively in New Orleans. In his discourse, he manages to rip to shreds some of the myths regarding the musical prowess of certain pioneers.

Thereafter, he deals with jazz development instrument by instrument, devoting a chapter to each of the principle jazz vehicles, and grouping several "miscellaneous" instruments in other chapters. Also dealt with separately are big bands and small combos.

New to the literature (except where dealt with in highly technical terms by Andre Hodeir in his "Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence" [Grove]), is Feather's lucid, enlightening chapter on "The Anatomy of Improvisation," with musical examples taken from recordings by jazz giants of several schools.

Most of the illustrations, incidentally, may be *heard* as well, on a newly compiled disk from Verve Records. It also is entitled "The Anatomy of Improvisation," and the solos which Feather has analyzed are those by Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Johnny Hodges, Charlie Parker, Buddy De Franco, Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Teddy Wilson, Art Tatum and Bud Powell.

It would be difficult to think of a more suitable Christmas gift for the jazz fan or tyro musician. This book-record combination is a natural? —Bill Simon.

DAILY NEWS, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1957 • 58

Dream Street

By ROBERT SYLVESTER

All That Jazz . . .

Two more books on my favorite art arrived on the desk yesterday. One is "The Jazz Makers," edited by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff (Rinehart: $4.95) and the other is "The Book of Jazz," by Leonard Feather (Horizon: $3.95). Both are hep books by guys who know the racket but reading them, it occurred to me for the first time that maybe too much is being writen about jazz and, in fact, maybe there is too much jazz these days since so much of it is mediocre and so little of it will ever earn the music any new friends.

There's hardly a small saloon in town which doesn't have some small jazz combo, these nights. A new, young star comes along almost every week. The great fault with this is that jazz in its modern form has gotten so mental that all the fun and excitement has gone out of it. Jazz now is largely in the hands of thoroughly educated musicians. This may make for a more pure and exact jazz but it also gives us combos like that of Chico Hamilton. Chico's job may be playing a very modern style of jazz but if you told me he's got a chamber music group aimed at quiet afternoons with the Ladies Guild, I wouldn't know any different.

★ ★ ★

The critics and the book writers are partly at fault. All of them (including me) are highly opinionated, take definite sides and refuse to see any value in any jazz or jazzmen who aren't paid up members of their own art union. Also, being themselves musicians or at least music students, the jazz critics have gotten just a little too hep. They write as musician to musician, they write for each other as so many jazz stars now play purely for each other in the conviction that the public is too square to understand their beautiful technique.

Jazz has been on a terrific upbeat since the war, but it now is in grave danger of suffocating itself. The same cats are forever at Birdland, the same Dixielanders and Chicagoans in the two-beat palaces, the same names of the same heroes endlessly extolled by the critics and writers. Nobody looks to widen the music's appeal and find a bigger, newer audience. Erroll Garner, who surely plays the most satisfactory solo piano in recent history, is suspect because he's commercial. So is a musician of the stature of Tyree Glenn, whose new record for Roulette is a thing of pure beauty.

★ ★ ★

Down Beat

Fan or Not, Jazz Book Will Interest You

By MERCER CROSS

Whether you rank yourself as a musician, jazz buff or only among the mildly interested, you'll find Leonard Feather's latest book, "The Book of Jazz," has something in it for you.

The 261-page volume published by Horizon Press and priced at $3.95, is divided into four parts: the sources; the instruments, sounds and performers; the nature; the future.

Feather

Feather, a leading jazz critic since the early 1930s, is a smooth writer who's at his best when sticking pins in some debatable or misconceived notions about the music.

In the early part of the book, he lays out strong evidence that jazz had its American origins in other cities (New York, Sedalia and St. Louis, Mo.) as well as New Orleans, La., long revered as the sole birthplace.

He devotes an entire chapter to jazz and race, obliterating the complacent feeling that jazz has been in an area where Negroes and whites have grown together in a little world apart, unhampered by Jim Crow.

He lines up the critics against the musicians to raise the question whether such near-sacred names as Bunk Johnson, Kid Ory and Jelly Roll Morton perhaps don't deserve all the praise they have won.

Sixteen chapters contain a succinct history and appraisal of the instruments and their players, the singers, bandleaders, composers and arrangers of jazz in the past 60 years.

For the musician reader, the chapter on "The Anatomy of Improvisation" reproduces the scores of improvisations by 15 jazz greats. Much of it isn't over the head of the layman.

Verve records is releasing a special LP containing 10 solos discussed in the chapter. The record should make Feather's concise writing doubly clear.

Feather concludes by reminding us that jazz is still an immature art, missing the clear evaluation of hindsight, and "that, after all, the first century of jazz still has four decades to run."

* * *

NOW HEAR THIS is the latest Columbia album by the Hi-Lo's, freshest vocal quartet afoot.

They sing "Sunnyside Up," "Laura," "A Shine on Your Shoes," "The Heather on the Hill," "There's No You," "Camptown Races," "Two Ladies in the Shade of de Banana Tree," "Little Girl Blue," "Brown-skin Gal in the Calico Gown," "My Time Is Your Time," "A Quiet Girl" and "My Melancholy Baby."

* * *

On the 45 rack:

Pat Boone, on a Dot extended-play, sings four Christmas chestnuts: "White Christmas," "Silent Night," "Jingle Bells" and "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town."

book review

The Book of Jazz, by Leonard Feather (Horizon Press; 280 pp.; $3.95), is a worthy handbook to the jazz listener, one that covers jazz and its players by devoting separate chapters to each of the instruments, plus singers and big bands; by a section on jazz sources; by a section on "The Anatomy of Improvisation," and by a look at the music's future.

The jazz audience will probably be most interested in the chapters that swiftly cover the instruments and their players, and by the jazz horizons chapter, in which such men as Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, Jimmy Giuffre, and Dizzy Gillespie take some guesses as to what shape jazz will assume by 1984.

The look at improvisation in which music examples are used (a recording of the solos is available separately on Verve Records) requires a good deal of music knowledge to absorb thoroughly.

I found the most compelling chapter to be the one devoted to jazz and race, in which Feather methodically charts the course integration took in relation to jazz.

I would have some arguments with Feather in his selections of the most contributors on some of the instruments. Roy Eldridge is virtually ignored in the trumpet chapter, for example, and so is Oscar Pettiford among the bassists.

And I wonder, too, how it is possible for him to state that "Frank Sinatra, though certainly the jazzmen's favorite singer, is not a jazz artist," without offering any explanation. In the poll among jazz musicians conducted in his *Yearbook of Jazz,* Sinatra was overwhelmingly chosen as the "Musicians' Musician." Is it possible they hear something Feather doesn't?

On the whole, however, this look at jazz history from another angle is informative, authoritative, and makes for good reading.

Dizzy Gillespie wrote the foreword.

—*jack*

Jazz Echo Dec. 1957

*

Zwei neue JAZZBÜCHER sind erschienen: „A HANDBOOK OF JAZZ" von Barry Ulanov und „THE BOOK OF JAZZ" von Leonard Feather. Ulanovs Buch enthält eine kurzgefaßte Geschichte des Jazz, sowie verschiedene Kapitel über die Sprache des Jazz, die Moral des Jazz und den Beruf des Jazzmusikers. Ungefähr ein Drittel des Buches bringt kurze Biographien von mehreren hundert Jazzmusikern. Außerdem gibt es einen interessanten Anhang, der eine vergleichende Chronologie von Jazz und anderen Künsten — Theater, Film, Literatur, Malerei usw. — enthält.

THE BOOK OF JAZZ beschäftigt sich zum erstenmal genauer mit der Tatsache, daß der Jazz nicht ausschließlich in New Orleans entstanden ist und verwendet für diese These Material von W. C. Handy, Eubie Blake, Luckey Roberts, Willie The Lion Smith und anderen Pionieren des Jazz, die sämtlich heute zwischen 60 und 85 Jahren alt sind. Ebenfalls zum erstenmal wird in diesem Buch die ganze Geschichte rassischer Diskriminierung und der allmählichen Eindämmung der Diskriminierung durch den Jazz erzählt. Schließlich wird der Jazz unter das Mikroskop von fünfzehn Improvisierten Soli gelegt. In dem betreffenden Kapitel — es heißt „Die Anatomie der Improvisation" — werden die Soli im Druck wiedergegeben und genau untersucht. Es sind Soli von Louis Armstrong, Jack Teargarden, Art Tatum, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie und anderen. Die Plattenfirma „Verve" bringt die betreffenden Soli zur gleichen Zeit in einem Langspielalbum „The Anatomy of Improvisation" heraus.

*

Notice

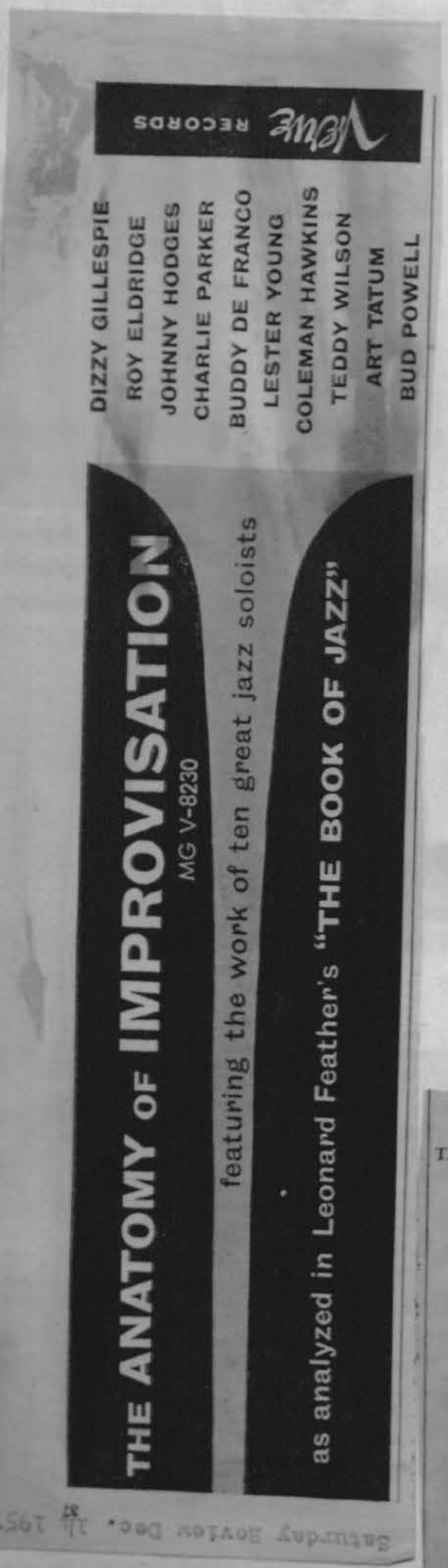
Granada." All sets will retain at a suggested list of $3.98.

In addition to the five albums in the International Series, Verve will release a total of 23 other sets by December 1, concluding its LP product for the year. Latter merchandise includes the widely heralded release of 14 Newport Jazz Festival recordings and the memorial set, "The Charlie Parker Story." Other wax is "Getz Meets Mulligan in Hi-Fi," "Early Autumn," by Woody Herman; "Music for Losers," by Turk Murphy; "Skylark," "Blossom Dearie" and "Hallelujah Hamp," by Lionel Hampton, and "Teen Time," by Ricky Nelson, Randy Sparks, Jeff Allen and Rocky Murphy.

Firm also hopes to complete its plans for the release of "Anatomy in Improvisation," from the tome by Leonard Feather, with tracks by Charlie Parker, Johnny Hodges and Lester Young.

Bernie Silverman, vice-president and sales manager of the company, leaves on a tour of distributors and disk jockeys this week covering New York, Canada, Mexico City, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Francisco.

47



Saturday Review Dec. 14 1957

Sat. Review 12/14/57

THE CRITICS POLL THEIR FAVORITE DISCS

ONCE again a representative group of strongminded record critics around the country has put their heads together and produced a collective opinion of what was outstanding in the 1957 record production.

Though the big votegetters have been thoroughly tabulated, mention should be made of a number of marginal items whose names appeared with sufficient frequency to indicate a real esteem. Among these are the two English importations by Angel: "At the Drop of a Hat" and "The Hoffnung Music Festival," remembered by about a half a dozen respondents; the Shelly Manne treatment of "My Fair Lady" tunes for Contemporary; the Jonothan Edwards "Piano Artistry" (a satirical effort generally attributed to Paul Weston) on Columbia (Ralph Gleason of the *San Francisco Chronicle* was among its endorsers); various recordings of Ella Fitzgerald for Verve; Leonard Feather's "Encyclopedia of Jazz" (Decca) and the same company's "Satchmo" autobiography; RCA Victor's complete Beethoven sonatas (reissued as recorded by Artur Schnabel); and the H. L. Mencken-Donald H. Kirkley conversation, issued by the Library of Congress.

Billboard 12/9/57

Jazz Album

THE PLAYBOY JAZZ ALL STARS (1-12")—Playboy PB 1957

Winners of the Playboy magazine jazz poll are all represented in this spectacular anthology, which is being made available to retailers via Columbia Records distributors. It differs from previous poll-winner disks in that no special disking date was held; tracks have been made available to Playboy by various diskeries to whom artists are or were under contract. Thus, it's a big co-operative venture, quite unprecedented in the industry. For example, tracks emanate from Victor, Columbia, Verve, MacGregor, Contemporary, Storyville and Pacific Jazz labels. Poll winners include Kenton, Armstrong, J. J. Johnson, Desmond, Getz, Mulligan, Goodman, Brubeck, Kessel, R. Brown, Manne, Hampton, Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald—and dozens of other great who are included in their various units. Bound-in booklet by Leonard Feather has bios, pics, data and discographies of winners, listing many labels. Some tracks are newly issued, most are well-selected re-issues. Great cover, extremely heavy promotion and genuine

— Album Cover of the Week —

THE PLAYBOY JAZZ ALL-STARS, Playboy PB 1957. Excellent cover by Emmett McBain has the names of the jazz poll winners in bright colors against a black background. Interesting feature is that there is no space between the names, but the first letter of each name is in a different color. Striking design will be a sure attention-getter.

the village VOICE, December 4, 1957

Bob Reisner

books

JAZZ FROM A TO Z*

A short time ago Variety had a headline: JAZZ IS A PAPER BOOM. This can now be taken literally. This year saw the emergence of a good dozen books about jazz, with more to follow. Ralph Gleason and Rudi Blesh have theirs in the oven, and three attractive ones came across my desk last week. As follows:

Leonard Feather, whose "Encyclopedia of Jazz" is the most referred-to book in my collection, has written a highly informative one called **"The Book of Jazz"** (*Horizon Press*, $3.95). Mr. Feather has blocked out most of this book instrument by instrument, tracing for each its technical and historical role in jazz. The book also contains quite a few bits of musical illustration which are fun to try out. In addition to his magnum opus, the "Encyclopedia," and its offspring, the "Yearbooks," and a previous book, "Inside Be-Bop,"

DON ELLIOTT, otherwise "Mr. Versatile," brings himself and his Quintet to Loew's Sheridan this Saturday midnight, as one of the features of the big "Jazz for Night People" concert. Jean Shepherd is MC.

and the present one, he broadcasts regularly, is jazz editor for Playboy, and contributes to Downbeat and numerous magazines and backs of album covers. He composes, plays, and arranges sessions. If he retired, it would give 12 jazz critics work.

N.Y. Daily News 12/9/57

TV What's On? RADIO

Jazz, Atoms and Opera Highlight Sunday TV

By BEN GROSS

As you know, Leonard Feather, the musicologist, has been berating the networks in this column for their ignoring of a great American art form—jazz. Almost as if in answer to Lenny's complaint, CBS-TV scheduled a salute to the blues as the roots of jazz in its Seven Lively Arts series yesterday.

Billie Holiday, Count Basie, Pee Wee Russell, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, the Jimmy Guiffre Trio, Red Allen, Broonzy and many other topnotchers were signed for the program. The intent was to explore such diverse forms as Dixieland, swing, modern and experimental jazz (5 to 6 P.M.).

We've been receiving considerable mail from fans who say that radio and TV haven't done right by this type of music. So let's hope that this Sunday show, "The Sound of Jazz," is a sign that at last some recognition will be given to a native American product which has been received with enthusiasm throughout the civilized—and some of the uncivilized—portions of the world.

N.Y. Daily News 12/16/57

Bridgeport Conn.
Sunday Herald
12/15/57

IGHER

LEONARD FEATHER, famed jazz critic for Downbeat Magazine, will emcee the Stratford Exchange Club's annual Jazz on the Housatonic Concert Sunday afternoon, Feb. 2—with the proceeds going to the scholarship fund at Shakespeare Theater. (Tickets go on sale in three weeks.) . . . Feather is the world's foremost authority on jazz and dwells in Westport area. Getting Feather for their annual event is a Feather in the Stratford Exchange Club's cap. (Sez Leonard: "Music's greatest figure today is Duke Ellington, on almost every count, 'cause he has contributed the most. Paul Whiteman made a lady out of jazz, but Ellington made it a man!")

TV What's On? RADIO

Shakespeare & Boswell Have Their Day On TV

By BEN GROSS

another pro, Robert Dietz, portraying a New York writer.

No others were needed; for the cast of this show consists of the people of New York and the visitors to this metropolis. And where else could one find a better group of players?

From the Readers:

Bert Kelly, Manhattan, who signs his letter, "The Originator of the Jazz Band, 1914," writes that he regards the opinions of Leonard Feather about jazz as "worthless." Well, all I can say is that Feather, whom this column recently interviewed, is recognized as an authority on the topic by the greatest jazz musicians of today. Also, his recently published "Book of Jazz" is being hailed as a classic in its field.

Jack Durgin, Bronx, wants to know if "the girls on TV had

TV **WHAT'S ON?** RADIO

WITH COMPLETE TV LISTINGS FOR THE WEEK

'Jazz Is Neither Negro Nor White'

Leonard Feather, an Authority, Says It Is A Social Not Racial Type of Music

By BEN GROSS

"Today there is no such thing as Negro jazz. And also no such thing as white jazz. It's social not racial music." This is the opinion of Leonard Feather, known to millions of TV and radio fans as one of the world's foremost authorities on this rhythmic art. His newest work, "The Book of Jazz," is on the road to becoming a best-seller.

In these three sentences Feather highlighted a torrid controversy that has been raging for years. As reported here last Sunday in the first portion of my interview with him, he said that jazz is a form of music that "grew up in America."

But although giving the Negro due credit for his immense contributions to this native U. S. art, he also calls attention to the creative work of the white musicians. He adds that the Negroes have always influenced the whites and vice versa.

"Regardless of what may have been true 40 or 50 years ago, today jazz can not be claimed exclusively by any one race," Leonard told me. "If you wish proof, just play some good jazz records and if the artists be unidentified, I defy anyone to tell me whether the musicians are Negro or white.

"As a matter of fact, I gave this 'blind-fold' test to Roy Eldridge, the great jazz virtuoso, and he failed at it."

Disagrees With Ethel

"But what about Ethel Waters?" I asked. "Not long ago she appeared on a TV interview show and seemed to take the view that only Negroes really know jazz?"

"I have great admiration for Ethel—in fact, I have all of her records—but think her view is a chauvinistic one."

"She also said that Negro musicians have been 'exploited'", I added.

"Well, on that point she has something, and I am inclined to agree. But I also agree with famous Dizzy Gillespie that God didn't give to any one people the exclusive right to any art.

"This is in line with the figures which show that although today 50% of all great jazz musicians are Negroes, 30 years ago the percentage was 75 to 80."

"And yet, it's always been my impression that jazz had its birth in the Southern states," I said.

"Actually, it originated spontaneously all over the United States," Leonard explained. "The famous W. C. Handy, composer of 'St Louis Blues' told me he collected the musicians for his jazz bands of years ago not only from New Orleans but from all over the country. But it's New Orleans that got most of the publicity because it had such great musicians, Louis Armstrong, for instance.

"The truth is that there were forms of jazz in other parts of the U. S., too. For example, take this business of playing hot jazz numbers at funerals. This also occurred in Philadelphia and Baltimore, in addition to New Orleans."

"Well, regardless of how it all began, what is the state of jazz today?" I asked.

Dixieland

"At this time we still have the traditionalists, of course, the Dixieland men," Leonard said. "Louis Armstrong and Eddie Condon are in this group—artists who ad-lib and improvise.

"Then there is the middle-ground school—the swing men—represented by such greats as Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Ray McKinley (leading the late Glenn Miller's band), etc.

"Also we have the bop school of the 1940's which is still flourishing (Dizzy Gillespie). And, of course, the modernists, both players and composers, so modern, in fact, that they are not generally accepted: Teddy Cherler, the vibraphone player; George Russell, arranger, and Charlie Mingus, bass player.

"But the greatest figure in jazz today—know who that is? Duke Ellington, bandleader, pianist composer, arranger. He is both swing and bop, unique, in a class of his own. He carried jazz many years ahead of his time and still has the greatest band—neck and neck with the best of Count Basie and Gillespie at their height—although it's not as good a crew as it was years ago."

Top Artists

"Besides Ellington, who are some of the greatest jazz artists of today?"

"I'm glad you said 'some' because I couldn't possibly name all of them at this time," said Leonard. "But here are a few on my list: John Lewis of the Modern Jazz Quartet; Count Basie; Jerry Mulligan, arranger and baritone saxophonist; Benny Goodman, certainly; Dizzy Gillespie, bandleader, instrumentalist and composer; Jack Teagarden, trombonist; Louis Armstrong; Max Roach, drummer; Oscar Petiford, base; Stan Getz, tenor sax; Tal Farlow, guitar.

Jazz in Europe

"Also, Frank Weiss, flute; and as vocalists, Ella Fitzgerald (in a class of her own), Billie Holiday, Jimmie Rushing, Jack Teagarden, Louis Armstrong, Joe Williams, Sarah Vaughn and Peggy Lee."

Recently, the public prints have been filled with stories of the triumphs achieved by American jazz bands abroad. Some have traveled under the auspices of our Government and a number of politicos have voiced criticism of this.

"Do you think these jazz bands are really good ambassadors for us?" I queried.

"The best," Leonard assured me. "Our bands and music are fantastic successes, especially in

(Continued on page 15)

Noted jazz authority Leonard Feather presents his new work "The Book of Jazz" to the great blues composer W. C. Handy.

Channel Numbers

Heavy Type Denotes Outstanding

Jazz Social, Not Racial

(Continued from page 9)

Europe. Ellington's tour was a triumph; so was that of Jerry Mulligan and the Modern Jazz Quartet. Too, I know through personal experience how enthusiastically my own group, Leonard Feather's 'Jazz Club, U.S.A.' was received over there. And no wonder, because we had with us Billie Holiday, Red Norvo and Buddy De Franco.

"What you have to remember is that Europeans are starved for good jazz and when our artists visit them, it's like a dream come true."

"Some critics say that jazz and classical music are drawing nearer and nearer to each other," I mentioned. "Just what is their relationship."

"An accidental one," Leonard said. "And it's based on the fact that more jazz musicians today are educated in the classics. But that both fields of music are approaching each other can't be doubted.

It's That Beat

"Here are a few examples: Stravinsky wrote a piece for Woody Herman's band; Ellington conducted the NBC Symphony and George Shearing, the pianist, also has appeared with symphony orchestras."

"Do you think that so-called classic music and jazz will ever merge?"

"No, because they are quite different."

"What is that difference?"

"Jazz has a basic rhythmic pulsation and also the element of improvization," said Leonard. "But what sets it apart, above all, is its beat. Just remember this: If it does not swing it's not jazz."

HOW JAZZ WAS BORN

Brooklyn: In a recent SUNDAY NEWS, Ben Gross quoted jazz authority Leonard Feather as proclaiming that jazz is neither Negro nor white. This, though everybody knows that Negroes played jazz in the early years, when white musicians wouldn't even touch it. Such people as Leonard Feather are trying to steal one of God's gifts to the Negro, and I was sorry to see Mr. Gross duped into using his column to print such a ridiculous assertion. Pretty soon somebody will be coming up with an article saying the late Bert Williams was white. DISGUSTED.

N. Y. Be Journal-Amer. 11/30/57

LEONARD FEATHER SURVEYS:

The Biggest Year in Jazz

Journal-American Photo by Bob Laird

Junior jazzmen Andy Marsala, Barbara Stern and Evelyn Mann, members of the Farmingdale (L. I.) H. S. dance band that flipped the critics at Newport Jazz Festival last Summer.

What sort of a year was 1957 for jazz? For the answer, Accent on Youth went to authority Leonard Feather, author of the new tome "The Jazz Book," who sums up the most recent jazz history.

By LEONARD FEATHER

The fans who made 1957 the biggest year ever for American jazz had a wide variety of tastes. Close to 60 per cent of them, a recent survey showed, are from 13 to 22, but they aplauded musicians ranging from the teenage prodigies of the Farmingdale High School band, surprise click at last Summer's Newport Jazz Festival, to Duke Ellington, 58, and enjoying unprecedented popularity, to Count Basie, still a crowd rouser at 53.

On records, previous year's sales were almost doubled. The most solid, longest-lasting hits included Ella Fitzgerald's set of Rodgers & Hart tunes.

"The Modern Jazz Quartet at Music Inn" (Atlantic); "Duke Ellington at Newport" and Erroll Garner's "Concert by the Sea" (Columbia).

JAZZ AND CLASSICAL musicians played a series of joint ventures at Town Hall, in a unique reminder that some forms of jazz are moving closer and closer to classical music. At one concert, Lionel Hampton and his cats rubbed horns with symphonic musicians under the baton of Dimitri Mitroupolis in the premiere of Hamp's "King David Suite."

Jazz made progress in its escape from smoky cellar clubs to the fresh air. In addition to Newport and Randall's Island festivals, a little revolution was staged in Central Park. The Theatre Under the Stars, suffering box-office anemia after playing dramatic shows, pop music and vaudeville, got a transfusion when it switched to jazz.

ACADEMICALLY, it was a banner year. In a unique Summer school at Music Inn, Lenox, Mass., students from U. S., Brazil and Africa boned up on piano, trumpet and drums under such distinguished professors as Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie and Max Roach. More than 20 schools included jazz courses in their curricula. Brandeis U. commissioned six jazz works to be premiered at its Creative Arts Festival. And did you know they now have a school of modern jazz in Tel Aviv, Israel?

AS JAZZ GREW bigger, the world grew smaller; our musicians, flying high around five continents, created enough good will to cancel (psychologically, at least) a dozen sputniks. Queen Elizabeth applauded Count Basie; Gerry Mulligan was a sensation in Britain; crowds mobbing Louis Armstrong in Buenos Aires almost started a riot. Even the Communist countries were invaded as the revived Glenn Miller band, Tony Scott and others drew the Red Seal of approval in Poland and Yugoslavia.

Even from the literary viewpoint, this was a busy year. Between hard covers, as well as in magazines and newspapers, far more has been written about jazz than any previous year.

To sum up Jazz 1957 in a word: Fantabulous!

Platters for Guessers

Listen to the deejays and be a deejay, an armchair deejay, yourself—and win as many as ten hit records for your collection in the process.

The contest is easy to enter—you just have to know your current pop records. Here's what to do: Just fill in the form below with your guesses as to what the top ten favorites of all participating armchair deejays will be as of Saturday, Dec. 14.

When your list is received—just mail it to Tally, N. Y. Journal-American, 220 South st., New York 15, N. Y.—it's tabulated on a point system which awards 10 points for your first choice, nine points for your second choice, eight for your third, and so on. Point totals are added and the top ten is determined.

All lists are checked against the consensus. Top prize of all ten records named on the consensus go to the armchair deejay who comes closest to naming the consensus in order. Runner-up gets the top five records shown and third prize is the top three records.

Postmark decides in all cases of ties and no list postmarked after midnight Wednesday, December 11, can be considered. In fairness to all contestants, please submit only one list.

Today's top winner was Virginia Shibroski, of 754 E. 219th st., Bronx. Virginia named eight of the Armchair Deejay consensus in order and she wins all ten discs listed.

Carole Mackler, of 2874 Rockaway ave., Oceanside, L. I., named seven discs in a row and gets the top five platters. Third prize goes to Pete Martinasco, of 43 Morton ave., Dumont, N. J. He named six in order and gets the top three discs listed.

Coming Up Fast was Danny and the Juniors "At the Hop," the one the regular deejays picked last week. From the way the voting went, it won't be denied a spot on the top ten for very long. Also, watch George Hamilton IV's "Understand" and the Cricket's "Oh Boy."

PELSWICK PICKS

Film of the Week

"SAYONARA"—a picture of great beauty and heart, filmed in Japan from the love story by James Michener. Outstanding on every count, it co-stars Marlon Brando who gives the top performance of his career, Japan's Miiko Taka and TV's "Red" Buttons.

ROSE PELSWICK

(For more of the best in film fare, see today's amusement section, Pages 14 and 15.)

Ghana Go-Go

Chalk up at least one new fan for Bill Haley and the Comets in the world's newest nation—Ghana. Terry Carson, of 239 Rose st., Freeport, L. I., prexy of the Haley fan club, got this letter from Mamah Brinah, of Accra, Ghana:

"I am pleased to be sending you a short message about your club. The address was given to us by our teacher. Please enroll me as a member and send more particulars. I'd like to have photographs of Haley and your club members."

Foreign Aid

Should the U. S. continue foreign aid on the present scale? Is the present budget for foreign aid sufficient? Is it unrealistic? For the answers from today's teenagers. Read "What Young People Think" in Thursday's Journal-American.

cked by the Deejays

POLLED BY THE JOURNAL-AMERICAN AMONG NEW YORK'S TOP DISC JOCKEYS:

★ *Jerry Marshall WMGM*
★ *Martin Block-WABC*
★ *Art Ford-WNEW*
★ *John A. Gambling-WOR*
★ *Bill Williams-WNEW*
★ *Ernie Stone-WMCA*
★ *Jocko-WOV*
★ *Jack Lacy-WINS*
★ *Jim Lowe-WCBS*
★ *Peter Tripp-WMGM*
★ *Dr. Jive-WWRL*
★ *Alan Freed-WINS*

ume Their Top Ten

Today's Winners

1—Virginia Shibroski, Manhattan—Ten Records
?—Carole Mackler, Rockville Center, L. I.—Five Records
3—Pete Martinasco, Dumont, N. J.—Three Records

You can be a winner next week! For full details the Armchair Deejay Contest, see the fifth column this page.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

recorded JAZZ by keith goodwin

combo is completed by pianist Elmo Hope, bassist John Ore, and drummer Art Taylor.

HI-FI SUITE — MGM-C-762 ("Feedback Fugue," "Bass Reflex," "Wow," "Flutter Waltz," "Reverberation," "Squawker," "Hi-Fi Pie," "Tweeter," "Woofer"): This nine-part suite, sub-titled "From Piccolo To Tuba In Rhythm," is the work of Leonard Feather and Dick Hyman, and is played by a specially organised orchestra under their joint direction. I find the whole affair quite intriguing, and especially enjoyed the solos of people like Joe Newman, Thad Jones, Frank Wess, Benny Powell, Oscar Pettiford and Eddie Safranksi. Recommended!

AMERICA CALLING

Garner on his way

From

LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—Erroll Garner left for his first concert tour of Europe on Sunday.

Initial stop for the pianist will be Paris, where he will be feted by the Philips Phonograph Industry (Columbia Records' French affiliates) until he opens at the Olympia Theatre tomorrow.

Garner will appear at the Olympia for three weeks, then plays concerts in Munich and a few other cities. He arrives back in the U.S. on January 7.

From December 28 to January 2 he will have a short holiday in England, where there will be a Press reception for him.

Accompanying him on the trip is Al Avakian, photographer brother of George Avakian, of Columbia Records.

OSCAR PETTIFORD

On the move

OSCAR PETTIFORD'S quintet has just completed an engagement at New York's Five Spot Café and is now gigging around the city.

The group has Bill Evans on piano, Earl Smith, drums; Red Rodney, trumpet; and Sahib Shihab, baritone sax.

COUNT BASIE

Jazz sound

ON Sunday, CBS-TV presents "The Sounds Of Jazz" as its programme for "The Seven Lively Arts."

Featured on the show will be Billie Holiday, Count Basie, with a specially organised all-star band, and Pee Wee Russell. Columbia Records is recording the music for a special LP.

JAZZ YESTERDAY

LEONARD FEATHER looks back

THE fans who made 1957 the biggest year ever for American jazz clearly have a wide variety of tastes. Though close to 60 per cent. of them (according to a recent survey) are from 13 to 22 years old, the musicians they applaud range all the way from the teen-aged prodigies of the Farmingdale High School Band—surprise click of last summer's Newport Jazz Festival—to Duke "Don't Count Me Out" Ellington, who at 58 is enjoying unprecedented popularity.

Not to mention Count Basie—still a crowd-rouser at 53.

What this adds up to is that jazzmen representing every era and style enjoyed a busy, prosperous year in every medium you can name. On records, the previous year's sales were just about doubled.

The solidest, longest-lasting hits included Ella Fitzgerald's Rodgers and Hart set (Verve); "The Modern Jazz Quartet at Music Inn" (Atlantic); "Duke Ellington at Newport" and Erroll Garner's "Concert by the Sea" (Columbia).

Early in the year, the freak hit by Shelly Manne and Andre Previn, playing tunes from "My Fair Lady" (Contemporary) led to a new trend; dozens of swinging soloists switched from original jazz material to Broadway show tunes as a peg for their personalised performances.

In the concert field, jazz and classical musicians played a series of joint ventures at Town Hall, in a unique reminder that some forms of jazz are moving closer and closer to classical music.

Tremendous crowds for George Shearing in Central Park.

JAZZ AND CLASSICS

At one concert, Lionel Hampton and his cats rubbed horns with symphonic musicians under Dimitri Mitroupolos's baton in the premiere of Hampton's "King David Suite."

Jazz made progress in its escape from smoky cellar clubs into the fresh air. In addition to Newport, Randalls Island and other festivals, a little revolution was staged in Central Park.

• • •

The Theatre Under the Stars, suffering from box-office anaemia after playing dramatic shows, pop music and vaudeville, got a blood transfusion as soon as it turned to jazz.

OPENED ITS DOORS

The tremendous crowds attracted by Brubeck, Garner and Shearing proved that jazz today is more popular than "popular" music itself.

Meanwhile, indoors, the once-square Waldorf broke attendance records by belatedly opening its portals to jazz with Basie, Hampton, Goodman and Sarah Vaughan.

Greenwich Village became a new mecca for small combos. Jimmy Giuffre's Trio at the Vanguard, Miles Davis at the Bohemia, Charlie Mingus at the Half Note, Thelonius Monk at the Five Spot, and Mary Lou Williams at Cherry Lane, ushered in an era of progressive sounds among the winding streets.

Academically it was a banner year. Students from the U.S., Brazil and Africa boned up on piano, trumpet and drums under such distinguished professors as Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie and Max Roach in a unique summer music school at Music Inn in Lenox, Mass.

More than 20 schools and colleges included jazz courses in their curriculum. Brandeis U. commissioned six jazz works to be premiered at its Creative Arts Festival. And did you know they have a school of modern jazz in Tel Aviv?

Jazz even began to leak through at long last on TV. Such guest stars as Kenton and Norman Granz's "Jazz at the Philharmonic" troupe lit up the screen on the Patti Page and Nat Cole shows. CBS staged three jazz extravaganzas.

As for radio, Mutual's Saturday Night Bandstand USA broadcast live from night clubs attracted a large and loyal audience.

Don't be surprised to find jazz at your neighbourhood theatre next year, either. For such movies as "St. Louis Blues" (with Nat Cole as W. C. Handy) and "Satchmo the Great" (the Louis Armstrong saga) were prepared for release, while the lives of Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton and Red Nicholls were mulled as movie vehicles.

As jazz grew bigger, the world grew smaller: our musicians, flying high around five continents, created enough good will to cancel (psychologically, at least) a dozen Sputniks.

ROYAL APPLAUSE

Queen Elizabeth applauded Count Basie's band at a Command Performance. Gerry Mulligan was a sensation in Great Britain; Wilbur de Paris's appearance with his band in Africa earned him a medal from Haile Selassie; crowds mobbing Louis in Buenos Aires almost started a riot.

Even the Communist countries were invaded as the revived Glenn Miller band, Tony Scott and others drew the Red Seal of approval in Poland and Yugoslavia.

Ted Heath triumphed with two U.S. tours; several other British bands visited us, but nobody noticed them, as they were buried in obscure touring rock-'n'-roll shows.

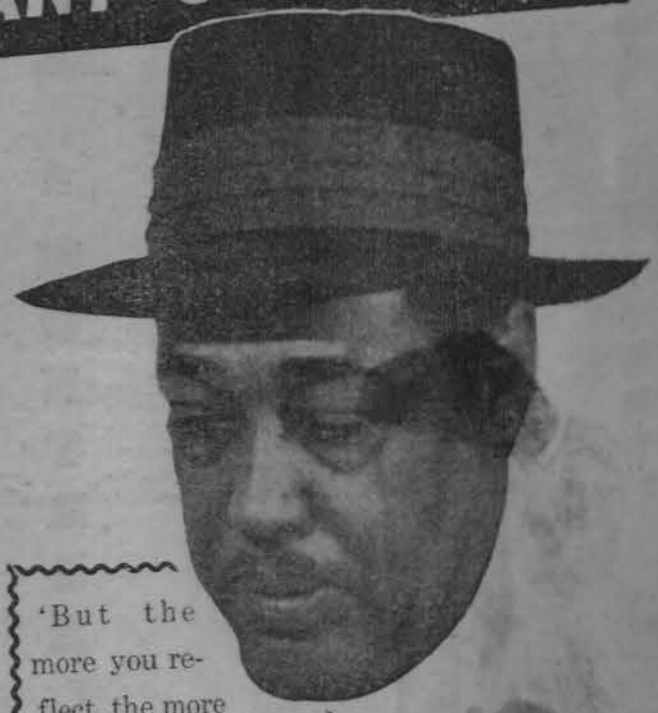
Even from the literary viewpoint this is a busy era. My own latest opus, "The Book of Jazz," attempts to bring into focus, chapter by chapter and instrument by instrument, the big, wide, wonderful world that jazz has become.

Between hard covers as well as in magazines and newspapers, far more has been written about jazz than in any previous year.

To sum up the whole jazz scene as of 1957, in a word: fantabulous!

WHO IS THE JAZZ GIANT OF 1957 ?

DUKE TOPS THEM ALL



'But the more you reflect, the more you think in terms of overall accomplishment . . . the more one name comes into focus'

IN times as jazz-rich as these golden days of 1957, is it possible to pick any one artist as Musician of the Year?

You might pick out a soloist from the huge heap. Sonny Rollins's tenor was a fresh, compelling sound that had both coasts talking. Or among the combos you could certainly say the Giuffre Three made the most noise figuratively (and the least literally).

Age has withered and custom staled the infinite monotony of too many respected combos in both traditional and modern jazz.

In the big band field, Herman and Kenton coasted, slipping from the prestige and prominence of a few years ago. Basie's crew, wonderful as ever, nevertheless began to sense its own aura of sameness and started on reorganisation of library and personnel as the year neared its end. Gillespie happily did contrive, despite economic problems, to keep a pretty strong crew together during nine months of the year.

LEONARD FEATHER selects his jazz personality of the year

Dignity

But the more you reflect, the more you think in terms of overall accomplishment, of contribution to the dignity and world-wide esteem of jazz, of refusal to lie down and vegetate or depend entirely on past glories, the more one name comes into focus.

Armstrong may have gassed Africa, Tony Scott took over Yugoslavia, Jay Jay carried American rhythmic good will to the Swedes. But in the midst of the year that saw more international jazz travelling than ever before, the figure whose name stood glittering at the apex of the hill was the one, almost the only one, who stayed on his native *terra firma* all year round—the incredibly perennial Edward Kennedy Ellington.

Drifting

For a while it had seemed that the Duke was drifting. Those of us who had been closest to him as fans and friends were dismayed to find a paucity of important new works and a seeming lack of direction.

Surprise

But the turning point came with the band's surprise hit when it stopped the show at the 1956 Newport Festival. And with the appearance of Duke's portrait, a few weeks later, on the cover of "Time" magazine.

(To those of you who don't live in the U.S., the importance of a publicity break like this may be hard to appreciate. For the Ellington band it was a vital morale-raising factor.)

Then came the increasing importance of Duke's new association with Columbia Records after a five-year absence. Prodded constantly by Irving Townsend, a Columbia executive who soon became Duke's loyal friend and volunteer promoter, he went to work on what became, in the spring of 1957, television's first major show built mainly around jazz, "A Drum Is A Woman."

Though both the show and the LP based on it received mixed reviews, the exposure to 50 million Americans proved priceless.

Admirable

More successful musically was the Shakespeare suite, "Such Sweet Thunder," commissioned by (and played by the band at) the festival in Stratford, Ontario.

Here was the kind of Ellingtonia—and, let us not forget, Stravhornia—that escaped all the vagaries of fashions and trends: music that evolved logically from the directions Duke had taken in his earlier concert works.

The year ended in high style as the band finished an admirable album of standard tunes and the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People paid Duke a long-due tribute at a $50-a-plate dinner held on November 22 in aid of its "Fight for Freedom" fund.

Acclaim

With Steve Allen as compère, top executives of the NAACP spoke warmly of Duke. Averell Harriman, the Governor of New York State, was among the evening's speakers. A document was handed to Duke. It read:

"In appreciation of his outstanding genius as a creative artist whose exceptional talent has won not only universal acclaim for himself but also world-wide recognition of America's signal contribution to American music, in grateful acknowledgment of his generous and steadfast support of efforts to eliminate racial discrimination and segregation from all phases of American life, the NAACP proudly presents this scroll of honour to Duke Ellington, America's Gift to the World of Music."

And, incidentally, they could have added: No. 1 Jazz Personality of 1957.

New leader Christmas issue

Congratulations, Tony Scott

From LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—Tony Scott received a letter of commendation from Vice President Richard Nixon on his recent tour through Europe and Africa.

Nixon said: "It has been brought to my attention that you have recently returned from your own personal eight months good will tour.

"I am sure that you had many memorable experiences and that you were able, through the medium of music, to create a feeling of friendship for our country.

"I wish to commend you for the part you are taking in helping to establish a firm foundation for good will among your fellow men which is so important in the world today."

Eddie Condon
In Bourbon Street

EDDIE CONDON has leased Bourbon Street for ten years. Condon says he hopes to be in business at his new location by the first week in January. The building which houses his present club is to be torn down.

Dick McPartland
Jazz cabbie

DICK McPARTLAND, former guitarist and original member of the so-called Austin High School Gang in Chicago during the 1920s, has died at the age of 51. A brother of Jimmy McPartland, he quit the business 20 years ago and had been driving a cab in Chicago.

Teo Macero
'Fusion'

TEO MACERO'S composition "Fusion," written for symphony orchestra and jazz band, will be presented January 11 and 12 at Carnegie Hall by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic.

Melody Maker Dec. 21-57

124

Boston Traveler 12/19/57

The Jazz Scene

Book Sketches 21 'Greats'

By JOHN McLELLAN

Nat Hentoff and Nat Shapiro, co-editors of "Hear Me Talkin' to Ya," have brought out a new book called "The Jazz Makers." (Rinehart—368 pp.—$4.95)

This is a collection of 21 "biographical and critical studies . . . written especially for this book by nine of America's most articulate observers of the jazz scene. Leonard Feather, Orrin Keepnews, George Avakian, Bill Simon, George Hoefer, John S. Wilson, Charles Edward Smith are the editors.

McLELLAN

The result is, for the most part, a series of warm, accurate and thoroughly absorbing sketches of some of the men who wrought the greatest changes in the jazz scene.

ARMSTRONG UNDERPLAYED

I say "for the most part" because the book is uneven. This is probably to be expected in an anthology of this sort. But it is unfortunate, Especially in the case of the chapter devoted to Louis Armstrong, written by George Avakian.

Thus, Armstrong, one of the three greatest jazz makers of all time, is given rather short shrift in Avakian's brief apology for Louis' current vaudeville act. These nine pages are all out of proportion when compared for instance to the thirty pages devoted to such a lesser light as "Bady" Dolds.

The writers I found most penetrating were Hentoff himself, George Hoefer and Leonard Feather. These three have obviously done considerable research in preparing their portraits.

Hentoff's chapters on Lester Young and Roy Eldridge, probe deeply into the personal lives of his subjects, giving us a real insight into the motives and drives that govern their attitudes and their playing.

MANY ROSE FROM EQUALED BACKGROUND

Lester's year in an Army prison, Roy's battle with Jim Crow on the road with Krupa are tragic testimony of the treatment accorded some of our most valuable colored citizens.

In fact, one cannot help being impressed how many of these jazz makers have risen from squalid childhood backgrounds only to face almost insuperable obstacles in their adult lives.

And yet, despite or perhaps because of the pain these sensitive people have endured, they have given us the most soul-satisfying music our nation has produced. A music valued throughout the world as America's only major contribution to the arts.

George Hoefer's chapters on Bix Beiderbecke and Bessie Smith are done in a quiet, under-stated, factual style which characterizes his "Hot Box" column in Down Beat. Through painstaking research and a good measure of common sense, Hoefer removes much of the fairy-tale atmosphere that typifies books like Terkel's "Giants of Jazz."

STORY DEMOLISHES LEGEND OF DEATH

For instance, Hoefer demolishes the legend of Bix's untimely end. For 20 years people have told the story of how Bix contracted pneumonia after playing a college date during a blizzard. Hoefer quietly asks how many colleges hold dances in August, expecially during blizzards. Bix died in August.

Leonard Feather has the advantage of being the only musician among the authors. And so he writes of Coleman Hawkins' "Body And Soul" with an understanding of its chordal innovations. Feather was one of the first to promote "be-bop" and so also writes the final chapter on John "Dizzy" Gillespie.

Feather gets his jollies by resurrecting remarks by some of the other authors represented in the book, which they would I'm sure just as soon forget. Some of these are hilarious when viewed from our present perspective.

Can you remember when The Record Changer, edited by Bill Grauer and Orrin Keepnews came out with this gem:

'EXPERTS CREATE FALSE IMPRESSION

"The so-called experts of Esquire, by keeping good jazz hidden from the public while forcing upon them the Eldridges, Tatums and Pettifords, have created a totally false impression of real American jazz music."

Fortunately, neither the Record Changer nor Esquire could prevent or force the changes that have taken place in jazz. People like Charlie Parker are bound to happen and nothing can stop their influence or minimize their importance. By way of emphasis of this point, it should be pointed out that the chapter on Parker was written by this same Orrin Keepnews.

If you have a jazz fan on your Christmas shopping list, may I recommend "The Jazz Makers." The chapters mentioned above make it well worth reading.

John McLellan conducts the "Top Shelf" jazz program from 7 to 8 p. m. every Saturday on Statio WHDH.

Los Angeles Examiner
6 Sec. 5 Sun., Dec. 22, 1957

Fine Reading, Writing for the Christmas Stocking

The Choice Is Unlimited

REVIEWED BY
CLARK KINNAIRD

A selection of the best new books of the year, any of which could be a good last-minute gift choice for a person you care about. No gift can give more lasting pleasure than a book.

THE BOOK OF JAZZ, by Leonard Feather (Horizon Press: $3.95). It is accompanied by an LP recording of "The Anatomy of Improvisation" featuring Dizzy Gillespie, Art Tatum, Charlie Parker and seven other notable jazz soloists.

NEW YORK POST, MONDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1957 M 4

Books For Your List

By Max Lerner

As always before Christmas, I want to pass on to you some of the reading I have most enjoyed during the past year. Some of the books are new, some old; some are deep, some bold, and some a bit trivial. But they did for me what books do at their best—added to the resources on which a man can draw when he is alone with his own mind.

As for other books on America, I fear I have read far too many of them recently. I can only mention a few very diverse ones. Henry Nash Smith's great book, "Virgin Land: the American West as Symbol and Myth," is now available in a paperback (Vintage Books, $1.25). Alexander Eliot has put together "Three Hundred Years of American Painting" (Random House, $15.50). Granville Hicks has induced 10 American novelists to talk about being a novelist in America today in "The Living Novel" (Macmillan $4.50). I have enjoyed the new edition of Gilbert Seldes' "The Seven Lively Arts" (Sagamore, $4.95), and Leonard Feather's "The Book of Jazz" (Horizon, $3.95). And there is a delightful picture-and-text book about the 1920's, "The Lawless Decade" by Paul Sann (Crown, $5.95).

Billboard

DECEMBER 23, 1957

THE ANATOMY OF IMPROVISATION 20
(1-12")
Verve MGV 8230

A record complement to a chapter in L. Feather's recently published tome, "Book of Jazz." Set is extremely valuable in itself, for it exposes large sampling of top players in good form . . . i.e. C. Parker, D. Gillespie, A. Tatum, B. Powell, R. Eldridge, C. Hawkins, L. Young and many more. Running variety of styles, package's appeal is likely to be wide. Especially notable for demo purposes:

—By LOUIS SOBOL—

. . . live in Florida" . . . A couple of gentlemen who have discovered there's gold in music, exchange views at the Hickory House—Composer Hoagy Carmichael and jazz critic Leonard Feather . . . Sherman Billingsley reminisces with this reporter on the earlier days of

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

. We will withhold both on request.

FRUGAL GUY'S FEATHERS

Brooklyn: I am writing about that "Sly Guy" who wisecracked in the Voice the other day. Any guy who thinks he's wise in picking a fight with his girl just to get off from buying her a gift, doesn't deserve to have a girl. Not only that, he should be tarred and feathered.

VERY DISGUSTED GIRL.

AUTHOR RETORTS

Manhattan: Voicer "Disgusted" should have read Ben Gross' interview with me instead of scanning the headline. I believe that all men are born equal, therefore I do not believe in white supremacy or any other racial supremacy; but, from the social standpoint, I believe jazz is unquestionably of American Negro origin. I made this clear in "The Book of Jazz" and I made it clear to Mr. Gross. Too bad "Disgusted" was too busy to notice.

LEONARD FEATHER.

DAILY NEWS
DEC. 26 -'57

125

Release sent 1st class, January 3, 19

Ad Trade Press
Book Trade Press
Selected list of dailies' Book Edit
Billboard
Variety

232 east ohio • chicago 11, illinois • michigan 2-1000

FROM: PLAYBOY MAGAZINE
For further information call:
Victor Lownes III

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:

PLAYBOY JAZZ EDITOR AUTHORS TWO NEW BOOKS

Two new books by Playboy Magazine's Jazz Editor Leonard Feather, generally recognized as the nation's most outstanding jazz writer, have just been published by two major book publishing houses. They are The Book of Jazz (Horizon) and The Jazz Makers (Rinehart.)

In The Book of Jazz, Feather proves that jazz was not born in New Orleans. He also details the history of Jim Crow in jazz, the major personalities and developments of each jazz instrument, the reason behind the "improvisations" of jazz' greats, and the top ten of jazz' predictions of future developments in the field.

In The Jazz Makers, Feather collaborates with five other authors. One of his contributions, a profile of Duke Ellington, is an expansion of an article which first appeared in the November 1957 issue of Playboy.

Feather joined Playboy in January 1957, where in addition to his duties as Jazz Editor, he assists in conducting the Annual Playboy All-Star Jazz Poll. He is the author of The Encyclopedia of Jazz, has contributed to some of the nation's most outstanding publications, and is the composer of more than 200 jazz pieces recorded by some of the top artists in the field.

Feather organized the first jazz concerts at Carnegie Hall, and among others discovered such top rank personalities as George Shearing, Sarah Vaughn and Dinah Washington.

-30-

126

Recordings Reports: Jazz LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
(The) "Anatomy of Improvisation." Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Johnny Hodges, Charlie Parker, Buddy de Franco, Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, etc. A selection of records by Leonard Feather to complement "The Book of Jazz." Verve MGV 8230, $4.98.	This title is presumptuous and misleading. It is patently impossible to have an "Anatomy of Improvisation" on one LP, and without Louis, Duke, Count, Pee Wee, etc. However, it happens to be a good album. "Jessica's Day" with Diz is a stimulating head with marvelous work by "El Goatee." Confusion reigns on "Trumpet Blues" with Roy and Diz, and pandemonium is rampant on "Monogram" by Mr. de Franco. "Bloomdido" is a classic example of two musicians in complete harmony. A most enjoyable experience. Hodges is mature, mellow, and musically always artistic, thereby contributing the best music on this side. Hawk, too, sounds very good and is aided by the very talented Benny Green on trombone. Any one of the many records Pres made with Basie would have highlighted his genius more than "The Opener." Parker's playing on this side is better than his playing on the record that Feather picked in this album to feature him. "Hallucination" is not the best example of Powell's work, although it is representative. "Blues for the Oldest Profession" by Teddy Wilson is one of the greatest piano solos I've ever heard.

DAILY NEWS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1958

Broadway

By DANTON WALKER

Broadway Roundup

The Soviets are going all-out to make Siberia a tourist attraction. Building a super-highway system there to make it easier to visit. . . . Paris now has more legitimate theatres than New York and among the special services to stimulate business is free motorcycle delivery of tickets and a bureau that you reach merely by dialing T-H-E-A-T-R-E for information about shows . . . . The wage scale for motion picture workers in Puerto Rico, in both production and cinema houses, has been upped to $1 an hour by order of the Department of Labor. . . . Brooklyn-born bullfighter Sidney Franklin, who was jailed on a traffic violation in Madrid more than six months ago, is still serving time. . . . Audrey Hepburn's grandfather died in Holland.

Carol Channing

Tennessee Williams

★ ★ ★

New Jersey drive-in theatres installing adjoining midget auto racetracks to attract the hot rod set and New York taxi dance halls due to be converted to bingo parlors when the law permits. . . . Pancho, one of cafe society's favorite rumba bandleaders a while back, now finds it more profitable to clerk in a midtown hotel. . . . Noel Coward turning over the keys of his Jamaica home to comedian Wally Griffin, who's off for a three weeks appearance at the Club Chatham, Montego Bay's newest nitery. . . . Dana Andrews will plane a party of fellow Hollywood stars here for the Jan. 28 premiere of "The Body Beautiful," to root for his kid brother, Steve Forrest, who makes his stage bow in that musical comedy. . . . Monsignore's Jimmy Aufiero in Park East Hospital because of a burst blood vessel. . . . Jazz critic Leonard Feather, whose "Book of Jazz" has gone into a second printing, to produce a modern music series for NBC's educational TV channel.

★ ★ ★

Melody Maker 12/28/58

This happened

STEVE RACE asked recently: "What ever happened to Tadd Dameron, Cleo Brown, Slam Stewart and Allen Eager?"

To the rescue: Leonard Feather.

Who tells me that Tadd is living in Manhattan doing freelance writing for Herman, Basie and others.

Cleo Brown had a long illness and has been in obscurity on the West Coast for many years.

Slam Stewart has been playing bass with Rose Murphy and most recently has been with the Beryl Brooker Trio.

And Allen Eager was in France for some 18 months, switched from tenor to alto, and was most recently in Spain.

OK, Steve? (It's all part of the service.)

Variety 1/22/58

Shifting Critics of the Beat

Down Beat Mag is lopping off feature byline reviewers, among them Leonard Feather and Ralph J. Gleason (of San Francisco) plus Barry Ulanov. Meantime its Nat Hentoff, who exited last summer, is doing disk expertese for The Reporter, Esquire, Nation, et al freelance.

Gleason who has a new self-and-others anthology, "Jam Session," due on the stalls is now a contributing ed (ditto Hentoff) of Ziff Davis' new HiFi & Music Review.

127

31 lata Willisa Conovera

Napisał: LEONARD FEATHER

Miłośnicy jazzu dobrze znają ten głos. Pięć razy w tygodniu można usłyszeć jego miękki, dźwięczny timbre, gdy zapowiada dwugodzinny program „Music USA", nadawany na falach krótkich. Speakerem jest wysoki, szczupły mężczyzna w okularach. Nazwisko — Willis Conover.

Pierwsza połowa programu „Music USA", którą rozpoczyna „Coral reef" Neal Hefti'ego — obejmuje najlepsze pozycje muzyki rozrywkowej. Nie znajdują w niej odbicia przejściowe efemerydy na poziomie nieszczęsnego rock-and-rollu. Można natomiast usłyszeć takie nazwiska, jak Gordon Jenkins, Les Brown, Nelson Riddle, Nat Cole, Perry Como i Helen Merrill. Jeszcze bardziej popularną jest druga część programu, zaczynająca się od „Take the A-train" Duke Ellingtona, a obejmująca koncert z płyt, wywiady ze znakomitościami jazzowymi, lub wreszcie muzykę transmitowaną z festiwali jazzowych.

Niewielu jednak słuchaczy mogłoby powiedzieć coś bliższego na temat właściciela tego ujmującego głosu — mimo, że pozyskał on sobie wiernych słuchaczy na wszystkich pięciu kontynentach, odkąd w grudniu 1954 r. audycje „Music USA" zostały powołane do życia. Również niewielu słuchaczy radiowych posiada bliższe informacje na temat organizacji i sposobu przygotowywania tych programów. Spójrzmy więc za kulisy studia „Music USA". W Waszyngtonie przebywa Willis Conover jedynie dwa dni w tygodniu — pozostały czas głównie w Nowym Jorku. W ciągu tych dwóch dni nagrywa on na taśmę pięć pełnych audycji, które wypełniają wieczorny program jazzowy od poniedziałku do piątku każdego tygodnia. Ponieważ większość wolnego czasu spędza Conover w N. Jorku — udało mi się więc przeprowadzić z nim coś w rodzaju wywiadu i uzyskać szereg ciekawych informacji na temat pracy studia „Music USA" jak również i o samej jego osobie.

— Urodziłem się 18 grudnia 1920 r. w Buffalo — powiedział mi Willis Conover. — Mój ojciec był oficerem. Powodowało to nieustanne przenoszenie się naszej rodziny z miasta do miasta, a dla mnie osobiście — możność „zwiedzenia" kilku tuzinów szkół. Ta „żyłka" do podróżowania pozostała mi odtąd na całe życie. Pamiętam, jak w jednej ze szkół graliśmy sztukę, w której ważną rolę sceniczną odgrywała radiostacja. Do roli speakera zostałem wybrany ja. Gdy kurtyna zapadła, zbliżył się do mnie jeden z widzów i wyciągając rękę powiedział: „Mówiłeś zupełnie jak prawdziwy speaker, miałem wrażenie, że słucham radia u siebie w domu"

Był to wielki komplement — przecież miałem wtedy 14 lat. W jakiś czas później dostałem się do finałów „konkursu dykcji", który był transmitowany przez radio. Po zakończeniu audycji zbliżył się do mnie „prawdziwy" speaker i pogratulowawszy mi uzyskania dobrej lokaty wyraził opinię, że powinienem poświęcić się zawodowo karierze speakera.

Tak też się stało. Będąc jeszcze uczniem podjąłem się w r. 1938 „week-endowej" pracy w rozgłośni w Maryland, a w roku następnym rozpocząłem już stałą pracę w niewielkiej rozgłośni radiowej. W ciągu następnych lat zacząłem poznawać bliżej jazz, dotychczas znałem go jedynie jako określenie gatunku muzyki, nie posiadając natomiast niemal żadnego pojęcia o samej muzyce. Największe wrażenie wywarło na mnie wtedy „Cherokee" Charlie Barneta i nieco później — „Elegy" Art Tatuma. Pierwszy raz usłyszałem o istnieniu pisma „Down Beat". Dopóki nie byłem w stanie wyrobić sobie własnego poglądu o jazzie, pomagali mi w tym autorzy z „Down Beatu".

★

We wrześniu 1942 r. Willis Conover został wcielony do armii, gdzie pozostawał aż do lutego 1946 r. Stacjonując w Waszyngtonie Willis mógł raz w tygodniu — poczynając od lutego 1944 r. — podczas week-endu nadawać swój własny program jazzowy z małej rozgłośni WWDC. W pierwszych miesiącach 1946 r. — bardziej dla własnej satysfakcji i zamiłowania do muzyki, niż dla zysku — Willis podjął się prowadzenia lokalnych jam-sessions. Występił w charakterze kierownika dużego zespołu miejscowych muzyków, którzy dotychczas nie często mieli okazję by grać nowoczesny jazz. Joe Timer — nie tylko już perkusista, był dyrektorem muzycznym tego zespołu noszącego nazwę „The Orchestra". Posiadał on pokaźny zestaw aranżacji, opracowanych przez Johnny Mandela, Billy Postas i innych. Willis wrósł się do funkcji menagera przy zespole, publicysty i komentatora.

W 1954 r. Conover dowiedział się, że kierownik programowy rozgłośni John Wiggins poszukuje komentatora do słuchowisk jazzowych. Wiggins miał wielkie doświadczenie w pracy radiowej, gdyż pracował tam już od 1920 r. (wtedy zaangażował Benny Goodmana i Bix Beiderbecke'a) i w 1945 r. był organizatorem seryjnych audycji radiowych Woody Hermana. Przeprowadził z Willisem długą rozmowę. Od tego czasu miliony słuchaczy na całym świecie pośród wybitnych nazwisk ludzi jazzu wymieniają jeszcze jedno: Conover.

Tak „od kuchni" wygląda jedna z audycji Conovera: przy mikrofonach — Gene Krupa, Eddie Condon i Willis Conover. *Fot. autora*

Audycja „Music USA" nigdy nie jest nadawana bezpośrednio. Zostaje ona nagrana na taśmę, której pół tuzina kopii przesyła się do retransmitujących rozgłośni na całym świecie. Stacje nadają audycje z tych taśm dopiero około 2 miesiące później — w czasie „szczytowych godzin" słuchania radia w rozmaitych częściach globu. Retransmitują je rozgłośnie w Tangerze (Afryka Płn), Colombo (Ceylon), Monachium (Niemcy), Honolulu (Hawaje), Płn. Luzon (Filipiny) i Dixon (Kalifornia).

W swych audycjach Conover unika partyzanckiej polityki w zakresie jazzu. Oto, co mówi on na ten temat:

— Staram się wprowadzić równowagę między stylami: nowoorleańskim, dixieland, mainstream i modern. Normalnie 1/4 godziny przeznaczonej na jazz poświęcam muzyce tradycyjnej, zainteresowanie się nią ulega jednak stałej zmianie i raczej skłania się zdecydowanie ku jazzowi nowoczesnemu. Wielu słuchaczy obecnie pisze do nas: „Początkowo podobał mi się jedynie dixieland, teraz jednak jest tyle nowych rzeczy, nie przypuszczałem, że mnie tak pociągną. Moim zdaniem — program nasz posiada duży wpływ wychowawczy".

Conover pokazał mi typowe pozycje swego programu, nagrane na taśmę 11 września br. a nadane 28 października. Składały się one z następujących utworów: „High Society" i „Peg O'my Heart" w wyk. Jacka Teagardena, „Two Deuces" w wyk. Armstronga — Hinesa, „It Dont' Mean a Thing" w wyk. londyńskiego zespołu Happy Wanderers' Street Band", „Chelsea Bridge" Ellingtona, „Rockabye Basie" Count Basiego, „Cimarron" w wyk. dużego zespołu Johnny Richardsa, cztery pozycje Billy Holiday: „Your Mother's Son-in-law" z Benny Goodmanem, „Easy Living", „Them there Eyes" i „Moonlight in Vermont" — a więc cztery utwory reprezentujące, zdaniem Willisa, cztery okresy Billy Holiday, następnie „Jack's Blues" w wyk. awangardowego zespołu George Russela, „Bernie's Tune" Gerry Mulligana i „Just One Those Things" Bud Powella.

Willis starannie przestrzega, aby przy wyborze poszczególnych punktów programu nie ulegać osobistym upodobaniom. Lista jego ulubionych utworów jest jednak tak obszerna i obejmuje tyle różnych gatunków, że zachodzi małe prawdopodobieństwo, aby „skrzywdzony" został jakikolwiek rodzaj czy styl muzyczny, nawet, gdyby Conover powodował się ściśle osobistym wyborem.

Imponująca jest ilość listów jakie codziennie otrzymuje Willis. Wśród wielu ich tysięcy znajdziemy list od słuchacza z New Delhi, który prosi o fotografie Duke Ellingtona, podziękowanie od studenta medycyny z Norwegii, list od ojca 9-letniego entuzjasty jazzu z Kopenhagi, zapytania w sprawie płyt, książek i czasopism jazzowych, przesłane przez grupę entuzjastów ze Szwecji.

Najwięcej bodajże piszą z Anglii — mówi Conover — powód — to chyba wspólny język, jak i dogodne w Anglii warunki odbioru naszych audycji. Listy od cudzoziemców pisane są na ogół w języku angielskim. Ich autorzy w większości wypadków proszą o wybaczenie ewentualnych błędów językowych. Niepotrzebnie. Ja sam nie władam żadnym obcym językiem, zawsze staram się mówić wolno i zrozumiale. Nie za dużo i bez mentorskiego tonu. Rozczulająco duża ilość korespondencji przychodzi od ludzi, którzy przyznają, że nigdy poprzednio nie pisali tego rodzaju listów, wyznając jak wiele przyniosł im nasz program.

— Proszę spojrzeć — mówi Willis pokazując mi numer waszego polskiego pisma. — Oto zestawienie terminów jazzowych a wśród innych i moje nazwisko.

Willis promienieje. I dodaje — Tak, to jest dla mnie wielką satysfakcją...

Audycje „Music USA" nie starają się szerzyć nigdy żadnej propagandy. Jazz — jak to wskazał Conover — jest propagandą sam dla siebie.

Jeden z czechosłowackich słuchaczy pisze w liście do Willisa: „Robi pan naprawdę dobrą robotę, nie tylko dlatego, że umila nam pan wieczory i czyni je wprost niezapomnianymi, ale dla tego — posiada to głębsze znaczenie — że pozwala nam pan zapoznać się z rozwojem sztuki i duchem amerykańskiego narodu wraz z całym optymistycznym podłożem sposobu jego myślenia".

LEONARD FEATHER
Tł. T. R.

Nowy Jork, w listopadzie 1957 r.

blindfold test (from page 70)

through, though. I suppose the reason was that this was made back in the days before you could make an LP for the all-star sessions and let everybody blow 99 choruses. You had to compress everything into three minutes, as a result of which there is some deliberate overlapping that is not too effective, but you can pick out of the mélange people like Getz, DeFranco, Mulligan, Konitz, Miles, Kai, Roach, and Gubenko.

They all get just barely enough to do to give you an idea of their capabilities, which is not exactly the ideal result to achieve on an all-star session, since they presumably are there because they won the poll as soloists, and they wind up being heard for maybe 16 seconds apiece. With that reservation, I would say it's a four-star record.

Down Beat 1957 Yearbook

the blindfold test

Turnabout

■ When John Tynan on the west coast and Dom Cerulli on the east coast set about soliciting record choices from musicians for a *Blindfold Test* to be given Leonard Feather, the reaction was almost inevitably the same: "He'll know just about every record we can think of." It worked out pretty much that way. Feather, who has conducted the *Blindfold Test* for more years than perhaps even he will care to remember, has almost total recall. The test was administered in Leonard's living room, where he has entertained hundreds of jazzmen and women while conducting the same type of guessing game. He was given no information before the test, and didn't get even a peek at a record jacket or a label. He just sat back, listened, and made the comments printed below. The *Blindfold Test* and *Feather's Nest* are regular features of *Down Beat*. The records for this test were chosen, for the most part, after long and often painful deliberation by the musicians.

Leonard Feather

The Records

1. (Selected by Shorty Rogers.) Count Basie, *Texas Shuffle* (Decca). Basie, piano; Lester Young, clarinet; Dickie Wells, trombone; Harry Edison, trumpet; Herschel Evans, tenor sax and arr. Rec. 1938.

Well, I have played many tricks on my blindfold subjects through the years in which I have attempted to fool them by having "a" sound like "b," and so forth, but I don't think this is one of those cases where it could be anything but the original genuine article. I know this record too well.

I imagine the reason it was chosen for me is that it's one of the few examples of Lester Young on clarinet. I think he played clarinet with tremendous feeling and if he had developed his technique he could have become one of the great clarinetists of jazz history. Of course Sweets is there, and Dickie Wells, who was a wonderful trombonist of those days, and Herschel Evans, and all these men with a personality of their own.

The band, too, had a personality of its own—a freshness and excitement which I think is inherent in the music, although I might be mixing nostalgia up with my emotions. All I can say is that subjectively I found it a wonderful experience and I would be forced to give it five stars. It's the Basie band, of course. As for the piano, I don't think Nat Pierce ever sounded *that* much like Basie. I believe this was recorded in 1937 or '38.

2. (Selected by Shelly Manne.) Jimmy Deuchar, *IPA Special* (Contemporary). Lennie Bush, bass; Phil Seamen, drums.

Well, Dom, I'm afraid you set a very bad precedent by starting out with such a great record. That Basie thing has sort of spoiled me for what may be the next several items. It was pretty hard to follow.

I seem to detect a mixture of west coast and east coast influences here. In fact, I'm quite sure I know this record because I remember thinking when I first heard it that the theme—at least the first few measures—reminded me of *Ballin' the Jack*. It's almost note for note the same as *Ballin' the Jack*, which is almost 40 years old, so it's not an original theme and not a particularly inspiring arrangement.

It's about 90 percent solos and they are on a fairly capable level—nothing that gassed me. I would say the most swinging thing about the whole record was the rhythm section—particularly the bass player and the drummer. I'd give it two-and-a-half stars. I'm not attempting any identification.

3. (Selected by Benny Goodman.) Farmingdale High School Band. *Can't We Be Friends.*

I'll say one thing for it. It was short. That's about all I can say for it. The saxophones were out of tune and/or badly blended in the first chorus. Phrasing was a little corny. It sounded to me more like an attempt at a dance band performance than jazz. The guitar continued to play melody and the whole thing was pretty much on the melody from the start. I've been familiar with that melody for many, many years, and have heard it done many, many times much better. I can't see any particular reason for a record like this. All I can say is one star.

4. (Selected by Art Pepper.) Art Pepper. *Imagination* (Contemporary). Pepper, alto sax; Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

This sounds like something that Paul Desmond or Brubeck would have chosen for me to listen to, for obvious reasons. I like the alto solo.

I may be wrong, but it seems to me either I have the wrong idea of the changes for *Imagination* or *they* do, because I heard some changes in the bridge that didn't sound correct to me. I don't know who was responsible but it didn't sound comfortable. The alto solo showed imagination and variety, but the rhythm section seemed to *lack* imagination, which for a record called *Imagination* is unfortunate. The bass solo was wonderful. I would say four stars for the alto and bass, and two stars for the rest of it.

5. (Selected by Tony Scott.) Tony Scott, *Blues for Charlie Parker*. Rec. in Yugoslavia with Horst Janckowski, piano.

That was Tony Scott, his train whistle, and his European all-stars. It was recorded in Yugoslavia, I believe,

131

Down Beat 1957 Yearbook

LITERATURE

By Leonard Feather

■ In a somewhat startling diatribe in the New York *Daily News* Robert Sylvester, the author and screen play writer who frequently doubles as a Condon-inclined jazz critic, recently reported that it had occurred to him for the first time "that maybe too much is being written about jazz and, in fact, maybe there is too much jazz these days, since so much of it is mediocre and so little of it will ever earn the music any new friends."

Complaining (or at least making it sound like a complaint) that jazz is now "largely in the hands of thoroughly educated musicians," he granted that this may make for a more pure and exact jazz, but lamented that it also gives us combos like Chico Hamilton, which may be playing a very modern style of jazz, "but if you told me he's got a chamber music group aimed at quiet afternoons with the Ladies Guild, I wouldn't know any different."

According to Sylvester the critics and book writers are partly at fault. All of them ("including me," he concedes) are highly opinionated, take definite sides, and refuse to see any value in any jazz or jazzmen who aren't paid up members in their own art unions. "Also, being themselves musicians or at least music students, the jazz critics have gotten just a little too hep (sic). They write as musician to musician, they write for each other as so many jazz stars now play purely for each other, in the conviction that the public is too square to understand their beautiful technique."

Sylvester's comments, though exaggerated and slightly belligerent, remind me of the story of the poor old man who lived for many years under the tyranny of Nazi occupation and was subsequently "liberated" by the Russians. Asked by a reporter to describe current conditions, he shrugged and answered, "It was better when it was worse."

Sylvester's point is valid to the extent that after many years of complaints from all the critics that jazz was not being recorded enough, not being broadcast enough, not heard in enough night clubs or seen in enough concerts, nor written about enough in the newspapers and magazines and between hard covers, we have now got what we wanted and the drought has been replaced by an avalanche. Jazz clubs are springing up everywhere. The number of listening minutes per week represented by the jazz LP output makes it literally impossible to keep up with everything that is going on. Everybody and his brother, and sister, writes about jazz. An avalanche is no better than a drought. No wonder many of us who yelled the loudest are now conceding that "it was better when it was worse" in jazz.

Nevertheless, it is necessary to face the fact that the literature of jazz, in particular, has been expanding tremendously and creating a vastly increased audience for the music. In 1957 alone, there were at least four new books on jazz in the U.S., several others abroad, and numerous works of fiction that made jazz a primary or secondary thread in the plot.

The first book to arrive was Studs Terkel's *Giants of Jazz*. Terkel, a Chicagoan who has worked as a radio disc jockey, critic for the Chicago *Sun Times*, author of TV dramas, and authority on both jazz and folk music, certainly cannot be accused of any lack of affection for his subject. Though the dust jacket does not make it clear, it is obvious that *Giants of Jazz* was designed to acquaint teenagers with the elementary historic facts of jazz and its giants. As one of the Crowell representatives told us, "Mr. Terkel wrote it in the hope that today's boys and girls will become the jazz fans of tomorrow."

With the exception of a brief concluding passage, each chapter in the book is devoted to one of a dozen personalities: Oliver, Armstrong, Bessie Smith, Fats, Duke, Benny, Count, Billie Holiday, Woody, Kenton and Dizzy. The stories are sugar-coated and generally avoid any of the harder facts of life, though Billie Holiday's narcotics involvement is mentioned briefly. The stories are generally accurate and helpful for the group at which they are aimed. Each chapter is illustrated by a line drawing by Robert Galster.

The second book to arrive was Barry Ulanov's, *A Handbook of Jazz*. Barry, though he has often been accused of special pleading, actually is less vulnerable than most critics to the subjective whims and objective prejudices that attend jazz criticism. He has listened with a wide-

Giants of Jazz, by Studs Terkel. 209 pp. Thomas Y. Crowell, $3.00.

A Handbook of Jazz, by Barry Ulanov. 230 pp. Viking. $3.50.

The Book of Jazz, by Leonard Feather. 266 pp. Horizon. $3.95.

The Jazz Makers, edited by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff. 347 pp. Rinehart. $4.95.

That Crazy American Music, by Elliot Paul. Bobbs Merrill. 298 pp. $4.00.

Paris Blues, by Harold Flender. 187 pp. Ballantine. $3.00.

On the Road, by Jack Kerouac. 310 pp. Viking. $3.95.

Somewhere There's Music, by George Lea. 224 pp. Lippincott. $1.50.

(Note: *Jazz, Its Evolution and Essence*, by Andre Hodeir, 280 pp., Grove Press, published in 1956 at $3.50, was made available in 1957 in a paperback Evergreen edition at $1.45.)

Playboy
Feb, 1958

BOOKS

Our five-foot shelf of jazz tomes sprouted four more inches this month: ***The Jazz Makers*** (Rinehart, $4.95) comprises 21 lengthy portraits of catalytic jazz giants ranging from Jelly Roll Morton and Baby Dodds to Dizzy Gillespie and Benny Goodman. Co-editors Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff share in the writing, as do the knowledgeable likes of Orrin Keepnews, John S. Wilson, Charles Edward Smith and our own Leonard Feather. (The Feather piece on Duke Ellington is an expansion of a feature that appeared in the November '57 PLAYBOY.) In the cases of men about whom almost everything has already been documented, one feels that the writers had to strain to find a new approach, but several of the chapters, notably Hentoff's study of Lester Young and the sensitive Keepnews tributes to Tatum and Bird, come off just fine . . . Leonard Feather has the field to himself in ***The Book of Jazz*** (Horizon, $3.95), a text entirely different in approach from his *Encyclopedia* and *Yearbook*. After a series of interviews with some of jazzdom's venerables (in which he proves that jazz was *not* born in New Orleans), and a unique chapter that details the history of Jim Crow in jazz, Feather serves up a round of chapters titled *The Piano, The Trumpet, The Tenor Saxophone*, etc., which deal succinctly with each instrument's big men and major developments. For many, though, the most intriguing chapter will be *The Anatomy of Improvisation*, which puts 15 jazzmen under the microscope for the first time, printing the notes of solos and analyzing in detail just what makes Benny run — and Lester, and Teddy, and a dozen more — and why they hit us in our emotional solar plexus. The final chapter, *Jazz in 1984*, has 10 men (Duke, Satchmo, John Lewis, Giuffre, Gillespie, Woody Herman, etc.) gazing into 10 crystal balls.

Popular Music Feb. 1958

clarinet in the Business

Noted writer on the jazz scene, Leonard Feather, is treated to a Tony Scott solo during an interview between recording "takes".

Pittsburgh Courier 2/8/58

EARTHA KITT'S recent housewarming-birthday party is reflective of just the kind of person that she is—warm, sincere and unaffected. Instead of a big, pretentious, celebrity-loaded affair, this was a simple party which included Eartha's intimate friends and co-workers—people like Virginia Wicks, her press agent-confidante; several friends from the old Dunham troupe with whom she formerly danced; Langston Hughes, Henri Rene, who conducted the orchestral accompaniment on her earliest recordings, and Terry Carter who played opposite Eartha in "Mrs. Patterson."

Miss Kitt

Of course, there were many other guests who brought useful as well as beautiful gifts. For instance, RCA Victor gave a 21-inch TV. Ed Robbins of the William Morris Agency gave a set of china and the Leonard Feathers presented a turkey platter. In addition to these there were miscellaneous gifts which included a red enameled set of iron fry-pans (Eartha is a marvelous cook); two sets of champagne glasses, a set of sterling silver, hand-painted highball glasses, an etching, ash trays, doilies and dish towels.

Sat. Review 1/25/58

The Expanding Jazz Bookshelf

By ARNOLD SHAW, *author of "The Money Song."*

IN THE LINGO of the cool cats, a responsive audience is indicated by the expression: "The ears are moving." Cognizant of the vast number of new ears moving on the jazz scene—more than 600 jazz albums were released last year—the book publishers have pursued the fast-climbing spiral of LP sales with a rapidly expanding shelf of jazz books. In the three years from January 1955 to the present, no fewer than twenty-one new volumes have appeared. Among these are one biography, one autobiography, four anthologies, seven guides or reference books, and eight works in the field of history, theory, or criticism.

Just as jazz has developed from its bawdy beginnings into an art of many resources, so the new books reveal a rising level of scholarship, insight and cultural viewpoint. Indicative of the advance are Dr. Marshall Stearns's erudite and well-documented "Story of Jazz" and a speculative study like "The Heart of Jazz" in which William L. Grossman and Jack W. Farrell attempt to correlate the development of the music with the ebb and flow of religious feeling. Like the chamber-music jazzmen of our day, the current writer on jazz tends to be versed in the classics of music and literature as well as Dixieland. Included among the authors are two novelists (Paul and Longstreet), a poet (Hughes), and three college professors (Grossman, Stearns, Ulanov), none of them in music departments.

Most of the new books are, of course, aimed at the new jazz fan. The four anthologies provide him with candid camera studies of the men who make the music. The guidebooks offer reference information on careers, schools, styles, instruments and records. For the *Life* and *Look* set, there are two volumes of captioned photographs, "Jazz West Coast" and "A Pictorial History of Jazz." Among the histories, we find "A First Book of Jazz," addressed to the young of age and heart; "The Real Jazz, Old and New," more a book of enthusiasms than a formal history; and "That Crazy American Music," a raconteur's rhapsody, digressive and ribald, on Dixieland jazz.

Of the anthologies, the most interesting is "Hear Me Talkin' To Ya," edited by Hentoff and Shapiro, who also co-edited "The Jazz Makers," lucid biographical sketches of twenty-one major jazzmen by nine contemporary critics. In the former collection, the cats who "blow and wail" are permitted to speak for themselves. The result is a collation that not only reveals the personalities of a score of jazzmen from its beginnings to the present, but that becomes through their colorful recollections, an authentic, first-hand account of the growth of jazz. "Eddie Condon's Treasury" includes, in addition to bios and a witty running commentary, eight pieces of jazz fiction, while Gleason's "Jam Session" offers a series of provocative sociological and psychological essays, mostly on modern jazz.

Virtually indispensable as a reference work is Leonard Feather's attractively produced "Encyclopaedia of Jazz," which includes brief, acute sketches and discographies of over 1,000 jazzmen. His more recent "Book of Jazz" is a stimulating guide, argumentative and meaty. Developed through an instrument by instrument survey of key stylists, it contains one of the few technical studies of improvisation and a probing analysis of the problem of "Jazz and Race."

Another guide is co-edited by the French critic whose "Le Jazz Hot," appearing in translation in 1936, shocked American intellectuals into an awareness of the importance of their native art. Hugues Panassié presents in "Guide to Jazz" an alphabetically arranged series of entries on performers, jazz styles, instruments, and the most recorded standards. More useful for the new fan is Barry Ulanov's "Handbook of Jazz," which offers capsule coverage of all phases and elements of the art. Marred by an artiness of approach, it provides the best bird's-eye-view of the field.

Less concerned with individual performers than with currents, Dr. Marshall Stearns brings to his long-awaited "Story of Jazz" the research methods of training at Harvard and Yale and the enthusiasm that led him to found—and house in his home—the first American Institute of Jazz Studies. Author of a dissertation on the medieval poet Robert Henryson, he has written a jazz history that is learned and the fruit of extensive study of origins and influences. "Academic" in the best sense of the word, "Story of Jazz" contributes much-needed weed-killers in a field overgrown with the impressionistic, the anecdotal and the reverential.

In the literature of jazz, there are

B4

Melody Maker 1/18/58

Jazz book on TV

MM New York correspondent Leonard Feather organised an all-star television show last week to celebrate the publication of his latest "Yearbook Of Jazz." With Feather (right) at rehearsals are (l. to r.) Dizzy Gillespie, Art Blakey, Tony Scott. Feather's latest dispatch is on page 2.

N.Y. Times 2/2/58

SUNDAY NEWS FEB. 2

Record Review

By DOUGLAS WATT

They're either going to have to give us more ears or cut the ever-increasing supply of jazz records. And just as if the standard labels weren't devoting enough time to jazz, other outfits are getting into the act. A magazine called Playboy, for example, has begun an annual jazz poll and, under its own label but by arrangement with various other labels, started putting out performances by the poll winners.

A two-record job, the first "Playboy Jazz All-Stars" album reflects the results of last year's poll. There are several good performances here and quite a few indifferent ones. The fault I have to find with it, as a whole, is that few of the tracks represent the winning artist during the year in which he was chosen. Sinatra, for example, is found crooning his 1941 version of "Oh, Look at Me Now" with the Tommy Dorsey crew, while Benny Goodman tosses off a 1951 "When Buddha Smiles." I realize it would be costly and, possibly, even contractually impossible to get all these fine soloists to record new takes [illegible] purpose. But then, why bother? Aren't there enough anthologies already?

Far better integrated is Verve's "The Anatomy of Improvisation," a recording intended to complement Leonard Feather's provocative work, "The Book of Jazz." Here, you'll find first-rate solo work by such as Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Art Tatum, Bud Powell, Coleman Hawkins and quite a few others.

Frank Sinatra

Variety 1/29/58

"The Playboy Jazz All Stars" (Playboy Magazine). This is Playboy mag's first fling into the disk market and it's a beaut. Set stems from the mag's 1957 jazz poll and features all the winners to make up one of the best waxed jazz anthologies around. It's also a novel package in that rival labels worked together, for a change in getting tapes of the winning artists for this set. The two-pocket LP also features a bound-in booklet by Leonard Feather with bios, pix, and diskographies of the winners. The Modernaires: "Harmony In

135-

THE STRATFORD EXCHANGE CLUB

PRESENTS

Second Annual

JAZZ-on-the-Housatonic

FOR ITS ANNUAL SCHOLARSHIP FUND

SUNDAY, FEB. 2, 1958, 2:30 P.M.

SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL THEATRE STRATFORD, CONN.

The Dr. Luther Heidger Memorial Scholarship fund is presented annually to recipients who wish to enter nursing. A Stratford High School student is chosen on the basis of aptitude, scholastic ability, and interest for this award.

It is our sincere wish to raise enough money to be able to present an additional scholarship to a Stratford boy who wishes to enter some branch of engineering or science.

ABOUT EXCHANGE CLUBS

Membership in each and every local Exchange Club is non-political and non-sectarian, non-commercial, and non-legislative, organized and operated exclusively for service to the community. Our members hold positions of leadership in the industrial, business, professional, educational, religious, and financial life of the Nation.

Our Many Thanks ---

to the following establishments for the sale of tickets: Bowman Record Shop, 137 Fairfield Ave.; Artic Sports Shop, Corner Artic and Pembroke Sts., Stuarts Men's Shops, 1246 Main St. and 1093 E. Main St. Harmony House, 1605 Barnum Ave., Stratford.

And to the following for their wonderful publicity and support; Franklin Delfino and the entire staff of Station W.I.C.C., Harry Neigher, Sunday Herald; Fred Russell, Fred Phelan, Bridgeport Post and Sunday Post; Richard Diamond, The Stratford News; Rocky Clark, Station W.I.C.C., Bridgeport and W.N.H.C., New Haven; Town Radio & Television, Inc., 1434 Barnum Ave., Stratford, for donating the use of their Amplfying System; Lobby Organ Music courtesy of Harmony House - (Frank Markham - Harold Goff, Organists). Edward Fisher, Mgr. Shakespeare Theatre and his staff for their full cooperation.

Lack of space does not allow us to list each and every person to whom we are grateful for their kind support in this program. We wish to thank our fellow Exchange Club members, friends and patrons who have made this 2nd Annual "Jazz-on-the-Housatonic" a success.

OFFICERS

President, S. GEORGE SANTA — *Treasurer*, KEVIN O'NEILL
Vice-President, STANLEY RAUSON — *Past President*, JAY W. MORGAN
Secretary, DAVID McCLELLAN — *Chairman Project Fund*, STEPHEN MARTINEK

BOARD OF CONTROL

GEORGE SYKES — KEVIN J. O'NEIL — CARL I. CASERTA
AUGUSTUS W. PREBLE — JOHN SAVKO — HANS LUNDGREN
DR. NORMAN SAMUELS

THE ANATOMY OF IMPROVISATION (1-12")—Verve MGV 8230—A record complement to a chapter in L. Feather's recently published tome, "Book of Jazz." Set is extremely valuable in itself, for it exposes large sampling of top players in good form . . . i.e., C. Parker, D. Gillespie, A. Tatum, B. Powell, R. Eldridge, C. Hawkins, L. Young and many more. With its variety of styles, package will appeal to buyers with differing shades of interest.

COSMOPOLITAN
2[illegible] 1958

character that so many of its competitors possess. A bright, clean string sound in a majority of the numbers emphasizes the sunnier side of love; a few of the arrangements assume almost symphonic proportions; then, for contrast and sustained attention, there is a simple, tinkling little setting of "Parlez-Moi d'Amour." The inclusion of such songs as "My Old Dutch" and "The Story of Tina" may make the collection seem more like "Mantovani's favorite love songs," but there's no denying the universality of Grieg's "Ich Liebe Dich," Cadman's "At Dawning," Porter's "Night and Day," and Kern's "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man." (*The World's Favorite Love Songs*. London LL 1748. $3.98)

Sputnik on the keys. While scientists have been busy breaking the sound barrier and conquering outer space, some musicians have been at work creating some sounds of the future. After hearing one or two examples of music artificially worked out on a tape recorder, most self-respecting music lovers will pray that the future never comes. The duo-pianists ***Ferrante and Teicher,*** on the other hand, have combined the magic of electronics and tape recorders with two or three keyboard instruments—piano, harpsichord and celesta—plus bits of wood, rubber, paper and metal, to produce some really intriguing musical noises they call "The Sound of Tomorrow —Today." This completely uninhibited team thinks nothing of sticking objects between the piano strings, playing *inside* the instruments as well as on the keys, tapping on the lid—in fact, doing just about anything to make them sound different. Though in this, their fourth, album, they've grown even more adventurous, they've stayed within musical bounds by conducting all their experiments with familiar Latin American tunes. If you think you've heard "Brazil," "Mama Yo Quero," "Tico Tico," "Frenesi" and the "Mexican Hat Dance" arranged to death, you'll get a refreshing shock. And incidentally, this is a good disk for putting your hi-fi rig through its paces. (*Soundblast*. Westminster WP 6041. $3.98)

A new look at jazz. Did jazz originate in New Orleans? Leonard Feather, author of *The Book of Jazz*, says No. In this interesting and occasionally revolutionary new book, he traces the origins of jazz to much older and far more complex roots all over the country. A series of chapters are devoted to the development of jazz on each of its instruments, and there is an especially provocative section entitled "The Anatomy of Improvisation." Here Mr. Feather takes a group of jazz solo improvisations, which he has reproduced in formal musical notation, and analyzes them in detail. Since the subjects under scrutiny are fleeting improvisations which will never be duplicated exactly, the validity of ***Leonard Feather's*** approach is open to question. Still, attacking a solo by Dizzy Gillespie or Art Tatum with methods similar to those employed in dissecting a Beethoven concerto can be quite entertaining. The process has been greatly enhanced by the release of a record which contains ten of the fifteen improvisations discussed in the book. Each is presented not as an isolated solo but in context as part of a complete performance. Book and disk complement one another; yet each can stand alone. For those who are content just to listen, the latter offers some top-drawer solos by Gillespie, Tatum, Buddy De Franco, Charlie Parker, Johnny Hodges, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Teddy Wilson and Bud Powell, plus a Gillespie-Roy Eldridge duet. (*The Book of Jazz*, by Leonard Feather. Horizon Press. $3.95. *The Anatomy of Improvisation*. Verve MGV 8230. $4.98)

Billboard 2/17/58

Feather to Plan M-G-M's Jazz

NEW YORK—In a bid to cash in on the growing jazz LP market, M-G-M Records has assigned jazz impresario and critic, Leonard Feather, to organize an extensive jazz program for the label. Feather will produce a minimum of 24 jazz packages a year, under the label's topper, Arnold Maxin.

Initial effort involves a jazz treatment of the score of the Broadway legiter, "Oh Captain," which is reportedly the first jazz show tune album ever to include vocals. All-star personnel on the set include Marilyn Moore, Osie Johnson and Jackie Paris (by arrangement with East-West Records) all on vocals, with Coleman Hawkins, Tony Scott, Zoot Sims, Milt Hinton, Oscar Pettiford and others. Dick Hyman will appear on the disk and also will work with Feather on direction chores.

A heavy budget has been allocated for the project, which will also include the signing of jazz artists on an exclusive basis. The next three months will see the production of an anthology, titled "48 Stars of American Jazz"; and expansion to 12-inch packaging of Feather's original "Cats vs. Chicks" album on the label, and "The Swingin' Seasons," with original music by Hyman and Feather. Already set for release is a jazz treatment of the Lerner and Loewe score for "Gigi," by Dick Hyman Trio.

N.Y. Sunday Times 2/9/58

Letters To the Editor

Jazz

TO THE EDITOR:

MAY I point out two factual errors in Charles Edward Smith's review of my book, "The Book of Jazz."

The first error is so obvious that I am astonished Mr. Smith fell into such a trap. In an apparent effort to discredit W. C. Handy, Eubie Blake, Luckey Roberts, Willie "The Lion" Smith and the other pioneers I quoted concerning the non-New Orleans origins of jazz, he states that musicians and musicologists "played many thousands of records" in an attempt to find bands comparable with those that came from New Orleans "in the early decades of this century." This is palpably absurd. No phonograph records of jazz were made in the first and almost none in the second decade of this century. More than three decades had passed before there were "many thousands of records" to prove anything; all of them, of course, were recorded much too late to tell us about the birth of jazz. Since jazz also antedates Mr. Smith's own birth he can offer no first-hand evidence either.

The second error is the statement that "a musician's skill is needed as one reads this book." Except for a couple of brief examples in the piano chapter there is not a note of music, nor a word of technical analysis, in the first twenty-one of the book's twenty-three chapters. * * *

LEONARD FEATHER.

New York.

TO THE EDITOR:

For too long now Mr. Smith has been gingerly trodding on critical eggshells in his many reviews of jazz books, but Mr. Feather's "The Book of Jazz" seems to have provoked him into making a few forthright statements. I think we may take the mild reproof of the chapter "New Orleans—Mainspring or Myth?" as an energetic refutation of the long and tiresome campaign against New Orleans jazz Mr. Feather—"the scrubbed-up and combed bad boy of yore," James Heanue calls him—has been conducting. Mr. Smith could have multiplied almost endlessly examples to support his arguments. * * * And Mr. Smith knows what he is talking about when he infers that a thorough documentation of jazz was undertaken before 1940. After all, he was one of the people doing it.

JEROME S. SHIPMAN.

Auburndale, Mass.

Falaise

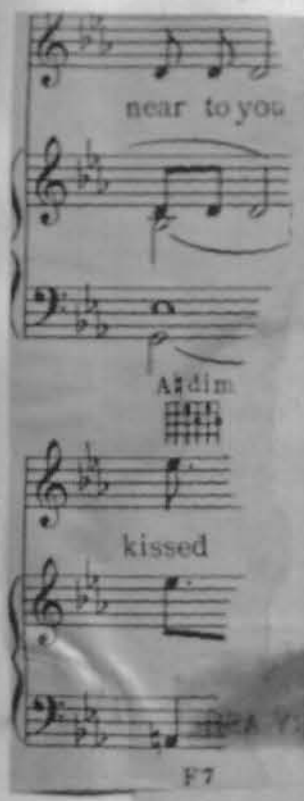
TO THE EDITOR:

REX LARDNER, in reviewing "The Killing Ground," by E. Trevor, writes that in the bloody battle at Falaise "fast-moving British armor threw the Germans back." As a veteran who was with the General Staff of the First U. S. Army during this battle, I believe I owe it

(Continued on Page 27)

137

Photoplay, March, 1958



Tommy Reynolds, whose monthly column "On the Record" will appear in Photoplay, is producer of Mutual's "Bandstand, U.S.A.," the only live two-hour jazz festival series in major network radio or TV. A former bandleader, he digs the latest—for you

ON THE RECORD

good reading

Encyclopedia of Jazz *by Leonard Feather* HORIZON PRESS	Written by a noted jazz critic, it is undoubtedly the finest, most complete book on this field of music. Very educational.
The Jazz Makers *by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hencoff* RINEHART	A "must" for jazz buffs. "Handbook of Jazz" by Barry Ulanov is another must for those who want to be well-informed.
Jam Session *by Ralph J. Gleason* PUTNAM	A delightful anthology of fine jazz writing by critics, writers and performers. Well-rounded and lively.

Variety 2/19/58

Feather in MGM's Cap Via Critic's 24 Jazz Sets a Yr.

In a move to strengthen its foothold in the mushrooming jazz LP market, MGM Records has tapped jazz critic Leonard Feather to set up an extended jazz program for the label. He'll produce a minimum of 24 albums a year under the guidance of Arnold Maxin, label's prexy. Diskery has allocated a heavy budget to the project which will include the signing of jazz artists on an exclusive basis.

First album in MGM's jazz drive will be a treatment of the score from the current Broadway tuner, "Oh Captain!" Among the personnel in the package, which was directed by Feather and Dick Hyman, are singers Marilyn Moore and Osie Johnson and jazz soloists Coleman Hawkins, Tony Scott, Zoot Sims and Oscar Pettiford.

Feather had been previously associated with MGM in the production of jazz packages on a spasmodic basis. He produced such MGM packages as "Hot Vs. Cool," "Cats Vs. Chicks," "West Coast Vs. East Coast" and more recently the "Hi Fi Suite" in collaboration with Dick Hyman.

Release plans call for an immediate scheduling of the "Oh Captain!" set as well as listing a scehdule for the next three months of an anthology titled "48 Stars of American Jazz," an expansion of the "Cats Vs. Chicks" set to a 12-inch LP, and a package tagged "The Swinging Seasons" which will feature original music by Feather and Hyman. Already scheduled for release is a jazz treatment of the Alan Jay Lerner-Frederick Loewe score from the Metro pic, "Gigi," by the Dick Hyman Trio.

Billboard 2/24/58

Jazz to Wear Long Wig for NBC in Mich.

NEW YORK — Jazz will go longhair in one of three live 13-week program series being hatched by NBC-TV this spring with Michigan's Educational Television and Radio Center at Ann Arbor.

Starting March 26, NBC will feed to the nation's educational video outlets, and to many regular NBC affiliates via kinescopes, "The Subject Is Jazz," hosted by Gilbert Seldes.

The half-hour sessions, slotted from 6-6:30 p.m., EST, will feature a jazz combo with noted musicians or music authorities as guests. These will include Leonard Feather, noted jazz critic, and Dr. Marshall Stearns, as well as Duke Ellington.

The longhair objective, according to Seldes: "To analyze the music by which the U. S. has made its first artistic conquest of the world."

...ballroom on the first of four Friday and Saturday nights hell bandstand there . . . **Leonard Feather** to pen liner for **Ruth Olay's** new Mercury album.

Randy Sparks, balladeer-guitarist, is bipianing between stands at the Ye Little Club in BevHills and the Hungry I in Frisco. He plays latter club on weekends . . . Musical trio, **The Players**, set for a four-week stand in Brazilian Room of BevWilshire Hotel . . . **George Libman** considering an offer to play the Palace Hotel in Copenhagen for a month's stand this summer . . . **George Chkiris**, current at the Tropicana, Las Vegas, will hold

Variety 2/12/58

135

N.Y. Daily News 2/17/58

New Disc Deal

A jazz LP of "Oh, Captain!", with vocals, will be put out by MGM records under the guidance of Leonard Feather. It will be the first jazz show album to feature singers.

NEWS FROM M-G-M RECORDS

From: Sol Handwerger
701 Seventh Ave.
New York, N. Y.
Circle 5-4820

For Immediate Release

"OH, CAPTAIN", FIRST SHOW-JAZZ LP WITH VOCALS, KICKS OFF NEW MGM EXPANDED JAZZ POLICY

In a move designed to place MGM Records firmly in the jazz LP field, Leonard Feather has been assigned to organize an extended jazz program for the label. He will produce a minimum of 24 jazz albums during the next year, under the guidance of Arnold Maxin. A heavy budget has been allocated to the project, which will involve the signing of jazz artists on an exclusive basis.

First album to be recorded under the new arrangement is a unique jazz treatment of the "Oh, Captain" score, the first jazz show-tune album ever to include vocals. Among the all-star personnel directed by Feather and Dick Hyman are singers Marilyn Moore and Osie Johnson and jazz soloists Coleman Hawkins, Tony Scott, Zoot Sims, Oscar Pettiford and others.

MGM has released jazz LPs occasionally in the past, generally under the direction of Feather, who brought George Shearing to the label in 1949 and helped to produce the British pianist's first singles and LPs. Feather has also been associated, as supervisor, bandleader, or composer-arranger, with such sets as "Hot Vs. Cool", "Cats Vs. Chicks", "West Coast Vs. East Coast", and most recently, the "Hi Fi Suite" in collaboration with Dick Hyman.

Release plans call for immediate scheduling of the "Oh, Captain" set, as well as for listing, during the next three months, of an anthology titled "48 Stars Of American Jazz", an expansion to 12 inch of the "Cats Vs. Chicks" set, and "The Swingin' Seasons", which will feature original music by Feather and Hyman. Already scheduled for release is a jazz treatment of the "Gigi" score played by the Dick Hyman Trio.

#

N.Y. Times 2/21/58

TIMES
2/21/58

N. B. C. TO EXPAND EDUCATIONAL LIST

Network Sets Science, Jazz and Foreign Policy Series —Karloff to Be Narrator

By VAL ADAMS

The National Broadcasting Company will initiate another group of educational television programs for noncommercial stations.

The programs, to be presented in cooperation with the Educational Television and Radio Center in Ann Arbor, Mich., will be transmitted live to interconnected educational stations, beginning March 24.

There will be a series on American foreign policy, American jazz and on medical and scientific research. Each series will run for thirteen weeks.

In the previous two groups of educational programs, the first of which began last spring, N. B. C. turned over its weekday facilities between 6 and 6:30 P. M. One of the new programs, however, will be transmitted from 10:30 to 11 P. M. on Tuesdays, a time period in which N. B. C. no longer feeds a commercial program to its affiliated stations.

Foreign Issues to Be Aired

"Briefing Session," the program on foreign policy, will be presented during the Tuesday evening hour. Featuring a political analyst and persons with varying points of view on governmental issues, the program will be produced by Joel O'Brien.

Gilbert Seldes will be the host on "The Subject Is Jazz," which will be televised from 6 to 6:30 P. M. on Wednesdays. Marshall Stearns and Leonard Feather will serve as program consultants and George Norford will be the producer.

The American Jazz Association will cooperate in the series of programs about medical and scientific research, which will be presented from 6 to 6:30 P. M. on Mondays. The series, which will be produced by Richard Lukin, will be assisted by a grant from E. R. Squibb & Sons.

Station WRCA-TV, N. B. C.'s local outlet, is expected to carry the programs by film recording on a delayed basis. This schedule has not been formulated. The N. B. C. educational project is under the supervision of Edward Stanley, the network's director of public affairs.

N.Y. Age 2/22/58

RECORD SHOP

MGM'S Sol Handwerger notifies us that the company has made a deal with Leonard Feather which is designed to place the outfit firmly in the jazz LP field. Feather will produce a minimum of 24 jazz albums this year. The first album, which will be directed by Feather and Dick Hyman, will be a unique jazz treatment of the score of the musical "Oh Captain." Among the personnel will be Marilyn Moore, Osie Johnson, Coleman Hawkins, Tony Scott, Zoot Sims, Oscar Pettiford and others. MGM has released jazz albums only occasionally in the past. It was Feather who took the great George Shearing to the label in 1949 and helped produce the British pianist's first singles and LP's. Feather also supervised or otherwise worked with such sets as "Hot Vs. Cool", "Cats Vs. Chicks," "West Coast Vs. East Coast," and most recently, the "Hi Fi Suite" in collaboration with Hyman.

N.Y. Journal-Amer. 2/24/58

THE VOICE OF BROADWAY

Lena's Son Coast GOP

By DOROTHY KILGALLEN

Broadway Bulletin Board

IF ROBERT STRAUSS of the late "Portofino" is by any chance ever again asked to grace a stage, some kind friend ought to brief him on the facts about theatrical undergarments . . . Life isn't all rock 'n' roll, and obviously the record companies aren't selling jazz short. Some have begun to add special jazz A & R men. Jack Tracy just handed in his notice to Downbeat to take a post at Mercury, and Leonard Feather, another staffer on the same magazine, is doing dates for MGM discs.

Edith Piaf is causing comments with her "double"—a

Polish Jazz Magazine

Kinsey.

★

Charles Baird Parker, pięcioletni syn slawnego „Bird'a" (w jednym z pierwszych n-rów „Jazzu" zamieściliśmy zdjęcie tego malca) nagrał swoją pierwszą płytę, śpiewając „Salt Peantus". Wykształceniem muzycznym Parkera jr. kieruje Leonard Feather.

140

BOSTON DAILY RECORD, MARCH 29, 1958

AROUND BOSTON

Blonde Venus Tops Show at Hub Club

By GEORGE W. CLARKE

She Sings in Five Languages

And George Wein, just back from Europe, was in New York a few days last week, consolidating plans for Toshiko to man the piano for Leonard Feather, the jazz genius, who is recording a series of tunes by what he calls an "International Quintette." It will be for M-G-M, where Leonard heads the next jazz department.

Tosh returns to the Carousel Room at the Bradford with her trio on April 9th.

And here's more about Odette, the international singing star now there, who was literally born into show business. As a tot she toured Europe with her dad, and has since appeared in all European capitols, plus South America. She sings in five languages.

And sings good.

Billboard 3/24/58

FORTY-EIGHT STARS OF AMERICAN JAZZ (1-12") M-G-M E 3611

Title here is a bit misleading. Five of all these are close to sixty jazz stars, but mainly this is a jazz sampler, culled generally from already released jazz LP's on the label. Sides include performances by the Woody Herman Ork, the Metronome All Stars, George Shearing Quintet, Dizzy Gillespie All Stars, Kai Winding's Birdlanders, Lionel Hampton crew, etc. Mainly for young jazz fans, for style comparison.

Variety - 3/26/58

VARIETY

Wednesday, March 26, 1958

Inside Stuff—Music

The poetry and jazz blending, which has been making some headway in the intimate music rooms in New York and San Francisco, is now moving onto wax. Leonard Feather, MGM Records jazz head, has teamed Langston Hughes with Charlie Mingus and Henry (Red) Allen for titled "Weary Blues." Hughes had been doing the poetry & jazz Sunday night sessions at New York's Village Vanguard with the crew.

NEWS, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1958

TV What's On? RADIO

Goodman Swings Into Rousing Rhythmic Ride

By BEN GROSS

Full-blooded swing, joyous and jubilant, was the big thing on Benny Goodman's special program, "Swing Into Spring," on NBC-TV (9 to 10) last night. The musical monarch of the 1930s and the 1940s, aided by a crew of topnotch stars, carried listeners and viewers on a rousing rhythmic ride.

Although there were brief contributions by such non-jazz artists as the McGuire Sisters and dancers Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander, happily enough, practically all of the colorcast was given over to the type of music of which Goodman was the most shining exponent.

It was a time for reunion among the public of the jaz aficionados

Ella Fitzgerald

Benny Goodman

song that is not approached by any other singer in her field. As for Jo, she, too, put over her numbers with impeccable artistry.

Day of Glory

When Ella and Jo joined forces in a revival of their hallowed standards, it was an echo to all those who remember American pop music from the days of its glory. It reminded one of that unforgettable combination of Mary Martin and Ethel Merman.

It is only within the last few months that television has begun to give serious recognition to jazz. Such stalwarts of the art as Duke Ellington and Leonard Feather have been demanding this for years. Now at last their pleas are being heeded. And it's about time.

To sum up: "Swing Into Spring" was a treat. It emphasized again how superior the popular music of 20 years ago was to the trash of today.

141

Saturday Review 4/12/58

opinion of the play?" . . . . . Bannal: "If it's by a good author, it's a good play, naturally. . . . Who is the author? Tell me that, and I'll place the play for you to a hair's breadth.")

Every jazz listener, whether his taste leans to Dixieland, bop or the latest avant garde experiment, has a little of Bannal in him. The modernist who loyally espouses every new venture by Kenton is as guilty as the traditionalist with his incurable nostalgia.

The jazz critics, less cautious than Bannal but not impervious to problems of a similar nature, found themselves out on a limb last spring when they reviewed a Riverside album containing a performance allegedly by a pioneer New Orleans jazz instrumentalist. Owing to a production error the record in fact did not feature this musician, nor any other instrumentalists: it was a mediocre and completely different performance by a group of singers imitating musical instruments. The album received unanimous praise from the reviewers, all of whom clearly had read the label, but possibly had been busy answering the telephone when this track was playing on their turntables. Not one of them pointed out the mistake; all were free with their praise of the album.

All the refinements of recent years have not prevented jazz from relying to a healthy degree on the element of spontaneity. Whether the performance be written, improvised or a blend of both, this quality must somehow communicate itself to the listener. Whether the spontaneity be born of a completely original mind or one that reflects a particular influence must be disregarded in any honest appraisal, unless we are to reach a stage at which jazz, once considered a music created for pleasure, has become an intellectual exercise.

Let the reporters compare the influence of A on B, the glorious tradition that lies behind C, the similarity of timbre or phrasing between D and E, but let them not be deluded into believing that this is criticism. Jazz criticism depends first, last and always on the listener's first instinctive reaction. Such responses as "I'll have to listen to that a dozen more times before I can decide about it" (or "before I can understand it"), or "if this is the genuine article I enjoyed it; if it isn't I found it dull and unoriginal" are palpably absurd.

The more we listen with our ears only, the less we hear with our eyes and memories and foreknowledge, the better chance there is that we shall continue to reach a goal that should be sought by every listener, the pure and simple enjoyment of jazz.

No-Hustle History

"JAM SESSION: *An Anthology of Jazz*," edited by Ralph J. Gleason (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 319 pp. $4.95).

RALPH J. GLEASON, disclaiming any great urge to sum up the entire history of jazz in one book, has compiled a diversified, balanced anthology. Despite the insufficiency of a few articles, it is well organized. Some of the best articles in jazz are to be found in this book, including vintage items from the 1930's. The result is both entertaining and informative — history without hustling!

Though its value to jazz fans is obvious, this is also an excellent anthology to recommend to newcomers to jazz listening. Many of the pieces were written for general publication, and not specifically for the jazz public. Thus, in one book there is available the hard, sensitive prose of Otis Ferguson, the rapier thrust of George Frazier's agile mind, the cerebrations of a cool and reasonably contented cat called Brubeck, and the wholly original thought processes of Jelly Roll Morton. Mr. Gleason's introductions are pertinent, and orient the reader. Moreover, in choice and juxtaposition of material, he shows that he knows how to put a book together. In view of all this, the lack of an index is to be deplored.

What more could you ask to pinpoint the Twenties than Otis Ferguson's word-portrait of Bix, "Young Man With a Horn"—one of the very best short pieces in jazz—and his "Breakfast Dance, in Harlem"? Or George Frazier's incomparable comments on Condon and Berigan, to bring the Thirties into focus? New Orleans is treated from various angles —in Jelly Roll's colorful account of a New Orleans funeral, a perceptive analysis of folk elements and jazz by Sterling A. Brown, and a sensitive study of Morton and his background by Arna Bontemps and Jack Conroy.

There are excellent articles on Dizzy Gillespie, Bop and modern jazz and while these are explicable in themselves they gain from proximity to Anatole Broyard's brilliant "Portrait of a Hipster." Lillian Ross writes of the Newport Jazz Festival and of the society people who supported it, an oblique approach that has charm, especially in depicting this spectacular clambake. Similarly, Irving Kolodin's biographical study of John Hammond, which is of considerable interest in itself, conveys many authentic details of jazzmen and jazz. And to those who think that every jam session is "like crazy," Bruce Lippincott's resume of the etiquette of one should

—*Blackstone.*

John Hammond—"of considerable interest."

set the record straight. Among other items of interest are; contemplative comments by Father G. V. Kennard, an erudite view of jazz in a process of change by Iola and Dave Brubeck, and a provocative dissertation by critic Henry Pleasants that will inspire many yelps, few yawns. There is some poetry, including Bunk's wonderful personal narrative, here printed as blank verse, and a really first-rate story with a jazz setting, Elliott Grennard's "Sparrow's Last Jump." There is also a selective bibliography that makes sense.

Among the thin pieces, some are fragmentary and pretend to be nothing else, e.g. Kirkeby's Waller. Gilbert Millstein's "Turk Murphy" is little more than a casual interview and certain of the editor's own contributions are inadequate—even, at times, a trifle pedestrian. This is exasperating, since both authors can do much better. In fact, Mr. Gleason does just that in his straight-from-the-shoulder account of Bunk Johnson's odyssey and in a walloping good article about Erroll Garner.

Ease and urbanity and flashes of good writing distinguish this anthology. Mr. Gleason keeps a good cellar, and how the cooking sherry got mixed in with those vintage wines I don't know. It won't fool the guests a bit!

—CHARLES EDWARD SMITH.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Richard Gehmann is on a European trip.* PRO AND CONDON, *on which he collaborates with Eddie Condon, will be resumed when he returns.*

CANONS FOR CRITICS

By LEONARD FEATHER, *jazz critic and author of "The Encyclopedia of Jazz."*

JAZZ was once the profligate youth whose name was not uttered in any decent house of music, a gin-crazed eccentric found hanging around underground cabarets and dime dance halls. Today the same child is the adopted son of eager and numberless foster parents ranging from Catholic priests to society art patrons and has the official endorsement of the U.S. State Department and of Helena Rubinstein.

The self-evident merits of the domestic acceptance, no matter how belated, of an art form that at one time seemed to have been designed more for export than for local encouragement, have produced the inevitable corollary adjustment of standards. Jazz records, now saturating the market at an alarming pace and giving premature exposure to talents aged all of six weeks in the woodshed, are subject to the scrutiny of an ever-growing task force of critics. The present embarrassment of riches has made it necessary for the jazz reviewer to set his sights a little higher than they might have been in the days when almost any jazz on records was a welcome rarity.

Today it is literally impossible for anyone, whether fan, musician or critic, to give even one full hearing to all the jazz LPs released if he is to allow time for sleep and the other inescapable necessities of daily life. In selecting the material on which he is to report, the writer must have an almost extrasensory knowledge of the music likely to be found on the records he *rejects*. Often he will avoid a certain LP because the artist or the probable style of the music has no appeal for him; almost as often he will miss something that might have broadened his knowledge or stimulated his interest. The music neglected in these omissions became the victim of some objective fact about the composition, the performer or even the album cover, that stemmed from nothing more than a simple case of prejudice.

The negative aspects of such objective judgments, however, are of minor importance in comparison with the confusion that can arise from false standards in assessing the music the listener *does* get to hear.

Jazz, as much as any of the lively arts and more than most, requires complete subjectivity. Yet there is not a critic alive today, and I admit to being no less guilty than any of my contemporaries, who has never let objectivity interfere with his emotional reaction to a jazz performance.

The listener to jazz, whether it be on a record or in a night club or concert hall, knows too much about what he hears. He knows who is performing and how he reacted to earlier work by the same performers; often, too, if he happens to be a writer, he has backstage information about the composer, the arranger, the amount of rehearsal, the condition of health or sobriety of the artist, the origin of his style, his age, his friendship or hostility toward the critic, and a dozen other irrelevancies, all of which, consciously or subconsciously, are bound to color the reviewer's verdict.

Obviously no music can be judged in a vacuum. There must be a frame of reference; but the frame must not be twisted into a yardstick. The cliché often repeated by Duke Ellington, "If it sounds good, it *is* good," has been rejected by those who must have all the facts at their fingertips before deciding how good it was.

A few months ago, during a "blindfold test" interview with one of the greatest living jazz trumpet players, Joe Newman, I played him a record which he described as sloppily performed; the drums were too loud, he added, and the whole band did not swing. Yet similar performances by this band at the Newport Jazz Festival had been the subject of ecstatic reports by most of the leading jazz critics and by a number of national magazines. The reason is simple. The musicians were from 13 to 17 years old and were members of a high school band. They played so well, *for a high school band*, that this completely obscured, for most listeners (including the critics) the negative aspects that emerged when Newman, not informed of their identity, judged them on a subjectively pure basis.

A similar paradox arose when a group of venerable New Orleans musicians aroused the passions of traditionalist jazz fans during the 1940s. The jazzmen's sincerity was unquestionable, but their limited technique precluded the achievement of any valid music, as was pointed out in innumerable "blindfold tests" when their age and backgrounds, not being known to the listeners, could not compensate for these deficiencies.

Another curious illustration occurred on a broadcast when a panel that included Dizzy Gillespie, Cannonball Adderley, Dick Hyman and others agreed unanimously that Billie Holiday was the singer on a record they had just heard, and accorded it the respect due an artist of this caliber. It was then revealed that the performer was a young lady named Marilyn Moore, who without deliberately imitating Miss Holiday happens to have a timbre and sense of phrasing that are almost identical.

Some weeks later a *Down Beat* critic who did not have the advantage of this subjective pleasure, but had listened to Miss Moore's performance with an awareness of her identity and a prejudice in favor of Miss Holiday, hedged cautiously on the question of whether Miss Moore was imitating, but ventured to warn her that if this was so her course represented "artistic suicide." The most important point is that the writer failed to mention whether he had enjoyed the singing of Miss Moore. He was too busily involved with the esthetics of imitation to consider the one thing that mattered—whether the performance had afforded him any emotional pleasure. His reaction was a reminder of the distinction that must be made between subjective and objective listening. The first is the esthetic prerequisite of a reviewer; the second is the journalistic requirement of a reporter.

IN an answer to the complaints about Miss Moore, Ralph Berton, a perceptive student of every branch of music, pointed out that for years Vivaldi compositions were attributed to Bach; that Brahms was proud when his First Symphony was called "Beethoven's Tenth"; and that during the Renaissance the test of a painter's talent was his ability to acquire the style of his master. He concluded with a quotation from Shaw's perfect portrait of a critic in "Fanny's First Play." (*The Count:* "What was your

LEONARD FEATHER

Leonard Feather is the most internationally celebrated of contemporary jazz critics. London-born but long active in the U.S., he became prominent through contributions to *Look*, the *New York Sunday Times*, *Red Book*, *Metronome*, etc. A contributor to *Esquire* since 1944, he ran the *Esquire* jazz polls and produced all the famous *Esquire* jazz concerts.

Feather is the author of the monumental book *The Encyclopedia of Jazz*, released in 1955 by Horizon Press and now regarded as the virtual bible of the entire jazz world. Praised by everyone from critics Deems Taylor and Irving Kolodin to musicians Louis Armstrong and Leonard Bernstein, the *Encyclopedia* is now in its fourth printing and is by far the biggest selling jazz book ever published, having grossed over $150,000. *The Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz* was published in 1956. His latest books are *The Book of Jazz*, 1957 and *The New Yearbook of Jazz*, 1958.

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 is jazz editor of *Playboy*, regular contributor to *Hi Fi Music at Home* and writer for many periodicals and newspapers including *The Saturday Review*, *N.Y. Journal-American*, London *Melody Maker*, and various jazz publications in France, Sweden and Germany.

As a musician and composer himself, he has participated in a number of successful record albums in MGM, including the highly successful *Hot Versus Cool*. He composed the *Winter Sequence* suite and *High Fidelity 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. Since 1953 his weekly coast-to-coast music quiz, *Platter-brains*, has been 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 Holiday, 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 Dinah Washington's record debuts.

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