



December, 1946

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

(Continued from page 32)

obvious Chinese rebop things, though. Theme is better than the solos, so I guess two stars will do.

11. On these things the rythm is worse than anything else. Terrible. Trumpet trying to play like Bix, piano sounds like a studio man who can't play jazz; they all seem to be trying to sound like the rest of Bix's group on those old records, who weren't even good for their day. No stars.

12. Don't like that sickly sounding fiddle; for jazz I prefer Stuff Smith's strange noises. These French Quintet records all sound alike; I always turn them off. Rhythm is awful, real choppy butcher style; from what I've heard of Django he doesn't swing, and the whole group has no beat, doesn't swing worth a damn. Take it off! No stars.

13. Sounds like Maxie . . . valve trombone? Brad Gowans? . . . piano is Joe Sullivan . . . was that Pee-Wee? . . . The thing against this style jam band is that the horns don't blend—trumpet, trombone and clarinet. I like a real fly arranged small group. Benny Goodman made the biggest contribution to the small band field by putting in electric guitar.

no trombone, a real light airy musical approach, and continuity . . . a whole rather than parts added together. Maxie keeps better time than any of these other guys; never bites off more than he can chew. Trombone all right for that kind of playing. Pee-Wee plays — ah — humorously. With tongue in cheek, I think. I didn't like the rhythm section. One star.

Afterthoughts by Dave

I realize it's wiser to be discreet, but my opinions are unchanged since that article in *Down Beat*. Eddie Condon took my criticism very gracefully; it was a pleasant surprise to find him accepting my viewpoint. But he said one thing that was unjustified, namely that I change my opinion according to whom I'm talking to; when I talk to an Elk, I'm an Elk, and so on. Elks don't go around sticking their own heads out, imperiling their own bread and butter, the way I did when I criticised Dixieland.

I'm trying to get away from the past, from bad music. When people come up and tell me how great I played on some old Tommy Dorsey record, it worries me—I'm trying to get away from that style. The only good thing I ever did with Tommy was *Lonesome Road*, and the best things I ever did with Benny were the *Good Enough To Keep* (Airmail Special) sextet session, and *Scarecrow* with the big band.

These oldtime musicians and fans romanticize themselves into a false conception of how things were played years ago. I never played two beats on the bass drum; today they call that Chicago style, but if I'd done it fifteen years ago in Chicago I'd have been stoned off the bandstand. These pseudo-intellectuals who have taken up the musicians and said this old way is the only way—they seem to remember farther back than they actually went themselves! I'm sorry, but I don't want to look backward. I want to look and move forward!

Next month Leonard Feather will blindfold one of the most forward-moving of all musicians, the great Dizzy Gillespie. Watch for results in next month's Blindfold Test!

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it's probably not an old record. There was an old guy from New Orleans who had an old guys' band—I went to some hall downtown to hear him one night; his name was Bunk Johnson, I think. I thought I was back on the riverboats in Beardstown. If people enjoy this, that's to their taste, that's fine; let 'em play that way, but you have to grow up from it. I bet even the fellows in this band enjoy the bands that play today; they aren't narrow about what they listen to; they probably admire Hawkins and Goodman and all the great musicians of today. Strictly for sentimental reasons, I'll give this one star.

12. Joe Mooney, of course; I've known him a long while. Always did like him. This is an interesting, compact arrangement for a little group. I heard him with the same kind of group five or six years ago. Has a good feel, coherence between the instruments; should be very commercial. Two stars.

13. Flip always sets a good mood. Beautiful. Let me hear

Margie again . . . she plays great here. Harris and Ralph great too —my boys—makes me feel like I'm back home again! Three stars.

Afterthoughts By Red Nervo

Everything in jazz has improved through the years—the form of arranging, harmonic developments, fluency of improvising, rhythm sections, and general calibre of playing. Men like Eddie Sauter, whose work shows an overall knowledge of music, good construction plus a jazz feel, have helped a lot.

Dizzy is contributing something to music. Whether it'll be a lasting contribution only time will tell. The important thing to remember is, be original, don't be a copyist; if you can't develop a real jazz feel the way men like Bill Harris and Hawkins do, maybe you shouldn't be playing jazz. Some of the best musicians today are people like Conrad Gozzo who specialize in strictly lead work. Don't forget that they're great musicians too!

Chad Gowans

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Leonard Feather continues his series

of examinations of famous jazzmen . . .

This month Dizzy Gillespie

tells you what he thinks without looking



Preface

Because this series of blindfold tests aims at a broader understanding of jazz among musicians and fans, a wide range of subjects is being used, both among the records selected and among the people to whom they are being played. This month, for the first time, a musician of the rebop school is interviewed. Too many extremists, both on the rebop side of the fence and on the moldy fig side, refuse to listen to anything outside their own narrow field, so we felt it would be both entertaining and instructive to play all kinds of records for Dizzy, to show that his own views are by no means so limited. Of the fourteen records played, only one (*Dee Dee's Dance*) is a rebop opus. One record (*Sherwood's Forest*) was previously reviewed in this series by Coleman Hawkins, and was played again for comparative purposes.

Following are Dizzy's reactions, taken down verbatim during and after the playing of the records:

The Records

1. Is that Pete Brown on alto? Or Don Stovall? Play that part again, the four-bar interlude where it goes to the different keys. . . . Let's see, that's C, F, B flat, E flat, A flat and G seventh. . . . I like that. The alto doesn't sound like an alto; or rather it sounds like somebody with a cold playing alto. I like the guitar and the piano. I know the drummer—J. C. Heard. It's just a blues, but not bad. Two stars.

2. Sounds like Bill Harris on trombone. . . . I like those notes close together, good chords, good arrangement—Ralph Burns? Tenor sounds like Flip. . . . Everybody's doing that slurring-up brass effect nowadays—that *bomp-biiii!* Where was this recorded? Such a big sound. Trumpet gets a very James sound on the end of notes—so low and clear. Once

I went out on some cliffs in Canada, out by the lakeside, and when I played it sounded like that. I like the solos. . . . oh, wait a minute, it's not Woody. Who can it be? I know, it's Elliot Lawrence! Three stars.

3. Roy gets a better sound on records than in person. That can't be the same band he had at the Spotlite. I like this as well as Elliot Lawrence, but it's got less ideas. Fine sound; surprising how the band sounds. I used to hear Roy with Teddy Hill, years ago; he was my early influence. What? It's not his band? Artie Shaw? Oh, no wonder! Three stars.

4. I don't like rumbas with violins. I like the rhythm, but nothing much is happening; it's too tame. You know who's got a good rumba band? Machito. . . . I don't like this vocal either. Bongo and all those things—a lot going on but nothing to it. No stars.

5. What is that? That's not even the blues, is it? Oh! That vibrato! Who is that? That must have been made in 1900. I hear a soprano sax and clarinet; one

must be Bechet, I guess the other is Mezz. No harmonic structure here; two beats; bad rhythm, nothing happening; just utter simplicity, but how simple can you get? You can get a little boy eight years old to play that simple. I can't see how a man can spend his time learning to play a horn, maybe put in 30, 40 years at it, then waste his time playing absolutely nothing. It doesn't make sense. No stars.

6. Who's that, June Christy? She sounds good. Trumpet—well, he didn't miss anything, which is nice, but I didn't like the two beats behind him. I like the arrangement very much. Three stars.

7. Nice piano. Good number, *Dee Dee's Dance*, Benny Harris on trumpet; bass good too. Alto is squeaky, plays wrong chords, just running a whole lot of notes, nothing connects. That's Budd Johnson on tenor—he's gone! Middle of that last chorus is badly performed—it's hard to play, especially for the trumpet. Two stars.

8. Reminds me of carnival days. When I ran away from school and

wanted to join the carnival. But this isn't even a good *modern* carnival. I hear one man playing a diminished while another plays a minor. . . . Condon in there with his mandolin. No stars, no nothing.

9. Hm, Teddy Wilson. His notes always come out perfect, like mathematics. Charlie Shavers, Coleman Hawkins. . . . they're playing an E flat minor riff on the fifth and sixth bars while Teddy runs an E flat ninth. Charlie can go way low and way up high, doesn't miss much, and plays well. I like what he does here. Sometimes a little grandstandy, but you can be tasty-grandstandy too, you know; everyone's a little grandstandy at one time or another. Two stars.

10. Somebody is playing a wrong chord on that second bar. . . . I hear the old *Dipsy Doodle* riff in there. Somebody should gag that trombonist. This would sound very good with a good rhythm section. Louis *always* sounds good to me—he might not have the chops he used to have, but his ideas are always fine. I never even heard Louis until he came to Philadelphia in 1935, when he played a theatre. I took my lunch with me that day. No, I wasn't influenced by him because I'd never heard his records. Those dotted eighths and sixteenths become tiresome here. I only like Louis on this. One star.

11. Louis shouldn't play a solo with a straight mute—it only sounds good with a section. . . . I prefer to hear him play legato. . . . the tune holds him down here; it's a wasted effort. Vocal is won-

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Records Reviewed by Dizzy

These are the records on which Dizzy Gillespie commented during his blindfold test. He was given no advance information whatever about them:

1. Jimmy Dorsey, *J. D.'s Jump* (Decca), Dorsey, alto; Louis Carter, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Karl Kille, drums.
2. Elliot Lawrence, *Five O'Clock Shadow* (Columbia), Andy Pano, tenor; Alex Ella, trumpet; Joe Verrecchio, trombone.
3. Artie Shaw, *Little Jazz* (Victor), Roy Eldridge, trumpet.
4. Carlos Molina, *Palabras de Mujer* (Capitol).
5. Mezz Mezzrow, *Gone Away Blues* (King Jazz), Sidney Bechet, soprano; Mezzrow, clarinet.
6. Ella Mae Morse, *The Merry H-L-H* (Capitol), Ray Linn, trumpet & arranger.
7. Clyde Hart's Hot 7, *Dee Dee's Dance* (Savoy), Benny Harris, trumpet; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Herbie Fields, alto; Budd Johnson, tenor.

8. Wild Bill Davison, *Baby Won't You Please Come Home* (Commodore), Davison, trumpet; Eddie Condon, guitar.
9. Charlie Shavers, *El Salon de Guitbucket* (Keynote), Shavers, trumpet; Teddy Wilson, piano; Coleman Hawkins, tenor.
10. Louis Armstrong, *Savoy Blues* (Okeh) (1928), Armstrong, trumpet; Kid Ory, trombone; Lonnie Johnson, guitar.
11. Louis Armstrong, *Linger in My Arms a Little Longer* (Victor).
12. Cincinnati Symphony, Stravinsky's *Song of The Nightingale* (Part I) (Victor).
13. Bill Harris, *Everything Happens to Me* (Keynote), Harris, trombone; Neal Ledd, arranger; Ralph Burns, piano (Trombone, two clarinets, bass clarinet and Gute.)
14. Bobby Sherwood, *Sherwood's Forest* (Capitol), Comp. & arr. Sherwood.

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derful. No voice, but lots of feeling. I'd buy this just to hear Louis's voice. The band doesn't sound as good as when I went to hear it at the Band Box in Chicago. Two stars.

12. That's Stravinsky. . . . I often wonder what chords do they use when they're doing these things—must be hard to figure out; maybe that's why they don't use a piano! . . . that part there sounds like somebody crying. . . . you have to hear something like this five, six, seven, eight times before you can even find out what you like about it. You know, when we go down South and play one of those fast jump numbers with a whole lot of stuff in it, it must sound to them just the way this does to me the first time. Can't give a rating on that.

13. How many horns are there in there? Four? Five? Play it again—that's the best record you've played. Bill Harris, Ralph Burns. Great performance, fine arrangement. Four stars.

14. I know who wrote this. Johnny Richards. That's gone! Sounds like the band on Rod Skelton's program. Good music. Play it again, I was listening too hard; I want to enjoy it this time. . . . great! Four stars.

Afterthoughts by Dizzy

Taste is the most important thing in music, and there are so

very few who have it. You've got to know chords, and have a sense of phrasing; anything that hooks up and doesn't break the continuity is good. Of course, some things can be in good taste but not hooked up. That last record sure was crazy; that's my idea of a big band playing right.

What do I think about bebop? I never use the term bebop or bebop. As far as imitations are concerned—some of the kids try to pick up in a single day everything that's taken years to develop. They take a couple of riffs off a record, get the superficial things but not the fundamentals; they'd get something new if they could find out what it is they're doing.

I like all kinds of music and musicians, all styles of trumpet players. I like Harold Baker, Ray Nance, Tilt Jordan, Roy, Shavers, Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Freddy Webster, Karl George, Leonard Hawkins and lots more. For technique, Rafael Mendez. I like Clark Terry in St. Louis. Harry James can maneuver well but I don't like his jazz. Cat Anderson sounds like him on ballads, did you ever notice that?

As for Eddie Condon and what they call the "real jazz," there is no "real jazz"—there's only good and bad. Simplicity is not enough in itself; it should be used for contrast. Anything that's played with a beat, with good taste and correct changes is good, and I don't care what name you give it!

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Leonard Feather starts a provocative new series with a provocative interview



Clearly, the best way to listen to music is without any advance information regarding the artist, the tune, composer or arranger. To allow all prejudices to cut through all the vast variety of points of view in jazz, we propose to play a series of records each month to a noted figure in the jazz world. With these records, we will test his or her reactions to all kinds of music, from Dixieland to Bebop. And we will test all kinds of musicians. This month it's Mary Lou Williams; next month, Mezz Mezzrow.

Mary Lou Williams, first musician to be Blindfold Tested, is a great pianist, arranger and composer. She is also a great person, one who is genuinely alarmed by the ignorance that prevails in the dissemination of jazz knowledge. Her signed statement, attending to the complete accuracy of this article, is in our possession.

The Records

1. That clarinet's nice. That's the right way to play melody on a tune and still make it interesting . . . band's smooth . . . that singer doesn't have the right kind of voice for improvising. I'd give the record two stars.
2. Piano sounds like Fats. The style's fine, but it sounds like an imitation; I don't care too much for imitations. But he has a wonderful technique and should use it to create his own style. Tenor sax is excellent. Trumpet not up to par; clarinet okay. Rhythm a little too stodgy. Still, I like the record. Three stars.
3. Also fine—Charlie Parker, of course! Trumpet was a little sharp at first, but good. I like the beat, and it's a nice arrangement—a little different. Pianist does a sort of Basie style solo. I like the tenor. Rhythm section good. Three stars.
4. Now that's the way I like to hear a band play! Terrific rhythm, nice balance, a great beat. Piano very good, vibes good, tenor excellent. Band is very solid on the ensembles. Ar-

range ment not out of the ordinary, but fine. Four stars.

5. Oh, don't do that to me! . . . That's Vic Dickenson on trombone. What's he doing in there—he can't play like them. It's a shame to mix good musicians in that kind of outfit. I hardly know what to say. I just don't like that kind of music. That's Ed Hall. Trumpet sounds like Louis twenty years ago. Drums and bass good. I've heard better Dixieland piano. Don't like the tune or the ensembles. Two stars.
6. Intro terrific. Trumpet wonderful, good taste and original ideas. Also is good, too; sounds like Johnny Hodges. Clarinet sort of Duke style. Ending is different. Rhythm smooth. Three stars.
7. That's a tuba in there, isn't it? Oh, and a slap tongue tenor solo! Uch! I don't recognize this, but it sounds like something from the 1920's. Even the Dixie they're playing now doesn't sound like that. Solos were good for that time, I guess, but no beat at all—can't even imagine how they danced to it. . . . What does it lack? Music! No stars.
8. King Cole; that's great. Now here's something that's a good example for everyone to listen to; good taste, good balance, and the music tells a story. It's the most perfect little outfit I've heard in years, and even if it weren't King

Cole I'd say the same thing. Four stars.

9. Sounds mechanical—like one of those old player-piano rolls. Not free. As if it had all been written out. Don't care for the composition. Who is it? No idea. Two stars.
10. Arrangement's fine, but they're not together on the ensembles. I think it's pathetic to arrange a number and not play it smoothly—rather not record it at all. . . . Trumpet sounds like Dizzy; good, except he seems to run out of breath at times. Tenor very good . . . that's Don Byas . . . he can play anybody's style. . . . sounds like Max Roach on drums. I like the idea of the record better than the execution; three stars.
11. Aren't they out of tune in spots? You've got to be right in tune to play that kind of chords. Sounds a little like Duke. Why did they break into that swing part there? It breaks the story, the mood of the thing. Voicing all wrong; the arrangement sounds like an experiment. I think it's a good idea to write *two* arrangements—one with experiments, and one good one. The ideas didn't work out here. Also good, balance not too bad. Two stars.
12. This is the best record I've heard of Harry James in a long time. Very good taste in Harry's solo; good band and arrangement, gets a nice mood; especially that

modulation by muted trombones, I think it was. Tenor was great, too. Four stars.

13. I don't know what to say. I'm prejudiced against people who are trying to take music back forty years. I think that just to make money, some people forget about music. Solos not even good for that type. Musicianship? I didn't hear any.

Summary

HERE'S THE WAY I feel about music. I like almost all types of music, if they're well played, except Dixieland. I don't think the Dixieland fans even know why they like it; they're just following the crowd. Up at Cafe Society I used to see them ask Ed Hall for Dixieland; he had to play it and he'd break up the house with it. I think it's a bad idea for kids or youngsters who are interested in music to pick up on Dixieland; everyone should try to progress. Do you know, even in Spike Jones' band, there are a lot of very good musicians, and they can play Dixieland and sound just like all those well-known Dixieland musicians?

I was in New Orleans five years ago, and even there I didn't hear them playing that style. What *do* I like? Most of all I like originality in jazz. The kids should follow Don Byas, Ben Webster, Dizzy, Trummy, Tatum, Erroll Garner, Monk—he was really the originator of Dizzy's style—and Earl Hines; his style is still being played with modern trimmings.

As for bands and arrangers, there's Stan Kenton and Hampton and Ralph Burns—and of course Duke is still ahead. And I admire Sy Oliver because he set a new style.

New ideas and good taste and execution—put them together and you have good music, whether it's jazz or anything else. That's the way I feel about music.

1. Benny Goodman, *Blue Siles* (Columbia), with Art Lunde, vocal.
 2. Johnny Goodman, *Subtle as a Kid* (Savoy); Gunter, piano; Lester Young, tenor; Billy Butterfield, trumpet; Hank J. Amos, clarinet; Cary Cole; drums.
 3. Sir Charles (Thompson), *The Street Beat* (Ascholla); Thompson, piano; Buck Clayton, trumpet; *Saddle Parkers*, also; Dexter Gordon, also; J. C. Hazard, drums.
 4. Woodcherry, *Orch. Northwest Passage* (Columbia); Ralph Burns, piano; Maver Hymas, voice; Phil Phillips, tenor.
 5. Art Hodes, *Jazzmen Sings First Stamp* (Blue Note); Hodes, piano; Vic Dickenson, tenor; Max Kaminsky, trumpet; Ed Hall, clarinet; Sid Weiss, bass; Danny Ayler, drums.
 6. Warner, *Bigard Blues Before Dawn* (Black & White); Bigard, clarinet; George Avak, also; Joe Thomas, trumpet.

7. Jelly Roll Morton *Red Hot Father* (Victor); Morton, piano; Bass Moore, bass. (Reissued 1928.)
 8. King Cole *The Body and Soul* (Capitol); Cole, piano; Oscar Moore, guitar; Johnny Miller, bass.
 9. James P. Johnson, *Blackberry Skone* (Savoy); piano solo.
 10. Dizzy Gillespie *Be-Bop* (Mammy); Gillespie, trumpet; Don Byas, tenor; Stanly Kautz, drums.
 11. Paul Redman *Orch. Yorta* (Jazz); George Handy, arranger; Hal McKenick, also.
 12. Harry James *Orch. Price Your Love Hat Grow* (Columbia); James, trombone; Coby Courcain, tenor.
 13. Paul Johnson *Band When the Gates Go Marching In* (Venus); (Reissued 1945).

Sept 1945

night and day

on a trip through Warnerbrotherland
with beard and camera;
and a pleasant assist from the record companies

WITH EXPERT HAND and Monty Woolley's beard, the brothers Warner have done it again. Only a hand expert at twirling facts, distorting facts and making a muddly hash out of a good story could have conceived and executed *Night and Day*. Only a beard could have cast so large and fuzzy a shadow across a movie screen for two hours or more. Warner's skill was demonstrated in *Rhapsody in Blue* (remember?) in which the facts of George Gershwin's life, loves and music were thoroughly rearranged to make a composer is Cole Porter, but the procedure is the same and the end-product is just as offensive.

The Film: As Cole Porter, Cary Grant (the oldest-looking undergraduate you ever saw) goes to Yale Law School, where Monty Woolley is a professor. He meets his future wife (Alexis Smith) at Christmas vacation at his family home in Indiana (which looks more like a southern plantation, with horrible stereotyped Negro servants), where he fights with his grandfather, who doesn't want him to become a songwriter. His first show, in 1915, is a flop, but it features such famous Porter hits as *Let's Do It* and *You Do Something to Me*. He enlists in the regular French army, suffers a bad leg wound, sees his future wife again, and writes *Begin the Beguine* and *Night and Day*. He comes back to the United States and writes the scores for the very successful *The New Yorkers* and *Fifty Million Frenchmen*. Receiving an offer from Charles Cochran, the pre-eminent English producer, to do a musical for him, he goes across the Atlantic, meets his future wife in London again, and they are married. Success goes to his keyboard; Porter spends all his time at work and, consequently, his wife leaves him. Called to his Indiana home in time to see his grandfather before he dies and stage a reconciliation, Porter becomes very sad and weary and morose. Riding on a horse, one day, on his Indiana acres, presumably worrying about his dead grandfather and absent wife, he falls from his horse and smashes his legs. Lots of operations, a heroic scene on the telephone from the hospital with Mommy at the other end in Hollywood, during which Carlos Ramirez sings *Begin the Beguine*, and a climax ending in the Yale Chapel, in which the famous Yale Glee Club sings *Night and Day*. Cole plays the piano, his wife returns and The Beard deliquesces with tears.

The Facts: Cole Porter went to Harvard Law School; Monty Woolley was an undergraduate with him earlier at Yale. His first show was a flop, it didn't have *Let's Do It* (which was in *Paris* in 1928) or *You Do Something to Me* (which was in *Fifty Million Frenchmen* in 1929) in it. He enlisted in the French Foreign Legion,

wasn't wounded, and met his wife for the first time in Europe. They were married and never separated. His grandfather never opposed his becoming a lawyer, and left him a cool million dollars when he died. He didn't fall from his horse because he was worried about his wife and brooding over his grandfather's death; and it wasn't in Indiana, it was at a Long Island party. He did go through many operations and, as in the concluding scene of the film, he still hobbles around on crutches, but the Yale Glee Club never has sung his *Night and Day*, nor would it honor an old Yale man or not; its prestige is the choral music of Bach, Palestrina and other writers of traditional music.

In addition to these considerable errors, and the anachronistic casting of Cary Grant as the young Cole Porter and Monty Woolley as his old Professor, there are such glaring things as the star's semi-Cockney accent, which is way out of place in New Haven, New York or Indiana. And then there is the matter of the songs: *Begin the Beguine* was not inspired, as the picture shows, by some Zouaves in the first World War; it was written in 1935 after a trip to the Dutch East Indies, for the show *Jubilee*. *Night and Day* was copyrighted in 1932 and appeared in the show *The Gay Divorcee* that year; it wasn't written in a convalescent home in 1918, as the picture indicates. *Five Got You Under My Skin* was not in a Broadway musical; it was in the movie *Born to Dance*, in 1936. The mistakes pile up, one after another. The finished work is something less than the film with which to "celebrate the twentieth anniversary of talking pictures," as Warner Bros. have designated it.

One of the pleasant aspects of the ceremonies attending the release of this stinker is the concurrent celebration of Cole Porter's music on records. Dave Rose runs through eight of the best-known tunes in his Victor album (P-138). *Night and Day*, in the *Still of the Night*, *Love for Sale*, *Five Got You Under My Skin*, *Begin the Beguine*, *I Got a Kick Out of You*, *What Is This Thing Called Love*, and *Easy to Love*, Artie Shaw's first Masterath album (S-2), devoted to Cole Porter songs, is notable for a superb Kitty Kallen vocal on *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* and a delightful scat version of *What Is This Thing Called Love*, by the Meltones. The other tunes in the set are *In the Still of the Night*, *Night and Day*, *You Do Something to Me*, *Five Got You Under My Skin*, *Get Out of Town* and *Begin the Beguine*. Fred Waring knocks off eight Porter songs in a Decca album (A-467), including the little known *A Little Rhumba Numba*, from *Let's Face It*, and the recent *Everything I Love*, *I Love You* and *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To*. And Rise Stevens has done six Porter songs in her usual pompous manner (Columbia Set M-630). You can forget this one.—B. U.

Cary Grant (top to bottom) plays *Let's Do It*, about 15 years before it was written, for Monty Woolley (about 30 years older than he was) and Jane Wynn. The French Zouaves sing a melody like *Begin the Beguine*, and inspire Cary (Cole Porter) to write it about 16 years before it was written. Cary Stumm sings *You're the Top* in a fantastic scene on the Porter estate in Connecticut in which the whole cast of *Anything Goes* cuts up. The finale, with Porter (Grant), the Beard (Woolley) and the Yale Glee Club,



THE BLINDFOLD TEST!

Leonard Feather continues
his series of
examinations
of famous jazzmen



Preface

MILTON "MEZZ" MEZZROW, to readers of his book, will be a fantastic character who has lived a lurid life. To countless musicians, Mezz is a guy who hung around their band, kept them supplied with tea and talk. To this writer, despite violent differences of opinion on everything from music to marijuana, Mezz is an amiable, hospitable guy who took me around New York ten years ago when I was a stranger in town, who never tried to convert me to tea, never even lit up in my presence.

Moldy Figs may find it hard to picture Mezz playing blues piano aboard the Queen Mary, the morning he and Benny Carter drove down to see me off to England; or Mezz parking his car on Broadway one night at 4 AM while we played the blues on two clarinets. How can he have anything in common with a critic who is opposed by every supporter of Mezz's musical philosophy? The answer is that Mezz has one vital thing in common with this writer: he loves jazz; he; and that's more important than any feud about Dixieland, New Orleans, Bebop or reefer.

Because of the title of his book, and because of our mutual interest in the blues, discs selected for this Blindfold Test were blues of various kinds, all waxed in recent years, showing the 12-bar pattern in every style, tempo and mood.

The Records

1. Bass player shows fantastic technique in the intro. This is strictly in the modern idiom. Lyric shows the Negro talent in the treatment of sex. Vibes man plays clarinet riff style—those triplet inflections. Tenor sounds confused in the modern idiom; trumpet sounds confused in the first 12, fights in the second—not content. Trombone opens up with an amazing technical effect—in fact, greatest I've ever heard till now. Sounds like Lionel and his fast pace. That last chorus proves that the Chinese culture is the oldest; they go right back to it! Two stars.

OCTOBER, 1946

2. Sounds like that alto man from Cootie Williams's band—Eddie Vinson—or Charlie Barnet. This is overarranged; next to last chorus gets a good idea going, but that screaming trumpet spoils it. Stereotyped rhythm. I liked some of the alto work. Only one star.

3. That's Wild Bill Davison on trumpet. This is another of those attempts at the New Orleans Rhythm King's style. Well, it's a mode of expression for those involved, but it's a pain in the neck to me. Last chorus, Bill blows good, but the clarinet gets real loud and wrong. Just a hackneyed pastiche, with rhythm reminiscent of Baby Dodds—a 3-against-4-beat effect. One star.

4. Now there is the greatest trombonist in the world—Tricky Sam! Duke is trying to do something in the minor; uses a surprising Hebraic inflection and a little Oriental flavor. He has uncanny ways of voicing and getting tonal effects, but he spent too much time worrying about this number—or maybe not enough. But for Tricky I wouldn't have let you play it through. Interesting until it went into a very cliché minor passage. Two stars.

5. Well, in the field of music it's agreed that you can't play any guitar player never heard the blues, or else he misconceived it.

These are the records which Leonard Feather played for Mezz Mezzrow, who, sitting blindfolded, was told none of the names of the artists whose efforts he was judging. Mezz's detailed reactions are related above.

6. That's a good blues singer; fine style and feeling. But throw that guitar out! . . . He doesn't listen to the singer, he interferes. Trumpet is fine in the background—Buck Clayton? He has tone, timing and taste. Piano has wonderful ideas, but that guitar gets in the way. Still, that's a fine record. Three stars.

7. Ouch! That clarinet's all out of tune! And the banjo player doesn't know the right changes. He's still 25 years behind. Is that one of Bank Johnson's abortions? The trumpet is better than the rest of them, but still old and stiff. Record has that good old New Orleans flavor of the early 20's, but the clarinet's terrible and recording bad. No stars.

8. This bunch outdoes Woody Herman on this kind of stuff. . . . Benny shows mastery of his instrument and great technique, though once or twice he had to catch his breath there. I like Lionel's triplet inflections. Benny surpasses all other white clarinetists in the blues idiom on this

record, but it's a hackneyed boogie-woogie number. Two stars.

9. (Listening to drum intro) Where are we, in the West Indies? or Cuba? . . . That trumpet's Dizzy. The alto is obnoxious. Vibes awful. Slam really shows the possibilities of the bass as a solo instrument, if you have the genius to do it. The tenor shows more continuity than anyone else. Piano got his wind in his second chorus but the tempo was too much for him.

This record shows what Dizzy has done to 52nd Street. If that's music I'll eat it. It reminds me of how the oldtime white musicians, learning to play hot, thought all you had to do to sound hot was play very fast and with a lot of notes. And there's nothing new in those harmonic ideas. It's a waste of breath to talk about stuff like this. No stars.

10. Now there's a beautiful thing. This shows Bechet to wonderful advantage, although the background interferes some. Trumpet with modern riffs, and Hodas don't hurt him much, though. There is a real genius for you—Sidney Bechet. That's a great record. That's really the blues! Four stars.

Afterthoughts by Mezz

Music has gone tangent in the past few years; it's in a strange condition, following the chaotic pattern of the world itself; a conglomeration of odd philosophies all trying to stand out at the same time. Technical ability and dissonant flavors prevail against pure simplicity in art. It's like a painter slapping all the colors on the canvass in a big blob and saying, "There, I'm Picasso, or Tanguy." What's needed is a return to the basic art; jazz has enough invention and originality in its own idiom and doesn't need classical influences.

1. Woody Herman, Fox 7 (Columbia);
Herman, vocal; Red Norvo, vibraphone;
Phillics, tenor; Sammy Bergman, trumpet;
Bill Harris, trombone;
2. Charlie Barnet, Blue Bird (Bluebird),
baritone, alto; Bill Miller, piano; Ben Eari,
guitar.
3. Eddie Condon, improvisation from
Mardi of 7:00 (Decca), Wild Bill Davi-
son, trumpet; Tony Parenti, clarinet; Dave
Toussaint, piano.
4. Duke Ellington, Koko (Venus), Tricky
Sam, tenor, trombone.
5. King Cole Trio, Mr. Hay On
Carroll, Cole, piano; Oscar Moore,
guitar; Johnny Miller, bass.
6. Art Tatum, Lament (Greenleaf
River (Decca), Tatum, piano; Oscar

Moore, artist; Joe Thomas, trumpet; Joe
Tourer, vocal.
7. Bank Johnson, Bank's Blues (Gaz
Music), Johnson, trumpet; George Lewis,
clarinet; Lawrence Murray, banjo.
8. Benny Goodman Sextet, Big Mutt
(Grand Slam) (Columbia), Goodman,
clarinet; Johnny Ganswart, piano; Leland
Hargrove, vibraphone.
9. Red Norvo, Congo Blues (Comet),
Norvo, vibraphone; George Lewis, clarinet;
Charlie Parker, alto; Poo Phillips, tenor;
Teddy Wilson, piano; Sam Stewart, bass;
I. C. Hand, drums.
10. Sidney Bechet, Blue Heron (Blue
Note), Bechet, clarinet; Art Hodes, piano;
Sidney deParis, trumpet.

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Leonard Feather continues
his series of
examinations
of famous jazzmen



Preface

MILTON "MEZZ" MEZZROW, to readers of his book, will be a fantastic character who has lived a lurid life. To countless musicians, Mezz is a guy who hung around their band, kept them supplied with tea and talk. To this writer, despite violent differences of opinion on everything from music to marijuana, Mezz is an amiable, hospitable guy who took me around New York ten years ago when I was a stranger in town, who never tried to convert me to tea, never even lit up in my presence.

Moldy Figs may find it hard to picture Mezz playing blues piano aboard the Queen Mary, the morning he and Benny Carter drove down to see me off to England; or Mezz parking his car on Broadway one night at 4 AM while we played the blues on two clarinets. How can he have anything in common with a critic who is opposed by every supporter of Mezz's musical philosophy? The answer is that Mezz has one vital thing in common with this writer: he loves jazz, loves to listen to it and argue about it; and that's more important than any feud about Dixieland, New Orleans, Bebop or reefer.

Because of the title of his book, and because of our mutual interest in the blues, discs selected for this Blindfold Test were blues of various kinds, all waxed in recent years, showing the 12-bar pattern in every style, tempo and mood.

The Records

1. Bass player shows fantastic technique in the intro. This is strictly in the modern idiom. Lyric shows the Negro talent in the treatment of sex. Vibes man plays clarinet riff style—those triplet inflections. Tenor sounds confused in the modern idiom; trumpet sounds confused in the first 12, fights in the second—not content. Trombone opens up with an amazing technical effect—in fact, greatest I've ever heard till now. Sounds like Lionel and his fast pace. That last chorus proves that the Chinese culture is the oldest; they go right back to it! Two stars.

2. Sounds like that alto man from Cootie Williams's band—Eddie Vinson—or Charlie Barnet. This is overarranged; next to last chorus gets a good idea going, but that screaming trumpet spoils it. Stereotyped rhythm. I liked some of the alto work. Only one star.

3. That's Wild Bill Davison on trumpet. This is another of those attempts at the New Orleans Rhythm King's style. Well, it's a mode of expression for those involved, but it's a pain in the . . . neck to me. Last chorus, Bill blows good, but the clarinet gets real loud and wrong. Just a hackneyed pastiche, with rhythm reminiscent of Baby Dodds—a 3-against-4-beat effect. One star.

4. Now there is the greatest trombonist in the world—Tricky Sam! Duke is trying to do something in the minor; uses a surprising Hebraic inflection and a little Oriental flavor. He has uncanny ways of voicing and getting tonal effects, but he spent too much time worrying about this number—or maybe not enough. But for Tricky I wouldn't have let you play it through. Interesting until it went into a very cliché minor passage. Two stars.

5. Well, in the field of music it's agreed that you can't play any music until you've heard it. That guitar player never heard the blues, or else he misconceived it.

Musicians like this must agree with the advertising agencies; they think you have to appeal to a 12-year-old mind and repeat everything a dozen times. Is that the King Cole Trio? Nat is the whole trio, he's fine, especially his left hand work; but there's too much of that modern triplet idiom. One star.

6. That's a good blues singer; fine style and feeling. But throw that guitar out! . . . He doesn't listen to the singer, he interferes. Trumpet is fine in the background—Buck Clayton? He has tone, timing and taste. Piano has wonderful ideas, but that guitar gets in the way. Still, that's a fine record. Three stars.

7. Ouch! That clarinet's all out of tune! And the banjo player doesn't know the right changes. He's still 25 years behind. Is that one of Bunk Johnson's abortions? The trumpet is better than the rest of them, but still old and stiff. Record has that good old New Orleans flavor of the early 20's, but the clarinet's terrible and recording bad. No stars.

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10. Now there's a beautiful thing. This shows Bechet to wonderful advantage, although the background interferes some. Trumpet with modern riffs, and Hodes with that rolling piano. They don't hurt him much, though. There is a real genius for you—Sidney Bechet. That's a great record. That's really the blues! Four stars.

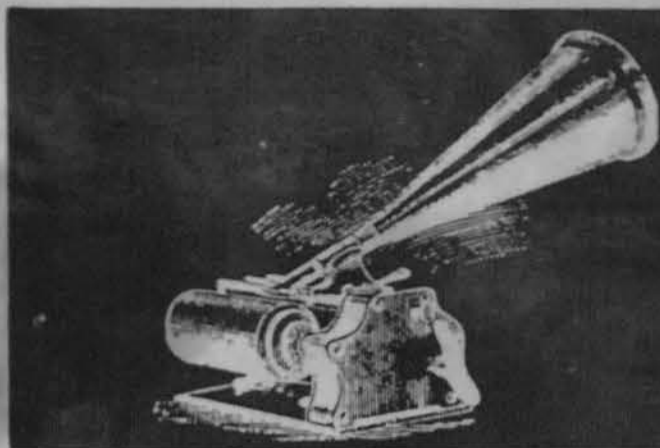
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1. Woody Herman. *Fan B* (Columbia). Herman, vocal; Red Norvo, vibes; Flip Phillips, tenor; Sonny Berman, trumpet; Bill Harris, trombone.
2. Charlie Barnet. *Blue Juice* (Bluebird). Barnet, alto; Bill Miller, piano; Bus Eari, guitar.
3. Eddie Condon. *Improvisation from March of Time* (Decca). Wild Bill Davison, trumpet; Tony Parenti, clarinet; Dave Tough, drums.
4. Duke Ellington. *Koko* (Victor). Tricky Sam Nanton, trombone.
5. King Cole Trio. *This Way Out* (Capitol). Cole, piano; Oscar Moore, guitar; Johnny Miller, bass.
6. Art Tatum. *Lonesome Graveyard Blues* (Decca). Tatum, piano; Oscar

Moore, guitar; Joe Thomas, trumpet; Joe Turner, vocal.
7. Bunk Johnson. *Bunk's Blues* (Jazz Man). Johnson, trumpet; George Lewis, clarinet; Lawrence Marraro, bass.
8. Benny Goodman Sextet. *Boy Meets Guy* (Grand Slam) (Columbia). Goodman, clarinet; Johnny Guarneri, piano; Lionel Hampton, vibes.
9. Red Norvo. *Congo Blues* (Comet). Norvo, vibes; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Charlie Parker, alto; Flip Phillips, tenor; Teddy Wilson, piano; Slam Stewart, bass; J. C. Heard, drums.
10. Sidney Bechet. *Blue Horizon* (Blue Note). Bechet, clarinet; Art Hodes, piano; Sidney deParis, trumpet.



record reviews

a complete critical survey of the month's records
by the three deuces: ulanov, simon and feather

Jo-Jo Adams

Thursday Evening Blues
Disgusted

Crusty blues shouting, with a band that's stronger on solos than teamwork. Maxwell Davis, tenor; Geo. Orendorff, trumpet; Garland Finney, piano. (Aladdin 142)

Harry Babbitt

Sunny Weather
Derry Dum

The former Kay Kyser singer still sounds happy, after his long Navy tenure. These are comfortable sides, the first romantically light, the second routine novelty. (Popular 3026)

Pearl Bailey

I Ain't Talkin'
He Didn't Ask Me

The husky contralto with the expressive hands and the deadpan voice is at her best on the first which is not, however, the best song she sings. The coupling is duller still, though Pearl's conversational accents go a long way to redeem it and the small band behind her, under Mitch Ayres, assists well. (Columbia 37068)

Dud Bascomb

*Walkin' Blues**
*Indiana**

Sweet Georgia Brown
with Avery Parrish
After Hours

The former Erskine Hawkins's trumpeter (Dud) and tenor saxist (Paul) brothers have their own orchestra now, under the leadership of the first, but it's not the group on these records. Here the Bascombs combine with Tiny Grimes, John Simmons, Sidney Catlett, and Jimmy Phipps, who is on all but the last. Dud sings the *Blues* softly, insinuatingly and well, with unison vocal assistance by the band; he finishes it off with similarly soft and insinuating growl trumpet; Tiny's guitar keeps much of it going. *Indiana* is fast and well-knit. Dud and Paul and Tiny sharing solo honors and Big Sid taking a bright if unnecessary drum solo. On *Georgia*, it's Paul all the way, and jumping. The Bascombs back their old confrere, Avery Parrish, who has been convalescing for some years from a bad accident in California, on the pianist's famous groove-piece, *After Hours*. Though not quite the slick offering it was in previous years with Hawkins, it's still tempting listening. (Alert 200-1)

Count Basie

The King
Blue Skies

The tribute to Benny Goodman (*The King*) does not follow so impressively in the series which began with Mel Powell's *The Earl* and Thomas Gordon's, *The Count*. In the first place, the tribute is almost entirely tenorman Illinois Jacquet's: he takes three loud but not especially moving 32-bar choruses out of the side's six. In the second, trombonist George Matthews gets only the bridge of trumpeter Snooky Young's chorus. Count takes a full chorus and the band opens with one, stating the up-tempo figures. Reverse is notable for pleasant Basie tinkling and superb Jimmy Rushing shouting of the Berlin lyric. (Columbia 37070)

Jimmy Blythe Jr.

I Finally Gotcha
Boogin' With Mezz

A pseudonymous Sam Price doing an old-timey gut-bucket slow blues and a medium boogie blues. We're long since glutted with boogie, though Sam plays more cleanly than most. Tempo picks up noticeably on both sides. (King Jazz 145)

Earl Bostic

Hurricane Blues
Man I Love

See last month's review for personnel—it's the same band. Earl sings the blues and plays good blues alto on one side, plays one of his fast, flashy technical solos on the reverse. Band is hampered by recording. (Majestic 10055)

Les Brown

I Guess I'll Get the Papers
The Whole World Is Singing My Song

Mostly vocals, ever-improving Jack Haskell on the first, already-arrived Doris Day on the second. The trum-

pets and general ensemble are rich and accurate, serving as excellent examples of the Brown band's fine musicianship. Each side has some intimate Ted Nash tenoring, while the first is further embellished by pretty tromboning on the intro and coda. (Columbia 37066)

Billy Butterfield

The Sharp Scarf
Rumors Are Flying

Here's a typical example of people not using their heads. Billy Butterfield's a superb trumpeter who started a band because he thought he could cash in on his reputation as such. What happens? On these two sides there's hardly any Butterfield at all. The first is a swing attempt that misses, even though featured Bill Stegmeyer (not Butterfield) displays a pretty clarinet tone. And Pat O'Connor is featured on the reverse, singing a rangey tune well. But Billy plays just eight bars trying to sound like Hackett. This could be just any band at all. (Capitol 282)

Don Byas Quartet

I Don't Know Why
Cherokee

Don's version of *I Don't Know Why* compares well with most of the others, including Charlie Ventura's (see last month). Slow, tasteful tenor. *Cherokee* is played so fast that the rhythm has to limp along in half-time. This is mainly a pyrotechnical display without time for phrasing or continuity. (Savoy 609)

Bobby Byrne

Ridin' on a Summer Afternoon
Whatta Ya Gonna Do
Hymn to the Sun
Hey Bobby

Bobby's an amazing trombonist, as the first side will prove, reaching notes, playing high phrases that seem almost impossible. The beat, though lazy, is

effective. Peggy Coffey sings with jazz feeling on the reverse.

Hymn is a sweet-swing arrangement with Byrne doing a TD, throwing in a couple of startling high notes. Sixteen bars of nice Shavian clarinet. *Hey Bobby!* is a compute of *Salt Peanuts* and the blues, sung by an unnamed damsel, with Bobby playing some good jazz horn and a competent arrangement. One of this band's best discs to date. (Cosmo 483, 492)

Capitol Int'l. Jazzmen

You Can Depend On Me
Stormy Weather

Cut at the same date as the two sides in Cap's History of Jazz, this also couples an instrumental side with a vocal one by Kay Starr. Solos on *Depend* by Nat Cole, Buster Bailey, Benny Carter, Bill Coleman, Coleman Hawkins. No arrangement or smart routining, and nobody quite seems to get with it. *Stormy Weather* starts right out with a series of trumpet clams so obvious that it's amazing the disc was released. Kay Starr sings well, though not her best according to Deuce U. (Capitol 283)

Frankie Carle

Without You
Rumors Are Flying

Besides displaying some pretty arrangements, the Carle band appears to find a more relaxed mood on these sides. Frankie plays more lightly and more simply, maybe that's why. Daughter Marjorie Hughes sings acceptably. (Columbia 37069)

Una Mae Carlisle

Throw It Out Your Mind
That's My Man

Una Mae's piano and singing are assisted by Johnny Letman, trumpet; Jimmy Shirley, guitar; Gene Sedic, tenor and clarinet; plus Slick Jones, drums, and Cedric Wallace, bass. Will

ratings and ravings

METRONOME Record of the Month is *Hangover Square*, played by Ray McKinley and his Orchestra on Majestic Record #7201. Written by Eddie Sauter, this ingenious work wins top approval from METRONOME's Deuces, who discuss it in detail on page 30.

METRONOME ratings award two stars for sides highly recommended, one star for sides recommended, no stars for all other records.



good beat, for a change, both on this side and on the routine reverse, which spots good Willie Smith and Harry. (Columbia 37080)

Herbie Jeffries

Your Guess Is as Good as Mine
Evening Breeze

Two poorly-recorded, poorly balanced sides on which Jeffries sounds below par. The first song is not the old one Jack Teagarden used to sing so well; it's an inferior opus with the same title. *Breeze* is a pretty thing by trombonist Al Hayes, and the other Hamptonians present include Milt Buckner, guitar, bass and five horns. (Hamp-Tone 106)

Pete Johnson's Housewarming

Pete's Lonesome Blues
Mr. Drum Meets Mr. Piano
Mutiny In The Doghouse ★
Mr. Clarinet Knocks Twice
Ben Rides Out ★
Page Mr. Trumpet ★
J. C. From K. C.
Pete's Housewarming

The above are listed in the automatic-coupling order in which they should be played. They constitute a novel album in which Pete introduces each visitor to his supposed housewarming with a few lines of dialogue at the start of each side. The added personal touch will help commercially and only delays the music by a few seconds.

Musically, every side is blues at one tempo or another, except the last which, like all the rest, is labeled *Improvisation Based On Traditional Blues Themes*, but sounds suspiciously like *I Got Rhythm*. The first side is a piano solo, and the personnel increases on each side until you wind up with Lips Page, clarinetist Al Nicholas (New Orleans style and not bad), J. C. Heard and Higginbotham, the latter not trying at all, Ben Webster, Jimmy Shirley and Al Hall.

Needless to say, there are no arrangements, and the last side is a noisy free-for-all. But on the whole the album does quite successfully what it set out to do. (National Album 1001)

Kitty Kallen

If I'm Lucky ★
There's Nothing the Matter With Me

Lucky points to Kitty's having arrived as a really first-class pop singer. She sings with immense feeling, with excellent musical taste, in tune, achieving an especially fine and mellow mood. The reverse bounces happily, propelled by the strong Sonny Burke brass. (Musicraft 15090)

John Kirby Album

Move Over ★

Slowly

Desert Sands

Campus ★

My Old Flame

Close Shave

In this fourth Kirby album, his band sounds, and is, close to the group of pre-Pearl Harbor days, with Billy Kyle, Bill Beason, Buster Bailey and Ross Procope all back in their old chairs, and a good trumpet man named Clarence Breeton completing the sextet.

Most of material, too, is very familiar. *Move Over* and *Close Shave* were



SINGERS MAKE SUCH FUNNY FACES: Georgia Gibbs listens intently to a playback during a Majestic record date on the Coast. Georgia, a regular member of his show, subbed for Tony Martin for several weeks, as he recovered from an appendectomy, handling both her own singing assignment and his MC chores with ease. Photo by Majestic Records.

both recorded previously when the band was on Victor; *Desert Sands* is a retitling of the old Vocalion *Dawn On The Desert*; and *Campus* sounds more than vaguely familiar. The remaining two sides feature a new girl singer, Shirley Moore. She is not quite another Sara Vaughan, and the brief attempt to use her voice instrumentally in harmony with the alto on *Flame* almost comes off.

The instrumental sides are mostly easy familiar listening; Buster is the same as ever, Procope and Breeton sound good, and the recording is not altogether kind to Kyle. (Disc Album 621)

Billy Krechmer

Get the Idea

Matinee

One Root Beer

Paprika

Poor balance and a bad rhythm section don't give much opportunity to Krechmer's clarinet, which is more or less legendary around Philadelphia, where he operates a night club. The third is the best side, with Billy playing well and somebody's trombone pretty good too. (20th Century 20-5/6)

Gene Krupa

Everybody Loves My Baby, My Baby
Just the Other Day

Two good singers, Buddy Stewart and Mrs. Joe Dale, are rightfully featured on their respective sides. The first is excellently arranged, while the second spots punchy, muted brass and full, rolling saxes. (Columbia 37078)

Kay Kyser

On the Wrong Side of You ★
Ole Buttermilk Sky

Chalk up Lucyann Polk as the best girl singer to come along in ages, and use this smart, feelingful, modern rendition of an average tune for your number one exhibit. The Kyser band supplies an excellent arrangement and plays it well. The reverse is more routine, with the Campus Kids cute enough but the tempo too fast for comfort. (Columbia 37073)

Frances Langford

That Wonderful Worrisome Feeling
Love Me or Leave Me

In relative record obscurity for some time, Frances proves she's still a good songstress, especially on the second side

when she hits some really lovely top notes. The mood is good on this and on the reverse, with Earle Hagen drawing plaudits for his backings. (Mercury 3029)

Howard McGhee

Trumpet at Tempo

Tempo Jazz Men

Diggin' for Diz

The first is actually *Indiana*, played at an incredibly fast tempo that hampers McGhee's otherwise good trumpet and Jimmy Bunn's ditto piano. The reverse starts and ends with an interesting unison riff, has good spots of Lucky Thompson and Al Haig and fluffing Gillespie trumpet. (Dial 1005)

Hal McIntyre

Please and Say It Isn't So

30 Miles an Hour

Among My Souvenirs

It's a Lie, It's a Lie, It's a Lie

Putting two pretty, standard ballads like *Please and Say* together on one side is smart headwork and is also well carried through by the pretty McIntyre band. Its jazz, however, is

(Continued on page 32)

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Leonard Feather continues his series
of examinations of famous jazzmen . . .
This month Coleman Hawkins
tells you what he thinks without looking



Preface

In a profession that has seen the mighty fall with pitiful frequency, in a musical form that has changed and developed more rapidly than any other, Coleman Hawkins stands out as a supreme example of one of the great jazz pioneers who has refused to let time pass him by. Twenty-two years ago, in Fletcher Henderson's band, he was recognized as the foremost tenor sax man in jazz and the first to popularize the instrument. Through the years his work has gone ahead as steadily as jazz itself, and today, surrounded by youngsters who have built splendidly on the foundation he laid, he is greater than ever, though the tenor sax, far from being a rarity, is the most popular solo horn in jazz today.

For Coleman's blindfold test I selected mainly records that reflect present-day trends in jazz, some by big bands, others by small groups, the latter including several leading tenor men. The following is a verbatim report of his reactions to these records.

The Records

1. You know something about Benny? Every band he gets sounds alike, in spite of all the different musicians and arrangers he uses. That must be the way he wants it. Now take even Tommy Dorsey, you can tell the difference between something Sy wrote and something by somebody else. This one is strictly Benny Goodman. I'm not crazy about it; Benny's okay, but the clarinet's a funny instrument. Tenor player okay. Two stars.

2. Boyd Raeburn, is it? Or Stan Kenton? Anyway, I like it. Good number, good arrangement and some fine tenor. I like the whole record. Three stars.

3. That's Duke. Trumpet player gets a good tone; that's the one who plays violin, isn't it? Hodges gets a good sound; Brown too, but the tune is the best thing about the record. I've heard better from Duke, but I like it as a whole. Three stars.

4. This is very soothing. . . . Good tenor, good tone. Nice interpretation and the whole thing has

a mood. Three stars.

5. That's really one of the old ones, isn't it? I hear a banjo there, and a bass horn. Is that Fletcher? He used to make records just like that. Sure, that's Louis Armstrong . . . that's Buster Bailey . . . say, that's me! . . . It's an amazing thing, there are kids 22, 23 years old who get hold of these records and they don't think anything has ever been made that's better than that sort of thing and never will be. I don't understand it! To me, it's like a man thinking back to when he couldn't walk, he had to crawl. It's hard to look back and think that you ever sounded like that. I thought I was playing all right at the time, too, but it sounds awful to me now. I hate to listen to it—I'm ashamed of it! No stars.

6. That Milton Jackson could sound great—what he really needs is a good set of vibes. That's Dizzy . . . alto sounds like Charlie Parker, but it's not—I can tell the difference; it's Sonny Stitt. He's fine, too. Ray Brown on bass. That's a good number, original conception and execution fine. It's modern; they're playing the right chords, they know the changes. It has a good beat, too; modern jazz has to swing, too. Three stars.

7. That sounds a little like J. J. Johnson. That's Allen Eager on tenor. You notice how heavy and full the two horns sound, the

tenor and trombone, what a rich, thick sound they get, compared with the two horns on the last record—the trumpet and alto. This is a nice record. Three stars.

8. Fair arrangement and solos, but that real old-time after-beat all through doesn't send me; doesn't swing in the modern sense. One star.

9. That must be Claude Thornhill or somebody like that. This is really on the classical side . . . the band does it as well as possible, but I don't think the writer found what he was looking for. Two stars.

10. Lester Young . . . Vic Dickenson . . . don't know the pianist but I like him very much. Solos all right, Vic sounds good, but the record as a whole is nothing much; no arrangement, and drums a little old-fashioned. Two stars.

11. I think this is good for what it is—something semi-classical. Not exactly modern, but certainly not completely old. I hear quite a few excerpts. Where from? Well, from classics somewhere. The general style and form are good; it's not exactly the kind of music I go for personally but I admit it's good of its kind. Two stars.

12. Is that Woody Herman? No, it doesn't have to be—could be Thornhill or someone else. I like it, because I hear modern

phrases, a lot of crossed-up harmony. Three stars.

13. I can't see that at all. I don't like a thing about it. I know why they play that way—because they can't play any better. The harmony is limited; it's all very non-progressive. That old time stuff is nothing but plain straight chords. If you put music up in front of those men they could read it, but they're lost trying to play choruses. Sounds like Sullivan, Russell; don't know the others—tenor plays like Bud Freeman, more modern than the rest of them.

Afterthoughts by Hawk

Why didn't I find any four-star records? Well, I like modern music—very modern—and the bands that are playing modern stuff don't have enough cleanness and finesse. The bands that *do* play clean generally play old style arrangements, the same as years ago. So I find it hard to listen to either kind. Dizzy sounded great with just six men; now he has a big band that plays the right kind of music, but sloppily.

I was making a record date for Capitol out on the Coast and Dave Dexter couldn't get along with Howard McGhee. Finally Dexter put in an old-time Dixieland trumpet player, one he thinks is one of the world's greatest, to play the trumpet part on a modern number. This trumpet player was so completely lost, he couldn't do a thing, and Howard forgot he was mad and almost killed himself laughing. Finally the other trumpet player gave up and Howard made the record.

That's amazing to me, that so many people in music won't accept progress. It's the only field where advancement meets so much opposition. You take doctors—look what medicine and science have accomplished in the last twenty or thirty years. That's the way it should be in music—that's the way it *has* to be.

Records Reviewed by Hawkins

These are the records which Coleman Hawkins heard during the blindfold test. He was told none of the names of the artists whose efforts he was judging. Coleman's detailed reactions are related above.

1. Benny Goodman, *Swing Angel* (Columbia). Arranged by Buck Clayton. Goodman, clarinet; Stan Getz, tenor.
2. Georgie Auld, *Ma-Ma* (Musicraft). Comp. & arr. Neal Hefti. Auld, tenor.
3. Duke Ellington, *Someone* (Victor). Comp. Ellington. Ray Nance, trumpet; Johnny Hodges, alto; Lawrence Brown, trombone.
4. Vido Musso, *My Fo-Amu* (Savoy). Comp. Boots Mussulli. Musso, tenor.
5. Fletcher Henderson, *Money Blues* (Columbia). Recorded May, 1925. Louis Armstrong, cornet; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor.
6. Dizzy Gillespie, *That's Earl Brother* (Musicraft). Gillespie, trumpet; Milton

7. Milton Jackson, vibes; Sonny Stitt, alto; Ray Brown, bass.
8. Kai Winding, *Always* (Savoy). Winding, trombone; Stan Getz, tenor.
9. Lloyd Hampton, *Push and Judy* (Decca).
10. Boyd Raeburn, *Dalmore Sally Jewed*. Comp. & arr. George Handy.
11. Lester Young, *Jawing at Mamee's* (Aladdin). Young, tenor; Dolo Marmarosa, piano; Vic Dickenson, trombone.
12. Bobby Sherwood, *Sherwood's Forest* (Capitol). Comp. & arr. Sherwood.
13. Ray McKinley, *Sand Storm* (Majestic). Comp. & arr. Eddie Sauter.
14. Ragtime Band, *Sweet See* (Commodore). Gene Schroeder, piano; Petey Russell, clarinet; Bonnie Richmond, tenor.

Bretonneau Reed



A. BRETONNEAU

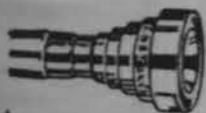
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more than whining and he ain't fer it. He finds the reverse acceptable, in di-
metrical opposition to his confreres,
who are fed up with single-digit piano-
plunking and expiring singers. Col-
umbia 37219)

Mel Torme

You're Driving Me Crazy B+
It's Dreamtime B+

Very cozy singing by the hobby-
soxer's gift to themselves. The first
is a fine oldie, the second is new. Both
have great backing from Sonny Burke,
except for a horrible trombone clam
on the first. How Musicraft ever let
this get by is beyond comprehension.
(Musicraft 15102)

Fats Waller

Ain't Misbehavin' C
Moppin' and Boppin' C+

Two twelve-inch sides, these pathetic
squeals were ripped from the sound-
track of *Stormy Weather*, the all-Negro
Fox musical of unlamented memory.
All the noise of the ripping has been
preserved on the records. Fats plays
and sings his own tune, with little dis-
tinction and then the rude little band
bangs away at it. On the other side,

a make-believe jam session is given
some moments of credibility by Benny
Carter's trumpet. Zatty Singleton's
drumming doesn't help. And the rest
of the eight-piece outfit is never allowed
to really get going. Skip it. (Victor
40-4003)

Teddy Wilson Quartet

September Song A—
Moonlight on the Ganges B+

The best Sarah Vaughan on
records yet—that's our verdict on
the first side, in which Teddy's
piano and Charlie Ventura's tenor
give the new Divine Sarah tender
assistance. Coupling is restrained
chorus stuff, balanced by some
sprightly piano and guitar voic-
ings, nimbly performed by Teddy
and Remo Palmieri. Ventura
sticks in his attractive husky tenor
sound again. The one-two-three-
four bass solo of Billy Taylor Jr.
is hardly of a piece with the
others. (Musicraft 446)

FOR THE RECORD

KENNY BAKER, The Old Lamp-
lighter, Love Walked In (Decca).

JOE BIVIANO, Bagle Call Rag, Stum-
bling (Sonora).

PHIL BRITO, They Can't Take That
Away From Me, Far Away Island
(Musicraft).

WILLIE BRYANT, Sneaky Pete,
Phungie, Phungie an' Stehew (Apollo).

FRANKIE CARLE, Too Many Times,
We Could Make Such Beautiful Mu-
sic (Columbia).

CARMEN CAVALLARO, Chopin's
Polonaise, Warsaw Concerto (Decca).

BUDDY CLARK, You Are Everything
to Me, On the Other End of a Kiss;
How Are Things in Glocca Mora, If
This Isn't Love (Columbia).

JOHN CONTE, The Merry Ha-Ha,
Down the Old Ox Road (Apollo).

HARRY COOL, It's a Good Day, Are
Ya' Kiddin' (Signature).

XAVIER CUGAT, Touradas En Ma-
drid, Morena (Columbia).

DELTA RHYTHM BOYS, Just Squeeze
Me, Hello, Goodbye, Forget It (Decca).

DEMARCO SISTERS, Ready To Go
Steady, Gay Little Melody (Majestic).

DINNING SISTERS, Years and Years
Ago, He Likes It!, She Likes It! (Cap-
itol).

BOBBY DOYLE, That's the Beginning
of the End, Love Is a Random Thing
(Signature).

SLIM GAILLARD, Slim's Cement
Boogie, Tutti Frutti (20th Century).

RAY HERBECK, He Kissed Her
Where She Sat, A Blackberry's Red
When It's Green (Alvin).

EDDY HOWARD, I Want To Thank
Your Folks, Too Many Times (Majes-
tic).

IVORY JOE HUNTER, Blues at Sun-
rise, You Taught Me to Love (Exclu-
sive).

DICK JURGENS, Wyoming, Bless You
(Columbia).

SAMMY KAYE, All By Myself, You'll
Know When It Happens (Victor).

KAY KYSER, Managua Nicaragua,
That's the Beginning of the End (Co-
lumbia).

MONICA LEWIS, Makin' Whoopee, By
the Light of the Silvery Moon (Signa-
ture).

JOE LIGGINS, Last Night Blues,
T.W.A. (Exclusive).

GUY LOMBARDO, Managua Nic-
aragua, What More Can I Ask For
(Decca).

JOHNNY LONG, Last Night on the
Back Porch, How Are Things in Glocca
Mora (Signature).

ENRIC MADRIGUERA, Tiqui, Tiqui,
Tan, La Rumbita Tropical (Vogue).

FREDDY MARTIN, Rainbow's End,
The Funny Thing Called Love (Vic-
tor).

CLYDE McCOY, At Sundown, Way
Down Yonder in New Orleans (Vogue).

MODERNAIRES, Connecticut, My
Heart Goes Crazy (Columbia).

VAUGHN MONROE, Beware, My
Heart! The Pleasure's All Mine; It's
Dreamtime, We Could Make Such Beau-
tiful Music (Victor).

JOHNNY MOORE, You Taught Me To
Love, Johnny's Boogie (Exclusive).

RAY NOBLE, Linda, Love Is a Ran-
dom Thing (Columbia).

GEORGE OLSEN, Who, Secrets (Ma-
jestic).

LOUIS PRIMA, Bridget O'Brien, Mar-
guerita (Majestic).

LUIS RUSSELL, My Silent Love, All
the Things You Are (Apollo).

DICK THOMAS, Lonely Cow Boy's
Dream, Rose of the Alamo (National).

BABE WALLACE, Ain't Gonna Worry
'Bout Nothin', Whistlin' at the Chicks
(Apollo).

MARGARET WHITING, Beware, My
Heart!, What Am I Gonna Do About
You (Capitol).

METRONOME



'be original!

**Red Norvo admonishes
jazz musicians,
and, he says,
don't be a copyist,
as he takes
his blindfold test**

By Leonard Feather

Preface

Like most of the other musicians who have submitted to the Blindfold Test, Red Norvo is a mature musician with definite views, and without any fear of speaking his mind. His taste and discernment in the choice of musicians is equalled by his taste in listening to music.

Red proved to be the most conscientious Blindfolded to date. He listened to almost every record at least twice, and weighed his verdicts carefully before making the comments quoted below.

The Records

1. That's Boyd Raeburn's band, and obviously a Handy arrangement. Boyd's wife singing. Play it again. . . . I like a lot of the effects, but the continuity doesn't hang together; too many abrupt changes of ideas. Harmonically I like it, but it's overarranged behind the vocal; you're more conscious of the band than the singer. Even in modern writing there should be a better balance. Some of the sounds show a lot of understanding of the instruments and their use. Band could have been balanced better. Two stars.

2. Milton Jackson, probably Dizzy, J. J. Johnson, Al Haig on piano; but the alto doesn't sound like Charlie Parker. Don't know whether I've heard that tenor man or not. Jackson could have a better set-up. . . . I like what he plays very much, but he needs a good instrument. Solos okay, but the

form is monotonous—all that unison, and the same riffs in the first and last choruses. They should develop it into something different, build it up. I'm not so sure the trumpet is Dizzy after all. Two stars.

3. Play the piano chorus again . . . sounds like Bushkin, the piano and the arrangement, with Benny's band. Very clean, very good sound, Benny's chorus great as usual, but . . . well, the material sounds like a 1946 Bob Crosby band. Two stars.

4. This is just another record. Sounded like Remo, Buck; pianist plays like Teddy, uses exactly the same introduction Teddy used on *Running Wild*. Could be Mel Powell sounding like Teddy, or it could be Teddy on an off day. Byas on tenor. Recording only

fair, arrangement not too interesting; just enough to give a small band an organized feeling. One star.

5. Let me hear that trombone again . . . it's Trummy. Georgie Auld; drummer sounds like Shadow Wilson. Don't know the pianist. Trumpet isn't Dizzy, although it sounds like a Dizzy arrangement. I like the arrangement; tempo is a little loggy, and it's not played too clean—recording not too good. Georgie sounds fine. Two stars.

6. This has a great feel! I recognize Nat Cole, Charlie Shavers, Buddy Rich, and the tenor man . . . play that again . . . it's Herbie Haymer. Haven't heard him in a long time. I knew Buddy after that second break . . . this is played cleanly and well recorded;

most of the solo work is fine. Three stars.

7. It's Bill Davison on trumpet, maybe Brunis on trombone . . . clarinet sounds like a kid who used to come around the street and jam . . . this arrangement's been around plenty, hasn't it? Funny, they're supposed to be improvising, but I've heard that same arrangement pattern for twenty years! I suppose it's all right if you like that kind of thing. Performance good, material bad; musically uninteresting. One star.

8. Ralph Burns, Serge Chaloff and Don Lamond—playing very badly. I like the guys, but they just didn't jell here. Bass player doesn't even know the tune, plays wrong notes. One star.

9. Peanuts Hucko, an Eddie Sauter original and Ray McKinley's band. This is great writing; wonderful ideas. That's what I mean by development. The thing makes sense from beginning to end. Guitarist fine. The beat is there too, though you're not conscious of it; you should feel a beat rather than hear it anyway. This is great music. Four stars.

10. Joe Thomas, Teddy Wilson, Procope; Billy Taylor on bass. This is a pretty tune, and that's a very melodic type of horn playing. Gets a nice sound. Two stars.

11. Shut it off. I don't want to hear it! This is electric recording.

(Continued on page 33)

These are the records on which Red Norvo commented during his blindfold test. He was given no information whatever about the records before listening to them.

1. Boyd Raeburn. *Temptation* (Jewel). George Handy, arr.; Ginnie Powell, vocal.
2. Coleman Hawkins. *Bean and The Boys* (Sonora). Hawkins, tenor; Milton Jackson, vibes; Fats Navarro, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Porter Kilbert, alto; Hank Jones, piano.
3. Benny Goodman. *Benjie's Bubble* (Columbia). Goodman, Clarinet; Bushkin, piano and arranger.
4. Teddy Wilson. *I Want to Be Happy* (Musicraft). Wilson, piano and arr.; Remo Palmieri, guitar; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Don Byas, tenor.
5. Georgie Auld. *Georgie Purple* (Musicraft). Auld, tenor; Al Killian, trumpet and arr.; Trummy Young, trombone; Erroll Garner, piano; Shadow Wilson, drums.
6. Herbie Haymer. *Layona Leap* (Sunset). Haymer, tenor; Ch. Shavers, trumpet; Nat Cole, piano; Buddy Rich, drums.
7. Eddie Condon. *Farewell Blues* (Decca). Bill Davison, trumpet; Tony Parenti, clarinet; Brad Gowans, trombone.
8. Ralph Burns. *Dialogue* (Dial). Burns, piano; Serge Chaloff, baritone; Don Lamond, drums.
9. Ray McKinley. *Tumblerbug* (Majestic). Comp. & arr. Eddie Sauter. Peanuts Hucko, dir.; Mundell Lowe, guitar.
10. Joe Thomas. *Black Butterfly* (Key-note). Thomas, trumpet; Bernie Leighton, piano; Hilton Jefferson, alto; Billy Taylor, bass.
11. Buck Johnson. *Sister Kate* (Victor).
12. Joe Mooney. *Just a Gigolo* (Decca).
13. Flip Phillips. *Melody From the Sky* (Signature). Flip, tenor; Margie Hyams, vibes; Ralph Burns, piano.

resembles C. Parker's alto. (20th Century 20-10)

Main curiosity of this entire bunch of discs is the presence, on almost all sides, of Dodo Marmatosa, a modern musician who fits so oddly into these surroundings, and whose solos range from great to nowhere.

Dizzy Gillespie

Good Dues Blues
Our Delight★

Both sides by the big band. The blues, slow, starts with Ellington *Bahig* riffing, goes into a vocal by Alice Roberts. She sings like a deeper Dinah Washington, but with less consistent pitch. The bebop backgrounds, though cute, destroy the blues mood. Dizzy's band was not meant for this kind of performance. Dizzy plays a few good bars in the last chorus. *Delight* is much closer to the spirit of the band. A Tad Dameron original starting out like *If Dreams Come True*, it's well scored, with nice sax and trombone section work backed by strong rhythm. Dizzy sounds relaxed and composed on his solos. There's some good tenor (Ray Abramson?). A good side, though still not the band at its best. (Muscraft 399)

Benny Goodman

Put That Kiss Back Where
You Found It
My Blue Heaven

Some good Bushkin piano on *Kiss*, which also has 16 bars of excellent BG, and 16 of Cutty Cutshall's trombone, fine Louis Bellson drumming and an improved Art Lund vocal. Benny's lower register opens *Heaven*, which has a not-so-fair Lund vocal, taking up two of the three choruses. (Columbia 37091)

Glen Gray

Just An Old Manuscript
Blue Rhapsody

There's a good jazz trumpeter, an intimate tenor and an interesting piano on the catchy *Manuscript*, written by Don Redman, but the stiff rhythm section hampers this and the reverse. Fats Daniel's featured clarinet is good tonally on *Rhapsody*, but that clarinet-drum routine is much too old hat by now. (Decca 19918)

Al Hall

Rose of the Rio Grande
Blues in My Heart★

Two more good sides by Al Hall's quintet on his label, with Ben Webster's tenor and Dick Vance's trumpet both in good form, though Jimmy Jones' distinctly different chording on piano steals all the honors. The old Benny Carter tune on the second side is a welcome revival. Good drumming by Denzil Best and bass by Hall. (Wax 101)

Erskine Hawkins

It's Full or It Ain't No Good
After Hours★

First side is a five vocal by Laura Washington on a very mildly amusing tune, featuring lots of the now fashionable hesitations-on-the-first-beat, as rediscovered by Johnny Mercer. The band sounds fine in the few bars before Erskine himself takes four. Clarinet and tenor okay, except that former goes



Ella and Louis. Fitzgerald and Jordan respectively, each have a new Decca release reviewed by The Two Deuces this month, and Ella gets a star for her *For Sentimental Reasons*, but strictly for the excellence of her singing, along with the Delta Rhythm Boys. Ella celebrated her tenth year of singing since her debut at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem by signing for three more years with the Gale Agency, and she's currently on tour with Dizzy Gillespie and his big band of be-boppers.

off the chords a little. On the reverse is a reissue from Bluebird label of the now famous Avery Parrish piano solo cut some six years ago and still sounding exciting. (Victor 20-1977)

Eddie Heywood

Them There Eyes★★
Penthouse Serenade

How High the Moon
Sarcastic Lady★★

Flamingo★

Night and Day★

Time On My Hands★★

On the Sunny Side of the Street

First four of these 12-inchers have a band of Heywood, Ray Nance, Don Byas, Aaron Sachs, John Simmons and Shelly Manne. *Eyes* kicks mightily, with Byas's tenor especially impressive and Eddie and Nance's trumpet also supplying kicks. Note the Simmons bass. The soulful Nance trumpet highlights *Lady*, which also has some fragile Heywood piano and some feelingful Byas and Sachs. The off-center *Serenade* isn't enhanced by Nance's tricky violin, while a noisy last chorus off-sets good Heywood and Byas on *Moon*.

Last four sides are by a trio of Hey-

wood, Johnny Hodges and Manne. *Street* isn't as relaxed as the other three, which have wonderfully tasty passages from both Heywood and Hodges, plus extremely intelligent drumming by Manne. (Signature Album R-101)

Woody Herman

No! Don't! Stop!

Heaven Knows

Bill Harris's wonderful 16 of trombone on *No* are the best thing on this pair, both with vocals by Woody, and the second with Blue Flames support. Red Norvo has a nice little bit on *Heaven*, which also spots good also by Woody and a great Herman vocal. (Columbia 37094)

Al Hibbler

I Got It Bad

How Long

The Ellington vocalist sounds better on the standard blues, *How Long*, than he does on the Ellington opus, on which he scoops, grunts, growls and tries much too hard to achieve an effect that doesn't come off. *Long* also has some good trumpeting by Hal Baker. (Aladdin 154)

Billie Holiday

Big Stuff★

Billie appears on the first of eight sides comprising an album of ballet music from *Fancy Free*, played by Leonard Bernstein. Billie sings the introductory number well; it's much more complicated material than she usually does, but the more you hear it, the more you'll like it. (Decca 23462)

Eddy Howard

For Sentimental Reasons

Why Does It Get So Late So Early

You'll See What a Kiss Can Do

If I'm Lucky

My Last Good-bye

Lynn

Missouri Waltz

My Best to You

You can skip all of the sides, except the first, and miss nothing. But that first is really one of the best schmaltz things to appear on wax in a long time. It's done simply, in good taste, and Howard sings at his best. *Good-bye* is the song that first drew attention to Eddy, but this version isn't as good as the one he made with the Dick Jurgens band. (Majestic 1071-2-3-4)

(Continued on page 33)

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Leonard Feather continues his series
of examinations of famous jazzmen . . .

This month Dave Tough
tells you what he thinks without looking



Preface

Because Dave Tough's background extends to the colorful setting of the Chicago-Dixieland era in the 1920's and the Austin High School Gang, he is still accepted today by the reactionaries of jazz, and still plays with the old-time musicians for strictly non-musical reasons. Because Dave, an exceptionally cultured character in every way, has not stagnated like his contemporaries but has progressed both in his playing and his musical thinking, he gets his greatest pleasure from playing real music with modern musicians, such as Woody Herman's band.

Having known Dave for many years as a great guy, a real friend and a superlative musician, and having heard much controversy aroused by his recent denunciation of Dixieland in *Down Beat*, this reporter got a special kick out of listening to Dave's blindfold test reactions. The widest possible variety of jazz records, new and old, was used in order to check his views in greater detail. Here's what Dave had to say:

The Records

1. First chorus not so much; sounds like 1-2-3-4 *Jump* upside down . . . second chorus is gone! . . . drummer fine; clarinet gets a good sound, you can tell he's heard Benny . . . must be two different guys on tenor; I like the second guy fine; he keeps a hell of a drive going and has enough technique to do just what he wants—and that's a hard instrument. Brass plays great with him. Don't know the band, but the record's worth three stars.

2. Is that a banjo making all that noise . . . listen, a pyramid chord! I remember when that was supposed to be great stuff. This was probably a big deal when it was made—probably 15 years ago. Rhythm is stiff and that bad banjo sound spoils the solos. Can't judge this by today's standards; I listen to things like this with amused tolerance. In its

day I guess it was okay, so as a collector's item I'll give it two stars.

3. I guess that's Dizzy. We used to play this thing with Woody; we called it *Yenta* . . . I like the theme; tenor doesn't knock me out, it isn't too well recorded. (Hawkins?) Rhythm sounds very good; if that isn't Max Roach it's someone very much in his style. You know, with people like Dizzy and Hawk who revolutionized styles—there ought to be a copyright! I mean, a law to stop blind note-for-note imitation . . . Three stars.

4. Clarinet sounds like Johnny Dodds. If this is a recent recording, those men have wonderful photographic memories. This says absolutely nothing to me emotionally; it doesn't speak in my idiom. By the time you figure out what they're trying to say, the impact is lost. Anyway, the musicians aren't artists in the same sense as today's musicians; if they did have real artistry, it would project itself to me somehow, but still not as much as if I'd heard it at the original time of this kind of music. All the same, these musicians are less

ridiculous than the fans who idolize them. How can they be sincere? It's just one of those esoteric cults. No stars.

5. I like this number . . . clarinet gets a good legitimate sound . . . trumpet fine, sounds like one of Count's men. Tenor sounds like Lester, and anyone who can do that for even two bars is okay with me. This is a good relaxed record, cleanly recorded. Three stars.

6. This sounds like that old New York style, the Red Nichols gang, Don Murray or Jimmy Dorsey on clarinet; Bud Freeman on tenor, and a trumpet trying to sound like Bix; trombone sounds like Tommy Dorsey . . . drummer probably Stan King, Vic Berton or one of those guys. I'd have thought this record stank even at the time it was made. That wasn't any real music; all stiffly arranged and figured out . . . they wouldn't record drums in those days so you had to play cymbals or else not be heard; but I still don't vindicate that heavy afterbeat. No stars.

7. Very slick; competently played; nothing wrong; if I were in the mood it would be okay as

background mood music. Is that Dave Rose? I remember him when he was a fine swing pianist. Two stars.

8. Sounds like Safranski's bass; Kenton's band. I like this band very much. I think Woody's band was very good for Kenton, and today I think Kenton's band would be very good for Woody. Incidentally Kenton has a wonderful drummer, Shelly Manne—that's my boy; my favorite of the young drummers . . . this thing's fine; Kenton got off the Lunceford kick and loosened up. He has a swell jumping band today; and even before that, he had a band that was at least trying to say something. Three stars.

9. King Cole? . . . I like the piano, and the guitar. I like the modern ideas here, faultlessly played. It's admirable when you hear each man equipped to say anything he wants at any moment instinctively, without any technical barriers, as easily as if he were singing it. Even if they hadn't had too much to say it would have been a great help having technique like that; they'd have had a good chance to swing. Three stars.

10. That ensemble blend is perfect. Max Roach on drums, isn't it . . . I like the theme very much, though anybody who listened intelligently to Dizzy for an hour or two could have written it. I like Dizzy very much, therefore I like this record. Alto is Charlie Parker or a road company version. Trombone sounds so influenced by Dizzy that you can tell he's not playing a style of his own, but at least he's doing something different from the old Teagarden-dominated style. Piano, the same thing; some rather

(Continued on page 50)

Records Reviewed by Dave Tough

These are the records on which Dave Tough commented during his blindfold test. He was given no advance information whatever about them. Dave's detailed reactions are related above.

1. Count Basie, *Mutton Leg* (Columbia). Buddy Tate, tenor; Jo Jones, drums; Rudy Rutherford, clarinet; Illinois Jacquet, tenor.
2. Luis Russell, *Easy On Down* (Brunswick), recorded 1939. Will Johnson, banjo.
3. Coleman Hawkins, *Woody's Yea* (Apollo). Hawkins, tenor; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Max Roach, drums.
4. Kid Rena's Jazz Band, *London Blues* (Decca). Louis Nelson, Alphonse Piana, clarinets.
5. John Kirby, *Max May* (Asch). Buster Bailey, clarinet; Emmett Berry, trumpet; Budd Johnson, tenor.
6. Red Nichols, *I Want To Be Happy* (Brunswick). Jimmy Dorsey, clarinet; Babe Russin, tenor; Red Nichols, trumpet; Jack Teagarden, trombone; Gene Krupa, drums.
7. David Rose, *Over The Rainbow* (Victor).

8. Stan Kenton, *Intermission Riff* (Capitol). Ed Safranski, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.
9. Art Tatum Trio, *Flying Home* (Comet). Tatum, piano; Troy Grimes, guitar.
10. J. J. Johnson, *Copied The Top* (Savoy). Max Roach, drums; Cecil Payne, alto; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Bud Powell, piano.
11. Jimmy McPartland, *Original Dixieland One-Step* (Decca). McPartland, trumpet; Jack Gritzer, piano.
12. Quintet of the Hot Club of France, *Swing Wild* (Victor). Stephane Grappelly, viola; Django Reinhardt, guitar.
13. Eddie Condon, *Loose on Top Blues* (Commodore). Maxie Kaminsky, trumpet; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Brad Gowans, valve trombone; Sullivan, Condon, Wretling, Al Morgan, rhythm.

THE MUCH-CRITICIZED handling of *Esquire's* jazz book, described in these pages last month, has had further and more drastic repercussions. Following a letter from the nineteen jazz experts who resigned en masse as a protest against the use of the book as a publicity medium for Eddie Condon by his manager, who was its editor, another protest was sent to editor David Smart. This was signed not by critics, but by more than thirty of the famous musicians themselves, past and present *Esquire* award winners, who felt that the book was a misrepresentation. They refuse to take part in any future polls, either as voters or as recipients of awards.

Reproduced herewith, the letter of protest was signed by many Gold and Silver award winners in addition to the New Stars who were so seriously slighted in the book. Many of the musicians not only signed but also gave vent to strong statements of their personal attitude. Duke Ellington commented that he thought there was something phoney about the book as soon as he looked through it. Billie Holiday read the entire letter of protest aloud to a group of friends before signing it, commenting that *Esquire's* hitherto praiseworthy jazz record has been "all messed up". Louis Armstrong, Teddy Wilson and Red Norvo, among others, discoursed volubly upon Condon's position as an alleged jazz impresario and jazz musician.

The protest is an irrefutable proof that the stand of America's foremost jazzmen, on the question of progress versus reaction in jazz, coincides with METRONOME's stand. It is firmly and unanimously on the side of progress.

AUTOGRAPHS galore highlight the letter of protest at the left which swing stars sent to *Esquire* after they had seen the Jazz Year Book.

If you'll look around, you'll see signatures of the following:

Louis Armstrong	Chubby Jackson
Pete Candoli	Oscar Moore
Harry Carney	Ray Nance
Al Casey	Red Norvo
Sid Catlett	Oscar Pettiford
Buck Clayton	Flip Phillips
King Cole	Boyd Raeburn
Tad Dameron	Buddy Rich
Miles Davis	Aaron Sachs
Roy Eldridge	Charlie Shavers
Duke Ellington	Willie Smith
Ella Fitzgerald	Sarah Vaughan
Dizzy Gillespie	Charlie Ventura
Coleman Hawkins	Cootie Williams
J. C. Heard	Shadow Wilson
Johnny Hodges	Teddy Wilson
Billie Holiday	Trummy Young



Pete Rugolo is flanked by Stan Kenton and drummer Shelley Manne in an apparent start of something.

rugged rugolo

pete's a pretty normal guy, too, despite his frantic writings for stan kenton

IF STAN KENTON has the Band of the Year—and this seems to have been established beyond any reasonable doubt—then surely Pete Rugolo should be the arranger of the same annum. For, as Stan will be only too happy to tell you, it is Rugolo who has done as much to give the Kenton band its personal style in the past year as Ralph Burns did for the Herman band in 1945.

Pete, though still comparatively unknown, made his first real step from obscurity when the Kenton *Artistry in Rhythm* album appeared last November. The annotations in that volume, however, failed to give any biographical details on the guy or to explain his importance in the band's set-up. METRONOME tried to rectify this in a review of the album, but one of us Deuces got mixed up and changed Pete from Rugolo to Rugulo throughout. We hope he'll soon be so famous that his name will be no harder to remember than Koussevitzky's.

We hope this is not only because Pete is a great arranger, one of the most promising in jazz today, but also because he is, by jazz standards an eccentric person. To be eccentric by jazz standards you simply have to be normal. Pete Rugolo, however, is living, breathing proof that you can be a quiet, modest, right-living guy, happily married, with no apparent vices, and still create fine music. He also proves, as if proof were needed, that you don't have to be an American to feel or understand American jazz; for Pete uttered his first musical notes on Christmas Day, 1915, in a little town near Messina, Italy. His father, a shoemaker, former stonemason and architect, music lover and one-time musician in Italian town bands, brought Pete over here four years later; they lived briefly in the East before moving to Santa Rosa, Cal., where Rugolo, Sr., still makes his home. Pete has two sisters who were born in this country, neither of them in the business, though both play piano.

Rugolo pere, eager for his son to become a musician, bought him a mandolin, and eight-

year-old Pete stayed with it four years before progressing to a real banjo and subsequently a baby grand piano. At Santo Rosa High he blew his Dad's baritone horn; the teacher told him a French horn was needed for the school band, so he switched. Later he was to play French horn in the Sonoma County Symphony and the United States Army.

Pete gravitated to jazz by way of a school dance band, and to arranging by way of "listening to records and experimenting." He points out that in the school band "I played piano and arranged in all the second-hand styles, borrowed from Duchin, Noble and Kemp. But I did get around to studying music, got a bachelor's degree at San Francisco State College and did some jobbing and arranging for San Francisco bands."

Up to this point Pete's only influence had been Ellington of the *It Don't Mean a Thing* period. Sauter was then coming up, as Red Norvo's bright young hope, and this became Rugolo's first important modern influence; he also recollects being on a Goodman kick for quite a while.

In 1940 Pete encountered a great opportunity in a strange place. Darius Milhaud, he heard, was going to teach at Mills College in Oakland. Mills was a girls' college. But Pete wanted a master's degree and wanted to study with Milhaud in the worst way. (Studying with a bunch of girls didn't turn out to be the worst way by a long shot, one assumes.)

"Milhaud was great," recalls Rugolo. "He took an interest in me; he liked jazz, and encouraged me to use jazz forms and ideas in serious music. I wrote a suite for strings and it won an annual prize at Mills for the best composition."

Pete's next move took him to Denver as pianist with Leon Mohica's band. Living in the same boarding house with him in Denver was a lovely girl named Jan Thompson, from Oklahoma. The band went back to Hollywood, played the Casino Gardens, and Pete married Jan in 1942.

(Continued on page 46)

poetry of the whole thing—that introduction. That's fine trombone; he's got it. . . . Barney Bigard . . . when he sticks to things like that he's fine. He knows how. That's real New Orleans clarinet; best I've heard him play in years . . . don't tear that cloth, tenor! . . . sounds as though he wants everybody to see he's got a feather-edged tone. We don't feel it nearly as much as he does! Sounds like walking on thin ice. But I like the record. Three stars.

10. That cathedral sound is being overdone—the echo chamber. Dave Rose told me about it years ago. Sounds like they're playing to an empty hall. Trumpets out of tune, otherwise this would be perfect. Is it Boyd Raeburn? I know the clarinet and yet I don't. It isn't Benny— isn't Hank d'Amico, is it? Play it again . . . it could be Benny—yeah, that's Benny—he's so clean. I like the tune, the arrangement and the precision. That's the idea I'm driving at, though Benny's made much better records. Three and a half stars.

11. Is that Chittison on piano? I like him. Singer has too much of a Northern accent at times, but I like the sound—not fighting to copy someone. Trumpet very good too. Two and a half.

Afterthoughts by Jack Teagarden

You know what's messing up dance music today? Arrangers are trying to do too much and covering up all the sentiment, like on that Buddy Rich record. And everybody is trying to make an augmented out of every chord—it's against the rules of any harmony, you can't do it. You can't raise anything half a tone, it's like suspending something in mid-air. Reminds me of how some classical composers used to hear a chord that wasn't resolved and couldn't go to sleep until they'd heard it resolved.

Young musicians should be sure of themselves, know what they're doing, instead of trying to find some note somebody else has never hit in the chord—they'll wind up with something Debussy found anyway!

I don't have but about a dozen records I like to hear and play often—an Art Tatum album, Benny of course, and quite a few old Louis. Bessie singing *Cold in Hand Blues* with Louis playing—there's something really pretty. Peck Kelly used to play that and cry like a baby.

Those are the great people for me. The rest of them are way back in the parade.



'I never did like Duke'

Jack Teagarden surprises with an Ellington panning, and says arrangers are trying to do too much, as he listens to the records in his blindfold test

By Leonard Feather

Preface

Jack Teagarden's blindfold test was conducted very informally. Part of the evening was spent fooling around with a tape recorder (Jack studied engineering and knows an amazing amount about anything mechanical); another part was spent over dinner with Jack reminiscing about everything from Bing to Wingy; the rest was spent listening to the records and reviewing them.

Jack, who virtually revolutionized trombone style when he came to New York almost twenty years ago, has some counter-revolutionary ideas of his own about popular music, as the following documentation reveals.

The Records

1. Who's that on trumpet? I like it . . . good trombone . . . a little like McGarity. Is it Lou? Or Ziggy Elmer? . . . I like all the solos. Fine rhythm. A little bit overarranged, and that staccato feeling is overdone—but not too badly. Three stars.

2. That's Woody. He's really fine. Very good vocal. Tenor wonderful—modern idiom; Bill Harris on trombone. Not exactly to my taste, but it's clean, it's right, and it's clever; he's building something. He could work twice as easy and get the same effect, though. Alto solo—that's Woody; he sort of leans on Benny Carter or someone; it's done well enough but he doesn't really feel it. This isn't the kind of record

I'd buy; the tune is just like any old pop tune and you can hear this sort of thing any time on the all night radio shows. Two stars.

3. Some guys would like to see you go back twenty years and play stuff like that. They don't realize . . . Is that Joe Smith on cornet? Fletcher on piano? This was made around 1927, I'd say. Didn't sound bad then, but sounds funny now. No phrasing; tempo fighting. Tenor sounds good, though—I liked Hawkins then; he played something that made sense. Was Jimmy Harrison on that? You know, he and I used to play a lot alike, just coincidentally—we never heard each other until I came to New York. . . . One star.

4. What's wrong with that arranger? A ballad like that ought to have sentimental figures in

back of the vocal instead of throwing in the kitchen sink. This guy's pencil got a little wild. Vocal is good, though. What? It's Buddy Rich. Well, I'll be damned—I didn't even know he sang. It was really good. Two stars.

5. Sounds like Pee-Wee, Brunis, Davison. It's Condon's outfit—I know that ukulele! Brunis has a good tone for recording—trombone players with a less rasping tone have inflections that a needle won't catch. Trumpet fine too, drums good; piano is all folded up into that oldtime stuff, as if he were making a period movie. Clarinet is typical Pee-Wee, that's all there is to it; he has a knack for jazz band clarinet. Very good record, for Dixieland; that trombone is it. Three stars.

These are the records on which Jack Teagarden commented during his blindfold test. He was given no advance information whatever about them.

1. Eddie Heywood. *I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me* (Commodore). Lem Davis, alto; Doc Cheatham, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone.
2. Woody Herman. *I Wonder* (Columbia). Herman, vocal and alto; Bill Harris, trombone; Flip Phillips, tenor.
3. Chocolate Dandies. *Got Another Sweetie Now* (Columbia). Bobby Stark, trumpet; Horace Henderson, piano; Coleman Hawkins, tenor; Jimmy Harrison, vocal.
4. Buddy Rich. *Baby Baby All The Time* (Mercury). Ed Finckel, arranger; Buddy Rich, vocal.
5. Georg Brunis. *That Da-Da-Strain* (Commodore). Brunis, trombone; Pee-Wee Russell, clarinet; Wild Bill Davison, trumpet; Gene Schroeder, piano; Eddie Condon, guitar; George Wettling, drums.

6. J. J. Johnson. *Coppin' The Boy* (Savoy). J. J. Johnson, trombone; Cecil Payne, alto; Bud Powell, piano (ALSO REVIEWED BY DAVE TOUGH, METRONOME, DEC. 1946.)
7. Duke Ellington. *Lucky So-and-So* (Victor). Hodges, alto; Al Hibbler, vocal; Lawrence Brown, trombone.
8. Jimmie Lunceford. *Margie* (Decca). Ted Buckner, alto; Trummy Young, trombone and vocal.
9. Benny Morton. *Conceiving in Blue* (Blue Note). Morton, trombone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Ben Webster, tenor.
10. Benny Goodman. *Lonely Moments* (Capitol). Comp. & arr. Mary Lou Williams; Goodman, clarinet.
11. Art Tatum. *Rock Me Mama* (Decca). Tatum, piano; Joe Thomas, trumpet; Joe Turner, vocal.

6. This is very bad. First, why go back to that Lombardo-style trick beat in the first and last chorus? If you're going to write a jump thing, get away from the same old stuff. And if you're looking for rebop, leave it to those who can do it. Who? Well, Gillespie—he can play it clean and fast. Piano in this style has absolutely no left hand swing—ever back in Joe Reichman days heard better than that; in fact, can do that on piano myself. O star.

7. Here's one style that's caused all the bands to break up. List to the brass drowning out the trombone! Don't like the sin or anything else about this, never did like anything Ellington ever did. He never had a ball all in tune, always had a bad quality and bad blend. I'd like Lawrence Brown either wouldn't pay twenty-five cents for this record; just as soon listen to a hill-billy on a juke-box. star.

8. The way that alto emphasizes the slurring—t like the old laughing trombone effect. This all leaves me cold. Just another five-cent record. When are you going to play something good? One star.

9. Now you're getting somewhere! There you hear

Pied Pipers

Open the Door, Richard C+
When Am I Gonna Kiss You Good Morning C+

Typical Piping, with added dialogues on the *Door* and the stereotyped, and sterile, celestic device on the second. (Capitol 369)

Dinah Shore

Anniversary Song C+
Heartaches, Sadness and Tears C

The kind-hearted Mr. S topped his conferees again on these sides, though he was hardly swept off his feet by them. Deuces Dean and Ulanov acknowledge the straightforward dispatch of the first side, and wonder whom Dinah thinks she's kidding with the unsmiling hill-billy singing she offers on the second, with Spade Cooley's earthy assistance. (Columbia 37234)

Frank Sinatra

I Got a Gal I Love B+
That's How Much I Love You C+
Why Shouldn't It Happen to Us B+
I Want to Thank Your Folks C+

Us is an amusing variant of the Cole Porter-*Let's Do It* idea, sung with wit and ease by The Voice, and a semblance of a beat. The others range from the North and South Dakota range of the first, through a bluesy little thing it took three grown men to dream up and the Page Cavanaugh Trio to accompany, and not well, to the last tune which, we repeat, is by the authors of *Rumors Are Flying*. (Columbia 37231/51)

(Continued on page 32)

THEM!

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April, 1949



georgie auld says he's got new eyes, new ears

the tenor star confesses
he's still learning
as he submits
to the blindfold test

by leonard feather

Like Coleman Hawkins, who was interviewed in this series last November, Georgie Auld is a progressive musician in the most literal sense of the term. Though still short of his 28th birthday, he has been in music more than a decade, during which his style, and the styles of the groups he has fronted, have evolved and matured continually.

the records

1. That wasn't Cat Anderson, was it? . . . was it that new kid? . . . Buckner sounded good at the beginning very much . . . the first following Hamp's solo, and I like that flash the trumpet gives to the second ensemble part—that kind of thing is always great in theatres. . . . This is the same deal as *Flying Home* and all those things—saxes sound muddled. Typical Hampton arrangement; another flagwaver, but better played than most. Two stars.

2. This starts off with the tenor sounding like Pres, but then you know after a while it's Illinois; he's getting to set a pattern to his playing lately. Sounds wonderfully relaxed here, doesn't get too excited. . . . I like him when he plays this way, not on that wild screeching kick. Nice trumpet, nice trombone sounding like Trummy Young or Dickie Wells. Good little band and arrangement. Three stars.

3. Tenor man more or less on the melody, doesn't do much. Sounds like Teddy on piano. Must be Jerry Jerome on tenor. Doesn't kill me. I like Teddy; he has a fine touch. Two stars.

4. Sounded like Bud Freeman

. . . clarinet perhaps Barney Bigard. Drums must be George Wettling with his cowboy suit on. I really don't like that march background on drums, don't care for the clarinet. Bud plays nicely for the way Bud likes to play. Can't say I liked the record—just the trumpet was the best thing on there. One star.

5. You needn't play this—I know it, I was in this band! Okay, go ahead anyway. This must be twelve years old. Bunny was great—he could play any kind of trumpet there was, but every once in a while they'd talk him into a Dixieland kick and he'd do something like this. His lower register sounded great . . . this sounds dated now, but he sure was wonderful then. If he were alive today, he'd probably have moved along with everybody and play a modern style now. This is probably a Joe Lippman Dixieland arrangement; we didn't often play that style. Typical Bob Crosby tenor-and-clarinet unison; Dixon

or Bivona on clarinet . . . well—two stars.

6. Great! This was always one of my favorite Dukes. Two of the best choruses Ben ever recorded; and the brass sounds great after Ben gets through. Fine piano going into that great sax chorus—Ben wrote that chorus himself. That's Cootie playing lead with the brass there. Great band, great record; four stars.

7. Drums sound like Max Roach. I like this tenor man very, very much. Sounds just like Pres; it must be Allen Eager. Cute little theme, very good bass, piano nice too—sounds like Al Haig at times. This is very relaxed, everybody taking it nice and easy, nobody trying to kill themselves. Three stars.

8. That's Pres all right. Sounds wonderful. Has to be Basie and his rhythm section. Real relaxed tenor and rhythm. Four stars.

9. That was Lucky Thompson, playing some very good tenor; but I'm a little puzzled about the rest

of them. Naturally it's on that Dizzy-Charlie Parker kick, but is it Dizzy and Bird themselves? Either that or a great imitation. I liked the rhythm very much. I'm only positive of Lucky; maybe the piano was Dodo—certain tempos bring out certain musicians' personalities to advantage, and Dodo is most distinctive on a very fast tempo. This is a good theme, too. Three stars.

10. That was Benny . . . too much of a two-beat Dixie kick. Too much clarinet-above-reeds. Band is clean but stiff, doesn't swing too much. Sounds like Lou McGarity. This is all a little dated, with all this new jive that's going on nowadays. Benny sounds the same as always—clean, perfect clarinet, but as a whole I don't go for the record, and that's a bad tune in the first place. One star.

11. Sounds like Roy on that first chorus, when he was with Artie—there's Artie on clarinet now, I'm sure. I like the lead trumpet, he gets a real good sound for the lead. Don't care for the tempo; a little too slow. I've heard better than this by Artie lately. Nice arrangement, nice record, everything just nice, but not more than two stars.

12. You know what this reminds me of? One of those records Hawk and Benny Carter made when they were in Europe years ago. Just a sax section and rhythm. That's Harry Carney . . . and Hawk—only Hawk could play that way. . . . Byas came in there too, and the alto sounded like Tab Smith, then Hawkins finished out.

(Continued on page 40)

the test records

These are the records on which Georgie Auld commented during his blindfold test. He was given no information about the records before or during the test.

1. Lionel Hampton, *Hamp's Walking Boogie* (Decca). Hampton, vibes; Milt Buckner, piano; G. Nottingham, trumpet.
2. Illinois Jacquet, *Jumping at Apollo* (Apollo). Jacquet, tenor; Trummy Young, trombone; Joe Newman, trumpet.
3. Jerry Jerome Trio, *Emaline* (Stinson). Jerome, tenor; Teddy Wilson, piano.
4. Bud Freeman, *Midnight At Eddie Condon's* (Keynote). Freeman, tenor; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Dave Tough, drums.
5. Bunny Berigan Orch., *Jelly Roll Blues* (Victor), 1938. Berigan, trumpet; Bivona, clarinet; Auld, tenor.
6. Duke Ellington, *Cotton Tail* (Victor). Ben Webster, tenor; Ellington, piano.
7. Allen Eager, *Vee's Dot* (Savoy).

Eager, tenor; Ed Finckel, piano; Bob Carter, bass; Max Roach, drums.

8. Lester Young, *Lester's Savoy Jump* (Savoy). Young, tenor; Count Basie and rhythm section.

9. Charlie Parker, *Moose The Mooche* (Dial). Parker, alto; Lucky Thompson, tenor; Miles Davis, trumpet; Dodo Marmarosa, piano.

10. Benny Goodman, *Darktown Strutters' Ball* (Columbia). Goodman, clarinet; Lou McGarity, trombone.

11. Artie Shaw, *Lady Day* (Victor). Shaw, clarinet; Roy Eldridge, trumpet.

12. Coleman Hawkins, *Louise* (Keynote). Hawkins, tenor; Guarneri, piano; Carney, baritone; Don Byas, tenor; Tab Smith, alto; Hawkins, last tenor solo. (12")

the blindfold test

(Continued from page 23)

I didn't care for the piano—heard too many like him. Too much saxes, the whole thing gets monotonous. A trumpet would have helped. This seems like a 12-inch record. Two stars.

afterthoughts by auld

A lot of new things are happening in music. Dizzy, Billy Eckstine's band, Charlie Parker—they've created a new trend. You know, for eleven months in the past year I didn't work—had plenty of time to listen. I've been in small towns, and way out in the desert too, and and everywhere I went, the musicians would be on a big kick. Trumpet players studying Dizzy, and drummers

talking about Shadow or Max. It's definitely the thing, and you have to realize you can't stay put—people understand much more than they used to.

I'm all for it—I've got new eyes, new ears, ready to learn. When I started rehearsing with Red Rodney and Serge Chaloff, after a few days I'd changed my whole outlook. I got so I enjoyed it more every night. With this new blood in the business you have to learn—I'm happy to be learning, and I know my horn well enough to adapt myself to the advances in style. It's great training. Guys that are knocking it should stop trying to fight against it—they're only doing so because they can't make it themselves!

Nov. 1947

FILE FOR THE FUTURE

NAME: clark terry
ACT: trumpet
AGE: young
QUALITY: great, original



THEY SAY he plays like Dizzy; they say he plays like Roy; they say he plays like Howard McGhee, and though they're not certain just whom he does play like, everybody who has heard Clark Terry claims that he's a really great trumpeter who's going to blow 'em all under the stand before too long.

Thoughtful, yet happy Clark Terry, product of St. Louis, featured trumpeter in George Hudson's band, isn't conscious of sounding like anybody, doesn't want to sound like anybody. "I want to play like Clark Terry. I want to play with feeling, but I don't want to express myself the way anybody else does." Fascinated first by Eldridge and Charlie Shavers, then by Dizzy, Terry today considers Shavers the greatest

all-around trumpeter in the business. "He can do anything he wants to. I want to be able to, also. I'm not satisfied with how I blow now. I want to improve my technique and I want to get a really fine tone."

The Terry tone and technique are great now, much greater than they were before he enlisted in the Navy and learned so much from star musicians with whom he was stationed at Great Lakes, men like Gerald Wilson, Willie Smith, George Matthews, Mitchell Wood and Jimmy Nottingham. Playing in a symphony band, practicing during spare hours, jamming every night in Chicago all helped, so that when Terry (nobody calls him Clark) came out of the Navy in June, 1945, he was ready to take over both the jazz and the

first chair in Hudson's fine outfit.

His pre-Naval career had been confined to lesser-known territory bands. He received a lot of practical experience playing every kind of music in Reubin and Cherry's Exposition Carnival, blowing daily from nine A.M. to eleven P.M. He had led his own band in high school, despite teachers' opposition and little encouragement from his family, in which he was the seventh among ten children. He started playing jazz on a bugle, a difficult feat, but a neighbor came to the rescue with a trumpet that had no valve caps, more tape than metal, and which cost a cool four and a half bucks!

Lots of loot still doesn't enter the Terry plans even today. He has had offers from Duke, Lionel,

Cab and others, but they've all been turned down. For Clark Terry, besides being a brilliant trumpeter, is also a grateful musician. "George [Hudson] gave me my big break and I'm gonna stick by him. There are things more important than cash to me, and one of the most important is doing right by guys who have done right by you." So unless you are able to catch Hudson's band, or unless you can latch on to some of those fine V-Discs Terry just made for the armed forces, you'll have to wait a while longer to hear him. But when you do, it'll be worth it, believe me, for you'll be hearing a great, modern trumpeter who plays with a beat, with feeling, with facility, and, above all, who plays like nobody else!

—GEORGE SIMON.

... haven't bought a jazz record since way before the war...



so says buddy weed as he sums up his reactions to the blindfold test

by Leonard Feather

IN THIS MONTHS and next month's issue, The Blindfold Test is making a departure which should prove interesting. The same set of records has been played to two musicians—both of them jazz pianists, but far removed from each other in the spheres in which they work and in the music to which they generally listen.

Next month you will be able to read what Count Basie thinks of the records reviewed on this page. The comments below represent the reactions of Buddy Weed, the talented young pianist and singer whose work you know through his broadcasts over ABC with his own trio as well as with Paul Whiteman, and through his MGM records.

Here's what Buddy had to say:

The records

1. That's got to be Dizzy... sounds cleaner here than most of his large band numbers. Bass very good; ensemble execution better than most I've heard of that kind. If it's Dizzy on trumpet, I've heard him play better... Bebop? Let's eliminate classifications — either music is good or it isn't. Three stars.

2. Sam Donahue — I heard his V-Disc of this arrangement, and it was much more impressive played by his navy band than it sounds with this band... Pretty sloppy here, doesn't get a beat... I like the taste of the trombone; piano good — is that Rocky Coltrane's? Others nothing to rave about. Two stars.

3. Not impressed at all. Full of a lot of clichés. Pianist is hardtrap-

ped by lack of technique; others are not too inspired. One star.

4. Oh yes, the METRONOME All Stars... opening baritone solo not too impressive. I like the way Nat sings; other singer is the girl from Kenton's band; I've heard her much better... there aren't two pianists on that date, are there? Play that piano-drum answer passage again... no, guess I was mistaken. I liked the bass; and naturally Buddy Rich needs no introduction—has as much flash as anybody in the business today. I heard Shavers, Hodges and some others. Altogether there's no excuse for the whole record. It's unfair to throw all those star men in together and

try to cram too many solos in. Two stars.

5. Barbet, isn't it? Bill Miller on piano... sounds as though this was written as a piano solo number and he's trying to play it as originally written; no ideas of his own come through. This must have been made some time ago; I recognize it but don't know the name. Doesn't sound too good to me now—lack of cleanliness in the band and section work... let me hear the trumpet again... I like that. I'll be good and say two stars.

6. Is this Ventura with Krupa?... no, that was only a guess... that baritone solo is very cute, very characteristic of baritone sax. I

records reviewed by buddy weed

Buddy was given no information about the records during the test. The same records have been played to Count Basie, whose comments will be printed next month.

1. Dizzy Gillespie, *One Bass Hit*, Part II (Moodcraft). Ray Brown, bass; Gillespie, trumpet.
2. Sam Donahue, *Dinah* (Capitol). Dick LeFave, trombone; Robert DuBarry, piano.
3. Dexter Gordon, *Devotee Bigs In June* (Columbia). Harry Carney, baritone; Nat Cole, Jane Clayson, vocals; Buddy Rich, drums; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Johnny Hodges, alto.
4. Metronome All Stars, *Nat Meets June* (Columbia). Harry Carney, baritone; Nat Cole, Jane Clayson, vocals; Buddy Rich, drums; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Johnny Hodges, alto.
5. Charlie Barnet, *Birmingham Breakdown* (Blindfold). Bill Miller, piano; Bobby Burnet, trumpet; Duke Ellington composition, recorded 1940.
6. Milton Jacquot, *Just a Fish Jack The Bellboy* (Blindfold). Jacquot, tenor; Leo Parker, baritone sax; Dickie Wells, trombone.
7. Buck Johnson, *When I Leave The World Behind* (Jazz Information).
8. Johnny Guarneri, *Beale English* (Savoy). Guarneri, piano; Lester Young, tenor; Billy Butterfield, trumpet; Hank d'Amico, clarinet.
9. Joe Sullivan, *Panama* (Blindfold). Sullivan, piano; Bechet, soprano; Croo, Wehling, drums.
10. Louis Armstrong, *Sugar* (Victor). Louis, trumpet & vocal; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Vic Dickenson, trombone. Recorded 1946.
11. Esquire All Stars, *Esquire Bouance* (Commodore). Tatum, piano; Coleman Hawkins, tenor; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Al Casey, guitar.
12. Fats Waller, *Moppin' and Boppin'* (Victor). Benny Carter, trumpet; Zary Singstone, drums; Fats Waller, piano; Irving Ashby, guitar; Gene Porter, tenor.
13. James P. Johnson, *Hot Harlem* (Silhoue-A-shi). Johnson, piano; Frank Newton, trumpet; Al Casey, guitar.

like the trombone; reminiscent of Bill Harris. The band is very unclear; tenor was very exciting. First part might have been an old record until it got to the solos, then you could tell it was recent. Might be Basie's band. Record as a whole not so hot, but for the tenor solo it's worth three stars.

7. Wow!... that's just not my kind of music, I guess. I just don't like it. There are probably people who think that because it's old it's good—there must be some reason for them to keep the record around this long and re-press it. Wrong chord changes, bad recording, everything... clarinet player has a little originality. Stars? How few can you give it? Zero. What? Recorded only five years ago?... oh, no!... make it minus zero!

8. Tenor is wonderful. Piano sounded like Count, though I've heard Johnny Guarneri play that much like him. Trumpet not too great. Clarinet — let me hear him again... sounds to me like Hank d'Amico, but he has much more fluency today. Rhythm sounds good. For what this is — just a bunch of solos — it stands up well. Three stars.

9. I don't know. I'm just not partial to those styles. The record does seem to move, in its own Dixieland fashion. Piano has good drive; I just don't like what he plays. Very loud drummer... sounds like a soprano sax; could be Bechet — I don't know the styles of that school too well. Two stars.

10. It's always a source of amaze- (Continued on page 36)

June, 1947

**... haven't bought
a jazz record
since way before
the war ...**

(Continued from page 24)

ment to me that people could hear Louis play like that and still have their adoration for things like Bunk Johnson. Louis always played with as much drive, originality, freshness and smoothness as anything you'd want to hear today; it doesn't pall even today, while these other inferior musicians, whose work has palled so badly, are being worshipped. I don't know how old this is — not too new judging from the rhythm section. Clarinet is definitely dated; trombone better, but overshadowed by Louis' great playing and singing. Assuming it's old, and for what it was then, four stars. Recorded only a year ago? ... well, it's still great, but make it three stars.

11. Piano very strongly influenced by Tatum ... it wouldn't be that mythical Dodo Marmarosa I've heard so much about but never heard? Nobody else ever came this close to Tatum ... is the tenor man playing the tune purposely or couldn't he think of anything else to play? ... I didn't like the clarinet ... guitar fairly interesting ... hearing that Tatum run was the most interesting thing on this ... rating? ... now I'm beginning to see the difficulty of being a critic ... two stars.

June, 1947

12. Guitar very unusual; play that bit again; I like his use of the lower strings ... like the trumpet too; a little like Shavers, but doesn't knock himself out as much as Charlie ... tenor good; not too impressed by the piano ... bit like the Count, but he does things he wouldn't. I take it that was Zutty on drums; play the introduction again — oh, of course! Fats. There are a lot of good parts in this; I'd give it three stars.

13. That's Fats ... trumpet good; don't know who it is. Was this made before the era of the electric guitar? Interesting guitar, anyway ... I used to think a great deal of Fats, listened to all his stuff faithfully, but somehow listening now I think a lot less of him ... two stars.

afterthoughts by buddy

You know, I haven't bought a single jazz record since way before the war ... most of my listening is classical. I listen to WQXR and WNYC; there's very little good jazz on the air and I'm very interested in classical music. Stravinsky, Hindemith; Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe* affects me as deeply as anything I can think of.

Maybe you wonder how I reconcile being a jazz pianist with listening to the classics. Well, I do hear jazz sometimes, but anyway I notice the trend today among dance musicians is that they're being strongly influenced by Stravinsky and Hindemith, so apparently others have been doing the same kind of listening. Once you've absorbed a certain technique and knowledge in jazz there's no need to listen constantly to it, though of course if you don't listen at all and don't know what's going on, you do lose track of trends.

But I so seldom run across anything good in jazz today; it's depressing. And so are the 52nd Street spots where you have to go to hear jazz.

I like Bill Harris, though I've had bad luck when I've heard him in person. On piano, Ralph Burns interests me as much as anyone I've heard — he has a new approach. Art Tatum is the greatest all around; or I should say, he and Teddy Wilson and others express their own ideas in their own different ways; no one person is the greatest. Each has his own handicaps, and his own mode of expressing himself. Yes, on second thought, I retract that statement about Tatum!

JUNE, 1947



basie's from the old school

but bebop is 'real great
if it's played right'
says the count
in his blindfold test

by Leonard Feather

IF YOU READ last month's issue, you know that what follows is the second half of a special pair of blindfold tests. The same group of records was played to two musicians: Buddy Weed, radio network pianist and trio-leader, who listens only to classical records in his spare time; and Count Basie, jump pianist and traveling band-leader who listens to plenty of jazz.

Buddy's comments on the records appeared last month. Below you can see what happened when I spun the same discs for the blind, easy-going Count, who hates to say a bad word about anybody — not for professional courtesy or shared business reasons, but simply because he's an exceptionally kind-hearted guy who likes all kinds of music and all kinds of people.

Here's what Basie had to say:

the records

1. Bass is really wonderful... need section very outstanding... trumpet solo, great performance. That's true bebop, the record in general. That's a whole bebop record, isn't it? 'Cause I really don't know what bebop is. I'd like to know what band that was — sounds like the boss, Dizzy. But Red Rodney plays terrific like that too. Arrangement very interesting — tells a story from start to finish. Four stars.

2. Now there's a real nice simple record... I go for things that are simple like that. Easy to listen to, easy to dance to, put your feet to;

one of my favorite tunes — first time I ever heard it treated like that. Solos are relaxed, easy. A solid record — no idea who it is. Four stars.

3. I hope the guys will forgive me for this—that first chorus is messed up. They're not together. Piano nice; trumpet fairly good — tenor plays like Pres. Conversation between the trumpet and tenor didn't hold up too well. I think if they'd made it over, they'd have done this better. The best thing on it is the fine bass work. Two stars.

4. Everything is wonderful about

records reviewed by count basie.

Count was given no information about the records before or during the test. See last month's issue for comments by Buddy Weed on the same records.

1. Dizzy Gillespie, *One Bass Hit*, Part II (Muskrat). Ray Brown, bass; Gillespie, trumpet; Art Ray Brown.
2. Sam Donahue, *Diagh* (Capitol).
3. Dexter Gordon, *Dexter Digs In* (Savoy). Gordon, tenor; Leonard Haslip, trumpet; Bud Powell, piano; Carter Russell, bass.
4. Metropolitan All Stars, *Not Worth Your* (Columbia). Harry Carney, baritone; Nat Cole, Jane Carley, vocals; Buddy Rich, drums; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Johnny Hodges, alto; Lawrence Brown, trombone.
5. Charlie Barnet, *Birmingham Breakdown* (Bluebird). Bill Miller, piano; Buddy Burrett, trumpet; Duke Ellington composition.
6. Illinois Jacquet, *Jive* *With Jack* *The Bellboy* (Aladdin). Jacquet, tenor; Leo Parker, baritone sax; Dickie Wells, trombone; Shadow Wilson, drums.
7. Bunk Johnson, *When I Love The World* (Rialto Jazz Information). Bunk,

this. Harry Carney; Lawrence Brown; sounds like one of those Buddy Rich breaks... In a way that made vocal sounded like King.

No idea who the girl was; or the trumpet. Also sounded like Johnny Hodges. Fine record—four stars.

5. This sounds like an old shout I used to hear years ago; something Duke did. Sounds very heavy, very solid. I like the solos. Arrangement varies just a little from the original, still it's the next best to Duke. Whoever played the piano sounded almost like Duke. Three stars.

6. Sounds like my boy on tenor. To

1. Dizzy Gillespie, *One Bass Hit*, Part II (Muskrat). Ray Brown, bass; Gillespie, trumpet; Art Ray Brown.
2. Sam Donahue, *Diagh* (Capitol).
3. Dexter Gordon, *Dexter Digs In* (Savoy). Gordon, tenor; Leonard Haslip, trumpet; Bud Powell, piano; Carter Russell, bass.
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7. Bunk Johnson, *When I Love The World* (Rialto Jazz Information). Bunk,

me he's always good. Of course people will talk about those high notes, but you know, there's tricks to everything... though Jacquet can play as much solid horn as anybody else... he must have put this hand together just for the record—like building a house; but it does the best job possible under the circumstances. Rhythm section sounds fine; drums are in my taste. Baritone is real great, and that wonderful trombone knocked me out. Record ends just as I expected. For the soloists this would be worth four, but on the whole, three stars.

7. Do you have to play this all the way through? . . . Well, I won't stick my neck out; this music stands for something, but as it is now, it seems quite a bit wobbly. Do I hear a harp? . . . there's no comparison with the kids playing today — time has just walked right by these guys. It's like comparing a 1904 automobile with a new model. Back when this music was really played, it was great; but anybody who can see it now is just kidding himself — just wants to have something to say. I won't rate this one.

8. Sounds like my boy Johnny... that was real cute... I can close my eyes and almost say that tenor was Pres... trumpet fine, clarinet wonderful. A good record — it tells a little story. Four stars.

9. Sounds like Zooty... and that must be that fine old man Sidney Bechet; I have an awful lot of re-

(Continued on page 33)

duke ellington says he never makes uncomplimentary remarks

reluctantly, but unmistakably,
the giant among bandleaders
speaks his mind about jazz
as he submits
to the blindfold test

by leonard feather

INTERVIEWERS and fans who have tried to get Duke Ellington to express his honest opinion of other bands and musicians have usually given up and turned to some simpler task, such as drawing blood from a stone. West Coast listeners still recall Dave Dexter's utter bewilderment when, appearing with him on a record-judging broadcast, Duke straightfacedly awarded 100% to every record on the ground that the artist "succeeded in what he set out to do."

When I entered Duke's dressing room at the Paramount, armed with a bunch of records, Duke's first warning was: "I never make uncomplimentary remarks." As the session wore on, though, he melted slowly. By the end, he had stuck his neck out further than on any comparable occasion.

Duke decided he would give each record a key-name as a reminder; after hearing the lot, he'd have me recite the list of key-names and arrange a list of the records in the order in which he enjoyed them. He was told nothing about the records until after the entire test was over.

A blindfold was unnecessary; Duke was lying inert on a long cot, a damp towel over his face.

First I played *Lop-Pow* by the Three Bips and a Bop. He could find nothing to say about it. After a long pause: "Desperately unadult. Just isn't grown-up." Later he asked to rehear this side, and gave a somewhat less caustic verdict.

Stan Kenton's *Percussion* brought the comments: "That's a wonderful, outstanding performance . . .

is that Krupa? Very good musicianship throughout . . . I like the drummer; a real, skilled musician. I like the whole thing. Let's call that one 'Krupa'."

On Mercer Ellington's *Ditty A La Dizzy*, which Duke had never heard before, he identified Carney, Brown and Sears, but wasn't impressed. "Sounds to me as if they're just trying to make a day's pay. Mark that 'Onyx' — sort of an imitation of Onyx Club atmosphere."

duke's order of preference

This is the order of merit in which Duke placed the records played for him by Leonard Feather. Duke's actual phrase was that he "enjoyed" them in this order.

1. Boyd Raeburn, *Dolatore Sally* (by George Handy). Jewel.
2. Stan Kenton, *Artistry In Percussion* (by Pete Rugolo), with Shelly Maune, drums. Capitol.
3. Mary Lou Williams, *Faltz Boogie*, with June Rotenberg, bass, and Bridget O'Flynn, drums. Victor.
4. Charlie Barnet, *Shady Lady* (prob. arr. Andy Gibson). Decca.
5. Dizzy Gillespie, *Ray's Idea* (arr. Ray Brown). Big band. Musicraft.
6. Tony Scott, *All Too Soon*, with Sarah Vaughan, vocal, Ben Webster, tenor. Gotham.
7. Jazz At Philharmonic, *Lester Leaps In* (Part 2), with J. J. Johnson, trombone, Nat Cole, piano, Illinois Jacquet, tenor. Disc.
8. Kid Ory, *The World's Jazz Crazy*, with Barney Bigard, clarinet. Columbia.
9. Babs Three Bips & A Bop, *Lop-Pow*. Blue Note.
10. Dizzy Gillespie Sextet, *All The Things You Are*, with Slam Stewart, bass. Musicraft.
11. Mercer Ellington, *Ditty A La Dizzy*, with Sears, Carney, L. Brown. Aladdin.
12. Frankie Laine, *I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me*. Mercury.

Next came the Tony Scott record: "Somebody's playing some awful good Ben Webster there . . . singer needs more presence, and there's too much orchestration behind her; prevents you from hearing her completely . . . call this one 'Awful good Webster'."

On Dizzy's *All The Things You Are* (which Duke recalled only as "a pop song"): "The introduction is really attractive; very commanding . . . but it falls off after that . . . trumpet switched his register . . . sounds like Dizzy, and Slam of course. Call it 'Slam Dizzy pop'."

Barnet's *Shady Lady*: "Sounds like some good Barnet — which has to do with Barnet solo styling, Barnet taste in orchestration . . . nice impressionistic trumpet growling; good selection, good taste."

The Kid Ory record: "Sounds like Barney . . . this must be one of those New Orleans groups, isn't it? Those kids had a good time there — a lot of New Orleans boys of various vintages. That's strictly period music. That would have knocked me out in 1920. We'll call that 'New Orleans Barney'."

August, 1947

basie's blindfold test

(Continued from page 28)

spect for him — he always sounds interesting to me. Piano sounds like Basie—very webbish—very corny. He and I should play a duet together—we can't keep up with the modern kids . . . rhythm section fits, for the type stuff they're playing. The old man rates four, but for the record, two stars.

10. That sounds like little Vicky there on trombone . . . Barney's there too. And Pops, of course. How does he sound? Well, how does he *always* sound? Four stars.

11. Cute little theme . . . sounds like the boss on piano — Teddy Wilson. Clarinet is my boy Ed Hall—he always plays fine. Guitar wonderful . . . there's the old man, Coleman, or a carbon copy, which is very fine . . . only thing, I didn't care for what was going on behind the solos. It would have been just as good without them. Three stars.

12. I heard this in the picture, didn't I? . . . Starts out real great . . . Fats and Zutty and Slam . . . who's that wonderful trumpet? . . . that trombone in the last ensemble knocks me out. Give that four stars, please!

13. Ragtime piano player — patterned on Fats. Idea is cute, especially the real Fats introduction and piano. Nice drum break . . . trumpet sounds like Sidney de Paris. Guitar okay. Nothing terrific here. Two stars.

afterthoughts by count

I'm from the old school. I'll take the settled old swing with less notes, things that are really simple—but I like to listen to other types. The youngsters in my band support the modern part of the music. And I definitely approve of the way jazz is going. As far as bebop, it's real great if it's played right, and I think it's really taking effect. I have records that I play all the time, trying to understand. Diz and Parker and Jay Jay and Red Rodney — kids like that are really doing it.

You've got to have that life, that youth — the music has got to carry on, you can't just go through your career with a bunch of old-timers in your band; the younger ones think faster. But sometimes the kids fall back on the less frantic old-timers — don't forget, experience counts too!

**Next month
Duke Ellington's
Blindfold Test.
The results
are surprising.**

JULY, 1947



"That guy is gone!" shouts Duke Ellington from the lying position he assumed while listening to the records in his Blindfold Test.

On *Dalvatore Sally*: "Some real good Raeburn . . . have I heard it before? I could have . . . what do I like about it? Nothing specific; just the tenseness. It holds you, you don't leave it; there's no place to lose interest, even to light a cigarette, which is wonderful — when you can do that to the listener, I mean. And the performance is terrific. I never heard them play that well. A wonderful example of Handy's work."

Mary Lou Williams' *Waltz Boogie* had Duke baffled at first; he described it as "Good abstract or rumba boogie," and the performance as good, and a little like Nat Cole. "Good variation on the conventional boogie," he summed up, "and good team work." Mnemonic was *boogie*.

The *Jazz At The Philharmonic*, when it reached the piano passage, brought a smile and the commentary: "That guy is gone! . . . this sounds like something of Hamp's . . . piano is great; I don't recognize the style . . . tenor builds up a hell of an atmosphere . . . guitar is heavy and that beat is solid as a

rock. It really gets going after the trombone; he didn't do much, but then they start to ride. Let's call it 'I-thought-it-was-Hamp-warming-up-for-Flying-Home'."

On *Ray's Idea* Duke immediately identified Dizzy and "that band he had over on 52nd Street." A very good arrangement, he said, but it could have been recorded and played better — but "anything in that style is as hard as a s.o.b. to be played together . . . there are no great names in the band, no giants, and considering the high cost of musicians and everything, Dizzy did amazingly well with this band."

Out of curiosity I included a Frankie Laine record. Said Duke, elliptically, "It doesn't stand out, compared with the others you've played. Sounds like somebody who stepped out of the band into the floor show. More theatrical than jazz."

(One other record was played, but Duke didn't include it in the ratings. This was a side from the Pee-Wee Russell album on Disc. Duke merely declared: "Its minstrel quality gives it social signifi-

cance. Takes it out of the running . . .")

Duke then listened to the list of key names and arranged them in the order shown. Now it was show time — the sixth show on a frantic Saturday. During his moments of respite backstage while some of the acts were on, Duke offered his afterthoughts.

"I don't care whether it's a large or small band, loud or soft, written or not written, fast or slow. The only things that matter are taste; preparation, if any; and, whether there is preparation or not, it has to have good performance.

"My only regret is that, working so hard, I don't have time to hear enough . . . I don't get a chance to go and listen to the kids and see what they're doing. You have to move from world to world, and from day to day . . . now tonight you set me down in a world of a dozen records, I was attracted to them in that order."

You could find out from visits to 52nd Street, Duke recalled, who were the strongest influences — "at one time it was all Hawkins, there

were a first, second, third and fourth Hawkins on the street; and at different times Pettiford, Slam, Dizzy, Ben, and of course Tatum. They've all been important."

But no matter what year anything happened, Duke concluded, you have to see things in their perspective. "I like some things we did in 1923. I like things we did in '28; in '33, in '40 and '41; but to compare one with another—well they all have their places!"

With which comment Duke returned to the Paramount stage and left me wondering — what would happen if Duke ever did have time to examine at great length all the other musical worlds around him? How would it affect his thinking and writing?

Guess we shouldn't worry about it. Duke isn't doing so badly in that world of his own.

NEXT MONTH Leonard Feather will spin some records for Teddy Wilson, the next subject in his series of musical celebrities who take *The Blindfold Test*.



'dixieland - bebop . . . as long as it swings!'

says teddy wilson
in his blindfold test

by leonard feather

TEDDY WILSON has been a progressive since he first came into the jazz limelight. In 1935 he started a new trend in jazz piano. Today he is one of the most articulate, radical people in the business, acutely aware of social problems as well as of musical developments. Teddy had the following carefully calculated comments to make as I played him a broad assortment of discs.

the records

1. This is well played; sounds as if they understood it. The arrangement is a little bit too contrived—as though the writer had listened to Alee Templeton's *Mr. Bach Goes To Town* which Benny Goodman did years ago—but near the end it really shows some creative ideas. Sounds like a Sauter arrangement; I don't know the band. Play the clarinet again . . . sounds a little like the way Benny plays sometimes, but there's a certain vibrato on that last note that's unlike him. On second thought, the arranger could be Mel Powell, not Sauter. On the strength of the last part, I'd give this three stars.

2. Play the piano part again . . . I don't know whose name this is under, but they're all good men. Tenor might be Ben Webster on an off day. Barney Bigard is the greatest unrecognized clarinet player; a great original style. Piano, through a process of elimination, might be Johnny Guarneri; an unfamiliar blues style with up-to-date conception, good harmony and left hand. Whenever I hear good playing and

don't recognize it, I guess Johnny Guarneri, 'cause he plays such a variety of styles. Trumpet is good but not exceptional. Two stars.

3. The rhythm part is very good; makes me suspect it's Erroll Garner. The symphonic parts bring it down from four stars. I don't believe in symphonic, dramatic jazz; I've heard those things done too well by classical composers and pianists. Here it sounds bombastic, superficial, but his distinctive improvising rhythmic style is like a breath of fresh air in the piano world. Two and a half.

4. Cute, tricky little arrangement . . . very interesting little drum figures . . . arrangement, such as it is, is well played, but there's not enough music in it. Too many tricky effects, like that swelling

guitar sound. I don't go for tricky things unless they're contrasted with a solid diet. It's like eating a whole meal of hot sauce. But used sparingly, it's effective. Give it two stars because they're good musicians.

5. Benny, of course, playing a Sauter arrangement. Tune's not much. Benny plays all right there, but I'd rather hear him improvise more, not stick so close to the melody. Band doesn't sound like an organized group; good musicians, but they couldn't have played together much. (*Right; it was a pick-up band.* L.F.) Two and a half stars.

6. That's a very good pianist. Only two criticisms I'd make of him. One, he has no left hand; a very good one-handed pianist, but

the piano should be played with both hands. Two, his good hand has certain faults—his tone is kind of plunky, and he has too many ideas crammed in together without time to shape the phrasing. When the horns come in, they come in with a lot of power, a well rehearsed ensemble. I hear semblances of me in there, and Earl Hines' old tremolo, and some sounds Tatum has always produced. One and a half.

7. They don't play well enough to attempt that tempo. That's a very loud, driving, bad rhythm section. I must say I have admiration for the pianist for being able to play over it. He has great strength. I didn't notice what he played. I was just marveling that he could play over that drummer. Bechet plays very well for someone who's been in the business so long; fine sense of time, though not with a modern sense of harmony. The trumpet—well, I don't like that kind of trumpet playing at all. One and a half stars.

8. This is very beautiful playing; the guitar's simplicity is very effective. Piano is tasty and simple too—King Cole. It's a relief nowadays to hear some good simple playing. There's as much music in a few notes, rightly played, as there is in a thousand. Three and a half stars.

9. A very good pianist, whoever he is. Only one-handed, which I disapprove of, but such strong melodic feeling in the right hand that I enjoyed it anyway. Let me

(Continued on page 49)

records reviewed by teddy wilson

Teddy was given no information whatever about these records, either beforehand or while he listened to them.

1. Ray McKinley. *Sandstorm* (Majestic). Comp. & arr. Eddie Sauter. Peanuts Hucko, clarinet.
2. Barney Bigard. *Blues For Art's Sake* (Black & White). Art Tatum, piano; Joe Thomas, trumpet; Joe Thomas, tenor; Bigard, clarinet.
3. Erroll Garner. *Yesterdays* (Signature).
4. Woody Herman Woodchoppers. *Four Men on a Horse* (Columbia). Jimmy Rowles, Billy Bauer, Don Lamond, Chubby Jackson, rhythm.
5. Benny Goodman. *Mahzel* (Capitol). Arr. Tommy Todd.
6. Hazel Scott. *World on a String* (Signature). Toots Camarata Orch.
7. Art Hodes. *Shine* (Blue Note). Hodes, piano; Fred Moore, drums; Sid Bechet, soprano; Wild Bill Davison,

- trumpet.
8. King Cole Trio. *To a Wild Rose* (Capitol). Cole, piano; Oscar Moore, guitar.
9. Howard McGhee. *Midnight At Minton's* (Dial). McGhee, trumpet; Dodo Marmarosa, piano; Arv Garrison, guitar.
10. Dizzy Gillespie. *Shaw 'Nuff* (Guild). Charlie Parker, alto; Al Haig, piano; Carley Russell, bass; Sid Catlett, drums.
11. Lennie Tristano Trio. *I Can't Get Started* (Keynote). Tristano, piano; Billy Bauer, guitar.
12. Duke Ellington. *Overture to a Jam Session, Parts I & II* (Musicraft). Comp. & arr. Strayhorn.
13. Duke Ellington. *Delta Bound* (rec. 1932) (Columbia). Ivie Anderson, vocal.

September, 1947

Sept. 1947

'dixieland - bebop . . . as long as it swings!'

(Continued from page 18)

hear that trumpet again . . . hard to believe it's Dizzy; the style is played much better on the Dizzy records I have at home. Guitar not very relaxed; nobody is except the piano. But my rave for the piano raises this to three stars.

10. Charlie Parker! He's in a class with only three other saxophone players I've ever heard — Benny Carter, Johnny Hodges and Coleman Hawkins. For some reasons he reminds me in some ways of Benny Carter. That's Dizzy here — now I know it wasn't on the last record. Charlie Parker and Dizzy are not bound by the stereotypes of bebop the way their imitators are. I especially like the wonderful fluid continuity, the delicacy of Charlie's phrasing — you just don't hear it except from a few sax men in the past twenty years. Tone is his only deficiency, but the ideas make music to me, whether you call it bebop or what. Wonderful bass player—is it Slam? — whole rhythm section is good, that's why the horns play their best. Good piano, though a little too afflicted with the clichés of bebop in spots. Record has minor flaws, but what's good is so good that it rates four stars.

11. They have everything but the kitchen sink in here—splashing weird chords around; they seem to enjoy it. Use of all that harmony is indiscriminate, not significant. They must have had their ears glued to Delius and Ravel . . . sounded like really free improvisation, and they did run into some very good things at times; that little figure towards the end . . . Interesting, but not a record I'd play again for pleasure. Three stars.

12. This starts out like a sort of modernized Larry Clinton; a lot of good orchestration but no ideas. Second part could be a different arranger; it really gets going,

melodically and harmonically. This sounds greatly influenced by Duke, but lacks Duke's band sound. First side, two stars; second side, four.

13. You'd think a man as highly developed as Duke wouldn't do a song with that kind of lyric. Now is not the time for Negro artists to be singing about "darkies." It's helping the wrong side; it's too close to a lot of unpleasant realities. Duke's *Black Brown and Beige* showed that he has a great social conscience; maybe in the days when this record was made he wasn't aware of the social aspects of music. But he should stop the circulation of records like this. Even musically, the band of that period did some much finer things; and the tune is nothing. No stars.

afterthoughts by teddy

This big Dixieland-versus-bebop controversy has grown out of all proportion. The important thing is that the distinctive approach to rhythm that jazz has must be maintained.

Dixieland was the vogue of years ago, and any style of music changes; music has been changing for hundreds of years. Nobody argues that Debussy is greater than Beethoven because he wrote in a more modern style. But musicianship has advanced greatly in jazz, and I suspect the motives of those who resent advancement.

Many of the rhythmic characteristics of bebop will be outdated soon, just as the old *One O'Clock Jump* riffs of ten years ago sound stale today. The thing that interests me in bebop is the great step forward in harmony for improvising players. That's been a very important contribution. But I'm not down on Dixieland; anything that swings and has a beat is okay with me!

his first band was one of the disappointments of the past few years. But someone must have slipped Buddy a copy of Dale Carnegie's famous best-seller because the one-time battler is now embarked on a peaceful career of pleasing everyone and becoming a thoroughly Right Guy. Along with his recognized virtues—the amazing rhythmic sense, the infectious vocal style, the trigger-quick humor, but mostly the lightning-like hands and feet—this new Rich personality may soon pay off its rightful dividends to the kid who began beating a drum in vaudeville at the age of three.

Few people deserve a place near the top of the band parade more than Bernard Buddy Rich. Not only has he been working hard at the business of entertaining the public since childhood, but his unswerving devotion to the cause of an honest swing style has been duplicated by few of today's top leaders. But more important than these facts, perhaps, has been Buddy's uncompromising attachment to the band business itself. There's no secret to the fact that he could take the easy way out by becoming a single—few are better qualified. He could be hoofing and cracking jokes in vaudeville at a nice fat price. He could be clearing a four figure salary for himself by just fronting a jam group in any of a half dozen small clubs (which would be great kicks for him in the bargain). And, of course, he could troupe, and has trouped the country with concert groups many weeks a year for sizable dough. But Buddy stubbornly wants to be a name bandleader, one with a major record contract and bookings at the best spots in the land. Certainly he is qualified to become such a national favorite. Only time and Buddy's new good behavior will tell whether the public is willing to forgive and forget, and whether or not the ultimate payoff comes naturally to a deserving and talented musician.

"I'm trying to be a nice guy," said Buddy over the long distance telephone the morning after he opened at Edgewater Beach Ballroom in San Francisco. "Don't make it sound like I'm bragging—maybe that's one of the things that's been holding me back—but I'll match my band against any in the business. I've got a new trumpeter who's going to be one of the greatest. His name's Charlie Wolt

and he blows like a crazy man. Then there's Tommy Allison; he's always great. I think Earl Swope is one of the greatest trombone players of all time—I think he'd probably blow any guy out of any ballroom in the country."

Inasmuch as I wasn't paying for the call I couldn't interrupt by saying that it sounded like Woody, Duke, Basic, Benny and the old Chocolate Dandies all rolled into one. Buddy is a normally enthusiastic character.

"Hello...hello," said Buddy, "you still there? Listen, we want everybody's support." (The fact that he had said METRONOME ought to support his hand brought about the call in the first place.) "We want everybody to say that the band's great and that Buddy's a nice guy."

"How are you going about the fence-mending...how are you making people say Buddy's a nice guy?"

"I'm playing what the kids want to hear," said Buddy, faster than one of his own rim shots. "I'm playing what they want to hear and I'm listening to the promoters. I used to play what I felt like playing—no more of that."

Asking Buddy about swing is about as unnecessary as asking him whether the Dodgers are his favorite ball team.

"Listen," he said, "everybody says that swing is dead. But the way I see it, there is no such thing as swing or sweet. There's just a new style. The fast tunes are nowhere. They don't want them any more. This throwing each other over their heads (dancing, that is) is dead. The beat is a little slower but it still swings."

Buddy was beginning to wake up (it was only 11 A.M. in Frisco) after the big opening the night before, and he was getting his teeth into the subject of swing.

"Look, we can outjump most of the bands today and our ballads I know are better than other bands because we don't make them so sticky..."

"Like whom?" I asked rather grammatically for a long distance call.

"No comment," said Buddy, "remember I'm going to be a good guy from now on. Ballad arrangements of other bands are so stereotyped (a good word for 11 A.M.). We try to play our arrangements with a meaning to them. They're slow

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buddy rich kills me!

mel torme, musician and singer, reveals two keen ears in his blindfold test

by leonard feather

THERE IS an increasing and healthy tendency among popular singers to know something about music. Sinatra conducted the Alec Wilder album. Sarah Vaughan is a fine pianist. Andy Russell and Mel Torme both graduated from jobs as drummers—and good drummers—in name bands.

In his blindfold test, Mel proved to be even more perceptive than I'd expected. Here are his reactions, recorded verbatim.

the records

1. I know this record—Georgie Auld. He gets a real nice, easy, intimate singing style. Band is good and full, but a little dis-

appointing on the final ensemble chorus. Rhythm could have filled out the open spots more—maybe the drummer is more a snare drum man than a cymbal man. George blows fine, too. Three stars.

2. This is great. There's one guy who's a pioneer in his field. At times he reminds me of Debuss; other times of Duke. And he's so unappreciated. This is the Vox date. Walter Gross' harpsichord sounds great. I like anything that's new, and this has been new for years. It's charming. Four stars.

3. Not Sarah, is it? ... Yes it is, though. And I'm fairly certain that's Dizzy. I'm a fan of Sarah's, but this is not as inventive as some of the things she's done; lacks

records reviewed by mel torme

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

1. Georgie Auld. *Route 66* (Musicraft). Auld, vocal & tenor.
2. Alec Wilder. *A Little Girl Grows Up* (Vox). Walter Gross, harpsichord.
3. Sarah Vaughan. *East of the Sun* (Continental). Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet.
4. Claude Thornhill. *A Sunday Kind of Love* (Columbia). Fran Warren, vocal.
5. Three Blazers. *New Orleans Blues* (Exclusive). Charles Brown, vocal & piano; Johnny Moore, guitar.
6. Cozy Cole. *Concerto For Cozy* (Savoy). Cole, drums, with pick-up band, in 1944.
7. Kay Starr. *Sweet Lorraine* (Lamp-lighter). Calvin Jackson, piano.
8. Johnny Hodges. *Frisky* (Sunrise).

Hodges, Brown, Taft, Jordan. Comp. Ellington-Hodges.

9. Nappy Lamare. *At The Jazz Band Ball* (Capitol). Wingy Manone, trumpet; Matty Matlock, clarinet; Irvin Verret, trombone; Stan Wrightman, piano.

10. Lena Horne. *Old Fashioned Love* (Black & White). Phil Moore, piano & arr.

11. Art Lund. *Naughty Angelina* (MGM). Johnny Thompson, orch.

12. Mercer Ellington. *You Name It* (Sunrise). Candy Ross, trombone; Luther Henderson, piano, comp. & arr.; Morris Lane, tenor.

13. Buddy Rich. *Oop Bop SN Bam* (Mercury). Rich, drums; George Berg, tenor; Red Rodney, trumpet. Arr. Walter Fuller.

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enthusiasm, and the intonation is fairly in spots. I liked Dizzy on this; he's one of the few beboppers I really like. Background nice, didn't get in the way. Two stars.

1. Sounds like Jane Harvey; and then, I'm not sure . . . no, it's not. Could be Thornhill's band, but I'm not sure who his singer is. Stiggs with a lot of feeling; intonation pretty good except for a few low notes. She has much more sensitivity toward the lyrics than most singers. I liked the dynamics—a lot of quiet things, a lot of things that build. Good contrast. Interesting background, too. I'm sure it's Thornhill. Three stars.

5. I don't like this too well. Every blues I hear is always the same. The old Bessie Smiths, the originals, blues lyrics that really mean something—they're fine. But this doesn't kill me; it says the same thing hundreds of others have said. Singing is . . . just inane. Guitar surprised me a little; in fact, the solos are good, make it worth two stars.

6. This sounds like Cozy Cole on a rudimental spree. As a drummer, I've learned that there's no such thing as an intelligent drum

solo—unless it's by Buddy Rich or Krupa; or maybe Jo Jones or Jimmy Crawford. This might be the Cab Jivers; the music itself is very ragged, very ordinary, maybe a good arrangement, strictly from the 1939 era. Kids like Karl Kiffe and Alvin Stoller who have a good rudimental background can do better than that right now. One star.

7. It's Kay Starr, and a confusing pianist who sounds like Walter Cross and Milt Raskin rolled into one. Sounds like a West Coast band. Kay is one of the new gals that sing in the good old tradition. But Kay doing this song is like me singing *The Man I Love*; doesn't make sense—you want to hear a chick singing about a guy! Two stars.

8. Infectious little tune. This must be an Ellington unit—I hear Hodges, Brown, Tatt Jordan . . . could be anybody's melody. I heard the *In A Mellotone* riff in the background. These are all real nice pleasant solos; not a will-frankie type of jazz. Those guys are the top, anyway—how could they ever play bad? Three stars.

9. You probably won't believe this, coming from a modernist, but

I kinda liked that record—mainly for the ensemble feeling, and for the beat, which never lagged. That's more than you can say of a lot of modern musicians. The solos didn't kill me—could have been anyone. Wild Bill Davison. Pee-wee Russell; I'm not familiar

with Dixieland men. All those Dixieland tunes, the chord construction is so old style, every one sounds like all the others. But this was certainly listenable, and some guy played nice fatigable trombone. Piano went back a little too far, though; got to be bowdy-house after a while. Jazz may have sprung from those elements, but you don't have to keep it there. Two stars.

10. This was arranged by Strayhorn—that was him playing piano. I always like Lena. This is from the album, isn't it? (*Yes—L.F.*) I've liked this tune ever since Johnny Mercer used to do it as "Newsy Bluesies" on the old Camel show. I heard Lena do it at the Capitol as an opener. Three stars.

11. Art Lund—I like his singing; very little effort, very easy. I don't like the tune at all—I

can't see the sense in writing as if you're living in 1925. I'll never like it, the same as I couldn't see *Heartaches*. Background is wonderful, might be Sonny Burke, but the tune brings it down to two stars.

12. Is this Dizzy's big band? Sounds like Jay Jay . . . this guy on piano's good. This is wonderful! If it's not Dizzy's band, it's a good copy. Very good bebop—they don't get involved in playing exercises, which would prevent them from swinging. I liked the tenor best, but the piano and trombone were fine too. Piano was the least influenced by bebop of all of them. Almost a four star record; make it three and a half.

13. Ha! That's the kind of drum solo I like . . . that's Buddy Rich, definitely. Tenor may be Allen Eager, Trumpet is Red Rodney. Play the whole thing again . . . listen to those single-handed triplets with the flam thrown in . . . see what he's doing, playing some beats with two hands and some with one hand . . . There is the world's greatest drummer! Play it again—this kills me! A great record—four stars.

ray mckinley hears no four-star records

**but the drummer-leader
recalls some
that would have been
as he is blindfold-tested**

by leonard feather

RAY McKINLEY, like so many bandleaders, leads a band that has to make money, has to keep up with the hucksters and the Hit Parade to make the grade. But, unlike a lot of bandleaders, Ray doesn't accept this commercialized fate passively. He hopes to use his commercial success, once it is firmly enough established, to put his band in a position to play and record a lot of the great music that has been and will be in his books.

Ray's honest musical conscience and his friendly, self-deprecating personality were apparent throughout his blindfold test. Despite his protest that he had heard very few records, he showed a keen interest

and reacted sensitively to every item played, as the remarks quoted below will reveal.

the records

1. Who's that? Either Buddy or Gene. . . I think it's Gene because of the way he plays his triplets . . . yet there's a certain fire there that I haven't heard from Gene except on records in a long time. Buddy has a good brass section like this, though, and might make this kind of a record. From the tenor and trombone styles I'd say this couldn't be more than three or four years old. Performance good, but the composition is something I've been listening to for twenty years, and I'm a little tired of it. They

records reviewed by ray mckinley

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

1. Gene Krupa. *Leave Us Leap* (Columbia). Comp. & arr. Ed Finckel. Don Fagerquist, trumpet; Ted Napoleon, piano; Charlie Ventura, tenor; Leon Cox, trombone.

2. Red Nichols. *Royal Garden Blues* (Capitol). Nichols, cornet; Floyd O'Brien, trombone.

3. Claude Thornhill. *Oh You Beautiful Doll* (Columbia). Thornhill, piano (and he was kidding.)

4. Benny Goodman Septet. *How High The Moon* (Capitol). Goodman, clarinet; Ernie Filice, accordion; Ray Sims, trombone; Jimmy Rowles, piano.

5. Artie Shaw. *Summertime* (Victor 12-inch.) Arr. Eddie Sauter. Hot Lips Page, trumpet; Shaw, clarinet.

6. Neal Hefti. *I Woke Up Dizzy* (Key-note). Hefti, trumpet; Charlie Ventura, tenor; Kai Winding, trombone; Tony

Aless, piano; Alvin Stoller, drums; Chubby Jackson, bass.

7. Duke Ellington. *Jumpin' Punkins* (Victor). Arr. Duke Ellington. Harry Carney, baritone.

8. Vivien Garry. *Operation Mop* (Victor). Edna Williams, trumpet; Ginger Smock, violin; Wini Beatty, piano; Dody Jesbke, drums; Vivien Garry, bass.

9. Dizzy Gillespie. *Emanon* (Muscraft). Milton Jackson, vibes; Gillespie, trumpet.

10. Will Bradley. *Bop 'N' Boogie* (Signature). Comp. & arr. Milt Orent. Bradley, trombone.

11. Capitol Jazzmen. *Someday Sweetheart* (Capitol). Eddie Miller, tenor; Stan Wrightsman, piano; Nick Fatool, drums; Hank Wayland, bass.

12. Stan Kenton. *Minor Riff* (Capitol). Arr. Pete Rugolo. Vido Musso, tenor.

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can't fool me with a couple of stop effects. Two stars.

2. It's Bobby Hackett, isn't it? ...that could be Lee Castaldo's brother on trombone... it's not Brunis... This sounds like it was made out at Squirrel Ashcraft's. I don't get much kick out of these old tunes any more unless there's a really terrific performance. The ensembles have a little arranging, give the record a saving grace, but the solos are not good. Very ordinary—I wouldn't say lousy, just very fair. Two stars.

3. Is that a mandolin attachment on the piano? ... This sounds like an English band—the approach to the arrangement; at least, the ones I heard over there might do something like this. What a strange mixture—I heard a French horn. Is it meant to be funny? The ensemble parts sound like they're on the level—I don't know what to make of it—it must be tongue in cheek, a deliberate attempt to be funny. But who would go to all that trouble to do it... why didn't they just tell a couple of jokes? One star.

4. I hear clarinet, trombone and rhythm so far. Pianist a little like Mel Powell... trombone nice. That's not the Benny Goodman I like to hear, if it is Benny. They only got their teeth into it on those last four bars... We played that tune with a little band Mel had... I think this group missed the ball on the tempo. There's an accordion

in there, too—with that instrumentation they could have taken advantage of the changes in this tune and had more concerted stuff. After all, the changes are the best thing about that tune. Two stars.

5. That's got to be Artie Shaw... a great facility but a poor sound... sounds like a Sauter arrangement that Eddie must have made for him a couple of years ago. A twelve-inch record, isn't it?... arrangement is pretty good, but they apologize for it all the way through. They rehearsed it and read the notes right, but there's no color, except when the instrumentation changes. And there's so much room for a lot of wonderful color and shading there... well, the trumpet soloist at least tried to do something... but the lead trumpet sounds like a fourth trumpet. It doesn't flow, it goes by jerks. With another three hours rehearsal maybe they'd have played this altogether differently. Here, it sounds too cautious, but it could have been beautiful. Three stars.

6. Tenor could be Byas... trumpet's not Dizzy. This is a cute little thing; fresh. I go on The Street and hear those guys and I don't often hear things that good. I mean the tune itself. Don't like the trombone, though—he didn't quite make it. Trumpet nice and clean. Tenor fine. You know the only thing I can't see about this kind of music? It's become fash-

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ray mekinley

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ionable to play behind the beat. Surely those guys don't lack a sense of rhythm? Now here for instance, the bass goes along at a nice clip all the way through, plays fine; the piano and drums are sort of half and half, and even the trumpet is occasionally negative. If you're going to swing, half the charm is lost when you lag behind the beat. Most guys will swing just because it's natural to them, whether they're playing bebop or anything else... swing is implicit in Dizzy, for instance. But the fault isn't as bad as usual on this record. Three stars.

7. This has that studied artistry that Duke has, but sounds a little too tight for a colored performance... Arrangement sounds like Ralph Burns. A little too chopped up, but interesting, cute, different. That baritone man is one of the old boys... Nice use of cymbals, but I like the record for other reasons than just the drummer. Three stars.

8. That's got to be Stuff Smith! They're swinging... who's the trumpet, Jonah Jones? Haven't heard him in years. This is real neat, a nice sparkling little thing. But I'm tired of the old changes; why can't they playing something *new* and make it swing? Three stars... what, it's *girls*? That's amazing, to get a bunch of girls together that can swing like that.

9. Sounds like Pete Candoli, maybe Woody's band, recording in Liederkrantz Hall. Wait... it's not Lionel on vibes... well, I don't know the band. Don't like the vibes, even the trumpet—ensemble is best; has a sense of dynamics, vitality—but still just variations on an old theme. Two stars.

10. Nice fat sound. Very well executed throughout; trombone real good. Parts sound like Duke or Lunceford—but that Busse rhythm throws you. Three stars.

11. That's Eddie Miller. And Stan Wrightsman, I wouldn't miss him in a million years. Drummer sounds like Nick Fatool... the rhythm section swings but the others play badly—a lot of clichés. Wrightsman has verve—one of the old back yonder boys—plays that stuff good—and the bass is good. Two stars.

12. That's Kenton... he always manages to get a nice balance and

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continuity to the arrangements. Tenor doesn't play much, but sounds nice. Unpretentious things pulled off well—actually the composition isn't much; not interesting or difficult, but they have that big fat sound and all that sustained stuff going on. It's good to have an identifying sound like this, though after you sit and listen to three or four things like it in a row it's tiresome. Three stars.

**after thoughts
by mekinley**

Well, I didn't happen to find any four star records, but I'll tell you what I would have given four stars if you'd happened to play them. Lunceford's *Blues in the Night* for one—and that Ellington number, what's it called? *Things Ain't What They Used To Be*...

Not because I'm a drummer, but just for everything on the record, I'd have rated Kenton's *Artistry in Percussion* a four. And Woody's *Bijou*—for the composition and Bill Harris. That has real authenticity, a genuine native-sounding thing, makes you want to go out and catch a tramp steamer.

There's another record that was great for its time and still sounds good—Tommy Dorsey's old 12-incher, *Stop Look and Listen*, with Bud Freeman playing real great... and I'd give four to Benny's *Clarinet A La King* and *Benny Rides Again*.

Sure, you know the kind of music I like—and you're going to hear our band play more of it when we're better accepted commercially. We hope to re-record *Sandstorm*, *Hangover* and *Tumblebug* for an album and get better recording and performance, more freedom and polish—that can only develop with time.

Our best so far? *Borderline*—for playing, writing and recording—all around, that's the one. Say, you ought to have Eddie Sauter up here and do one of these tests!

ah, bitterness!

chubby jackson
turns record reviewer
and bares his musical soul
as he takes his blindfold test



by leonard feather

CHUBBY JACKSON—bass player, bandleader, bon vivant, buffoon and believer in the best in music—leaves shortly for Europe. With him will go a small group of modern musicians who share much of his philosophy, his feeling of frustration caused by the barriers he has met in his chosen profession.

Despite a veneer of typical Jackson levity, Chubby took his blindfold test seriously, making elaborate notes and reading them back to me after each record. Here's what he had to say:

the records

1. This was played very well; highly dramatic, very emotional music—some pretty themes. The horns sounded like they knew what they were doing; it was all well planned. Sounded like moving picture music. For that particular sound of music, I'd give it four stars.

2. An early bop influence here, but I don't like the melodic structure, and in their individual choruses the fellows show they don't understand bop; they play their own thought in another school. Balance could have been cooler. Structure monotonous. The more I heard of this, the more disinterested I got. I'm sorry! Two stars.

3. A good example of the early Goodman era. Good music for that time, but positively preposterous at this time, in early 1948. A typical

example of late Dixieland shout music. I can't enjoy it. In early 1948 I give it one star. (Note: Chubby thinks ahead—the test was conducted in October 1947—L.F.)

4. A very light fantasy, written for a minimum of horns in a small, soft way; a cute little arrangement that would go anywhere but on 52nd Street. Kirby's band—Buster Bailey, Procope; their projection is so reminiscent of seven-eight years ago, I can't get myself to listen very intently. Again, I'm sorry! Two stars.

5. Put down just one word—BOSH!... (pressed for further com-

ment)... Do you know that Al Jolson is old enough to be my grandfather?... I missed Jolson's aged, sour conception along with Bing's voice. I'm certain that tenor was Eddie Miller. Of the whole bunch, Bing was the most offensive, mainly for singing that way, and for putting a record date together of that nature. Being in the driver's seat, he should be able to help some of the youth in music, and youthful ideas. He could project a new sound all over the world and could do American music a lot of good... No stars.

6. A fairly first-rate example of

music—so-called bop—by some of its more youthful performers. Melodic structure just plain beautiful. Soloists played very well; sounded like Swope on trombone, long a favorite of mine. Of course the baritone is the new discovery, Serge Chaloff; trumpet great but I'm not too sure who. Probably Rodney. Three and a half stars.

7. I've got a funny feeling about that record. I hear an imitative quality, as if from one coastline to another, as if maybe recorded somewhere else, maybe overseas—it has that kind of sound. The balance makes it sound foreign... Piano is a swingin' cat; rhythm's a little too logey; I don't like guitar rhythm in a rhythm section. Drummer displayed a few tricks to show he's got his ears open. A good sounding, good-listening record; two and a half stars.

8. Very cute and clever thing for a small gathering. Substitution in chord formation very interesting, but almost a bit too obvious at times. Showed production eyes; you can see a lot of thought went into putting the arrangement together, and it's nicely executed. Three stars.

9. A very, very tired and obvious intro. I've heard at least a thousand records with just the same flavor. Vocal very dull and aged. Small jottings by Red, back on his pre-

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the records reviewed by chubby jackson

Chubby was given no information whatever about the records either before or during his blindfold test.

1. Stan Kenton. *Theme To The West* by Pete Rugolo. (Capitol).

2. Denzil Best. *All Alone*. (Wax) Jimmy Jones, piano; Bill Coleman, trumpet; Ben Webster, tenor.

3. Benny Goodman. *I've Found a New Baby* (Victor). Arr. Fletcher Henderson, 1936.

4. John Kirby. *Close Shave* (Disc), 1946.

5. Bing Crosby-Eddie Condon. *After You're Gone* (Decca). Bud Freeman, tenor.

6. Serge & His Bo-Bop Buddies. *A Bar A Second* (Savoy). Serge Chaloff, baritone; Earl Swope, trombone; Red Rodney, trumpet.

7. Billy Taylor Quartet. *Flight of the*

Bebop (HRS). Bernie Leighton, piano; Tony Mottola, guitar; Morey Feld drums; Billy Taylor, bass.

8. Tommy Todd Trio. *Chloe* (Black & White).

9. Julia Lee. *Doubtful Blues* (Capitol). Red Norvo, xylophone.

10. Duke Ellington-Jimmy Blanton. *Plucked Again* (Columbia). Duet, made in 1939.

11. Count Basie. *Jumping at the Woodside* (Decca), 1938. Lester Young, tenor.

12. Dizzy Gillespie (big band). *One Bass Hit, Part II* (Musicraft). Ray Brown, bass.

13. Woody Herman. *Farewell Blues* (Decca), 1939.

December, 1947

lester is the master!

allen eager praises pres,
damns dixie,
likes lucky but believes he's ben,
in blindfold test

by leonard feather



ALLEN EAGER is, to these ears, the greatest tenor man today of the many playing in his style—and that includes Allen's own idol, Lester Young. On the road with big bands from the age of 15, he played with Bobby Sherwood, Woody Herman, Tommy Dorsey, Shorty Sherock, spent the past three years in small groups around New York, and has lately acquired a following through his Savoy records and his quartet at the Three Deuces.

Musically, Allen is a prototype of the young musician—a great technician with a keen understanding of all music, yet strangely narrow in his jazz views on almost anything but bebop. Personally he presents a paradox, too—his Dr. Jekyll is an amusing, well-read and highly articulate guy, while the Hyde side is a typical gloomy product of the frustrations and neuroses of 52nd Street, with ornithological overtones. Perhaps the ensuing views will give some clues to his personality.

the records

1. All I know is, this is Coleman Hawkins, and the trumpet player who was on those records with Dexter Gordon. (*Leonard Hawkins?*—L.F.) The trumpet came in real good—he has nice time. Don't know the trombone. Coleman always tries; you always sense how he's adapting himself to modern trends. Recording and ensemble nothing much—I liked the tune best. Two stars.

2. That's a Benny Carter sax section. He's got them rehearsed well. I haven't heard Benny in several years, but that solo sounded like him. I didn't like the conception of the arrangement. The parts were well played, the arranger knows music, the band was well rehearsed and in tune, but the conception aroused no feeling at all in me. It was all a waste. I just admire the musicianship; it's worth three stars, but for the ideas, only two.

3. Those saxes are so sweet and sugary... it's horrible. I don't like it and yet it does have a sound. Could be something of Sauter's. The first few bars sounded good. It doesn't swing, and if a thing doesn't swing then it should be

pretty. This isn't. The style sounds very familiar. It's all saxes—could it be Shep Fields? They could have achieved a much more diversified sound with all saxes. One star.

4. That's Hodges. This shows him off to advantage; nice changes, arrangement written well for his style, but I don't like his style. I think it stinks. The piano is either Duke or an attempt to sound like him. I'd give the arrangement three, but because of Johnny Hodges, only two.

5. Ah, Ben Webster... he has a tremendous soul; he thinks in beautiful terms. For that style of saxophone playing I think Ben's the best. This sounds like something recent. Some parts there

sound like Coleman Hawkins. And he's playing technically the way Byas would play. Good simple background, and Ben got all over the horn. Or if that could have been Hawk, it must have been in a period that Ben admired an awful lot. Three stars.

6. Bud Freeman... why, this is amazing. I can't get over it! I mean, the similarity between Bud and Lester—it's amazing! Was this made a long time ago? He's a great saxophone player. His beat is predominantly Dixieland, and then again some things remind you of the Kansas City two-fer that Lester gets. Very pleasing. Very great conception for that time; he played with a pure sound, pure articulation and good ear—and good time. Those other characters loused it up some, and the ending was horrible, but Bud was excellent. He gives me an insight into where Lester's genius developed from in Lester's formative stage. Three stars.

7. That's Illinois Jacquet. It's swinging, anyway; a typical Illinois thing. He really sounds an awful lot like Herschel Evans. Every once in a while he'll get off on a real good thing. I don't know whether he's enjoying himself with those freak effects or just trying to make money... now this is getting to sound like Murder in the Hencoop. I have to laugh when I hear this. But really it's a shame; he's a talented musician and could really play if he wanted to. I heard

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records reviewed by allen eager

Allen Eager was given no information whatever about the records either before or during his blindfold test.

1. Coleman Hawkins. *Bean-a-Re-Bop* (Aladdin). Hawkins, tenor; Miles Davis, trumpet; Kai Winding, trombone; Hank Jones, comp. & arr.

2. Benny Carter. *I Can't Escape From You* (Capitol). Carter, alto, & arr.

3. Stan Kenton. *Opus in Pastels* (Capitol). Five saxes and rhythm section. Comp. & arr. Kenton.

4. Johnny Hodges. *A Flower is a Lovesome Thing*. (Sunrise). Hodges, alto; Billy Strayhorn, piano, comp. & arr.

5. Lucky Thompson. *Just One More Chance* (Victor). Thompson, tenor & arr.

6. Bud Freeman. *The Eel* (Bluebird, 1939). Freeman, tenor.

7. Arnett Cobb. *Still Flyin'* (Apollo).

8. Louis Armstrong. *Muggles* (Columbia, 1928). Armstrong, trumpet; Jimmy Strong, clarinet; Earl Hines, piano; Mancy Cara, banjo; Zutty Singleton, drums.

9. Benny Goodman Sextet. *Nagasaki* (Capitol). Goodman, clarinet; Red Norvo, vibes; Mel Powell, piano; Al Hendrickson, guitar.

10. Frankie Trumbauer. *Singin' The Blues* (Columbia, 1927). Trumbauer, C Melody sax; Bix Beiderbecke, cornet.

11. Duke Ellington. *Raincheck* (Victor). Comp. & arr. Strayhorn. Juan Tizol, trombone; Ben Webster, tenor.

12. Count Basie. *Five at Five* (Decca). Lester Young, tenor; Jack Washington, baritone; Harry Edison, trumpet & arr.

January 1948

ah, bitterness!

(Continued from page 20)

vious instrument, the xylophone... not too swingin'... I'm sorry again—and again! One star.

10. You can take that off; I've played it a million times, know it backwards... If you stopped someone on the street you'd probably find their idol is Babe Ruth or Jackie Robinson. To me, though, my shining light—the man I quiver and shiver in front of, who makes me feel so small and unnecessary, the *one* man—is Mr. Ellington. Books have been written about him... but I'm only supposed to review this record. The sole fact that Duke discovered and brought to light Jimmy Blanton is enough for me... Just as true credit should go to the great Bird and Diz for a new sound in music, so equal credit must go to Blanton, who showed all us hungry bass players the way out of the forest. I don't particularly dig bass solos, due to the instrument's frightful limitations, but the sound Jimmy got, whether with just Duke or with the big band, was the greatest sound to date from a bass. How well he would have teamed with Diz and Charlie, were he here today... Three stars.

11. Basie's band was the best example of early riff music; establishing a riff, playing it behind soloists, making it louder, playing it an octave higher, shooting a horn out of the ensemble to blow above it... Basie was one of the first to use that sound of swing in head arrangements. Lester sounded real cool in spots here, but for today's performance all around I'd give it two stars.

12. When I was home with a broken leg I used to practise with this record, to get my fingers back... when this first came out I was so excited I ran to see Dizzy's band at the Apollo and ended up congratulating everybody in the band as if they'd been the Army football team flushed from a victory over Navy. John Gillespie is probably one of the greatest musicians ever to come from anywhere within these 48 states. I'm sincerely rooting that the band takes over music, so that my efforts in music will also, in turn, not be laughed at by

the conformists. As for Ray Brown—we bass men don't talk often about other bass players, but I'd like to tell everybody I think Ray Brown is blowing about as cool as you can blow today. I tip my bebop cap to him. Four and a half stars! (Note: Maximum rating is four, as Chubby knew. —L.F.)

13. No stars for this... An early Woody Herman record at which both Woody and I used to laugh heartily. Not just this record, but the style. From the viewpoint of a sideman of the once great Herman band, I have this to say for Woody: he's come down with many different sounding bands within the last ten years, and right from the first has kept abreast as much as possible. Right now he's forming a new band which I sincerely feel will better the old one by far. He is a smart man to surround himself with good-thinking performers; the result is always hilarious in some manner. Good luck, Woody—I hope you have the swingin'est band in the world—next to mine!...

afterthoughts by chubby

At this time I have the insanest desire to sneak away with a stenographer and come home with a book called "Ah Bitterness!" or "Why Did I Ever Become a Musician?" I have chosen a form of music to play sincerely. But it's difficult to keep playing with practically every faction against you... the older musicians, a certain element of critics who know nothing and dictate everything; publishers recording firms, your Al Jolsons and Al Jolson-lovers—a real Down-With-Youth program. Somewhere, someday, we modern American youths hope to present our music at the correct level so that it may be understood and appreciated.

On December 10 I'm sailing to the Continent in search of nice treatment, respect for my sound, and general well-wishing from the listening people and from those who control music. I hope I find what I'm looking for. If not, I'm coming back to America and opening a delicatessen. At least there'll be food for some of my hungry musician friends!

next month's blindfold test:
that up and bopping tenorman,
young Allen Eager

METRONOME

December, 1947

January, 1948

lester is the master!

(Continued from page 34)

him at the Swing Club in Hollywood and he really played then—but he didn't have a Cadillac then either. Well, they're trying to swing here anyway, so it's gotta have two stars.

8. That trumpet reminds me of the conception that Louis has, although I know it's not him. If this was made less than ten years ago it gets zero. If it's twenty years old, you can at least say the trumpet had some conception of time, better than the rest of them. Those same men, if they'd been born at a later date, and with later-day conditioning, would have produced a pretty good record at this time. But this is impossible to appreciate except as an antique piece. Rhythm section is too horrible to describe, reminds me of the carpenters I hear working when I wake up

every morning; but the clarinet is worst... For this kind of music, Louis was one of the most tremendous influences of all time. His time, mostly, and he played good notes too. If there had been no Louis, there'd have been no Roy, and with no Roy there wouldn't have been a Dizzy... no rating.

9. Benny is great; he's a wonderful technician, gets a fine sound; he could be so great today but his conception of jazz has slipped so far behind. You're not irritated by what he plays, though, because of the beautiful sound he gets. Vibes sound like Johnny White—no, Red Norvo, am I kidding? Piano good touch, but his solo and the guitar are nothing much. One star.

afterthoughts by allen

Somehow I don't feel I said what I actually thought, because to me a record is either good or bad. Of the whole bunch you played me, the only one I'd have at home for my own pleasure would be the Lester. And maybe *Raincheck*.

I like Basie's band, Dizzy's band, Charlie Parker... I can get along on a very limited diet as far as jazz goes. Outside of jazz—well, everyone from Debussy up. Ravel, Hindemith, Stravinsky, some of Shostakovitch, Prokofiev — the *Scythian Suite*, wonderful—Schönberg; Berg's violin concerto... I couldn't listen to a steady diet of jazz. But they offset each other—the more I switch 'em, the better each sounds!



bird sends the heftis

neal and frances like spike,
can't get together on garner,
in double blindfold test

by leonard feather



MR. AND MRS. Neal Hefti (Frances Wayne) took part this month in a new kind of Blindfold Test. For the first time, I had two blindfoldees instead of one; and for the first time, the entire interview was transcribed on a tape recording machine, so that there would be indisputable evidence that the following quotes are a verbatim report. *N.* means Neal, *F.* is Frances.

1. *N:* Sounds like an old Benny Goodman band; is that Vido? Ben Webster maybe? That Fletcher Henderson style arrangement . . . *F:* I like it . . . This girl sounds like Carolyn Grey, but she's unfamiliar to me . . . that's Benny Goodman . . . no, that didn't sound like him there; is that Jerry Wald? *N:* Naah! . . . Say, I don't think a girl should sing that song. *F:* What's she saying, "Ain't she pretty?" Yeah, that's right, why do they do things like that? *N:* Her words were pretty clear. I don't think it's a Fletcher arrangement; it's modern, yet it isn't. *F:* Sounds like '39, doesn't it? *N:* Well, sounds like a guy today trying to write in that style. I'd just say two stars; if it was done seven or eight years ago I'd give it a much higher rating. *F:* I think that was made in the last two years, because Benny changed girl singers so many times in the last two years and this girl is unfamiliar to me. Two stars.

2. *F:* That Billy Butterfield? *N:* No. I don't like that. *F:* I don't like the saxes. *N:* No, they're out of tune. Very dead. Is that Roy? Sounds like him, but don't sound as good as him—might have been after he had his teeth pulled. Buster Harding's arrangement, huh? Yes, that's Roy. Average arrangement and a very bad performance by everybody. I give it one star. Didn't even seem to be a good record mechanically. *F:* I agree, except that I didn't know who it was; I didn't care for the saxes or the arrangement—but I'm just the second part of this—er—duet!

3. *F:* Mildred Bailey. *N:* That's nice piano. *F:* Yes, nice background for Mildred. *N:* This type of song should be in a good Broadway musical. *F:* Wonderful music, wonderful lyrics. Nice piano. Ralph Burns? *N:* No, I don't think that's Ralph. Is it the trio that's over at the Blue Angel? *F:* Yeah, they're wonderful—I worked with them—Ellis Larkins? Reason I said Ralph is because he's worked with Mildred. *N:* . . . Well, I

liked everything except the vocal. I liked the song, I liked the background, I liked the words. *F:* Mildred's a big girl; you'd better look out! *N:* Well, I do have respect for her position, but I don't care for that style of singing; I don't think she has a good voice and I think she sings out of tune. *F:* I think when she goes for those top tones, she gets as though she isn't going to make it. But I know she has plenty of fans and she doesn't need these two right here. I'll tell you something, though; Mildred spoke her words clearer than she has on many a record. *N:* I might be grading this with prejudice, but . . . *F:* I'm not a Bailey fan, but I can see nice things about it. She sings the song with feeling, a la Mildred Bailey, which is good enough for

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records reviewed by the heftis

The Heftis' opinions were based entirely on the evidence of their ears. They had no information whatever about the records they heard, and were thus completely free from all prejudices, as critics should be.

1. Benny Goodman. *Ooh Looka There Ain't She Pretty* (Capitol). Goodman, clarinet. Emma Lou Welch, vocal.
2. Roy Eldridge. *Lover Come Back To Me* (Decca). Eldridge, trumpet. Buster Harding, arranger.
3. Mildred Bailey. *Born To Be Blue* (Majestic). With Ellis Larkins (piano) and trio.
4. Spike Jones. *My Old Flame* (Victor). Ballad vocal not identified; Peter Lorre vocal by Paul Frees.
5. Joe Marsala. *My Melancholy Baby* (Black and White). Cliff Jackson, piano; Buddy Christian, drums; Irv Lang, bass; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Joe Marsala, clarinet; Chuck Wayne, guitar.
6. Rose Murphy. *When I Grow Too Old To Dream* (Majestic). Murphy, vocal and piano.
7. Doc Evans. *Bugle Call Rag* (Disc). Evans, cornet; Ed Hubble, trombone; Tony Parenti, clarinet; Joe Sullivan, piano; George Wettling, drums. Recorded 1947.
8. Ethel Waters. *Careless Love* (Victor). With Herman Chittison (piano) and trio. Recorded 1947.
9. Stan Kenton. *I Told Ya I Love Ya, Now Get Out* (Capitol). June Christy, vocal. Pete Rugolo, arranger.
10. Charlie Parker. *Bird's Nest* (Dial). Parker, alto; Erroll Garner, piano; Harold West, drums; Red Callender, bass.

February 1948

bird sends the heftis

(Continued from page 20)

me; she's Mildred and she's no one else, and I give her a lot of credit for being herself. I give it three stars because it's a pretty-sounding record. *N*: No, I give it one! *F*: Compromise is two. 4. *N*: A boy should not sing that song! *F*: Don't tell me this is Gordon MacRae on Capitol. He sings with about as much feeling as—um—as nothing would. *N*: Is that MacRae? What happened, he didn't sing the second eight? Sounds like a beautiful arrangement, but he sings it too jumpy. *F*: He doesn't have nice phrasing. May be a nice guy, whoever it is. I think it's Gordon; I heard something else he did. (After siren effect) *F*: OH! All right, then—everything's forgiven, come back home! (Laughter) Peter Lorre—give him four stars! Is this Spike Jones? Those records are nice for a change. *N*: I give it four stars. *F*: You can see that Neal's a very happy guy! *N*: If that had continued like the first chorus I'd have given it one, but since I know they were kidding . . . *F*: We both give it four—that makes eight stars!

5. *N*: Oh, play that pie-anna! Who's this, Mike Levin? . . . (Will you put that in?) *F*: We have few friends as it is! *N*: George Simon playing drums? *N*: . . . Dizzy! . . . is that Joe Marsala's little band? Was that Chuck Wayne on the intro? I didn't like the piano. *F*: No, that sounded like 1920. *N*: Yes, that's Chuck. *F*: Strange combination; bebop towards the end and that other kind of stuff at the beginning. Well, at least it'll meet everybody halfway! . . . you know, maybe I'm corny, but Joe Marsala has a nice . . . *N*: Tone. Yes, I don't mind him at all; I like him for that style. *F*: I don't like the tune. *N*: Well, I didn't like the piano or the bass; I liked Dizzy, and Joe Marsala; Joe played with a lot of feeling. I'm not strictly one way, I like everything. I'd give it three stars; Dizzy brought it up to a good record.

6. *F*: Rose Murphy! *N*: Didn't Johnny Long do this routine with these words? (Partly—L.F.) *F*: She's a wonderful girl. I hope she has lots of luck, but it's nothing I'd care to listen to for long. I like to hear nice round tones, nice words. She and Lutchter are in the novelty singer category. I worked with Rose at the Blue Angel. If Nellie Lutchter makes it, I'd like to see Rose make it. *N*: Well I'll give it three, for her originality. *F*: Same here. *N*: I understand she's been singing that way for quite a while. *F*: She talks like that, too. This is my first chance to speak my mind, but I don't want to be too brash; but I think she's better than Nellie Lutchter. Paging Carlos Gastel—he'll probably kill me!

7. *F*: These are the hodge-podges I don't care about. I don't care if Dizzy plays on this record, I still don't like it! Are you speechless, Neal? *N*: It's killing me, knocking me out! (Laughter) *F*: You hear one of these things and you've heard 'em all. Is that what they call Dixieland? *N*: That's what I've heard. *F*: I don't know who's playing or whose song it is; I don't know anything about it except that I don't like it . . . is that Woody Herman? . . . hey, hey! . . . however, I am glad that they make these records, because there are people that want to hear them, Neal. *N*: It's probably a very old record. *F*: No, they still make 'em today. *N*: I think the trombone played best. I give it one star. *F*: One star 'cause they took time out to play.

8. *N*: Don't care for her. Nice words. *F*: And she's not shouting, the way they usually shout the blues. You know, that voice sounds as though I know her, and then it gets away . . . *N*: Sounds a bit like Mildred Bailey . . . *F*: No, her voice is too

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bird sends the heftis

(Continued from page 40)

low and too round. *N*: I know it's not her, but . . . *F*: I want to take a shot in the dark. It sounds like Ethel Waters today—not like she was. *N*: I don't think it's the type of song for that type of voice. *F*: I like it. Doesn't have the same old stuff you hear on blues; and she's not yelling; I don't like yelling. *N*: I do. I like to hear them shout! *F*: Not when it doesn't come from within, I don't want to hear that . . . Sounds like she had a nice voice once. *N*: What d'you give it, Frances? Two stars? I liked the background, the words, the whole thought of the song, but the voice wasn't suited to it. *F*: Yes it was. It sounded like a charming person, whoever it was. Even when she's not singing well, the charm comes out. Two stars? *N*: Two stars.

9. *F*: Stan Kenton? *N*: . . . Yes. *F*: I didn't even have to wait as long as you to guess, Neal! . . . June is singing this nice. Doesn't have the straight tone she uses sometimes, like she did on *Alamo*. Well, this is where I'm prejudiced. I know this is Stan, and I like everything about him, personally and professionally. I like his band. You know it's him, right off. And I think this is one of June's best vocals. What do you think, Neal? *N*: She sings more in tune. *F*: She's clear on the words. *N*: Couple of clams, couple of sloppy points, but it suits June to a T, and the arrangement's nice. I give it three stars. *F*: Same here.

10. *F*: (kiddingly) I wonder who this could be? What do they call him, "Bird"? I still say you don't have to be hep to like this sort of stuff. When you like this sort of stuff they straightaway think of you as a jitterbug. I don't think it's fair. 'Cause if there's anybody that could be quite corny, it could be me. And I like him. *N*: Don't like the piano. Um-cha, um-cha. *F*: He's not going um-cha, he's playing. He knows what he wants to play, at least. It isn't Erroll Garner, is it? I like it. *N*: I'll give it four although I didn't like the piano. Charlie Parker is probably the greatest soloist of today, with the greatest beat and the greatest idea for melodies. *F*: I think so too. *N*: He reminds me of Lester Young in a way—not that he plays like him, but—*F*: The wealth of ideas. *N*: The different ideas, and they're so melodic; not that I like Lester today as well as I used to. *F*: I thought the piano was all right. He may not have as light a touch . . . *N*: Oh, his touch and technique are all right; I just didn't think he fit too well with the group. Play it again . . . very flighty . . . is it Dodo? *F*: Of course, I'm not a musician, I just purely go by my ear . . . *N*: That's what a musician is supposed to do! You give it four, Frances? *F*: Yes. *N*: It's almost a ragtime piano to me. Play Charlie's first solo again; he's really great on this, really starts off swinging. Anything else to say, Frances? *F*: No, except that it was nice ending the test with that record!

the new look in music

**tatum still the greatest,
tristano becomes andre previn,
bob wilber becomes bechet
as king cole takes the blindfold test**

by leonard feather

NOT SO MANY years ago, Nat "King" Cole was a trailblazer. His trio set a charmingly original pattern, since copied by so many other units that today even the original no longer excites. Commercial success has caused Nat to devote more of his time to conferences with song pluggers and agency executives, devising means to maintain his material position, and less time to sessions listening to good music, or devising means to advance himself musically. It's interesting to bear these facts in mind when you examine Nat's reactions to the records he heard.

the records

1. That's what I call the Old Look—but still jazz, with a good beat. The piano starts like Earl—that Chicago style—but I'm sure it's not. Clarinet has a reedy tone, like Edmond Hall . . . tenor—I don't know—Ben Websterish. Baritone sounded like Carney at first, then it didn't . . . Alto player must have been doubling from clarinet. Overall, a fair record, relaxed; solos nice; nothing outstanding. Two stars.
2. Sounds like Herbie Fields. That eccentric stuff. Nice technique. Sounds good for the first part, starts off with nice feeling. Piano is nice, shuffle rhythm used well for that type of performance. Three stars.
3. If that doesn't sound like Lionel Hampton I'll eat my hat . . . it is him! . . . Could the piano be Pete Johnson? Is that an old record? It's got to be more than eight, ten years—don't tell me it was made in the last five years. Basically it doesn't stand for anything. They could have made a cute idea out of that song, too, especially when you know it's Hamp. I'm going to have to give this one star. Lionel's voice is better than on most of the records he sings on, and the vibes got a good sound; saved it from getting no stars.

MARCH, 1948



4. Sidney Bechet? . . . These guys are forceful; they drive; they don't hold back a thing. That's Bechet, I'm sure. With all due respect, I don't go for that type of music. But it does drive. I've known Bechet ever since he was with Noble Sissle, and he certainly plays with his heart, his own way of thinking, and all the zest he can put into it. Two stars.

5. Sounds like Andre Previn to me, I don't know why. That guitar and the piano—if one would give the other a chance to play, they'd sound better; they're both trying to play solos. It didn't have the drive they were trying to get. I didn't care

(Continued on page 31)

records reviewed by nat cole

King Cole was given no information whatever about the records either before or during his Blindfold Test.

1. Ten Cats and a Mouse. *Ja-Da* (Capitol). Red Norvo, piano; Paul Weston, clarinet; Benny Carter, tenor; Dave Cavanaugh, baritone; Eddie Miller, alto.
2. Herbie Fields. *Dardanella* (Victor). Fields, soprano sax; Joe Gatto, piano.
3. Lionel Hampton Quartet. *Ridin' On the L and N* (Decca). Hampton, vocal and vibes; Dan Burley, piano. Recorded 1946.
4. Bob Wilber & His Wild Cats. *Wild Cat Blues* (Commodore). Wilber, clarinet. (No Bechet.)
5. Lennie Tristano. *Blue Boy* (Keynote). Tristano, piano; Billy Bauer, guitar.
6. Al Lerner Quintet. *Hot Rock* (Black & White). Lerner, piano; Hoyt Bohannon, trombone; Jack Dumont, alto.
7. Dinah Washington. *Mellow Mama Blues* (Apollo). Lucky Thompson, tenor; Milt Jackson, vibes; Wilbert Baranco, piano.
8. Buddy Weed Trio. *Sugar* (MGM). Weed, piano and vocal.
9. Dave Lambert & Buddy Stewart. *Cent and a Half* (Keynote). Lambert & Stewart, vocal; Red Rodney, trumpet; Al Haig, piano; Stan Levey, drums.
10. Art Tatum. *Danny Boy* (Asch). Piano solo.

bobby, bix and bebop

views by hackett
on racket by jacquet
and sundry other sounds
in the blindfold test

by leonard feather

BOBBY HACKETT is a wonderful all-around musician who happens to have been identified with Dixieland. I've learned to respect Bobby for the impeccable taste of his own performances as well as for his intelligent judgment of other people's, whether or not our opinions happen to coincide.

Bobby's blindfold test included a wide range of records, from Dixieland to bebop, from 1924 to 1948, from small bands to big. A recording of the interview was made on a tape recorder so that there could be no possibility of misquoting his comments, which were as follows.

the records

1. That's good . . . is this Charlie Shavers? . . . That's the kind of bebop I like. Trumpet's wonderful, whoever it is. Rhythm nice, tenor nice, good theme; a very neat piece of music. I give it four stars.
2. What can I say? Anything Louis does is *ten* stars with me! . . . that must be Barney Bigard, huh? The band seemed a little sloppy . . . trombone fair. I know it wasn't Teagarden. This is hard to criticize; I'd be a bad critic. Two stars, I guess—except for Louis, give him a hundred!
3. I heard this on the radio; there's no need to play it. I can't make it! The drums are good, but he had a tough time. It's too much of a distortion of the tune *Fine and Dandy*. One star for the drummer.
4. Benny himself sounds allergic to the accordion! Piano's very good—probably Mel Powell. That's wonderful except for the accordion, and I'm not crazy about electric guitars. Benny's the greatest clarinet player in the world, but he shouldn't fool around with novelty instruments. Rhythm was fine, composition very cute. Three stars.
5. Sounds like Beiderbecke on a real bad day. Is that a cornet? That's not Beiderbecke? If it is he sure sounds confused. This is why people don't like Dixieland! That is atrocious. (But I still think Beiderbecke is the greatest white trumpet player of all time.) Zero.
6. I like this record. This guy on guitar's very good, whoever he is . . . if you play an electric guitar like that, it sounds good. Trumpet gets a nice tone. Is that Cootie's band? That's pretty; I'd give that four.
7. What's that drummer building? . . . This sounds like a high school gymnasium. I recognize Bill—sometimes I like the way

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the blindfold test

(Continued from page 19)

for the guitar solo. Piano nice in spots. I would say that Previn is a greater musician than he is a jazz musician. He's confused, doesn't know which way he wants to go. Two stars.

6. That's real great—and different! I like the instrumentation—trombone and alto and rhythm. It's difficult for a slide trombone to achieve that kind of performance, precision and execution. I don't know but it sounds like Vic Dickenson would play if he were very active today, but I wouldn't bet on it. Alto is something like Willie Smith or Benny Carter. This is good jazz. If it were with the usual horns it wouldn't be so great, but that trombone-alto blend is fine. Reminds me of when they used to use the trombone as a fourth part with three reeds. As to who they are—well, it's hard to guess nowadays, when there are so many musicians playing good, and so many imitators playing as good as the originals. I liked the odd tone, odd sound—it's bebop but it's swinging. Bebop has to have a beat too, you know. Four stars.

7. Why is she singing so high? It gives her a metallic sound—but I always like the way Dinah sings the blues; and this is the best background she's ever had. Who's that, Lucky Thompson? Vibes aren't Red—might be that boy who played with Dizzy—Milton Jackson. Band and tenor wonderful, nice fill-ins by the piano, good vibes; Dinah should lower her voice back to where it used to be. Three stars.

8. This reminds me of the Page Cavanaugh Trio. Introduction real nice; very good balance and quality. Vocal not bad. They've got a relaxed, subdued, Dardanelle sound. Two stars.

9. This sounds like Dave Lambert and Buddy Stewart. It's nice. You listen to this much scat singing and you get to thinking about Ella. Nice trumpet—basically Dizzy, but more subdued; sounds like McGhee. Piano solo nice. Good drum break; sometimes you get lost on these rebop drum breaks. Two stars.

10. That's a great record, one of my favorites of his. Just put: no comment, Art Tatum, four stars!

afterthoughts by nat

I haven't had much of a chance to dig the new pianists around. I've heard Hank Jones and like him very much. There's such a lot of good pianists around nowadays. As for the new bands, I'd say Dizzy and Kenton are setting the pace, and McKinley is coming on pretty strong too. All three distinctive styles, too—they all have the New Look!

bobby, bix and bebop

(Continued from page 25)

afterthoughts by bobby

What bands do I like? Well, I like Tex Beneke's band, believe it or not—it's like Glenn's old band, plus the strings, which are well worked in.

I don't believe in calling things bebop—if it's good, it's good, no matter what kind of music it is. The best Dixieland records are the old Muggsy Spanier Bluebirds. I never believed in getting four or five guys playing together and not knowing what each other is doing. You have to have some construction. Dixieland could be good if you could get all the right guys together in one band—but it doesn't happen!

radio news and views

too many cooks

spoil the broth
for campbell and crosby

CAMPBELL'S SOUP must have more money than C. In addition to its famous first full-page of advertising in all magazines, it sponsors *Club 15*, a modest little fifteen-minute show every Monday through Friday night at 7:30, sponsored by (steady now!) Bob Crosby, Margaret Whiting, the Andrews Sisters, the Modernaires, Jerry Gray's orchestra and announcer Del Sharbutt. This crowded situation is somewhat alleviated by the fact that Monday, Wednesday and Friday Miss Whiting and the Modernaires are absent, and Tuesday and Thursday the Andrews Sisters are among the missing. But it's an awful lot of programming for a fifteen-minute spot.

Since Bob is on the air five times a week, it's no wonder the Crosby show. The Younger Brother makes a good try, this time of thing being much more in his line than fronting (and trying to sing with) a bunch of Dixieland Bob-Cats. It's unfortunate that Bob, who doesn't attempt to trade in on the fame of his relationship except for a few vague jokes about "my brother," should sound so much like Bing, and yet not quite be able to achieve the well-defined personality, the smoothness in handling lines and people, that Bing displays, or the highly stylized Crosby singing voice.

Sometimes helped, sometimes hindered by a breezy script, comes off best on the nights that the Andrews girls are present. Their cheerful roars when they join him in a song make a reasonable facsimile of the records they've done with Bing; the exchange of chatter between Bob, the brash Patty and the no-nonsense too-bright character LaVerne assumes is sometimes highly amusing. The ballad solos by Bob and the Andrews Sisters specialties are not so diverting. Tuesdays and Thursdays are something else again. Margaret Whiting has developed a raucous radio voice and personality, evidently an attempt to keep up with Patty's uninhibited yells, but it is entirely lacking the Andrews sense of humor and fits poorly with the mushy type of song she sings. The Modernaires are in there only to sing with Bob, who feels the need of choral support every evening. One gathers, and to sing the "Mm-mm, good!" commercial which Patty, Maxene and LaVerne give such a zestful rendition the other nights.

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All in all, it's mostly inoffensive, occasionally musical, and sometimes downright funny, and if you don't have to rise from your chair to dial your radio, it might be worth your while to investigate.

—B. H.

METRONOME — APRIL, 1948

bobby, bix and bebop

views by hackett
on racket by jacquet
and sundry other sounds
in the blindfold test

by leonard feather

BOBBY HACKETT is a wonderful all-around musician who happens to have been identified with Dixieland. I've learned to respect Bobby for the impeccable taste of his own performances as well as for his intelligent judgment of other people's, whether or not our opinions happen to coincide.

Bobby's blindfold test included a wide range of records, from Dixieland to bebop, from 1924 to 1943, from small bands to big. A recording of the interview was made on a tape recorder so that there could be no possibility of misquoting his comments, which were as follows.

the records

1. That's good . . . is this Charlie Shavers? . . . That's the kind of bebop I like. Trumpet's wonderful, whoever it is. Rhythm nice, tenor nice, good theme; a very neat piece of music. I give it four stars.
2. What can I say? Anything Louis does is ten stars with me! . . . that must be Barney Bigard, huh? The band seemed a little sloppy . . . trombone fair. I know it wasn't Teagarden. This is hard to criticize; I'd be a bad critic. Two stars, I guess—except for Louis, give him a hundred!
3. I heard this on the radio; there's no need to play it. I can't make it! The drums are good, but he had a tough time. It's too much of a distortion of the tune *Fine and Dandy*. One star for the drummer.
4. Benny himself sounds allergic to the accordion! Piano's very good—probably Mel Powell. That's wonderful except for the accordion, and I'm not crazy about electric guitars. Benny's the greatest clarinet player in the world, but he shouldn't fool around with novelty instruments. Rhythm was fine, composition very cute. Three stars.
5. Sounds like Beiderbecke on a real bad day. Is that a cornet? That's not Beiderbecke? If it is he sure sounds confused. This is why people don't like Dixieland! That is atrocious. (But I still think Beiderbecke is the greatest white trumpet player of all time.) Zero.
6. I like this record. This guy on guitar's very good, whoever he is . . . if you play an electric guitar like that, it sounds good. Trumpet gets a nice tone. Is that Cootie's band? That's pretty; I'd give that four.
7. What's that drummer building? . . . This sounds like a high school gymnasium. I recognize Bill—sometimes I like the way

METRONOME — APRIL, 1948

the blindfold test

(Continued from page 19)

for the guitar solo. Piano nice in spots. I would say that Previn is a greater musician than he is a jazz musician. He's confused, doesn't know which way he wants to go. Two stars.

6. That's real great—and different! I like the instrumentation—trombone and alto and rhythm. It's difficult for a slide trombone to achieve that kind of performance, precision and execution. I don't know but it sounds like Vic Dickenson would play if he were very active today, but I wouldn't bet on it. Alto is something like Willie Smith or Benny Carter. This is good jazz. If it were with the usual horns it wouldn't be so great, but that trombone-alto blend is fine. Reminds me of when they used to use the trombone as a fourth part with three reeds. As to who they are—well, it's hard to guess nowadays, when there are so many musicians playing good, and so many imitators playing as good as the originals. I liked the odd tone, odd sound—it's bebop but it's swinging. Bebop has to have a beat too, you know. Four stars.

7. Why is she singing so high? It gives her a metallic sound—but I always like the way Dinah sings the blues; and this is the best background she's ever had. Who's that, Lucky Thompson? Vibes aren't Red—might be that boy who played with Dizzy—Milton Jackson. Band and tenor wonderful, nice fill-ins by the piano, good vibes; Dinah should lower her voice back to where it used to be. Three stars.

8. This reminds me of the Page Cavanaugh Trio. Introduction real nice; very good balance and quality. Vocal not bad. They've got a relaxed, subdued, Dardanelle sound. Two stars.

9. This sounds like Dave Lambert and Buddy Stewart. It's nice. You listen to this much scat singing and you get to thinking about Ella. Nice trumpet—basically Dizzy, but more subdued; sounds like McGehee. Piano solo nice. Good drum break; sometimes you get lost on these bebop drum breaks. Two stars.

10. That's a great record, one of my favorites of his. Just put: no comment, Art Tatum, four stars!

afterthoughts by nat

I haven't had much of a chance to dig the new pianists around. I've heard Hank Jones and like him very much. There's such a lot of good pianists around nowadays. As for the new bands, I'd say Dizzy and Kenton are setting the pace, and McKinley is coming on pretty strong too. All three distinctive styles, too—they all have the New Look!

bobby, bix and bebop

(Continued from page 25)

afterthoughts by bobby

What bands do I like? Well, I like Tex Beneke's band, believe it or not—it's like Glenn's old band, plus the strings, which are well worked in.

I don't believe in calling things bebop—if it's good, it's good, no matter what kind of music it is. The best Dixieland records are the old Muggsy Spanier Bluebirds. I never believed in getting four or five guys playing together and not knowing what each other is doing. You have to have some construction. Dixieland could be good if you could get all the right guys together in one band—but it doesn't happen!

radio news and views

too many cooks

spoil the broth
for campbell and crosby

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—B. H.

METRONOME — APRIL, 1948



don't know what symphony it is; I do very little listening to symphonies but I enjoy them when I hear them. Every sound is perfect, the arrangement perfect, and it's exciting; you don't know what's coming. Make this one four stars.

7. At first I thought this one was one of those Ralph Flanagan arrangements from the album; strictly in the Glenn Miller vein with plunger brass, lead clarinet and saxes. But then I heard little spots of Dixieland and a solo that sounded like Bobby Hackett on a bad day; now I'm all mixed up. The trumpet solo really was quite good, though; rest of the arrangement was very disjointed; the phrases didn't seem to lead into each other. But the Miller sound at times was real good. Give it two stars.

8. That's a wild damn thing, isn't it! Sort of a Count Basie type, but I don't think it's Basie. Trombone in the first chorus sounds as if it must be a valve trombone, he gets around so fast. Trumpet fine, a little like the trumpet player who used to be with Lunceford. The tenor is great; I get a kick out of that type of thing, and those freak notes with the trick fingering. This is an exciting record. Three stars.

9. Now you've got me wondering again! I was all right up
(Continued on page 39)

records reviewed by tex beneke

Tex was given no information whatever about the records.

1. Charlie Parker. *Cheers* (Dial). Parker, alto; Howard McGhee, trumpet & comp.; Wardell Gray, tenor; Dodo Marmarosa, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar.
 2. Claude Thornhill. *Just About This Time Last Night* (Columbia). Fran Warren, vocal.
 3. Charlie Ventura. *Eleven Sixty* (National). Ventura, tenor; Kai Winding, trombone; Buddy Stewart, bop vocal.
 4. Duke Ellington. *Cotton Tail* (Victor). Ben Webster, tenor; Harry Carney, baritone.
 5. Benny Goodman. *Give Me Those Good Old Days* (Capitol). Mel Powell, piano & comp.-arr.
 6. Stokowski-NBC Symphony. Stravinsky, *The Fire Bird Suite*; I. *Introduction*, II. *The Fire Bird and Her Dance*. (Victor).
 - *7. Tribute to Glenn Miller. *Basin Street Blues* (Rainbow). Ralph Flanagan, arr.; Bobby Hackett, trumpet.
 8. Illinois Jacquet. *King Jacquet* (Victor). Jacquet, tenor; J. J. Johnson, slide trombone; Joe Newman, trumpet.
 - *9. Tribute to Glenn Miller. *Goodbye* (Rainbow). Artie Baker, clarinet; Ralph Flanagan, arr.
 10. Stan Kenton. *Thermopolae* (Capitol). Comp. & arr., Bob Graettinger.
 11. Lester Young. *D. C. Blues* (Aladdin). Young, tenor; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Dodo Marmarosa, piano.
- *These two sides are from an album by a pick-up band including a few Miller alumni, imitating the Miller style.

bop's tops in US jazz

britain's number one pianist,
george shearing,
now settled in the states,
leans heavily to what he calls
the 'wonderful modern progressives'
in his blindfold test



by leonard feather

HOW does American jazz in the flesh sound to an English musician who's just come to live here? Some of the answers will be found in this month's test, the subject being George Shearing, a 27-year-old Englishman who, after scaling all the heights in his native country, winning six annual *Melody Maker* polls as the No. 1 jazz pianist, crossed the Atlantic to find new territory to conquer.

George has amazed the hardened 52nd Streeters who've played with him at the Onyx and the Three Deuces. His ear is fantastic, and his style has made amazing strides (in a bop direction, of course) during his few months over here. No less remarkable is his keen perception as a listener and critic, which made him an exceptional candidate for the test.

No blindfold was needed, for George has never had the gift of sight.

the records

1. Half a tone higher would've been a good thing; his bottom register's a little weak—intonation too. This sounds as though they were under instructions not to get away from the melody. Pleasant commercial record, better than most singers in England—he benefits from the environment over here—good singers, good tunes all over the place. But I know a couple of English chaps who could do just as well—Denny Dennis, who's joined Tommy Dorsey, and Dick James—he used to be with Geraldo. Who is this? Either Sinatra or Damone. Two stars.

2. Lovely theme; but I've noticed the ensemble on a lot of bop records sounds as though they could have cleaned it up a bit. There's a fault in the balance, too—the man most responsible for obliterating a straight four-four in the rhythm sections today is the drummer, and you don't hear enough of him here—too much brass. Charlie and the other soloists are fine, and there's some very nice use of that second chord—the diminished. Rather unusual in a bop theme. Three stars.

3. I imagine this is Eddie Heywood. . . I always hate to hear the bass drum playing four in a bar after the more subtle way the bop boys use drums. . . this is a bit like Fats. . . I don't like the swing left hand any more. He obviously has technique, and they use the front line intelligently so you don't get too much of the piano. It was probably made two or three years ago, but the ideas aren't beyond 1940. I'm on dangerous ground trying to guess this sort of thing, having been 3000

miles away from it all. . . What's wrong with this is too many common triads, ordinary major chords, in the front line. Even the Andrews Sisters sometimes leave the fifth out and put in a sixth, which makes a more jazz-like sound. One star.

4. Very musical accompaniment; but I can't hear anyone sing this song after Sarah. This girl sounds a bit synthetic, as if it's adopted, not from the heart. But it's a lovely tune and worth listening to for the accompaniment alone. Three stars.

5. This is more left hand than I've ever heard from Basie. . . Cumbersome four-to-the-bar rhythm section; after we've heard the less obvious things happen in music, this doesn't sound so relaxed any more. Trombone full, sections good, ensemble scoring nice at the end. The bends on the long notes are more unanimously agreed on than you find in many cases. But it's a very uninteresting chord sequence for nowadays, and the piano's more old fashioned than the band. Two stars.

6. Arrangement's interesting—they do nearly everything it's possible to do with a trio. Nice theme, especially the last two bars of the middle eight—intelligent use of the flattened fifth. . . I always think on piano-guitar unisons, they should play an octave apart; this way it sounds too much like one instrument. I've always admired Cole as a singer and pianist, but

(Continued on page 26)

records reviewed by george shearing

George's opinions were based entirely on the evidence of his ears. He was given no information whatever about the records, either before or during the test.

1. Frank Sinatra. *We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye* (Columbia). With Page Cavanaugh Trio.
2. Charlie Parker. *Stupendous* (Dial). Parker, alto; Don Lamond, drums; Red Callender, bass.
3. Eddie Condon. *Just You, Just Me* (Decca). James P. Johnson, piano; Dave Tough, drums.
4. Mary Ann McCall. *Trouble Is A Man* (Columbia). With Carl Hoff orch.
5. Count Basie. *House Rent Boogie* (Victor). Basie, piano.
6. King Cole. *The Geek* (Capitol). Irving Ashby, guitar; Cole, piano.
7. Eddie Safranski. *Bass Mood* (Atlantic). Comp. & arr. Pete Rugolo. Safranski, bass.
8. Charlie Barnet. *Blue Lou* (Apollo). Recorded 1947.
9. J. J. Johnson. *Jay Bird* (Savoy). Johnson, trombone; Bud Powell, piano; Cecil Payne, alto; Leonard Gaskin, bass.
10. Jazz at the Philharmonic, Vol. III. *Sweet Georgia Brown* (Disc). Solos, in order: Mel Powell, piano; Charlie Parker, alto; Lester Young, tenor; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Willie Smith, alto; Charlie Ventura, tenor; Al Killian, trumpet.

June, 1948

bop's tops in US jazz

(Continued from page 16)

here he plays too many dotted quavers and semi-quavers (*dotted eighths and sixteenths to you*—L.F.). One note skips onto the next—sort of an exaggerated four-beat complex. Guitar solo fine; was it made after Moore left? I don't usually get a kick out of Moore. Three stars.

7. I always admire anyone who's trying to keep on the move, and I like this for its progressiveness; but the tuning and intonation of the bass are a bit off the road. Orchestration goes back in period a bit around the middle, but it's interesting. Three stars.

8. This almost sounds like a reissue, made in 1939. More of that unison at the end would have been an improvement. After they first announce that it is *Blue Lou*, that ever-repeated brass figure gets more stodgy every time you hear it. Back beats! We're as tired of hearing it as they are of playing it—it lags so much it almost comes *on* the beat. Musicians aren't playing bop in bands like this, but you hear little bop phrases and flattened fifths creeping in, so it can't be a reissue. One star.

9. I like this theme! Piano's nice, but a bit too busy behind the bass solo. Alto not too great, but trombone gets more exciting as it goes along. Ensemble not clean enough. Three stars.

10. Such a mixture of schools on this record—all styles. And it sounds like a private recording; all tops, no bass, though the bass drum's four-to-the-bar is too prominent. I liked the first alto man. Piano is a bit like Teddy Wilson. First trumpet solo good; sounds like Dizzy. First tenor sounds like Lester; I prefer him to the other tenor, his improvising brain is more alive, but both have tones that fit their styles. Trumpet at the end of the second part—well, *some* of those wild notes come off. I admire his facility, but it's done for public consumption, not good taste. I don't like the dated two-bar riffs covering up some of the solo work, and the endless jamming—there's no interest from the ensemble point of view. Two stars.

afterthoughts by george

Over here it's all scientifically worked out; you either have a whole band of bop men or a whole band of "beat" players. In England you just work with whomever you can get. But we kept up with the styles pretty well over there, considering that all the bop music was on small labels that only a few individuals could bring into the country. When *Things To Come* came out, it was too much for them to digest but it did give them some idea what bop was all about.

Of course, they don't have the places to hear music—no clubs, no 52nd Street. Just *People Will Say We're In Love* all night long at the high class clubs. There's nowhere you can play bop.

Of course, English musicians are beginning to find out how exciting bop is, how much deeper it goes into the subject of music, the way it analyzes more difficult chord progressions instead of only relying on an inspiring beat. To play bop you have to *know* more than to play anything that preceded it.

The British fans are coming around, too. Just before leaving England I did a farewell concert deep in the heart of Chingford, Essex, on a filthy, foggy night and got a few hundred people to come and listen to my trio playing bop all night (or as much as we knew about bop). We had some of the fans singing *Groovin' High* and *Hot House* along with us! There's still some following for Dixieland too, but not among the musicians. Of course, it's all very limited, and there's more room for all schools over here.

METRONOME

June, 1948



a little boyd told me
and wife ginnie powell joins in
as the raeburns take the blindfold test

by leonard feather

HAVING obtained some interesting results from a double-blindfold job on Neal Hefti and Frances Wayne, we repeated the idea this month with another married musical couple. As usual, the blindfoldees were asked to rate the records, four stars for excellent, three for good, two for fair, and one for nowhere.

Here's what the Raeburns had to say, as reported on a tape recording machine.

records reviewed by the raeburns

1. GINNIE: That's Ray McKinley. BOYD: Sounds as though they're taking the *Near You* idea and making something good out of it! . . . This is a beautiful thing . . . nice tasty piano. Johnny Potoker? GINNIE: This is the most interesting new modern band, outside of Boyd's, that's come along in a long time. BOYD: And they keep a fine beat going. GINNIE: This is the kind of thing Boyd and I like to hear him do, but it's those *Red Silk Stockings* novelties that the public seems to want from him. BOYD: Well, he does a great job selling those things too, just enough tongue-in-cheek to make it enjoyable. What'll we give it, four stars? GINNIE: Sure!
2. GINNIE: Ha, Peggy Lee. She's wonderful . . . she sounds like she's punching a little more than usual, which I'd rather she didn't do . . . band gets a fine relaxed beat . . . For anybody else I'd give this four stars, but putting Peggy up against herself, I'd give it three. BOYD: I'll go along with my wife; she knows more about singers than I do.
3. GINNIE: I wouldn't know who this was if I listened to it fifty times. Dizzy? BOYD: Wait, I'll tell you . . . Kenton. Is that Eddie Bert on trombone? Bart Varsalona on bass trom-

bone . . . GINNIE: He's got to *prove* something with every number. BOYD. Oh, that's a beautiful sound! (*trumpet dissonances*) GINNIE: No it's not, if he's serious about it. I'm afraid he's very serious about a lot of things I think are very funny. I'm sorry, but I could not enjoy dinner listening to

(Continued on page 19)

the records

The Raeburns' opinions were based entirely on the evidence of their ears. They had no information whatever about the records they heard, and were thus completely free from all prejudices, as critics should be.

1. Ray McKinley. *Mint Julep* (Majestic). Comp. & arr. Eddie Sauter. Johnny Potoker, piano.
2. Peggy Lee. *Them There Eyes* (Capitol). Dave Barbour Orch.
3. Stan Kenton. *The Peanut Vendor* (Capitol). Milton Bernhardt, trombone; Bart Varsalona, bass trombone. Arr. Pete Rugolo.
4. Toronto Symphony. Holst; *The Planets: III. Mercury*. The Winged Messenger. (Victor).
5. Georgie Auld. *In The Middle* (Musicraft). Auld, tenor; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Shadow Wilson, drums. Comp. & arr. Turk van Lake.
6. Thelonious Monk. *Thelonious* (Blue Note). Monk, piano.
7. Tex Williams. *Artistry In Western Swing* (Capitol). Pedro De Paul, accordion; Paul Featherstone, harp and flute; no harmonica listed on label. Two electric guitars, one standard and one steel guitar; trumpet, three violins and rhythm.
8. Beecham-London Philharmonic. Delius: *Hassan—Incidental Music, Interlude Act I and Serenade* (Columbia).
9. Red Nichols. *You're My Everything* (Capitol). Nichols, cornet; Herbie Haymer, tenor; Heinie Beau, clarinet; Paul Leu, piano. Recorded 1945.
10. Charlie Parker. *Carriving The Bird* (Dial). Parker, alto; Howard McGhee, trumpet; Wardell Gray, tenor; Dodo Marmarosa, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar.

July, 1948

He spends his spare time with men like Edgar Varese and Wallingford Riegger, or their music, listening, probing, dissecting, listening. The integers of composition hold him a happy prisoner, not only in music but in painting, in which art he has recently taken a decided talent for portraiture and naturalistic representation over into the lines and planes of abstraction.

It's difficult to decide which is more stimulating, listening to Will's music or following him through the jungle of row and inversion, expansion and selection, statement and conversion, as his lucid conversation makes clearly identifiable trees of the twelve-tone forest. It's difficult not to regret his lack of interest in the relation of jazz to the inventions and discoveries of the atonal school. But it is very easy to understand how a musician trained in the spontaneity and revolt of jazz will turn to the music Will has. And it's just as easy as it is necessary to thank Milt Orent for introducing me to the present activity of Will Bradley, a thankfulness I'm sure many others will feel when they've heard his music, no longer Down The Road A-Piece but far, far ahead.

a little boyd told me

(Continued from page 14)

that music. Maybe once a month, after listening to Peggy Lee. BOYD: Actually that number's much better performed in person. It should run about twice as long, and the monotony and continued blast is a wonderful exciting factor. GINNIE: And gives you bad indigestion. BOYD: But you don't listen to it as dinner music! GINNIE: But Boyd, he does nothing else but that type of thing. BOYD: No, he doesn't—it's like a herd of elephants. That's my biggest criticism of Stan. He doesn't run the gamut of moods in music. If he just wants excitement, he does it well, but there's no contrast. I'll give it three on the basis that I know what the number can do to you in creating excitement. GINNIE: I give it two.

4. BOYD: Sounds like music! There's a very Stravinsky-like touch, but I'm not familiar with it. GINNIE: Maybe it's that new thing he told you about when you met him. I don't know what it is, but it's tremendous. Now there's what I mean—within one number you can have four or five different moods and have them all congeal. BOYD: That's just one movement out of a work, isn't it? I'll give it three; no criticism, because it's unfamiliar, but it's good listening on the first hearing. GINNIE: Four stars.

5. GINNIE: Sounds like Krupa, but so many hands sound alike nowadays! . . . Charlie Ventura . . . No! . . . gee, I don't know. Yes, that's Ventura. Oh, sure! BOYD: So many people are copying so many others; sounds like him, but . . . GINNIE: But Ventura gets a certain reedy sound on the lower notes that's all his own. GINNIE: Arrangement's very ordinary. BOYD: Good 1936 style. I'll give it two stars. GINNIE: I think Gene and Ventura are both capable of much better things. One star.

6. GINNIE: That harmony's a little strange. Something there I don't like . . . BOYD: This started like it would build into something interesting, but it fell down. Piano sounds like Gordon Jenkins with one finger! GINNIE: This is boring me. BOYD: Sounds like George Handy kidding! Must be an original melody based on the first two bars of *Night And Day*. Leaves me unimpressed. One star. GINNIE: Me too. Nothing there—one star.

7. GINNIE: Kenton, of course. BOYD: No, it's Earle Spencer.

(Continued on page 20)

JULY, 1948

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a bird's-eye view of music

nobody gets the bird from bird
as broadminded parker
takes the blindfold test

by Leonard Feather

CHARLIE PARKER likes music!

This statement has more significance than you might think—especially if you read it in the light of the narrow, one-track-minded opinions of most bop fans and many bop musicians. Charlie sees music as a whole, instead of looking only along the particular channel through which he has found his personal outlet.

It took six months of reminders and broken appointments to get Bird to take the test, which was finally conducted at this writer's apartment at 1 AM, between sets at the Royal Roost. In a subsequent chat, Bird made it clear that his high ratings of the records played were in no way based on a desire to avoid offending anyone. They represent his honest opinion, and they should give pause to many of his most ardent admirers.

the records

1. I like this. Very weird—marvelous idea. Is it Woody Herman? Stan Kenton? I don't know what to say about it—it's such a shock. Give it four stars, definitely.
2. That was some real marvelous alto work. I think I liked that better than the last record. Four stars.
3. That's typical Goodman. Is that an octet? I liked the piano; fine guitar; good drums, good vibes—Red Norvo. And Benny's always superb, that's natural. He's one of the few that never retards. I don't agree with people who think Benny's old fashioned. Three stars.
4. I liked that one too. It was Bud Powell on piano, wasn't it? I didn't recognize the alto man but he played good. Fine trumpet work too. I have to give that three stars.

5. Sure, I recognize that—*Sepian Stomp*. It sounds dated, antiquated. It's all right, but you couldn't judge it by what's going on now; I mean, it's another phase altogether. I guess *then* it might have been okay, but now . . . ! How do I sound to myself? Nowhere—I should say not! Give it two stars.

6. You want my honest opinion? Okay. Well, that's music—that's very good Dixieland. Baby Dodds on drums, right? I forget the clarinet player's name, but I've played with him on a couple of occasions and I like him, and the trumpet player too, I mean as far as Dixieland goes. I like Dixieland, in a way; I mean, I can listen to it—it's still music. There's a status of appreciation you can reach if you listen for it. Three stars.

(Six more records reviewed on page 21)

records reviewed by bird

Charlie Parker was given no information whatever, either before or during the blindfold test, about the records played for him.

1. Stan Kenton. *Monotony* (Capitol). Arr. Pete Rugolo.
2. Stan Kenton. *Elegy For Alto* (Capitol). Arr. Pete Rugolo.
3. Benny Goodman Sextet. *Nagasaki* (Capitol). Goodman, clarinet; Red Norvo, vibes; Mel Powell, piano; Al Hendrickson, guitar; Louis Bellson, drums.
4. Sonny Stitt Quintette. *Seven-Up* (Savoy). Stitt, alto; Kinny Durham, trumpet; Bud Powell, piano.
5. Jay McShann. *Sepian Stomp* (Decca, c. 1941). Charlie Parker, alto.
6. George Wettling. *Heebie Jeebies* (Commodore). Wettling, drums; Billy Butterfield, trumpet; Ed Hall, clarinet; Wilbur de Paris, trombone; Dave Bowman, piano.

August, 1948

a bird's-ear view of music

(Continued from page 21)

thing to classical music there is in the jazz field, if you want to call it jazz; I mean, as far as I'm concerned, there's no such thing; you can't classify music in words—jazz, swing, Dixieland, etcetera; it's just forms of music; people have different conceptions and different ways of presenting things. Personally, I just like to call it music, and music is what I like.

benny blows bop

(Continued from page 12)

"And yet, you know, I think something good will come out of all this. But one thing bothers me most of all is the morals of those guys. Before you can give some of them a job in your band, you've got to screen them, like the FBI." Goodman is very brought down by the state of the music business in general. He thinks that what the business needs is one big hit band, something as big as Harry James was. He doesn't think Kenton is the answer; he's not a big enough national hit. "As for me, personally," he says, "I wouldn't go out of my way to hear the band, though I must admit that what they're doing, they're doing violently!"

Benny is by no means satisfied with his own place in the music field these days, though he doesn't think he's the reactionary some people have painted him to be. On the other hand "that word 'progressive' kind of makes me ill. That's a political word. If it's good, it can be reactionary." But it has to be good to Benny, who points out that long before bop ever was recognized as such, Charlie Christian was playing it in his own sextet. "Just listen to *Air Mail Special*, and you'll see. And don't forget Lionel; he was one of the original boppers."

Benny's new group, he feels, is contributing something to jazz. He won't say that about his recent records, of which he is not very proud. But he's very anxious for the ban to be lifted so that he can make a whole slew of transcriptions with his new outfit, which he wants very much to keep together. (Recent reports have Benny backing Hasselgard and Gray with their own group or groups until such time when he can offer them enough work.) His plans for a full Summer's work collapsed when he pulled out of the series of dances he was promoting in Westchester because of business reasons. He feels very badly that one of the causes some people stayed away was the mixed color policy that prevailed at the Community Center.

These days Goodman is pointing toward the future, toward the Fall, to be more precise. He plans to organize a full band, hopes to go on a concert tour, and is looking for one or two new, young, MODERN arrangers to supplement manuscript by Mary Lou and Mel Powell. He'll have boppers in the band, too, providing they can handle their instruments properly. He feels that too many of them have neglected tone, technique and reading ability just so that they could become stars in one limited field of music. Goodman still wants to play jazz, have his men continue to blow bop or whatever they feel like blowing, providing, of course, that it's good, musically. That's still the first precept in the Goodman musical philosophy, whether he partakes of Parker or barkers for Bartok. —GEORGE SIMON.

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METRONOME



ella and her fella

the browns like bop best
as they take the blindfold test

by leonard feather

TALKING MUSIC with Ella Fitzgerald is a refreshing experience. After more than a decade as one of the country's greatest popular singers (she's only 29!) Ella has retained all the enthusiasm of a newcomer, and the critical interest of a real music lover. As her wonderful performances of the past year have shown, she has kept in close touch with modern developments in jazz, having toured with the Gillespie band and cemented the relationship by marrying one of Dizzy's distinguished alumni, bassist Ray Brown.

There wasn't much disagreement between Mr. and Mrs. Brown as they shared a blindfold test. Here are their reactions to the unidentified records I played for them:

the records

1. RAY: This sounds like it was recorded around 1937-38 . . . that might be Erskine Hawkins on trumpet . . . ELLA: No, that's Roy . . . and that's Chu . . . this must be Teddy Hill's band. Either Teddy Hill or Fletcher. RAY: I never heard Teddy Hill's band . . . Isn't this something Fletcher wrote for Benny Goodman? ELLA: For the time this was recorded, I'd give it three stars. RAY: I'd say the same, considering the age—saxophone section sounded nice; good trumpet solo. Three stars.

2. ELLA: Nice relaxed record. I liked the guitar, and the trombone solo; I also liked the vocal. Well, I mean, at least you could understand what she was singing. RAY: I didn't care too much for the tune. Guitar was okay; vocal—just plain. Two stars, I'd say. ELLA: Trombone sounded like

Jack Teagarden. RAY: Yes, it did. ELLA: I imagine if it gets played a lot it might catch on; it's just that type of number. I'd give it three stars. RAY: Now wait; we don't rate them according to how they would sell; you rate it according to how good it is. ELLA: Well, I mean, for the way I hear it! RAY: Okay.

3. ELLA: Sounds like that group Chubby had. RAY: I know it's Chubby. Nice bass, nice guitar. I'll give this three stars. ELLA: I liked it, but it seemed—I don't know—a little

(Continued on page 28)

records reviewed by ray and ella

The Browns were given no information whatever about the records played for them, either before or during the test.

1. Fletcher Henderson. *Christopher Columbus* (Vocalion, 1936). Comp. Chu Berry, Chu, tenor; Roy Eldridge, trumpet.
2. Julia Lee. *All I Ever Do Is Worry* (Capitol). Jack Marshall, guitar; Benny Carter, trombone.
3. Woody Herman's Woodchoppers. *Four Men On A Horse* (Columbia). Chubby Jackson, bass; Billy Bauer, guitar.
4. Count Basie. *Ready, Set, Go* (Victor). Jeanne Taylor, vocal (not the girl Ella was thinking about).
5. Benny Goodman Sextet. *Cherokee* (Capitol). Red Norvo, vibes.
6. Coleman Hawkins. *Bean At The Met* (Keynote). Hawkins, tenor; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Teddy Wilson, piano.
7. Billie Stewart (imitating Billie Holiday). *Solitude* (Savoy).
8. Claude Thornhill. *Anthropology* (Columbia). Lee Konitz, alto; Barry Galbraith, guitar.
9. Stan Kenton. *Lonely Woman* (Capitol). Comp. Benny Carter; lyrics by Ray Sonin; arr. by Pete Rugolo; June Christy, vocal.
10. Charlie Parker. *Relaxing At Camarillo* (Dial). Barney Kessel, guitar.

October, 1948

September, 1948

a sermon by herman

(Continued from page 16)

like a reissue. Why does everything sound like a reissue today? The tune's terrible and the vocal's not very good. Say, I hear Benny's group is playing schmebop. One star. 8. This brings back great memories to me of sitting on the levee back in Milwaukee. It's happy music . . . in fact, hysterically happy! Mrs. Herman would give this four, but I give it one. It's good reminiscing music to a certain degree, but I don't think they're helping music at all, doing things like that. Louis is the best for that kind of . . . but of course Louis isn't really Dixieland.

9. I never realized before what a fan of Pee Wee Russell's I must have been! No stars.

afterthoughts by woody

I only have one real rave at present, and that's Dizzy's new band. I caught them down at the Royal Roost, and they've captured a good sound; they have fine arrangements; maybe they're not so strong on soloists, but Diz himself is blowing as he never blew before, and I heard a couple of other trumpets blowing well too. And the rhythm section's great. It's all well-presented, nobody gets hung up, and they all know what they're making. I hope more people in the business will think along those lines. It's a big move in the right direction, instead of just having five cats up there out of their minds.

Clarinets? I'll take Buddy De Franco. He plays his instrument well and gets a good sound.

Next time I do this, I hope you'll be able to play me some records by Diz's band the way it sounds now. I want to be able to hand out a few four-star ratings!

a sermon by herman



what's wrong with the biz,
what's right with diz,
explained by woody
as he takes his test

by leonard feather

FOR NO particular reasons I made the blindfold test harder for Woody than for most of the recent blindfoldees, by playing him a bunch of records that could hardly be expected to get high ratings by any standards. As it turned out, however, Woody's honest reactions and forthright comments justified the selections. Following are Woody's exact comments:

the records

1. I'm a little tired of *Indiana* . . . the kids should dream up some new changes; they ain't the craziest chords, man! I didn't feel the rhythm section either. Clarinet has good ideas, but his sound gets a little hung at times. Don't know the vibes, but it didn't sound like Terry Gibbs the last time I heard him. Two stars.
2. There are some interesting things here, but it's a little on the pretentious side. Intonation's not so hot in certain spots, especially that unison passage by the clarinets. Three stars.
3. I don't think this is a reissue, but it should have been. Tune sounds like *Undecided*. Balance is miserable; you can't tell whether that's a bass drum or bass. And there's nothing fresh in the arrangement. Two stars.
4. There's a little phrase in there that sounds as though *Thou Swell* might have been taken from it . . . I don't know the composer; is this before or after that? It's a familiar phrase, anyway . . . is it Ravel? I enjoy the more progressive moderns. "Strav", of course; Khachaturian, the Russian composers, Milhaud, and that American composer . . . Aaron Copland. And I've always liked Delius. This is pleasant, though it's no thrill; sounds as though I heard it at some point in my life. Four stars, anyway.

5. I don't know the singer, but I like him. The arrangement's fine too, except for the introduction. After that kind of an intro you always expect them to go into *I Can't Get Started* . . . and they don't. But it's a very good record. Three stars.
6. Is that Dorsey? Sy Oliver? Two beats? Hmm, that should be a big record for him . . . especially in view of the vocal! Gee, there must be another format outside of going back ten years, especially with two talented men like that; they should *do* something. This is just ancient! One star.
7. Is that a new one? On Capitol? It's Benny . . . sounds
(Continued on page 26)

records reviewed by woody

Woody Herman was given no information whatever, either before or during the blindfold test, about the records played for him.

1. Aaron Sachs. *Tiny's Con* (based on *Indiana* chords). (Manor) Sachs, clarinet; Terry Gibbs, vibes; Gene Di Novi, piano; Tiny Kahn, drums.
2. Artie Shaw. *Summertime* (Victor). Arr. Eddie Sauter.
3. Jimmie Lunceford. *One For The Book* (Manor). Recorded 1947.
4. Sir Thomas Beecham & Royal Philharmonic. *On Hearing The First Cuckoo In Spring—Part I* (Delius) (Columbia).
5. Buddy Rich. *Baby, Baby All The Time* (Mercury). Rich, vocal; Ed Finckel, arr.
6. Tommy Dorsey. *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* (Victor). Recorded 1947.
7. Benny Goodman. *The Blues Jumped Up And Got Me* (Capitol). Recorded 1947. Emma Lou Welch, vocal.
8. Nappy LaMare's Louisiana Levee Loungers. *High Society* (Capitol).
9. Woody Herman. *Twin City Blues* (Decca). Recorded 1938. Herman, clarinet.

September, 1948

much happening that you can't tell whether it's the melody or what. RAY: They could have let her *sing* it. It sounds like she's acting, you know? ELLA: They've been doing a lot of acting on those records lately; what's that other one? *This is my theme . . . this is my theme!* Two stars for me. RAY: It's typical Kenton. ELLA: But you don't get a chance to appreciate the lyrics, he's featuring the band so much. RAY: I'll give it the same—two stars.

10. RAY: We've got that one home. I'll give it three stars, but mainly because of Bird. I don't like the way the guitar comped with the rhythm section. It sounds like a banjo, and it never should have been that loud in the first place. ELLA: I'll give it three and a half. Anything Bird plays on is all right with me!

ella and her fella

(Continued from page 18)

weird. I mean, I couldn't find any theme. I'll give it two.

4. RAY: Sounds like Basie. ELLA: Yes, I recognize that brass section; don't know who the girl is. Who was that little girl that was singing with him when he was down at the Aquarium? That sounded like her. RAY: I don't know who she was, but I'll give three stars to the band. I'll let Ella decide about the singer. I never listened to singers much until I met my wife; I didn't dig 'em. Then after listening to her every night, constantly, I said to myself, something's happening! ELLA: She was . . . nice. If it was the girl I'm thinking about, I like her in person. I like the band anyhow, I'd give it about three and a half.

5. RAY: That was Woody with the rhythm section, and Red Norvo on vibes. Started off good, but it kinda faltered after the first chorus. ELLA: After that it was just everybody take a chorus and everybody go for themselves. Two stars. RAY: Two stars.

6. ELLA: That sounds like Charlie Shavers. RAY: Yes, and Teddy Wilson . . . and that's Bean, that's my man! Sounds like one of those Jazz at the Philharmonic sides. Now wait, who was that playing trumpet on the end? Sounds like Al Killian now. ELLA: I'd like to hear that part again. RAY: Gee, I ought to know that trumpet—I've heard that sound so often. I'll give the record about two and a half; Hawk sounded good. ELLA: I give it three, because I liked the tempo, I like the—RAY: It was a nice tempo but it didn't swing, though. ELLA: Well, I thought it was swinging. After all, it isn't supposed to be a bop record. RAY: Well, what is bop? ELLA: I mean, it isn't real up-to-date. RAY: But the date has nothing to do with swinging. ELLA: No, you don't understand me. RAY: It isn't close to what's going on nowadays, though they did use a modern theme—you might call it a bop form of playing *How High The Moon*, but as soon as you hear Teddy Wilson and Hawk, it—ELLA: Anyway, I liked it. Three stars.

7. RAY: Lady Day . . . ELLA: No, that's not Billie. It's Lynn . . . RAY: Lynn Something, she made these for Savoy. She starts off sounding like Billie, but she cracks up after about two bars. ELLA: She's out of tune, too . . . now she's changed, she hasn't got that Lady Day feeling right there . . . her voice has changed altogether. RAY: The balance is bad and the notes are flat. One star. ELLA: Right.

8. RAY: Basie. No, it isn't! Hold it! That's *Anthropology*—what's his name—ELLA: Claude Thornhill. RAY: Either Claude or the other guy, I can't think of his name—Elliot Lawrence? . . . Nice alto solo. Nice guitar. ELLA: I'm pretty sure it's Claude Thornhill, I remember that alto player. RAY: Nice performance; three stars. ELLA: I was going to say the same thing—only he always beats me to it. RAY: Okay, from now on it's ladies first. (L. F.: *Now* he tells her—we're almost through!) RAY: What've you got coming next, Jelly Roll Morton or Kid Ory?

9. ELLA: This is Benny Carter's number, isn't it? Sure is a crazy number. But this is over-arranged for a vocal. It would have meant more if it had been done in tempo. RAY: Yeah, they're making a whole—ELLA:—production out of it. But it's a beautiful tune—Peggy Lee sings it great—she came out to Berg's when I was working there one night and sang it; Benny Carter was there, and Dave Rose. But I mean, the average person if they wanted to learn this number, there's so

METRONOME

October, 1948



charlie's choice

ventura, in blinkers, spots clinkers, in a highly perceptive blindfold test

by leonard feather

AS THOSE of you who've been following this department regularly must know, it's been our custom to play music of all kinds to the blindfoldees—from New Orleans and Dixie to bop and classics. In the case of Charlie Ventura an exception was made, for variety, and because of Charlie's unique reputation as leader of possibly the best small band in the country.

The Ventura views on other small bands (and other tenor men) being of such special interest, the records for this test were selected entirely from modern jazz records, mostly by small groups, made in the past couple of years or so. Charlie, accompanied by twelve-year-old Charlie Junior, paid close attention and showed an exceptionally keen ear, as the following verbatim comments illustrate.

the records

1. That's Charlie Parker on tenor—and Miles; the Deuces group. Sounds like Nelson Boyd on bass. It's not recorded too well. I like Charlie's sound on tenor, but his alto is crazy, and he has a fine conception of chord structure in the pattern of his tunes. Give it three stars, but give Charlie *all* the stars—he's the end!

2. That's Tiny's tune. Trombone sounds like Kai Winding...? No, it isn't. Think that's Serge on baritone; he sounds nice. It's poorly balanced. Red Rodney blows nice. Is that a Savoy record? They don't make it for small groups—don't get the right sound. Two stars.

3. Those first sixteen bars reminded me of Ben Webster... it starts nice, then it begins to get a little choppy. Had it kept up

that same mood, it would have painted some kind of picture, but I couldn't make that last part. Don't know who it is... Sears, maybe? One star.

4. There's two trumpets there; first one sounds like Fats Navarro, the second is Dizzy. Tenor sounds like James Moody. Diz is gone! This is really bop throughout, but again it needs a balance. Fats is gone, but this sounds as though it was recorded a while ago; Fats knocked me out every night at the Roost. Moody moves, it's fast and exciting all the time, and the piano's nice too. Three stars.

5. Is that Jimmy Hamilton? This might be an old Kirby record. It seems to have some good men; the tenor's nice, and the arrangement is neat and clean for that time. Two and a half.

(Continued on page 40)

records reviewed by charlie ventura

Charlie was given no information whatever about the records played for him, either before or during the blindfold test.

1. Miles Davis. *Half Nelson* (Savoy). Davis, trumpet & comp. Charlie Parker, tenor; Nelson Boyd, bass.

2. Sarge Chaloff. *Gabardine And Serge* (Savoy). Chaloff, baritone; Red Rodney, trumpet; Earl Swope, trombone; Tiny Kahn, drums & comp.

3. Duke Ellington. *Hiawatha* (Musicraft). Al Sears, tenor.

4. Be Bop Boys. *Moody Speaks* (Savoy). Dave Burns, Dizzy Gillespie, trumpets; James Moody, tenor; Hank Jones, piano.

5. John Kirby. *Maxine Dengoza* (Asch). Buster Bailey, clarinet; Budd Johnson, tenor. Rec. April, 1945.

November, 1948

more records reviewed by charlie

6. Illinois Jacquet. *Jacquet And No Vest* (Savoy). Jacquet, tenor; Emmett Berry, trumpet.
7. Sam Donahue. *September In The Rain* (Capitol). Ralph Osborn, Jr., trumpet. Rec. 1947.
8. Jazz at the Philharmonic. *How High The Moon*, Parts I & II (Clef). Buck Clayton, trumpet; Flip Phillips, tenor; Trummy Young, trombone; Coleman Hawkins, tenor.
9. Herbie Haymer. *China Boy* (Keynote). Haymer, tenor; Heinie Beau, clarinet; Dave Barbour, guitar; Tommy Todd, piano; Phil Stephens, bass. Rec. March, 1946.
10. Red Norvo. *Hallelujah* (Comet). Norvo, vibes; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Charlie Parker, alto; Flip Phillips, tenor; Teddy Wilson, piano.
11. Dizzy Gillespie. *52nd Street Theme* (Victor). Gillespie, trumpet; Don Byas, tenor; Milt Jackson, vibes; Bill De Arango (from Cleveland), guitar.
12. Louis Armstrong. *Pennies From Heaven* (Victor). Recorded at Town Hall. Armstrong, trumpet and vocal; Jack Teagarden, trombone.

10. Diz, Red, Bird, Flip, Teddy—I know this one; heard it two and a half years ago, and like it when I bought it. It still sounds good—and it's nicely recorded. Three stars.

11. Lucky Thomspon . . . no, Don Byas. Guitar player is that boy from Cleveland . . . he moves, he's gone! So evenly phrased! Dizzy, Milton Jackson . . . That's a fast piece and all the cats are really blowin'. Four stars.

12. You know, I can turn around and appreciate this group with the same feeling I have towards the modern stuff. They all have that feeling built within each other, and Louis has so much soul . . . I caught him in Chicago, and he killed me. Even though this is from some concert and it's poorly recorded, I like it because there's only one Louis. Teagarden played crazy too. I give it four stars!

afterthoughts by charlie

Big bands? Well, of course, Duke's band is always great. I've never caught Diz's band in person, but it must be the greatest—twice as great as it sounds on the records. Thornhill is using a few modern arrangements taken from Bird that impressed me. But you know whose band is really *sounding* these days? Gene Krupa's. I caught them out at Glen Island and it knocked me out—Buddy Wise on tenor, Charlie Kennedy's alto, Al Porcino and Don Fagerquist on trumpet, and a gone trombonist, I think his name's Frank Rossolini or something.

I'd like to say a word about Tadd Dameron—he writes fine and he has a wonderful group of musicians—Fats Navarro, Allen Eager, and a new tenor man, Jimmy Ford. It was a ball playing opposite them at the Roost. And Billy Eckstine—he's *too* much!

Nov. 1948



blindfolding the king

benny goes for 'keen and peachy',
even likes jacquet when not too screechy

by Leonard Feather

ONE OF THE MOST remarkable accomplishments of bebop is the change of heart it has brought about among musicians of the swing generation. Men like Coleman Hawkins and Red Norvo, great originators themselves long before Dizzy was ever heard of, have accepted and encouraged the new movement, surrounded themselves with young, progressive musicians, and absorbed some characteristics of the new idiom into their own improvisations.

Not the least remarkable instance is the case of Benny Goodman. Not so long ago, in an interview on the West Coast, Benny was quoted (perhaps misquoted, since the interviewer was a violently reactionary jazz writer) as condemning the new trend in jazz. Lately, as George Simon's report made clear in the August, 1948, METRONOME, Benny has done an almost complete about-face, if we are to believe the previous interview. He has spent many evenings at the Royal Roost; he brought two great boppophiles, Wardell Gray and Stan Hasselgard, from the West Coast to play in his sextet last summer; and he has asked such writers as Tadd Dameron and Jerry Mulligan to arrange for his new band.

For this reason it was especially interesting to conduct a blindfold test with Benny. Interesting enough, in fact, to make two interviews. Next month, in addition to some more record reviews by the blindfolded B.G., there'll be some overall comments on the jazz scene as he finds it at the close of 1948. Meanwhile, here are Benny's uncensored, tape-recorded comments on the first group of records played for him.

the records

1. That's Edmond Hall, isn't it? Yes, I think it's Hall playing clarinet. . . Probably somebody asked them to make the record in the first place just because *Twelfth Street Rag* is popular . . . they wanted to get some sales out of the tune. And it's good

for that, I think—it's played in the right tradition; for the tune, it's a three-star job. I wouldn't give it a fourth because I don't like the tune. I don't know who's playing the trumpet, but it's pretty good. Didn't notice the piano.

2. That's Woody, isn't it—*Peaches And Cream? Peach And Dandy?* Good background to the tenor solos. That's Stan Getz and Zoot Simms, isn't it? Sound pretty good—and very close together in style . . . that Serge? And what's-his-name on drums—kid that made some records with me. Don Lamond? That's a very good record. Very good. I like the arrangement—whose is that, Burns? Probably a combination. But I'm a little tired of those changes. Three stars.

3. That's *April In Paris*. The tenor player sounds very familiar but I don't know who it is. Probably Hawkins. . . Kind of a nice record. I don't particularly think it's one of Hawk's best. About two stars. (Continued on page 36)

records reviewed by benny

Benny Goodman was given no information whatever about the records either before or during the blindfold test. His opinions were based entirely on the evidence of his ears.

1. Sidney Bechet. *Twelfth Street Rag* (Victor). Bechet, clarinet; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Willie The Lion Smith, piano. Recorded 1941.
2. Woody Herman. *Keen And Peachy* (Columbia). Stan Getz, Zoot Simms, tenor solos in that order; Serge Chaloff, baritone. Arr. Ralph Burns and Shorty Rogers.
3. Coleman Hawkins. *April In Paris* (Victor). Arr. Tadd Dameron. Hawkins, tenor.
4. Tommy Dorsey. *After Hour Stuff* (Victor). Rec. 1945. Buddy Rich, drums.
5. Erskine Hawkins. *Lazy Blues* (Victor).
6. Tadd Dameron. *A Bebop Carroll* (Savoy). Dameron, piano; Fats Navarro, trumpet; Ernie Henry, alto.
7. Illinois Jacquet. *Jet Propulsion* (Victor). Jacquet, tenor.
8. Edmond Hall. *Lonely Moments* (Continental). Comp. & arr. Mary Lou Williams. Hall, clarinet.

Just about the time he made *Salt Peanuts*, huh? That must have been a good session. For playing and so forth, I'd give that four stars.

4. I've never heard that before. It's very well played . . . it sounds to me more or less like some kind of music for—er—well—dancing, I guess. Not to dance to, I mean—some kind of, well, some kind of exotic dancing, you know . . . I don't think the composition is . . . er . . . well, the composition is fair. Would I call it jazz, No, certainly not. Progressive? Gee, I don't think it is progressive, I don't know what that word means! I think it's a fair composition, period. Probably Kenton, isn't it? Couple of stars. Is that Petey Rugolo's? In the album? Yeah.

5. I like it. I like that very much! I like the piece, and I like the way he played it . . . I haven't any idea who it is. I think he's got a sense of humor, and he's got some good things in

records reviewed by benny

Following are the records on which the King passed sentence. He was given no information about the records, or the artists performing on them, either before or during the playing.

1. Duke Ellington. *Air Conditioned Jungle* (Columbia). Comp. Ellington. Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet.
2. Eddie Condon. *Lady Be Good* (Decca, from Gershwin album). Maxie Kaminsky, trumpet; Joe Dixon, clarinet; Lou McGarity, trombone; Jess Stacy, piano; Condon, guitar; Jack Lesberg, bass; Johnny Blowers, drums. Recorded June, 1945.
3. Dizzy Gillespie. *Shave Nuff* (Musicraft). Gillespie, trumpet; Charlie Parker, alto; Al Haig, piano. Recorded May, 1945 (same session as *Salt Peanuts*.)
4. Stan Kenton. *Monotony* (Capitol). Comp. Kenton-Rugolo. Arr. Pete Rugolo.
5. Thelonious Monk. *Off Minor* (Blue Note.) Monk, piano.
6. Boyd Raeburn. *Prelude to the Dawn* (Jewel). Arr. Johnny Richards. Wilbur Schwartz, alto.
7. Louis Armstrong. *A Song Was Born* (Victor). Armstrong, trumpet & vocal; Jack Teagarden, trombone and vocal; Barney Bigard, clarinet.

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blindfolding the king

(Continued from page 21)

4. I don't know. . . it's played kinda clean. I don't know whose band it is . . . sounds like it might be—er—no. . . I suppose in a minute you're going to tell me it's my band, huh? Isn't that Louis Bellson playing drums? Well, I give up on this one, I've no idea who it could be. . . I don't think there's very much to it; the tune is certainly not original. If it was made sometime ago it might be unfair to judge it; but I don't think it's very original even by older standards. Well played, but nothing to play. That sort of thing almost gets into a society band class. One star.

5. I don't recognize this, but it sounds nice. Sounds a little bit like background music for a movie, doesn't it? I mean, where they have a cafe scene and so forth . . . just a nice mood piece; give it a couple of stars.

6. The first part of the song is *Makin' Whoopee*, isn't it? Well, that's bop—I don't think it's the best bop, is it, huh? Solos were just fair. Were any of them big stars? If that was Fats Navarro, I think I've heard him play much better than that. Was that Tadd Dameron playing piano? Well, he's not supposed to be a piano player, so that's all right! What did they do, get together and make that up on the session? Give it a couple of stars.

7. I'm not sure, I think it's probably Jacquet. I like the first two choruses. Rhythm was pretty good for the first part, but I think it gets a bit—ambitious toward the end, don't you? But of course that's his style. For the first part, I'd give it a couple of stars. You can tell from the good part that he can really play when he wants to.

8. That's quite a different version of *Lonesome Moments*, isn't it? Now this time it is Edmond Hall, isn't it? I've always liked Edmond's work. That's quite a different version than I'd have expected of that tune, but it's kind of nicely done, isn't it. For a small band they do a very good job. Who played drums on that? . . . My idea of a good small band? Well, I guess all the small bands we know about, we've heard, haven't we—I mean, they've got reputations so there's nothing left for me to discover . . . Kirby did some good stuff at one time. Has he still got a band? I haven't heard him around in some time. (Yes—L. F.) Eddie Heywood? Well, he was always noted more for his own piano style than for the band. No, as I say, I don't know of any undiscovered small bands . . . I like Charlie Ventura's band. Of course, you've got to remember, they've got to stay together a little while before they amount to anything, and small bands very seldom do stay organized for very long. Say, what was this record made on? I'd like to have a copy to take home. Did we rate it? Give it a couple of stars.

(Next month: Part two of Benny's blindfold test.)

January 1949

ah, sweet melody of bop!

from kenton to condon,
from louis to diz,
in benny's new stab
at the blindfolding biz

by leonard feather

IN BENNY'S FIRST blindfold test, last month, he reviewed records from New Orleans (Bechet) through swing (Tommy Dorsey) to bop (Tad Dameron, Woody), with several other items that didn't fall into any one category.

My impression that Benny was gradually veering toward a more modern attitude was confirmed with the second set of records, but you still can't pigeonhole him as a bopper, a Fig, or even a fence-straddler. Not having heard his new band at this writing, I don't want to jump to any conclusions, but it seems highly probable that his reactions to the music of others will be reflected in a wide variety of styles in the performances of his own organization. Anyway, here's what Benny had to say in his second blindfold test, according to the evidence of a very honest tape-recording machine.

the records

1. This one I know all about! You don't have to play it . . . I like Jimmy, I like the way he plays very much. It's a good novel piece, and the clarinet playing's excellent. The performance is fine; I don't really like the piece particularly, but I think he does it very well. Jungle piece, isn't it, or something? Well, I'd give it four stars anyway—for Jimmy.

2. (No comment until piano solo) . . . It's Jess-ecca! . . . Well, that's good Dixieland isn't it—who's that, Vernon Brown? . . . I don't know who's playing trumpet . . . well, first of all, was this made recently? I think that's got a lot to do with it, don't you? Well, Jess has always been one of my favorite piano players . . . I don't know the clarinet player . . . Brown or Lou McGarity on trombone—they're both more or less from the same school . . . don't recognize the drummer; rhythm section's kind of—well, fair; I think it sounds a little dated. Solos not particularly inspired. I haven't heard very much Dixieland lately—unless you call Louis Dixieland; he's wonderful, but it's awful hard to categorize . . . The particular fellows on the record we just heard, I've heard 'em all play better solos. One star.

3. Huh, that's good! That sounds like Dizzy and Charlie, and probably Al Haig, eh? That's a very good record, and it's one of the cleaner ones, too—good execution. I don't like that little *quack-quack-quack-quack*—you know, the introduction and coda. I like when they get into the solos. The theme is good though—in fact, almost the whole thing is, as far as I'm concerned, but who am I to say? The main thing is, there's some very fluent, interesting playing there. Isn't that an old record?

there. I think the piece has a sense of humor; I don't know whether it's deliberate—must be deliberate, I guess. Very unusual; it's very interesting, he's got a little real corn in there—play it again, I'll show you what I mean (*imitating phrasing of eighth note and dotted quarter*) . . . puh-paah . . . there, hear it? Puh-paah . . . I like it, give it four stars!

6. Very schmaltzy saxophone, but very nicely done . . . give it three stars.

7. The first part is wonderful . . . who's that clarinetist, Barney Bigard, yes . . . I don't like that song, do you? Well, it's Louis . . . I'll give it four stars just for the soloists.

afterthoughts by benny

Changed my opinions? Well, yes, I suppose I have really . . . I think the important thing about bop is that it's bringing something new to jazz melodically. It's very interesting. Of course, some of the old things, some of my older records still sound great to me, but it's a different age.

As far as Kenton's concerned, I do like some of the things he's done . . . in fact, I think one of the first things he did was one of his best. What was it called? Rhapsody something? It had quite a success. Oh yes, *Artistry in Rhythm*. Swing? No, he doesn't, but I don't think Kenton *wants* to swing!

January 1949

eckstine the expert

mr. b. pops his top for bop.
shows keen taste in blindfold test

by leonard feather

ONE OF THE REASONS why Billy Eckstine is, to these ears, the best male ballad singer in America, is the fact that unlike the majority of vocalists, he loves and understands music from the musicians' point of view.

Ever since the old days when he tried to play trumpet with the Hines band on the last chorus of *Jelly Jelly*, Billy has been part of a clique that helped to nurture bop. This group included Dizzy, Charlie Parker, Sarah Vaughan, Budd Johnson and others who worked first in Earl's band and later in the great Eckstine orchestra. It was while he was on the road with his own band that Billy took up the valve trombone, which he's played on several records.

Billy's excellent ear enabled him to give a perceptive and intelligent set of reactions to the records played during his blindfold test. Following are his comments, quoted verbatim.

the records

1. I know this theme but I can't remember the name. Piano is Bud Powell or someone in his style—it's gone! Tenor sounds like the tempo is a bit too fast for him; he couldn't get his ideas all together. That's either Terry or Milt on vibes; very good. Trumpet does the same thing as the tenor—very incoherent; it's too fast for him. But the ensemble parts are real fine. On the whole I'd give it three bells.
2. Earl, of course—how could I not know? And Johnny Hartman. He does a good job here, though he's more suited to ballads. This is a weak composition. Very good chorus by Earl—he doesn't concentrate enough on his piano playing; he should feature it more. It's very badly recorded—this is the last band Earl had; I remember it and it got a good sound. Could have been a much better record if it were properly recorded. Three bells anyway.
3. I know that tenor—it's Gene Ammons, he used to be in my band; and little Junior on piano. Gene's swinging, as always; one of the best guys in the business. Very poorly recorded; in the middle part you can hardly tell who's playing the solo and who's the background. Looks like we're in a rut; I'll give this one three too.
4. Nat, of course—he always kills me. One of the the greatest showmen in the business. He's taken a style and made a voice out of it—the only other person I can think of who's ever done that is Pops (Louis Armstrong). This is the kind of cute novelty that only Nat could do. Everything he does, after you've heard it, you can't listen to anyone else doing it. Three bells.
5. One bell—or can we give it half a bell? What can I say about it? I hate Dixieland—it stinks to me, in 1949 that is. Maybe I'm partial; maybe these guys are good, but I just can't follow that groove. It's like putting on a suit you wore in 1800, or driving a Stanley Steamer. The only one I can hear play Dixie is Pops; he has so much soul. But this crap is nothing!

METRONOME



6. Jacquet—and Jay Jay! With Leo Parker in that first chorus, on baritone . . . Well, that was Jay Jay's record as far as I'm concerned; that one chorus they gave him was the whole thing. Sensational! Jacquet played good, too, until he started going for the fans in the last part. He can really play; he just does those tricks to make the people scream. Shadow's drumming is great too; make this three and a half.

7. Charlie Ventura's band? No. The trombonist is playing valve, isn't he? It sounds like Kai Winding—one of my favorites. And Allen Eager, he's very good; sure sounds a lot like Pres on this. Good bass, too—Curley Russell? Nice enough little record—two and a half.

8. That's little Earl Coleman, with Red Callender, Bird, Garner,
(Continued on page 28)

records reviewed by eckstine

Billy was given no information whatever about the records, either before or during the test. His comments are based entirely on the evidence of his ears.

1. Chubby Jackson. *Dee Dee's Dance* (comp. Deniz Best) (Rainbow). Lou Levy, piano; Frankie Socolow, tenor; Terry Gibbs, vibes; Conti Candoli, trumpet.
2. Earl Hines. *Midnight in New Orleans* (MGM). Hines, piano; Johnny Hartman, vocal.
3. Gene Ammons. *Blowing the Family Jewels* (Mercury). Ammons, tenor; "Junior," piano.
4. King Cole. *Flo and Joe* (Capitol). Cole, vocal.
5. Brad Gowans. *Jazz Me Blues* (Victor).
6. Illinois Jacquet. *Mutton Leg* (Victor). Jacquet, tenor; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Leo Parker, baritone; Shadow Wilson, drums.
7. Teddy Reig. *O-Go-Mo* (Savoy). Kai Winding, valve trombone; Allen Fager, tenor; Eddie Sauters, bass.
8. Charlie Parker. *This Is Always* (Dial). Parker, alto; Erroll Garner, piano; Red Callender, bass; Harold "Doc" West, drums; Earl Coleman, vocal.
9. Bing Crosby with Ken Darby Choir. *Far Away Places* (Decca).
10. Julia Lee. *Cold Hearted Daddy* (Capitol). Red Nichols, cornet; Julia Lee, vocal.
11. Duke Ellington. *Sultry Serenade* (Columbia). Tyree Glenn, trombone; Johnny Hodges, alto.

FEBRUARY, 1949

eckstine the expert

(Continued from page 27)

and I think Harold West. Earl's my little buddy, one of my favorites. I have this record home. Everyone on it does a wonderful job. I like Earl's sound; in the course of time, with experience, he'll be very fine. He has a good recording voice, too. Three and a half bells.

9. Bing still has a wonderful sound, but the song's not so good, and the background is very commercial and schmaltzy. Bing started most of the popular trends in ballad singing; every singer at one time or another sings something that Bing has done, in the way of style I mean. Two bells.

10. Oh-oh. That trumpet. He's one of "the boys". This is Julia Lee. Terrible trumpet, terrible vocal, terrible record. I like blues if they're modern, but blues don't have to be sung out of tune to make them blues. The blues is a song of suppression, sure, but you don't have to be primitive just because they're blues. One bell.

11. That's Tyree, isn't it? He's great! We started out together around Washington, you know. He had the only trombone I ever saw with adhesive tape on the slide—and he could play the hell out of it too! I'm crazy about Duke and that wonderful recording sound he gets. And Tyree is a great technician—he gets the same big sound at the bottom of the horn and at the top. And there are some impressive spots of Johnny's alto. Duke of course is one of my all time favorites. Three bells.

afterthoughts by billy

You know me, Leonard—I'm strictly a modernist, in fact I'm a maniac about it. It's amazing to me how some people keep trying to put the music business back, though they must know that old stuff has been milked to the end. The new music is definitely it for sound and feeling; I'm a radical on the subject. I started feeling the change in that clique in Earl's band, when we were all comparing ideas, both vocally and instrumentally. All of us got kicked around terribly. People criticized my vibrato, said I was singing out of tune; they criticized Sarah for the changes she sang; and you know what they said about Diz and Bird for the ideas they were expressing on their horns. Well, now there's a younger generation coming up, people who can understand it. Our kind of music is beginning to come into its own!

next month:

sarah vaughan takes the blindfold test

Feb. 1949

W. C. C. 1949

sarah doesn't dig bessie

(Continued from page 18)

you'd call it. That wasn't Fats, was it? Yes, it did sound like Fats. And Coleman—I like him better on slow numbers. Other solos are nice, but nothing very exciting; I like the melody. One of those things you'd hum all the time. Three stars.

10. That's not the way I sing this, or the way Woody played it . . . I like Hibbler's last couple of records, *Monday Every Day* and *Don't Be Mean to Baby*. Duke's still wonderful with me. So he makes a bad record once in a while—but think of all the good ones! Two stars.

11. Julia Lee? Mamie Smith? Around 1930? I have absolutely no feeling for this. We played a dance date recently in Kansas City and Bessie Smith was there. No, I guess it was Julia Lee. I've always wanted to find out what people see in this kind of thing, I've met so many people who treasure these records. But I don't get it. No stars.

afterthoughts by sarah

I've never been influenced by any particular favorite singers. I remember a long time ago I used to listen to Frances Langford . . . and Martha Raye, Tony Martin; and of course, Billie Holiday and Billy Eckstine. Singing is a funny thing; sometimes you don't even have to have a voice. You hear unknowns that can knock you out without experience or training. But my favorite singer is Marian Anderson—*singer*, I said! One of the greatest compliments I've ever been paid was when someone said I sounded like her at times.

Oh, yes—Jean Sablon has a nice voice, except he sings most of the time in French and I don't understand it. But he soothes me more than Sinatra!



sarah doesn't dig bessie

says she likes the moderns best,
as she takes leonard feather's
blindfold test

SARAH VAUGHAN being the feminine counterpart of Billy Eckstine in the vocal jazz field, and his former colleague in both the Hines and Eckstine bands, her reactions make an interesting comparison with those of Mr. B. as reported here last month.

Sarah proved to be a little more cautious, and less loquacious, than her ex-boss, though her views run parallel with Billy's in most respects. Following are her remarks, quoted in full.

the records

1. I don't particularly care for this. Who is it, Stan Hasselgard? I've only heard a couple of his things so I can't be sure. I don't care for boogie-woogie unless they work out some really new ideas on it. This did nothing for me. One star.
2. The girl is Peggy Lee. Nice arrangement; beautiful trumpet solo, I think it's Ray Linn. I like those nice breathy tones Peggy gets on her low notes—it's not always good, but it sounds good here. It's a wonderful tune—it's usually been done faster, hasn't it? This is a nice job—three stars.
3. I like this. Diz, Charlie—Ray Brown, I think—Milt Jackson on vibes? Cute composition. Some of these small combos are real great, but I like Diz's big band better—he can get more effects, do more of the things he wants to do . . . although he hasn't done it all yet. Maybe he needs an even bigger band! Four stars.
4. You can stop this right now. I'm not familiar with Dixie men, I don't know and I don't care who they are; this doesn't interest me. There's only one group of this kind that ever knocked me out, the one with Louis and Teagarden and all of them. But anybody can play corn—look at that Pee Wee Hunt record; they weren't all old-time musicians, were they? I can't see this stuff when it's done seriously, but on *Twelfth Street Rag* they did it for fun; they were just having a ball, so the record killed me—in fact, I wish I could have been on it myself! But for *this one*, no stars.
5. Sounds like Fats, Dexter, Leo, and is that trombone Kai Winding? It doesn't sound like J. J. to me. This is just the same thing as usual—nothing much exciting happens. There are too

many records of that kind. But it has a nice beat. Two stars.

6. I don't know who that is. I like the bass player and the guitar. Nice little passage when she came back in. It sounds like a woman playing piano. The piano is pretty fair, better than the singing; I don't think she has a voice. I'll give it one star, though, for the accompanying musicians.
7. This must be Jimmy Jones. I don't know the bass player—John Levy? I know the tune—*Zigeuner*. Jimmy sounds like Erroll Garner sometimes. This sounds a little empty—maybe something wrong with the acoustics—and I've heard Jimmy on better records. Two stars.
8. Sounds like Woody Herman. I don't particularly care for it. Can't think of the girl's name. The band has a fine sound but it's much better nowadays; they're on a different kick since that record was made. I don't like the tune, either. No stars.
9. This sounds like a Dameron thing—one of Tadd's arrangements. That's J. J. with that velvet tone of his. Satin, I guess

(Continued on page 23)

records reviewed by sarah

1. Benny Goodman Quartet. *Benny's Boogie* (Capitol). Goodman, clarinet.
2. Peggy Lee-Dave Barbour. *Just an Old Love of Mine* (Capitol). Ray Linn, trumpet.
3. Dizzy Gillespie. *That's Earl Brother* (Musicraft). Dizzy, trumpet; Sonny Stitt, alto; Ray Brown, bass; Milton Jackson, vibes.
4. Zep Meissner. *Riverboat Shuffle* (MGM).
5. Leo Parker. *Wee-Wee* (Savoy). Leo Parker, baritone; Joe Newman, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Dexter Gordon, tenor.
6. Hazel Scott. *Love Me Or Leave Me* (Columbia). Scott, piano & vocal.
7. Jimmy Jones. *Zigeuner* (Wax). Jones, piano, with Al Hall, bass.
8. Woody Herman. *Romance in the Dark* (Columbia). Mary Ann McCall, vocal.
9. Coleman Hawkins. *Half Step Down, Please* (Victor). Comp. & arr. Tadd Dameron. Hawkins, tenor; Fats Navarro, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone.
10. Duke Ellington. *Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me* (Columbia). Al Hibbler, vocal.
11. Bessie Smith. *Young Woman's Blues* (Columbia). Rec. 1926.

March, 1949

Eckstine the expert

mr. b. pops his top for bop.
shows keen taste in blindfold test

by leonard feather

ONE OF THE REASONS why Billy Eckstine is, to these ears, the best male ballad singer in America, is the fact that unlike the majority of vocalists, he loves and understands music from the musicians' point of view.

Ever since the old days when he tried to play trumpet with the Hines band on the last chorus of *Jelly Jelly*, Billy has been part of a clique that helped to nurture bop. This group included Dizzy, Charlie Parker, Sarah Vaughan, Budd Johnson and others who worked first in Earl's band and later in the great Eckstine orchestra. It was while he was on the road with his own band that Billy took up the valve trombone, which he's played on several records.

Billy's excellent ear enabled him to give a perceptive and intelligent set of reactions to the records played during his blindfold test. Following are his comments, quoted verbatim.

the records

1. I know this theme but I can't remember the name. Piano is Bud Powell or someone in his style—it's gone! Tenor sounds like the tempo is a bit too fast for him; he couldn't get his ideas all together. That's either Terry or Milt on vibes; very good. Trumpet does the same thing as the tenor—very incoherent; it's too fast for him. But the ensemble parts are real fine. On the whole I'd give it three bells.
2. Earl, of course—how could I not know? And Johnny Hartman. He does a good job here, though he's more suited to ballads. This is a weak composition. Very good chorus by Earl—he doesn't concentrate enough on his piano playing; he should feature it more. It's very badly recorded—this is the last band Earl had; I remember it and it got a good sound. Could have been a much better record if it were properly recorded. Three bells anyway.
3. I know that tenor—it's Gene Ammons, he used to be in my band; and little Junior on piano. Gene's swinging, as always; one of the best guys in the business. Very poorly recorded; in the middle part you can hardly tell who's playing the solo and who's the background. Looks like we're in a rut; I'll give this one three too.
4. Nat, of course—he always kills me. One of the the greatest showmen in the business. He's taken a style and made a voice out of it—the only other person I can think of who's ever done that is Pops (Louis Armstrong). This is the kind of cute novelty that only Nat could do. Everything he does, after you've heard it, you can't listen to anyone else doing it. Three bells.
5. One bell—or can we give it half a bell? What can I say about it? I hate Dixieland—it stinks to me, in 1949 that is. Maybe I'm partial; maybe these guys are good, but I just can't follow that groove. It's like putting on a suit you wore in 1800, or driving a Stanley Steamer. The only one I can hear play Dixie is Pops; he has so much soul. But this crap is nothing!

METRONOME

Feb. 1949

pete sighs at burns, burns at sy

ralph reaps righteous rating
from rugolo in blindfold test



by leonard feather

BECAUSE Pete Rugolo is not only one of the best-liked people in the music business but also one of the most tactful and diplomatic, I was a little leery of conducting a blindfold test with him for fear that discretion would prove to be the better part of candor.

As it turned out, I couldn't have been more wrong. Pete's basic honesty and his serious analytical approach to jazz made for a most informative test. For this session I selected records in the big band category that seemed likely to be of special interest to Pete as an arranger. Following is an exact transcript of his reactions.

the records

1. This sounds like something from around the 1938 period. Tenor sax must be Hawkins or Ben Webster. It's Benny Carter's band playing *Sleep*—a very fine arrangement for that time, more or less in the Fletcher Henderson school with the reeds answering the brass and so forth. Typical Benny Carter sax section passage and an alto solo by Benny. I didn't know the pianist or the trumpet. For that period I would have given it four stars, but I don't know how you could rate it for now; it's like trying to rate an old Benny Goodman side. Maybe about two stars.
2. This is that Machito thing with a solo by Bird. As far as the composition is concerned, I don't see anything in it, musically or any other way. You know, when I first heard Machito, quite a long time ago, the band was very exciting, but I guess he's gotten very commercial. For Bird only, not the composition or arrangement, I'd give it three stars.
3. Dizzy, I think—sounds like an early record of the big band. The voicing interests me because it's voiced real wide, spread open like a lot of the things we did with Stan. The composition itself is nothing to rave about; just pleasing. I liked Dizzy's work, and the general sound. Two for the composition, but because of Diz's clean solos I'll raise it to three.
4. This is Duke. The clarinet puzzles me . . . I'd say Barney

Bigard, for the vibrato, but later on it gets to sound like Hamilton. Is this one of the older Dukes? I recognize Carney and Hodges; not sure about the trumpet—Rex? It must be Rex if it's an older side, which I think it is; otherwise it would be Harold Baker, with that big tone. This is a typical light Duke number; there's really nothing that interests me musically, though it's well played. If this was made around 1940 it would be worth at least three; if it's more recent, two.

5. I've never heard this. Could it be an early Raeburn? Maybe George Handy or Eddie Finckel in one of their older, milder

(Continued on page 31)

records reviewed by rugolo

Pete was given no information whatever, either before or during the test, about the records played for him. His opinions were based entirely on the evidence of his ears.

1. Benny Carter. *Sleep* (Vocalion). Carter, alto & arr. Joe Thomas, trumpet; Eddie Heywood, piano; Coleman Hawkins, tenor. Recorded 1940.
2. Charlie Parker—Machito. *No Noise Part II* (Mercury).
3. Dizzy Gillespie. *Our Delight*. (Musicraft). Comp. & arr. Tadd Dameron. June, 1946.
4. Duke Ellington. *Progressive Gavotte* (Columbia). Comp. & arr. Billy Strayhorn; Jimmy Hamilton clarinet; Harry Carney, baritone; Harold Baker, trumpet; Johnny Hodges, alto. December, 1947.
5. Count Basie. *Futile Frustration* (Victor). Comp. & arr. Jimmy Mundy. George Matthews, trombone.
6. Ray McKinley. *Mint Julep* (Majestic). Comp. & arr. Eddie Sauter. Nick Travis, trumpet; Ernie Perry, tenor.
7. Sy Oliver. *Four to Go* (MGM). Comp. & arr. Kyle-DuVivier. Billy Kyle, piano; Geo. DuVivier, bass; Aaron Smith, guitar.
8. Phil Moore. *Cornucopia* (Discovery) Harry Schuchman, English horn.
9. Earl Spencer. *Piano Interlude* (Black & White). Lucky Thompson, tenor; Al Killian, trumpet; Bill Polena, piano.
10. Woody Herman. *Lady McGowan's Dream* (Columbia). Comp. & arr. Ralph Burns; Red Norvo, vibes; Shorty Rogers, trumpet; Woody Herman, alto; Flip Phillips, tenor.

METRONOME

april, 1949

pete sighs at burns

(Continued from page 18)

efforts. Bill Harris type trombone—style and tone sound like him. I like this arrangement, especially the ending with that fascinating dissonance. Three stars.

6. This is probably Ray McKinley's band; it's an Eddie Sauter number. I don't know the name but I like it very much, and if it's McKinley the trumpet is Nick Travis. This is one of Eddie's more commercial things . . . I'd like to see him given a chance to write as freely as he wants to. But it's well played, and as a composition it's the best thing you've played so far, and for that I'd give it four stars. But the solos are not up to the standard of the composition—especially the tenor—and for that I'd make it three.

7. Who on earth is this, Alvino Rey? I can't stand that type of guitar, especially the bluesy, tinny way it's amplified here. Piano and drums not too bad, but I really can't find anything I like about this. Nothing at all, except that very last chord. No stars.

8. This could be one of those things of Phil Moore's. I like the oboe player very much; I especially liked the intro and all the oboe work—gets a sort of an English horn sound. Some of the jazz figures in the arrangement are pretty dated, and the recording is so thin that there were probably a lot more strings than you seem to hear, although I like their performance. I don't care much for the composition; give this two for the performance.

9. Haven't I heard this tune some place? Yes, it sounds like *Kissing Bug*, the thing Duke used to do. I don't like the arrangement and I don't care for that type of boogie-woogie piano at the start; in fact the only things I did like were those double-time brass figures and the tenor solo—it must be Lucky Thompson. The trumpet vibrato has a suggestion of Harry James at first, then in the high note passages it's more like Billy Butterfield. For the brass figures and the tenor, two stars.

10. This is Ralph Burns' composition *Lady McGowan's Dream*, with Woody, Norvo, Shorty Rogers, Flip. I'd like to see Woody play more of these kind of things instead of so many fast type instrumentals—not that I don't like those too, but they're all pretty much alike, the brass blowing like mad and solos chorus after chorus. Here, you have tone colors, harmonic structure—all the things you used to find in the old Herman band. This is the best thing I've heard . . . four stars for a perfect composition!

April



charlie's conception

it's still duke,
but bop's added,
as his blindfold test shows

by leonard feather

CHARLIE BARNET is a typical member of what I like to call the middle generation of jazz. He grew up in the swing era and was one of the principal musical figures in the latter part of that era. Today, along with other contemporaries such as Woody Herman, Gene Krupa and even Jerry Wald, he is one of the swing maestri who have been watching the new developments with intelligent interest, and who have been encouraging bop in their bands though they don't (and probably never will) play bop themselves.

In the light of Charlie's present position in the jazz scene, I concentrated mainly on records illustrating new trends, with the exception of the last record, which was played strictly for a gag. Following are the Mab's reactions.

the records

1. Did this come before the Ventura records or simultaneously? . . . I don't think the mixing's the greatest. Rhythm section is muddy all the way through—it's not the fault of the players. I liked the tenor and the voice very much, together and separately. Guitar isn't the greatest ever, but he's quite adequate, and by the same token, he suffered from the balance. I like the theme and the conception very much. At first I thought it was Ventura but now I don't know who it is. This would have been a four star record if it had been properly recorded. Give it three.

2. I don't have to ask who that was! Johnny Hodges and Lawrence Brown were their own excellent selves. The second solo was Tyree, wasn't it? Sounds a little stilted, lacks some of the feeling of ease that usually seems to go with an Ellington performance, maybe because his style is foreign to the band and he's groping a little. Oscar Pettiford sounds wonderful—like the Duke, he's always great. Overall, I'd give it four stars. There's something about the Ellington musicians that creates an atmo-

sphere. As Kurt Bloom once said to me, Duke really *gets* you . . .

3. Bad record, bad recording. This is just the reverse of what's being done today; instead of taking an American jazz band and adding a few Latin instruments, they've got a bad rhumba band trying to play Latin American jazz, with a few ringers thrown in for solos. Trumpet fumbles, and the rhythm has no definite idea what it's trying to do. The alto was the only thing I liked about this. One star.

4. Is that a re-release? I gather this is Dixieland. I've never been a disciple of that kind of thing, so I wouldn't know much about it. If that's an example of early American jazz we've certainly progressed a long way. I don't have that feeling of nostalgia that some people get for this music; I just find it humorous. However, maybe the guys had to get up early to cut this date, so give them one star.

(Continued on page 27)

records reviewed by barnet

1. Al Haig Quintet. *Five Star* (Secco). Jimmy Raney, comp. & guitar. Al Haig, piano; Wardell Gray, tenor; Terry Swope, vocal.
2. Duke Ellington. *Sultry Serenade* (Columbia). Both trombone solos by Tyree Glenn. Johnny Hodges, alto.
3. Pupi Campo. *How High The Moon* (Secco).
4. Bunk Johnson. *Darktown Strutters' Ball* (Victor).
5. Phil Moore. *Misty Moon Blues* (Discovery). Phil Moore, comp. & piano; Marshall Royal, clarinet; Murray McEachern, trombone; Ernie Royal is not in trumpet section.
6. Chubby Jackson. *Follow the Leader* (MGM). Conti Candoli, trumpet; Emmett Carl, tenor; Tony Aless, piano; Chubby Jackson, bass.
7. Stan Kenton. *Somnambulism* (Capitol). Comp. & arr. Ken Hanna.
8. Charlie Parker. *Ah-Leu-Cha* (Savoy). Parker, comp. & alto; Miles Davis, trumpet; John Lewis, piano; Curley Russell, bass.
9. Ted Heath. *Pagan Love Song* (London).
10. Tiny Grimes. *Hot In Harlem* (Atlantic). Grimes, guitar; Rod Prysock, tenor. (No other sax).
11. Charlie Barnet. *Cross Patch* (Melotone). Recorded May 1936. Charlie Barnet, vocal.

May 1949

charlie's conception

(Continued from page 22)

5. I've never heard this, but from the sound I'd say it was a Phil Moore group, with Murray McEachern, Marshall Royal and maybe Ernie Royal. I like the musical ideas Phil has developed. I know these records were made under extreme pressure, just before the ban—I heard the story behind these sessions, how all the musicians banded together to finance them. Is that Calvin on piano, or Phil? The first violinist is excellent. The music is refreshing and it gets some new sounds. Four stars.

6. This is one of the strangest records I've ever heard. I don't think you can exactly call it jazz—it's a bop novelty. The tenor is adequate; I like the sound the trumpet gets, it's not that dead fish sound some bop trumpets have. Piano and bass work together very nicely. This is definitely in a humorous vein, but I've no idea who it is. Could it be Chubby Jackson? I'd be inclined to play it several times, to find out what they're driving at, before trying to give that one a rating.

7. Obviously Kenton. I've been wondering about Stan—never heard the band too much, but what I have heard I liked pretty well. That doesn't include this. After hearing this, I can understand why people put the band down. I'll give it one star, and I wouldn't even give it that except that Safranski is on it.

8. This is a nice little thing; sort of a fugue-in-bop idea. I like the alto and the trumpet very much. Piano is all right. Bass solo unnecessary; I guess they had to fill out the three minutes, but after you've heard Safranski it doesn't sound like much. Balance isn't the greatest. I don't know this group, but give it three stars.

9. Isn't that called *Pagan Love Song*? It sounds like Woody—the clarinet sounds a lot like him. This is what I call "effect arranging"—it's very pretentious and doesn't seem to get anywhere in this short time; maybe it should have gone on for another three minutes and gotten into something. It's played well, but I can't figure out the reason for the whole thing—and they hardly establish *Pagan Love Song* till the last half inch. Two stars.

10. This sounds like Mr. Jacquet . . . this is, to me, a fine example of uninhibited jump music. It's a very exhilarating sound; I don't know who the guitar is but I like him very much. There are two saxes, aren't there? The rhythm section is very good too, and if that's Mr. Jacquet he is his usual bombastic self. Three stars—no, change it to four.

11. What is this—Fletcher Henderson trying to play a pop song? . . . OH! . . . I didn't recognize it until that vocal. Well, all I can say is, ever since I quit singing I've been working steadily!

not arty enough for shaw

he questions bop
and answers questions
in a testy blindfold test



by leonard feather

AT THE BEGINNING of a long and highly conversational evening spent recently at Artie Shaw's apartment, I wasn't sure whether we were embarking on a blindfold test, a general interview or a social occasion with no journalistic objectives. It turned out to be a weird combination of all three, and after sorting out in my dazed mind some of the 25,000 words or more that must have been exchanged during the dialogue, I decided a resume of some of the more tangible statements would be worth reporting here. As you see, we started out in the usual way, playing unidentified records, and it went something like this:

the records

1. I don't know what to say about this. Overall, it's very exhibitionistic. If it's an attempt to show they can play fast, I don't know where the musical value comes in. I've seen acrobats turn some terrific somersaults, but I'd just as soon see a guy sit down. It's too fast for the soloists to play anything, and that middle part where they go into the march—what is it all designed to say? It's not musical impressionism; whatever the title is, it was probably stuck on after the guy wrote it, I know the way those things happen. I'd have to ask the guy that wrote this why he wrote it. *Why?* To sell records? Underlying every record is the idea of selling it. It may or may not achieve its objective; this depends on a confluence of accidents I know nothing about. The main point is, would I buy it, would I want to hear it again? No. The pianist moved his fingers fast, but I'm not interested in the dressing, I want to know what the meat is. Rating? Don't ask me to rate things like this; I don't know what set of values to apply.

2. That's Benny! Maybe Barney Kessel on guitar; maybe Dodo, maybe Greco on piano. Well, on this, you have a little theme at the opening and closing, the notes a little out of the chord;

longer phrases than they used to use. The solos are not particularly interesting. But the beginning has a clarity that the first record lacked, and it's more unpretentious; I prefer it. It's pure beguiling entertainment; in other words, I wouldn't mind sitting in a cocktail lounge drinking with that kind of music going on.

3. (*long pause*) . . . what do *other* people think of these things? Do people buy this? Is music going along those lines?

Why not write something original? Why take something that Romberg wrote, that was all right in its own terms and had a certain intrinsic appeal—what is the excuse for butchering something? What has that got to do with *Lover Come Back To Me*? You don't hear the right harmonies, you don't hear the right rhythms; all he does is follow the melodic line. It's a negation of the classic definition of music—melody, rhythm and harmony. The trumpet? I'm not interested in him. So he can play a high F! Good, bad—by what standards? I'm afraid we're talking in a vacuum. What does "good" mean?

4. It's really no use our going on with this. There just isn't any point of contact. All I can say is, if this is the quintessence

(Continued on page 18)

records almost reviewed by artie

Following are the records played during the interview with Artie Shaw. He was given no information about them except that they were records.

1. Boyd Raeburn. *Boyd Meets Stravinsky* (Jewel). Arr. Ed Finckel. Dodo Marmarosa, piano.
2. Stan Hasselgard. *Swedish Pastry* (Capitol). Hasselgard, clarinet; Red Norvo, vibes; Barney Kessel, guitar; Arnold Ross, piano.
3. Dizzy Gillespie. *Lover Come Back To Me* (Victor).
4. Metronome All Stars. *Victory Ball* (Victor).
5. Woody Herman. *Summer Sequence* (Columbia).

not arty enough for shaw

(Continued from page 13)

of what jazz is doing, I don't want to go back into it. For three years now I've been completely away from jazz and submerged in other music.

5. This is *Summer Sequence*—you don't have to play it, I have it myself and I know it well. It's still based on the 32-bar-chorus concept, though it's well orchestrated. As a matter of fact, Ralph Burns talked to me today; he said he's going up to Boston to study, because he's becoming aware of his own limitations as a composer. I half enjoy this and half say to myself why doesn't he do something with his talent?

afterthoughts by artie (abridged 99 percent)

Q. It's been said that you've become an intellectual snob and that's why you're no longer interested in jazz. True or false?

A. I think jazz is fine, it's here to stay, and the sooner it becomes embodied into music as a whole the better off we'll all be. Jazz is a very healthy influence in music.

Q. What is your reaction to bop?

A. I don't like the use of the word bop applied to these musicians any more than I liked the word swing applied to myself. Bop is just a refinement of the same music; naturally I'm not against evolution or progress, but I just don't like terms that imply one thing has stopped and something else has taken over. I'm against the cultist idea that the old jazz is no good. We can't understand new things except in terms of the old, so the best way to understand bop is to start at the beginning and work your way up to the present. You find it isn't really anything basically new.

Q. What did you think of Kai Winding's group at Bop City?

A. I don't want to get into personalities. Anyway, I wasn't paying too much attention—but then, I suppose if it had been good enough it would have compelled me to pay attention. I thought one man in the band, the tenor [Brew Moore], seemed to have something to say.

Q. What were you trying to accomplish with your orchestra at Bop City?

A. I wanted to find out the reaction of a typical American audience to some music that was not the usual fare they're handed. The first night was a mess, but after we rearranged the program a little it got better, they even responded to subtle things like the Debussy dances, and by the last two nights we practically had a concert hall atmosphere in a night club.

Q. You sound so uninterested in jazz musicians—can't you recall a few jazzmen that have impressed you in the past?

A. Sure, I can go back to when I was fourteen years old; I heard an alto man named Ernie Warren up in New Haven and I stood outside on the sidewalk wishing I could buy a saxophone. It was a very luscious sound to me; it sounded like a way to get away and make money.

Then there was a trumpeter named George Hall, no relation to the bandleader, who came to New Haven and played stuff that I thought was startling, due to my meager experience.

Louis Armstrong made a very big impact and I still get the same thing out of him. I don't think anyone has done anything more genuine than he did. He gets a happy sound out of a trumpet and an absolute identification with the music he's playing. I liked Jack Teagarden when I first heard him; Coleman Hawkins, too, but lately his tone has gotten kind of wheezy—or maybe it's just me, maybe my ears have changed.

I liked the way Dodo played very much, and some of what Barney Kessel played with me.

METRONOME

really in command. It's a clean arrangement, well rehearsed. Trombone fluffs on the end of his solo. Baritone's good; but it's Terry's record. That's how I like bop—with a real beat. Four stars.

6. It's Joe Morris' band, and the trombonist is Matthew Gee—very soulful, a very fine musician; but the rhythm lags badly during his chorus. Johnny sounds good, in spite of the dropped tempo. I'd give this four stars for the trombone, but in general, two and a half.

7. Sidney Bechet! You know something about musicians like him—they play lead, but you can hear all the chords of the tune. Louis's like that too, and Benny. Bechet was one of my idols as a kid. That cat's blowing, man! His time is good; it's good jazz. We can accept all phases of music, especially when it's someone who has a soul and feeling like he has. Rhythm is good, piano fits in well for that style. That school plays a sort of staccato left hand; we've reversed it in the new school, nowadays you hear a staccato right hand. Give this four stars.

8. The band isn't rehearsed; you can tell it's a new outfit. As far as the piano playing, well, unless you've got Ammons or one of those great boogie-woogie men . . . Enthusiasm seems to die out on the last part, too. It all sounds like *Hamp's Boogie Woogie* to me. I know who this is, but I'd rather not talk about it until the band's been together longer. Three stars.

9. I hear Leo Parker, Joe Newman, and either Count or Charlie Thompson playing like Count. Tenor terrific—that cat's blowing! And it's got a terrific beat. Trumpet fluffed on the front, otherwise everything's great. Three and a half.

10. Al Haig on piano. Charlie Parker? Is it one of those West Coast dates with Barney Kessel? Wait now, the piano sounds like Dodo. Who is he? He's terrific. That's not Charlie Parker. Somebody's imitating him. Four stars.

11. Guitar's very soulful; piano and rhythm good, but the tenor . . . he's out of tune. I don't want to criticize it. He probably hadn't got together with the rhythm, either, on what chords they were going to play. Two stars.

12. What's this called, *Cornybop*? It's a good bop rhythm section; sounds like Chubby playing bass. The bopping Spike Jones! Very amusing. The public will catch on quicker to bop if you feed it to them through fun. This is very cleverly done; I've never heard a record like it before, so I can't very well rate it, but it must be good, I guess . . . it's new to the field. Now I've heard everything—I've heard progressive corn!

afterthoughts by hamp

I'm definitely for progressive music. I like to do progressive pretty things too, like the number I wrote with Sonny Burke, *Midnight Sun*, in my bebop album.

Bobby Plater's writing some great modern stuff for me. I have a bongo player on some numbers, but a band can't swing with too much rhumbop. When the bongo player's hands get tired, the whole band is messed up.

I still have one of those butterfly tenor men to do some of that eccentric stuff, but you should hear our trombone section—they've really been digging bop. And our new pianist, Frances Gaddison; we got her out of the Prairie View Co-Eds; she plays great alto and clarinet and arranges too. And I'm glad you told me to hire Eddie Shu—he's an amazingly versatile guy, plays everything well!

And last but not least, I want to remind you about my bop trumpet man Benny Bailey—he was on those bop album sides; he was with McShann, went to Europe with Dizzy. Man, he can cut anyone—that cat's a genius!

JULY, 1949

Q. Are there any of your own jazz records that you still like?

A. I think most of them were good for the time they were made, though I find little of interest by my present standards. One of the few I can still listen to is a thing I spent three months writing; in fact, I spent a whole week on one four-bar phrase for the strings, analyzing all the Debussy I could find. It was a tune I called *Swing by Any Other Name*, but it came out under the title *I Ask the Stars*.

Another one I spent months on was *Tabu*—I threw reams of stuff away before I got what I wanted. And there was a different tune called *Is It Taboo*—the first chorus on my record of that was one of the best goddam things ever recorded by anybody; it used a sound that had never been gotten before.

Q. What are your ultimate objectives in music?

A. I'm not interested in keeping a band together—running a band means making payrolls and so forth, and that's business; I'm not interested in business. I might get an orchestra together just for a while, once or twice a year, combining the idea I had at Bop City with another, smaller group playing popular music, so that there would be a broader latitude this time. Let's just say my only objective, whether it's in a concert hall or right here in this apartment with no audience but myself, is just to keep playing music!

June 1949



they're all terrific!

lionel hampton's favorite adjective dominates an enthusiastic blindfold test conducted by leonard feather

IT WOULD BE hard to picture anyone more completely engrossed in music than Lionel Hampton. Lionel thinks and breathes music, likes everything from swing and boogie-woogie to bop, and tries to incorporate everything into his own band. He spends so much time working on this complicated objective that he rarely finds a chance for a session of listening to what other jazzmen are putting down.

Most of the records I played for Hamp represented bop in all its forms, with a couple of extraneous items thrown in for variety. Following are his reactions reported verbatim.

the records

1. Am I hearing wrong, or are a couple of the trumpets out of tune? The attack is good, though. Piano is terrific. Bongos too loud behind the trumpet solo. That sounds like Flip on sax. Is it Serge on baritone? This is a good arrangement, but it needed more rehearsing. Piano is the best thing, very staccato and brisk. Three stars.
2. This vibe player is very, very good. Sounds like Terry Gibbs. I like the way he follows the chord structure of the tune but still keeps the melody in mind; very good taste. Four stars.
3. That's Benny Goodman. Piano is Dodo, or some cat copying Dodo's style. The rhythm could have been a little softer. This is one of the cleanest bop records I've heard; and Benny fits in with it. You know, I heard him play things like that way back when I was in the band—some of the things Charlie Christian did with him; but we never got around to recording them. Clarinet is terrific, of course; terrific bop arrangement; the only thing is, bongos are too loud at the end. Four stars.
4. What's that, a tuba in there? I like that sound. Trumpet's Miles Davis; that's Max Roach, playing wonderful drums. This is a wild sound—reminds me of some stuff Red Nichols did

long ago, with the bass sax. They should bring the bass sax back, use the euphonium, the French horn—I like different sounds. Alto is good; trumpet's ideas are better than his execution—there were a couple of fluffs there that should never have been let out. That was one of the best solos I've heard Max play. They just don't come any greater than Max. Three stars.

5. That's Terry Gibbs with Woody. Rhythm section is real tight; piano terrific. The bass does a lot for this record; he's

records reviewed by lionel

1. Charlie Barnet. *Cu-Ba* (Capitol). Barnet, tenor; Doc Severenson, trumpet; Danny Banks, baritone; Claude Williamson, piano. Arr. Gil Fuller.
2. Kenny Clarke. *You Go to My Head* (Century). Milt Jackson, vibes.
3. Benny Goodman. *Shishkabop* (Capitol). Buddy Greco, piano. Arr. Chico O'Farrell.
4. Miles Davis. *Move* (Capitol). Davis, trumpet; Max Roach, drums; Bill Barber, tuba; Lee Konitz, alto.
5. Woody Herman. *That's Right* (Capitol). Arr. Shorty Rogers. Terry Gibbs, vibes; Lou Levy, piano; Chubby Jackson, bass; Serge Chaloff, baritone; Earl Swope, trombone.
6. Joe Morris. *Wow!* (Atlantic). Morris, trumpet; Matthew Gee, trombone; Johnny Griffin, tenor.
7. Sidney Bechet. *Just One of Those Things* (Columbia). Bechet, soprano saxophone; Lloyd Phillips, piano.
8. Milt Buckner. *Milt's Boogie* (MGM). Buckner, piano & arr.
9. Illinois Jacquet. *South Street Special* (Apollo). Jacquet, tenor; Joe Newman, trumpet; Leo Parker, baritone; Sir Charles Thompson, piano.
10. Lennie Tristano. *Wow* (Capitol). Tristano, piano; Billy Bauer, guitar; Lee Konitz, alto.
11. Lester Young. *East of the Sun* (Aladdin). Young, tenor; Gene di Novi, piano; Chuck Wayne, guitar.
12. Freddy Schnickelfritz Fisher. *Schnickelbop* (King). Personnel not listed.

July 1949

it's all under one tent!

**eddie condon says
there's room for everybody
and proves it as he takes
leonard feather's
blindfold test**



MAYBE Eddie Condon has just mellowed with age. Maybe he's a diplomat, trying not to offend potential guest stars. But it seemed to me, as we sat listening to an assortment of modern jazz records, that Eddie has sincerely broadened his outlook, or perhaps that he never was as violently reactionary as his manager and other men around him who tried to present him to the public as the arch-enemy of bop and all progress in jazz.

Anyway, for a man who once allegedly boasted that he had taken jazz back twenty-five years, and who has had many a tangle with this writer in print, the Dixieland entrepreneur was remarkably receptive to the records played during his blindfold test. Here's the way it came out.

the records

1. That could be Hampton, or what's-his-name, Milt Buckner, does he have a big band? This is certainly a big band, isn't it? It's clean, well-executed, live, and moves along—holds together best on the ensembles. Those horns really gotta move along, or else lay out, at that gait. The vibes man can really get over them. Buckner is the only vibe man I've heard since Hampton and Norvo. I haven't heard enough of that bop stuff to know what's paramount in that style, but I like the arrangement and the rhythm's good. For that type of music, it rates about three stars.

2. How many horns are there, four? It's a good sound, everything discernible, especially the bass at the right volume. I've no idea who the band is. That big sound on the tenor, that must be Hawkins; he can certainly pound it out. He has definitely switched to the bop school, hasn't he? I don't quite understand the style when they go down the scale that way—is that the way bop should be played? I'd rather hear Bobby Hackett. Is this guy a colored boy playing trumpet? . . . Tell me, that little colored trumpet player with Tommy Dorsey, would you say he plays bop? He's got tremendous technique. Two stars for this record; it keeps going, doesn't get soggy.

3. Is most bop played at that bright a tempo? . . . Is that Hawk again? No, Jacquet? . . . This sounds like an aviary,

too many birds flying around. What do I think is wrong with it? That's easy—the *music* is bad. This is just exhibitionism and nothing else. Well, give 'em one star just for being there that day.

4. This is *Singing in the Rain*, isn't it? Now this is something tangible—the average person could make something out of it. Pretty good arrangement, isn't it, for a big band. Who was the trombone? Pretty sounds, nice conception. Trumpet was a little high, wasn't it? Rhythm's okay. This is all musical, no one trying to do any weight-lifting. Three stars.

records reviewed by eddie condon

Eddie was given no information, either before or during the test, about the titles, bands or personnel of the records played for him.

1. Woody Herman. *That's Right* (Capitol). Terry Gibbs, vibes; arr. Shorty Rogers.
2. Coleman Hawkins. *Riftide* (Capitol). Hawkins, tenor; Howard McChee, trumpet; Oscar Pettiford, bass.
3. Cootie Williams. *Typhoon* (Mercury). Weasel Parker, tenor.
4. Duke Ellington. *Singing in the Rain* (Columbia). Arr. Dick Vance. Lawrence Brown, trombone; Ray Nance, trumpet.
5. Bob Anderson's Oshkosh Serenaders. *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter* (Jump). Anderson, cornet; Joe Rushton, bass sax.
6. Charlie Parker. *Embraceable You* (Dial). Parker, alto; Miles Davis, trumpet.
7. Benny Goodman. *Undercurrent Blues* (Capitol). Arr. Chico O'Farrell. Benny Goodman, clarinet. (Made in California. Not a pick-up band. Seven brass.)
8. Mel Powell. *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans* (Capitol). Powell, piano & arr.
9. Miles Davis. *Move* (Capitol). Davis, trumpet; John Lewis, arr.; Max Roach, drums.
10. Stan Kenton. *Bongo Riff* (Capitol). Arr. Pete Rugolo.
11. Charlie Ventura. *Deed I Do* (National). Ventura, tenor; Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, vocal; Ed Shaughnessy, drums.
12. Joe Marsala. *My Melancholy Baby* (Black and White). Cliff Jackson, piano; Chuck Wayne, guitar; Marsala, clarinet; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet.
13. Count Basie. *Every Tub* (Decca). 1937.
14. Louis Armstrong. *Please Stop Playing Those Blues, Boy* (Victor). Armstrong and Jack Teagarden, vocal. (Recorded after *Jack-Armstrong Blues*.)

METRONOME

August 1949



Lombardo grooves Louis!

bop is bunk, bunk is tops as pops takes part one of Leonard Feather's blindfold test

LOUIS was sitting out on the stoop of his neat, cozy home in Corona, Long Island, playing with a happy group of neighborhood children. He had a few days off, one of his rare chances to relax and forget music for a while. It seemed almost shameful to drag him through the ordeal of a blindfold test, especially since he's one of those good-natured people who hate to stick their necks out. However, before long Louis got warmed up to his subject and talked freely and forcefully; in fact, he gave me enough material to divide this piece into two installments. And here, as near to verbatim as possible, is what he had to say.

the records

1. Piano sounds like Count Basie that trumpet has some of Roy's phrases now this one, could this be Frank Galbraith? It's a darn good record, ain't a thing wrong with it. Sounds like at least two trumpets; if there's three, a couple of 'em sound pretty much alike. Well, being a jazz fan, I'd give that at least a trey.
2. Ah, the blues! the blues will last forever. You can hear from the first note that this has *soul*. The bopsters will probably think it's old fashioned. That clarinet is trying to tell a story—you can *follow* him. You can give that four stars right off. You can dance to it! In bebop, they don't know which way they're going to turn.
3. Now you take this trombone solo Jack Teagarden will take a solo like that, and it'll be so much prettier, it'll say something, and it'll be just as hot. This thing looks like everybody is trying to kill themselves. That kind of music is liable to start a fight! That's Woody, isn't it? I guess musicians would dig this more than the untrained ear. I liked Norvo, he has that essence that I appreciate. Two stars.
4. For a moment it sounded like Johnny Dodds; for a moment it sounded like Ed Hall. That trumpet wouldn't be Dominique, would it? Wingy? This thing gets a good mood. Sounds like Baby Dodds on drums. Piano didn't impress me they're

touching them pianos up a little different nowadays. Trumpet's all right; but he didn't make them phrases Bunk made—he didn't hurt himself. Give it three stars.

5. This has a nice, easy swing that's swing music, hot music, whatever you want to call it. It's done up with 'tonation, everything like a basketball team, everybody passing the ball just right. The trumpet phrases a lot like Bunny Berigan. I believe it is Bunny. (*Sax chorus*) Mmmm, that's pretty, this reminds me of when we used to play them good old dance numbers. Real good musicianship here. Sounds like Benny Goodman on clarinet. Four, man!
6. Give this son of a gun *eight* stars! Lombardo! These people are keeping music alive—helping to fight them damn beboppers. You know, you got to have somebody to keep that music sounding good. Music doesn't mean a thing unless it *sounds* good. You know, this is the band that inspired me to make *Among My Souvenirs*. They inspired me to make *Sweethearts on Parade*. They're my inspirators!

(Armstrong comments next month on Tristano, Dizzy, Dameron, Eckstine and others.)

records reviewed by Louis

These are the records which Louis Armstrong heard during his blindfold test. He was given no information whatever about them either before or during the hearing of the records.

1. Little Jazz Trumpet Ensemble. *Fiesta in Brass* (Keynote). Roy Eldridge, Joe Thomas, Emmett Berry, trumpets; Johnny Guarneri, piano.
2. Bunk Johnson. *Franklin Street Blues* (Victor). Johnson, trumpet; George Lewis, clarinet.
3. Woody Herman. *Keeper of the Flame* (Capitol). Bill Harris, trombone; Terry Gibbs, vibes.
4. Art Hodes. *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans* (Blue Note). Hodes, piano; Wild Bill Davison, cornet; Sidney Bechet, clarinet; Fred Moore, drums.
5. Benny Goodman. *Sometimes I'm Happy* (Victor). Arr. Fletcher Henderson. Bunny Berigan, trumpet; Goodman, clarinet. Rec. 1935.
6. Guy Lombardo. *Always* (Decca).

METRONOME

September, 1949

5. This starts out right, from the word go. Was that a bass sax? Joe Rushton? Who's the trumpet, Pete Daily? McPartland? He's very familiar. This is a good small band record, good selection of song; good ensembles and very good lilt, the men have some idea of what the other guys are trying to do. Was this California-made? Give it three stars.

6. Is this *Embraceable You*? They might as well have called it an original. Without the label it would be hard to tell. This is just two horns and rhythm. I prefer the saxophone; it was well executed, he didn't leave anything undone, and all the notes worked. It was over-technicalized, but more interesting than the trumpet—maybe the mute gave the trumpet that coarse sound. Two stars.

7. Is this the Herman band? . . . Is that Goodman, for chrissake? How long's he been doing this? It sounds so strange, I had to listen a while to distinguish that B.G. tone—as long as he plays clarinet you can pick that out . . . The guy who wrote that arrangement certainly gave it some thought, to have the horns moving around that way. What is it, eight or nine brass? This could be a house band, which it probably was; has he got a big band right now? Was it made in California? The only big bop band I've heard is Woody Herman. Two stars.

8. This guy's clean as hell. You know, I thought this was *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans* for a while there. He switches style right after the first chorus to a bell style, like vibes. It's a good thing the piano player was there, I'd give him three but what goes with it gets two.

9. Is that Dizzy? It's well executed, a lot of stuff going on, the arranger exercised his imagination. Drummer is great, and I like the whole sound. Can't make much out of the solos. From

(Continued on page 20)

it's all under one tent!

(Continued from page 19)

what I've heard here so far today, it's the ensembles that hold these bop performances together. Three stars.

10. That wouldn't be Krupa, would it? It's pretty weird-sounding. Thoughtful of somebody to shade the horns down and let the bongo predominate. For what they're aiming at there, they came as close as I ever heard, but it's strictly a novelty. I'd hate to rely on bongos for regular rhythm. Two stars.

11. Who the hell is that? Is that a set choral group? The first bop I ever heard sung was in Woody's band. This is another one of those weird-sounding things. The tenor plays with definition, body, and in tune; you know, sometimes these guys get three or four different tonal qualities in the course of one solo, but this guy's consistent. All I heard of the drums was the buzz of that top cymbal. Two stars.

12. Sounds like Ralph Sutton. Damn slick guitarist, whoever he is. Clarinet is Joe Marsala. Trumpet is the weakest part; I don't know who it is but he mutilates the end. Too bad they messed it up like that; I liked the piano and the guitar. Two stars.

13. This must be an old Basie. A big band romp, well glued together. Too bad they don't sound like that today. Three stars.

14. Was this made before the *Jack-Armstrong Blues*? Louis and Jack have an awful lot of natural talent . . . for a record in the lighter vein, with a little comedy relief, I'd give this four stars.

afterthoughts by eddie

The way I see it, there's room for everybody; it's all under one tent, it's called music. It's just like going to a track meet, where some people will prefer the pole-vault while others want to watch the sixty-yard dash. You've got to have variety, something for every taste.

That story about my not liking saxophones—well, in a three-horn band there's not much room for one, but in a big band naturally you've got to have them. And of course, I can't play the solos that type of music calls for, but as far as the electric guitar is concerned, I've no objection to it at all—unless I had to play it myself!

pops pops top

(Continued from page 18)

of 'em on his records. This is very pretty . . . and Benny's theme is a fine tune. Four stars.

8. The trumpet cracked there, and it wasn't even a high note . . . that's Kid Ory singing French . . . a key too low; they could have made it over in a higher key. He's out of tune; he damn near talks the thing. This is all right; nothing much. Two-and-a-half.

9. They're all trying to take everybody to Africa, that's what they're doing . . . advertising Africa! I've got a book I can show you where they prove that all this bebop is nothing but African and Zulus' talk. Put this one right along with the rest of the boppers. I won't rate it.

afterthoughts by louis

I couldn't give anything less than two stars. You want to know why? Well, there's a story about the sisters who were talking about the pastor, and only one sister could appreciate the pastor. She said "If he's good, I can look through him and see Jesus. If he's bad, I can look over him and see Jesus." That's the way I feel about music.

But you know one thing. If some of these cats believed me and followed what I told them, they wouldn't be wandering around with their horns in sacks. All these cats ruining their chops trying to copy Dizzy . . . more trumpet players are red caps now.

Maybe the younger people don't appreciate some of the things we're doing. Okay, so we'll play for the old-time people; they've got all the money anyway!

Aug '49

pops pops top on sloppy bop

louis stabs at babs,
finds more worth in herth,
much glee in mr. B,
not any in lennie



(This is the second of two parts of Louis Armstrong's Blindfold Test. The quotes below are Sachinó's, taken by Leonard Feather as he conducted the test.—The Editors.)

the records

1. I know that's not Dizzy or McChoo; there aren't any high notes. It's a very nice relaxed chorus, too. . . . this is all right according to the current trend, but not for no jazz fan. The trumpet just about saved it. Two stars.
2. You know, this kind of music is taking the country by storm. . . . waltzes, polkas, . . . everybody likes it; that sort of thing is right up on top. Musically, it's very pretty. Sure, I've played that kind of music myself. Just goes to show you it takes all different kinds of music . . . give it three stars.
3. This is a good record . . . good and loud. Dizzy comes to the usual solo you expect of him. As far as that Cuban rhythm. . . . well, they're just doing it to death. Seems like everybody's getting tired of their own instruments and starting to play them damn bongos. Looks like after a while we won't have no horn players left! I don't see where this sort of thing is progressing any; it's not doing the music game any good. You know, it's gotten to a point where our band goes into places and we find they've lost all respect for the musicians. We played a university date in Seattle and they had to advertise that we wouldn't play bebop. Then we went in there and played *Tenderly*. And everybody sat down and relaxed . . . give this two stars.
4. This sounds like they took a bunch of solos, put them together and made a tune out of it. . . . (during *thick chords*) who's that, Erroll Garner? It's close to the bop category. . . . I don't even know what they're doing. They made a lot of runs. It's on paper; I know they rehearsed it long enough, but I wouldn't rate it along with them stomps like the New Orleans boys used to play. Make it two-and-a-half.

by leonard feather

5. You wouldn't call this strict bebop . . . the saxes remind me of Benny's *Sometimes I'm Happy*. . . . I like their phrasing, kinda Benny Carterish, and I liked the guitar. This is the best of the bop things I've heard so far; it's more on the order of polished Dixieland. We could play a piece like that. In fact, we play bop too, you know; we do *Mop Mop*. But we don't exaggerate it. Three stars.
 6. This is a good novelty; it's nice to have around the house but you ain't gonna learn a damn thing from it! Sort of like a Park Avenue Spike Jones. Let's make it two-and-a-half. (later when told it was Russ Morgan) . . . say, did you know Russ wrote the arrangement for my record of *Body and Soul*?
 7. That's Eckstine. He's got a voice anyone can remember—an institutional voice, like Bing Crosby. The others all sound like a cross between Conno and what's-his-name . . . the cat that married Errol Flynn's wife. (release of first chorus) . . . ah, that third! That always sounds good . . . that's the thing I hit on the end of *Of Man Mose*, remember? And Frankie Laine uses a lot
- (Continued on page 25)

records reviewed by louis

Following are the records reviewed by Louis during his Blindfold Test. He was given no information whatever about them before or during the playing of the records.

1. Miles Davis, *Jern* (Capitol). Davis, trumpet.
2. Milt Heath Trio, *Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time* (Corah).
3. Dizzy Gillespie, *Manteca* (Victor). Arr. Gil Fuller.
4. Lennie Tristano, *Martinetto* (Capitol).
5. Tadd Dameron, *John's Delight* (Capitol). John Collins, comp. and guitar.
6. Russ Morgan, *Laughing Trondheim Polka* (Decca).
7. Billy Eckstine, *Goodbye* (MGMO).
8. Kid Orr, *Croole Be-Bo* (Columbia). Orr, vocal; Matt Carey trumpet.
9. Babs Gonzales, *Prelude to a Nightmarer* (Capitol). Gonzales, vocal.

METRONOME

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outstanding quotes from **Blindfold tests**

THIS ARTIST	MADE THIS COMMENT	LISTENING TO
Chubby Jackson	"The man I missed in front of, who makes me feel so small and unnecessary, the one man . . . is Mr. Ellington."	Duke's <i>Plucked Again</i>
Jack Teagarden	"I never did like anything Ellington did. He never had a band all in tune, always has a bad tone quality and bad blend. I'd just as soon listen to a hill-billy on a juke box."	Duke's <i>Luck, So and So</i>
Billy Eckstine	"I hate Dixieland. It stinks to me . . . nothing!"	Brad Gowans
Charlie Parker	"I like Dixieland, in a way—I mean I can listen to it; it's still music!"	George Wettling
Sarah Vaughan	"Who is it, Stan Hasselgard?"	Benny Goodman
Artie Shaw	"That's Benny!"	Stan Hasselgard
Red Norvo	"Everything in jazz has improved through the years."	
Buddy Weed	"I seldom run across anything good in jazz today. It's depressing."	
Mezz Mezzrow	"If that's music I'll eat it."	Norvo's <i>Congo Blues</i>
Mary Lou Williams	"Ouch!"	Jelly Roll Morton
Peggy Lee	"Sounds wonderful to me . . . she gets a big, strong sound."	Bessie Smith
Sarah Vaughan	"I have absolutely no feeling for this."	Bessie Smith
Georgie Auld	"Guys that are knocking modern jazz should stop trying to fight it . . . they're only doing so because they can't make it themselves."	
Coleman Hawkins	"It's amazing to me that so many people in music won't accept progress. It's the only field where advancement meets so much opposition."	
Allen Eager	"It's all saxes . . . could it be Shep Fields?"	Kenton's <i>Opus in Pastels</i>
Benny Goodman	"Would I call it jazz? No, certainly not. Progressive? Gee, I don't think it's progressive."	Kenton's <i>Monotony</i>
Dizzy Gillespie	"I often wonder what chords they use when they're doing these things."	Stravinsky's <i>Song of the Nightingale</i>
Mel Torme	"As a drummer I've learned that there's no such thing as an intelligent drum solo."	Cozy Cole's <i>Concerto for Cozy</i>
Billy Eckstine	"Terrible trumpet, terrible vocal, terrible record."	Julia Lee's <i>Cold Hearted Daddy</i> with Red Nichols
Duke Ellington	"Desperately unadult. Just isn't grown-up."	Babs Gonzales
Teddy Wilson	"He has no left hand and his tone is kind of plunky."	Hazel Scott
Bobby Hackett	"Why doesn't he get a dog whistle so we can't hear it?"	Illinois Jacquet
Charlie Barnet	"Ever since I quit singing I've been working steadily!"	His own vocal on <i>Cross Patch</i>
Artie Shaw	"If this is the quintessence of what jazz is doing, I don't want to go back into it."	Metronome All Stars' <i>Victory Ball</i>
Count Basie	"Do you have to play this all the way through?"	Bunk Johnson
Eddie Condon	"The way I see it, there's room for everybody; it's all under one tent—it's called music."	
Louis Armstrong	"These people are keeping music alive—helping to fight them damn beboppers. They're my inspirators!"	Guy Lombardo

(Continued on page 56)

NOVEMBER, 1949

Hall, Edmond 2	Morton, Jelly Roll 0
Hampton, Lionel 1, 2, 1, total 4, average 1.33	Morton, Benny 3
Harris, Bill 4	Murphy, Rose 3
Hart, Clyde 2	Musso, Vido 3
Hawkins, Coleman 3, 2, 2, 2, 3, 2, 3, 2, total 19, average 2.37	Nichols, Red 0, 2, 1, total 3, average 1
Hawkins, Erskine 2	Norvo, Red 0, 4, 3, total 7, average 2.33
Haymer, Herbie 3	Ory, Kid 3, 2½, total 5½, average 2.75
Hefti, Neal 3	Page, Hot Lips 4
Henderson, Fletcher 0, 3, total 3, average 1.5	Parker, Charlie 3, 4, 3, 3, 4, 3½, 3, 3, 2, 3, total 31½, average 3.15
Herth, Milt 3	Parker, Leo 2
Herman, Woody 4, 2, 2, 2, 0, 0, 2, 3, 0, 4, 3, 4, 3, 2, total 33, average 2.2	Phillips, Flip 3
Heywood, Eddie 3	Powell, Mel 2
Hines, Earl 3	Rachburn, Boyd 2, 2, 2, 4, 3, 0, total 13, average 2.17
Hodes, Art 2, 1½, 0, 3, total 6½, average 1.62	Ragtime Band 1
Hodges, J. 3, 2, 4, total 9, average 3	Rena, Kid 0
Holiday, Billie 3	Rich, Buddy 2, 4, 3, total 9, average 3
Holst ("The Planets") 3	Rodney, Red 1
Horne, Lena 3	Rose, David 2
Hot Club of France 0	Russell, Luis 2
Jackson, Chubby 3, 1, total 4, average 2	Sachs, Aaron 2
Jacquet, Illinois 3, 3, 3, 1, 3, 2, 2, 3½, 3½, total 9, average 2.66	Safranski, Ed 3
James, Harry 4, 2, total 6, average 3	Scott, Hazel 1½, 1, total 2½, average 1.25
Jazz at Philharmonic 3, 2, total 5, average 2.5	Scott, Tony 3
Jerome, Jerry 2	Shavers 2
Johnson, Bunk 0, 0, 1, 0, 0, 1, 4, total 6, average 0.86	Shaw, Artie 3, 3, 3, 2, 3, 2, total 16, average 2.66
Johnson, J. J. 2, 1, 3, total 6, average 2	Sherwood, Bobby 2, 4, total 6, average 3
Johnson, James P. 2, 2, 2, total 6, average 2	Sinatra, Frank 2, 2, total 4, average 2
Jones, Jimmy 2	Smith, Bessie 3, 0, total 3, average 1.5
Jones, Spike 4	Starr, Kay 2
Kenton, Stan 3, 4, 3, 4, 1, 3, 1, 3, 4, 4, 2, 2, 3, 2, total 39, average 2.78	Stravinsky, Igor 4, 4, total 8, average 4 (<i>Song of the Nightingale and Fire Bird</i>)
Kirby, John 3, 2, 2½, total 7½, average 2.5	Stitt, Sonny 3
Krupa, Gene 2	Sullivan, Joe 2, 2, total 4, average 2
Laine, Frankie 2	Tatum, Art 3, 3, 2½, 4, total 12½, average 3.12
La Mare, Nappy 2, 1, total 3, average 1.5	Taylor, Billy 2½
Lambert & Stewart 2	Thomas, Joe 2
Lawrence, Elliot 3	Thompson, Lucky 3
Lee, Julia 3, 1, 3, 1, total 8, average 2	Thompson, Sir Charles 3
Lee, Peggy 3, 3, total 6, average 3	Thornhill, Claude 3, 1, 2, 3, total 9, average 2.25
Lerner, Al 4	Three Blazers 2
Lombardo, Guy 4	Todd, Tommy 3
Lunceford, Jimmie 1, 2, total 3, average 1.5	Tristano, Lennie 3, 2, 4, 2½, total 11½, average 2.87
Lund, Art 2	Trumbauer, Frankie 2
McCall, Mary Ann 3	Vaughan, Sarah 3, 2, total 5, average 2.5
McGhee, Howard 3	Ventura, Charlie 3, 2, total 5, average 2.5
McKinley, Ray 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, total 17, average 3.4	Waller, Fats 3, 4, total 7, average 3.5
McPartland, Jimmy 0	Washington, Dinah 3
McShann, Jay 2	Waters, Ethel 2
Marsala, Joe 3, 2, total 5, average 2.5	Weed, Buddy 2
Metronome All Stars 2, 4, 0, total 6, average 2	Wettling, George 3
Mezzrow, Mezz 0	Wilbur, Bob 2
Molina, Carlos 0	Wilder, Aloc 4
Monk, Thelonious 1, 4, total 5, average 2.5	Wiley, Lee 3
Mooner, Joe 2	Williams, Cootie 4, 1, total 5, average 2.5
Moore, Phil 2, 4, total 6, average 3	Williams, Mary Lou 4
Morgan, Russ 2½	Wilson, Teddy 1
Morse, Ella Mae 3	Winding, Kai 3
	Young, Lester 2, 4, 3, 2, total 11, average 2.75

NOVEMBER, 1949

buddy de frank one

new clarinet king
is lost in dixieland.
happy in israel

by leonard feather



IN ADDITION to being the greatest modern jazzman on his chosen horn, Buddy DeFranco has the rare advantage of being thoroughly articulate, not patently neurotic, and able to listen to and discuss intelligently all kinds of music and many subjects far removed from music.

Buddy proved harder to please than most of the previous blindfoldees; his standards are high and he doesn't throw four-star ratings around indiscriminately, as the following ear-witness report indicates.

the records

1. Sounds like Kinny Dorham—a good imitation of Miles. I like the tenor man, but I don't recognize him. This sounds too much like so many other things. Maybe it *is* Miles—if it is, it's disappointing; there's something missing. The piano is good, but the whole performance seems a little superficial. Two and a half stars.
2. Brad Gowans? Teagarden? Jack has more facility than most of those guys; I still like him. This is hard to rate, it's so far removed from anything I really like and appreciate, but one thing that's good about this music is that you can tell they enjoy playing together, which is a good thing. Piano sounds like Stacy or somebody like that. Pee Wee Russell. . . . Caceres. . . . This might have been *the* thing at the time it was made, but I don't even know if it's good Dixieland. It's nothing to me; I won't rate it.
3. This sounds like an old record; typical of Benny—he gets

his own wonderful sound as usual. It's always been a disappointment to me that he hasn't, at least until recently, listened to the progressive things in music. The pianist could have been one of several—maybe Bushkin. Red Norvo on vibes. It's a clean band,
(Continued on page 40)

records reviewed by buddy defranco

Buddy was given no information, either before or during the blindfold test, about the artists, tunes or other details concerning the records played.

1. Miles Davis. *Sipping At Bell's* (Savoy). Miles Davis, trumpet; Charlie Parker, tenor.
2. Eddie Condon. *S'Wonderful* (Decca). Jack Teagarden, trombone; Gene Schroeder, piano; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Ernie Caceres, baritone.
3. Benny Goodman Orchestra. *Back in Your Own Backyard* (Caphol). Jimmy Rowles, piano; Red Norvo, vibes. Rec. 1947.
4. Benny Goodman Sextet. *Bedlam* (Capitol). Wardell Gray, tenor; Doug Mettome, trumpet; Buddy Greco, piano.
5. Walter Gil Fuller Orch. *Tropicana* (Discovery). Comp. & arr. Fuller.
6. Charlie Ventura. *Boptura* (Victor). Ventura, tenor; Conti Candoli trumpet; Boots Mussulli, alto & arr.
7. Babs' Three Bips and a Bop. *Phipps' Deed* (Apollo). Babs Gonzales, vocal; Tony Scott, clarinet; Bobby Tucker, piano. Comp. Arthur Phipps, Babs Brown.
8. Red Norvo. *Dee Dee's Dance* (Decca). Comp. Denzil Best. Norvo, vibes; Aaron Sachs, clarinet. Rec. 1944.
9. Tommy Dorsey. *Dry Bones* (Victor). Boomie Richmond, tenor.
10. Charlie Parker. *Quasimodo* (Dial). Parker, alto; Miles Davis, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone.
11. Miles Davis. *Israel* (Capitol). Comp. Johnny Carisi.

Dec. 1949

three years behind the blindfold

a complete record
of the records and the musicians,
here and on pages 56 and 57

by leonard feather

THERE WERE two motives that led to my suggestion of the Blindfold Test as a regular METRONOME feature. One was the fact that for reasons of personal friendship or a variety of other prejudices, no listener can be as objective in his opinions of a musical performance, when he knows who is performing, as he can when he hasn't been told.

Second, the bulk of jazz criticism was (and still is) in the hands of Moldy Fig reactionaries, most of whom have no technical knowledge or understanding of jazz, and whose opinions are strongly in contrast with those of the musicians themselves. It seemed to me that the public deserved a better chance to see how the only real critics, the men who know this music through making it and living it, feel about the performances of their fellow artists.

Originally I had planned to interview writers (except the METRONOME editors), but this soon proved impossible; everyone approached found a convenient excuse. One national magazine writer who claims to be an authority on jazz dodged phone calls for months and made every alibi under the sun, clearly scared that his tin ear would be exposed in the penetrating glare of a blindfold test. So the interviews were confined to musicians—musicians of every school, given complete latitude to blow their tops on the records in particular or jazz in general.

On these pages you will find a summation of the results of thirty-eight tests conducted to date. And I might add that if the interviews are as much fun to read as they are to conduct, the pleasure is mutual.

those who were blindfolded and tested

Louis Armstrong	Sept. & Oct. 1949	Chubby Jackson	Dec. 1947
Georgie Auld	May 1947	Peggy Lee	Feb. 1947
Charlie Barnet	May 1949	Ray McKinley	Nov. 1947
Count Basie	July 1947	Mezz Mezzrow	Oct. 1946
Tex Beneke	May 1948	Red Norvo	March 1947
Nat Cole	March 1948	Charlie Parker	Aug. 1948
Eddie Condon	Aug. 1949	Boyd Raeburn	
Allen Eager	Jan. 1948	Ginnie Powell	July 1948
Billy Eckstine	Feb. 1949	Pete Rugolo	April 1949
Duke Ellington	Aug. 1947	Artie Shaw	June 1949
Ella Fitzgerald		George Shearing	June 1948
Ray Brown	Oct. 1948	Mel Torme	Oct. 1947
Dizzy Gillespie	Jan. 1947	Jack Teagarden	April 1947
Benny Goodman	Dec. '48-Jan. '49	Dave Tough	Dec. 1946
Bobby Hackett	April 1948	Sarah Vaughan	March 1949
Lionel Hampton	July 1949	Charlie Ventura	Nov. 1948
Coleman Hawkins	Nov. 1946	Buddy Weed	June 1947
Neal Hefti		Mary Lou Williams	Sept. 1946
Frances Wayne	Feb. 1948	Teddy Wilson	Sept. 1947
Woody Herman	Sept. 1948		

METRONOME

Nov. '49

buddy de frank one

(Continued from page 16)

which I like—that's almost a novelty these days. A good swing record, that's how I'd classify this—but I still can't appreciate it for nowadays. Two and a half.

4. Wardell plays fine . . . Doug Mettome plays good trumpet and good music; he's excellent. Benny sounds lively. Greco plays well, but I guess I'm spoiled by the more accomplished bop musicians. That could be Fats on trumpet, though . . . Benny sounds like he got a little from listening to Hasselgard—it's very good playing, but it still isn't *it*. That last chorus I don't understand, where they're all ad libbing. But there are a lot of interesting things here; three stars.

5. The theme is a pretty trite pattern, and this is a little too noisy for me. There's a lot of playing on this, but to me it's a nondescript piece. I don't think bongos belong in jazz, except occasionally. Chano Pozo was great, but since his time they've run a good thing into the ground. Two stars.

6. I have an aversion to bop vocals. It goes against getting that feel that's so important. I don't know who this is but it's pretty negative. Trumpet is nice—Conti Candoli? Trombone okay; tenor I guess is Ventura. The alto is good but the comparison with Bird always comes up and he spoils you for everybody else—unless it's someone like Lee Konitz who is definitely himself. Two and a half.

7. This sounds like an attempt to write what you might call a pretty bebop tune. Frankly, I don't get the point. It's probably Babs or somebody . . . no, it's not Babs. Good pianist, but he's trying to play—ah—rebop. The clarinet isn't "it" either—good, clean playing, yet there's always something lacking. He plays good clarinet but not good bop, which it was probably attempting to be. Two stars.

8. This is Denzil's tune, *Dee Dee's Dance*. You know, records have a tendency to distort a comparatively good clarinet sound. This sounds like something Norvo made some time ago. Clarinet could be Stan; same as the one on the last record, he's playing good clarinet, but still not what I'd like to hear. Clarinet is a pretty difficult instrument to get anything out of. Ensemble is not too bad, but the tempo is too slow for the tune. It's a nice nimble thing and it can really go if you play it up to tempo. Two stars.

9. Who's that, Tommy Dorsey? Sounds like one of those Sy Oliver things. Boomie on tenor—he's an excellent musician; he ought to break away from that Dixieland feel, in fact he can, because I've heard him at times sound a lot like Pres. Maybe it's the environment that limits him. . . This thing takes me back quite a few years. If you're going to categorize, I'd say that for what it is, it's a good record; but for what I like, it's just fair. Two stars.

10. I know those chords . . . *Embraceable You*. The alto is good, but disappointing for Bird if it's him. Don't know the trombone. Trumpet is probably Miles—he's made one of the greatest contributions. He puts jazz at the high level it should be at. This is a good side—three stars.

11. This is *Israel*, written by Johnny Carisi—one of the greatest writers around, along with George Russell and Gil Evans and Gerry Mulligan. Guys like that endeavor to make each tune a specific composition—so much more than just the ordinary riff thing with chorus after chorus. To me this record is excellent. The band could have been a little cleaner but I can disregard the slight imperfections because the music represents so much. Four stars!

METRONOME

Dec., 1949



has k.

acclaimed as her young,
 "my girl" Jackie Cain,
 and Lou Levy "great"
 in her blindfold test

by Leonard Feather

THE MAIN PROBLEM in conducting a blindfold test with Billie Holiday, or with anyone of her musical stature, is that of limiting the records to a small but comprehensive selection. Personally, I was so interested in investigating Billie's views that a marathon test involving several hundred records seemed mandatory. Considerations of time and space, however, reduced the project to a round dozen discs, on which Billie commented as follows.

the records

1. It's *I Got Rhythm*, isn't it? Sounds like Jacquet . . . and now it *doesn't* sound like him. Is that some concert or something? Well, it jumps, it's very exciting at times, but I don't care too much for the rhythm section. Under the circumstances, not a bad record, but this kind of thing is according to the atmosphere you're in. If I had my choice of records I wouldn't pick this. Two stars.
2. Duke! . . . I always loved this—it gets four right now! I've always wanted a band to play under me like that when I sing; they don't mess around or noodle, they just help you. I've wanted it all my life! I almost got that with Gordon Jenkins, on *You're My Thrill*, but that was pretty music. This has bounce, too. You know, the only ones who can take a solo while I'm singing and still not interfere with me are Lester Young and Teddy. I always like Hibbler, but he has some tricks I don't care for. And Hodges is always my man. This is an all around great record. Four.
3. Peggy, isn't it? . . . I always loved Peggy—loved her when she first started, and she's been very fortunate; she's always had the kind of background every singer needs . . . That clarinet sounds very familiar. I like it. Sounds a lot like Goodman. Don't tell me it is, I'll die! Three stars.
4. Who's that guitar? . . . The piano is the kind of bop I like; it makes sense. I don't know the alto; he's trying to play like Charlie, whoever he is. I like the tenor; he's nice and even

- and smooth. And I like that unison . . . the last chorus. I like
 this bop, and I like it *very* much.
 5. This is Ruth Brown, and you
 all about this. I can't stand *no*
 Cornshucks note for *note*. *She*
 hasn't got a damn thing; I just
 like to
 get 'em both together with a good piano. I don't have 'em
 both sing; if Cornshucks' *So Long* isn't twice as good, I'll eat
 my hat. When Cornshucks sing this style, she's great. Sure,
 I copied Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong—banned note for
 note; they *inspired* me . . . I don't care if she hates me for say-
 ing this, it's my opinion!
 6. That's Teddy Wilson . . . no, wait . . . yes, I still say it's
 Teddy, I won't take that back! Bud Freeman on tenor, maybe
 (Continued on page 30)

records reviewed by billie holiday

Following were the records discussed in Billie Holiday's blindfold test. She was given no advance information about them either before or during the test.

1. Jazz at the Philharmonic. *Endido*, Part I (Mercury). Jacquet, tenor; Hank Jones, Jo Jones, Ray Brown, rhythm.
2. Duke Ellington. *Don't Get Around Much Any More* (Columbia).
3. Benny Goodman Orch. & Peggy Lee. *For Every Man There's a Woman* (Capitol).
4. Lennie Tristano. *Sax of a Kind* (Capitol). Tristano, piano; Billy Bauer, guitar; Lee Konitz, alto; Wayne Marsh, tenor.
5. Ruth Brown. *So Long* (Atlantic).
6. Mel Powell. *Muskrat Ramble* (Capitol). Powell, piano; Don Lodice, tenor; Gus Bivona, clarinet.
7. Sarah Vaughan. *Make Believe* (Columbia).
8. Wynonie Harris. *Come Back Baby* (Aladdin). T. Smith, alto; Allen Eager, tenor.
9. Stan Kenton. *He Was a Good Man as Good Men Go* (Capitol). June Christy, vocal.
10. Count Basie. *Walking Slow Behind You* (Victor). Rushing, vocal; Paul Gonzales, tenor.
11. Woody Herman. *That's Right* (Capitol). Lou Levy, piano.
12. Roy Kral-Jackie Cain. *Ever-Lovin' Blues* (Atlantic).

February, 1950

lady day

say

(Continued from page 1)

Joe Marsala on clarinet. . . . this Dixieland; I mean I don't recognize them . . . they're all swinging and it's a good record. Do I like good Dixieland? . . . right I do—three stars!

7. That's Sarah . . . is the last record I've heard of hers in a long time. She sticks to the melody—maybe she has to, because of the vocal background. You know, on *The Man I Love* she goes so far out, she skips; she got so that even musicians couldn't understand what she was doing. That sort of stuff is for an instrument, not for a voice. Maybe I'm old fashioned, but I just don't like or understand it. But this one is worth three stars.

8. That's whatshisname, "Mr. Blues"—Wynonie. He has the best backgrounds on his records of any blues singer of his type. That's Tab Smith on alto. The tenor sounds like Lester . . . It is Lester! . . . No, isn't . . . yes, it is! Nobody in the world does that but Lester. I like this kind of blues singing; I love T-Bone Walker. Four stars!

9. That could be . . . ; they all sound alike to me . . . the girl that used to . . . Krupa—Anita—or any of them. I guess the band is . . . June Christy? I liked *Willow Weep for Me*, but . . . heard many of their things. This is just fair; the . . . and the singing, all fair. Didn't move me. Tv . . .

10. That's Jim . . . he never . . . it's Basic's band, and . . . in . . . just fair, . . . of their . . . at band— . . . would just do . . . to it, when I think how great it used to be. . . .

11. I don't know who the bell this . . . is great. The piano player's wonderful! This sounds awfully familiar—is it Woody's band? Now this is what I call bop—the real thing! It doesn't heckle your ears—you get right up to a pitch with it, come right down—it moves you. The soloists? *Everybody's* great! Four stars.

12. I believe this has my girl on it—Jackie Cain. She's the greatest for this kind of thing; she's made a business, made a life out of perfecting it. I think she and her husband are great . . . That's that girl on 'cello and the girl on drums. The group has a marvelous sound; all they need is a break. At Bop City they didn't have a chance, because their music is soft and not exciting—no clowning, no funny bow ties. They should be able to work in any good hotel, any theatre—anywhere; they're the best. Bop . . . is here to stay!

Feb 50



two of a kind

that's roy and jackie, mr. and mrs.,
on leonard feather's blindfold test

YOU MIGHT SAY that married couples, because of the musical experiences they have shared, tend toward a large area of agreement in their opinions on music. On the other hand, you might say that their agreement on music was one of the reasons they got married in the first place. In any event, the degree of similarity in views expressed by previous Blindfold couples—the Neal Heftis, the Boyd Raeburns, the Ray Browns—was duplicated in the case of Roy Kral and Jackie Cain.

Seldom has a musical couple been better mated than these two youthful and original artists, as is amply demonstrated by the comments printed below.

the records

1- ROY: The old-time blues! . . . JACKIE: That sure is real low-down tenor! R: It sure is a shouting record—done in good taste for that kind of thing, but not to my particular taste. J: I had to listen to things like that back when I was in high school. R: It's a shade more musical than most things of this type. I have no idea who it is. Louis Jordan? J: Let's give it two stars. 2- J: Who else! Billy! He's about my favorite. I like his backgrounds too. R: He's singing a little too much ad lib here, sort of drags it out. J: It's not up to his taste and standard. R: I especially like the arrangement, the way it begins and catches your attention right away. I'd give it three and a half; in fact, it's worth four except for that last part. J: Three for me, I guess. 3- J: It's Kay Starr. She has good time, but I prefer a lyrical type of voice. R: I don't enjoy the conception. J: Well, I can appreciate it for what she does. R: It's not extraordinary. She makes me think of some early blues singer, maybe Mildred Bailey or Bessie Smith. J: It's an earthy voice, not cultured; an untrained sound, like Sophie Tucker, only a little better. R: Two stars. 4- J: Who's that, Mary Ann McCall? R: It doesn't sound like

Woody's band; the rhythm band, I guess. R: Ooh, I like for her. The balance is bad chamber. I love the flute a not arranged too well. She R: Yeah, but the flute is tre some kind of studio band. the feeling she has. J: Sh wouldn't like that type but not so good when she gets should have sung it straight 5- J: Louis has a humorou

records reviewed by

They were, as usual, given records played.

1. Lionel Hampton. *Chicken*
2. Billy Eckstine. *Body and Soul*
3. Kay Starr. *Them There Eyes*
4. Mary Ann McCall. *You're My Favorite*
5. Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday. *Decca*
6. Charlie Ventura. *Ha! Conti*
7. Al Haig Sextet. *Be Still*
8. Roy Haynes, drums; Tommy, I Getz tenor. (HL)
9. Bud Powell. *Wall*. Fats Navarro, piano; Tommy Potter, piano.
10. Woody Herman. *Rhapsody* (Capitol)
11. Tommy Dorsey. *Hollywood*
12. Johnny Hartman with Ernie Cury.

erroll

(Continued from page 20)

except Erroll's twin brother who draws blueprints for the Government. Erroll started playing when he was about three, and since he has a good ear never has learned to read music, a case of the impatience of natural ability with method. "I tried and I couldn't make it so I just didn't ever learn," he says. He played with a group called The Candy Kids and "people used to take me around and give me the old hometown buildup." When he was about fourteen or fifteen he started to play professionally around local clubs, and later came to New York to accompany singer Ann Lewis. He returned to Pittsburgh, then came back when he was about eighteen, played at Tondelayo's and joined the Slam Stewart Trio for his first stay at the Deuces. Since working with Slam he's been on his own.

Nobody, Erroll says, influenced his playing. "I listened to whatever came around to Pittsburgh, to the big bands coming to the theatres. I'd hear people play and it would thrill me, but after I got away, I'd forget it. But it gave me ambition to do what I wanted to do. I'm still working. I want the piano to sound like it never sounded before. I want it to be as full as possible. I want to play as relaxed as possible. I want to get as much warmth as possible."

Whether the Garner style thrills you or not (and it has been called by one disc jockey the greatest aid to romance since kissing), it does make the piano sound "like it never sounded before," for Erroll's style is unmistakably Garner, no matter what the label. There are two basic Garner styles: one is a rollicking bounce, a sort of stride piano in the Waller manner, with a bunch of chords thundering up and down and around the melody, and a twinkle in the eye and a grin on the mouth of the pianist; the other is a slow, dreamy, meandering Impressionist style, staying close to the melody, with a suitable far-away expression on Erroll's face. Whichever the style, the outstanding Garner characteristic is the delayed action of his right hand, sometimes just a fraction of a beat behind his left, sometimes so far behind it seems he will never catch up with himself. "It's just the way I feel like playing it," Erroll explains. "It's just like somebody runs and you walk fast but you both get to the other side of the street at the same time. I've played with rhythm sections where they would drop back figuring I wasn't going to catch up." But he always does.

Erroll is strictly a melody man. Though he plays a lot of chords, they're still the chords of the tune, and somewhere among them you'll find the melody itself. He says, "I play a lot of melody; that's what I feel. If I like a melody I learn it. I play the tune for the melody, not to see how far away from it I can get. People feel more relaxed when they can hear something they can understand. All I can do is judge by their reactions; the expressions on their faces gives me an idea of what's happening. Some nights I may play twenty tunes before I find something they like. Every time I play I just try to play for the house that night. I don't worry about who's going to be there tomorrow night. The only way I satisfy myself is by playing it in my own way. I don't believe there's a corny tune in the world—the way I like to play them. I believe I could play *Mairzy Doats* and you'd like it."

Erroll has no eyes for enlarging his group beyond trio size. "Three's a crowd, three's enough. This way I've got a chance. I probably could play the way I want to with a big band but it would be a lot of work." It's not exactly that he's lazy, but Erroll says, "The more I relax the better I like it. The piano never gets on my mind until I sit down to play it. I'm liable to go to a movie.

(Continued on page 29)

METRONOME

March, 1950



Elliot doesn't like ike

raises cain (and kral)

over kaye and dixie

in leonard feather's blindfold test

ELLIOT LAWRENCE is the kind of bandleader who is obliged, for commercial reasons, to keep his personal likes and dislikes in music carefully separated from the policy adopted in his own band. Those of you who know him through his performances of popular songs might keep in mind that back in his Philadelphia house-band days Elliot's was one of the first big bands on the air ever to feature bop. Anyone familiar with his record of *Elevation*, or with his performance during a run at Bop City, must be aware of the breadth of his musical taste.

Any doubts we might have had about Elliot's feelings were quickly dispelled by his perceptive and progressive reactions to the wide assortment of records, mostly big band sides, played during his blindfold test.

the records

1. Of course, this is Diz's band—always one of my favorite bands, but this is inferior Dizzy . . . one thing that always annoys me is this Latin American stuff—all those bongos and that business—it gets almost a castanet sound in parts, and it adds nothing . . . tune didn't show much melodic interest, performance only fair. Two stars, mostly for Dizzy's solo.
2. Ellington? . . . No, it can't be. Hawaiian guitar? . . . This is just another commercial record on the choir kick started by Gordon Jenkins, which so many record companies have tried to inject. It does not get an Ellington sound after the first vocal, and it's pleasantly done; I'd say it's one of the better Sammy Kaye records. One star.
3. This has a nice modern feeling . . . I'd be hard pressed to guess whose record . . . they don't play the riff very well together, and there are a lot of modern combo sides I prefer, but I liked the baritone, the trombone, and the trumpet, and I give it three for the solos.
4. This is the same style as the old Glenn Miller originals, or that Sy Oliver two-beat . . . Ray Anthony, Tommy Dorsey? It has nothing new to add to music, does nothing to me, I've heard it so many times before. Two stars.
5. Bird plays very well, and I like the opening figure very much . . . sounds like Miles; I like where Bird plays behind

him . . . This is a very pleasing record. An excellent combo side with Bird playing very conservatively, in very good taste. Three stars.

6. Stiff! The vocal is stiff, the band is stiff, the rhythm section is stiff. I don't like it at all. Don't even want to talk about it. One star.

7. The tune is nothing . . . I hear traces of boogie woogie, wood-block effects . . . Take it off; let's not waste our time! One star.

8. This is great—Jackie Cain's group; they get a good sound, they have new ideas, and the cello sounds wonderful. They sing so well in tune, too, and that counterpoint part is great . . . this is one of the finest new groups. Four stars.

9. This is hard to figure out. There are some nice harmonic changes but I don't like the sound of the alto at all, and nothing much else interests me. Two stars. (Continued on page 22)

records reviewed by elliot

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

1. Dizzy Gillespie. *Swedish Suite* (Victor). Arr. Walter Fuller.
2. Sammy Kaye. *Echoes* (Victor).
3. Serge Chaloff. *Bopscotch* (Futurama). Chaloff, baritone; Earl Swope, trombone; Red Rodney, trumpet.
4. Ralph Flanagan. *Swing To 45* (Victor).
5. Charlie Parker. *Bird of Paradise* (Dial). Parker, alto; Miles Davis, trumpet.
6. Sy Oliver. *When My Sugar Walks Down The Street* (Decca). Vocal by Sy Oliver and the Aristokats.
7. Ike Carpenter. *Dancers In Love* (Discovery). Comp. Duke Ellington.
8. Roy Kral-Jackie Cain. *Ever Lovin' Blues* (Atlantic). Kral, piano, vocal, and arr.; Jackie Cain, vocal; Marilyn Beabout, cello.
9. Charlie Barnet. *Over The Rainbow* (Capitol). Barnet, soprano saxophone; Tiny Kahn, arr.
10. Claude Thornhill. *Anthropology* (Columbia). Lee Konitz, alto.
11. Joe Rushton. *After You've Gone* (Jump). Rushton, bass sax; Chuck Mackey, trumpet. Rec. 1949.

april, 1950

dameron likes dixie

(Continued from page 23)

land I'd say it's one of the best I've heard. I can see why people like Dixieland; it has a beat and is easy for anyone to understand. Three stars.

2. I like the ensemble by the four saxes. First tenor solo is poor and the second is worse than that. The first one might be Zoot Sims. The third tenor is very good—Stan Getz, I imagine, and the last's not bad; maybe Al Cohn. It's a nice melody and I like the piano background on solo work. Two stars.

3. I guess you could say this kind of record was typical of the last decade . . . sloppy ensemble and a poor voice with no melody in it . . . the tenor solo is terrible and the whole thing is poorly recorded. Give it half a star.

4. This is Ted Heath. I heard him play the same arrangement on the air in England when I was there. Must be Jack Armstrong on trombone and Dave Goldberg on guitar. It's a nice-sounding band. Trombones are wonderful, alto fair . . . Jack Parnell the drummer is very tasty. The number is nothing unusual, but the arrangement is pleasing. Two and a half.

5. This sounds like Stan Kenton and a Pete Rugolo arrangement. He gets a nice mood and effective use of strings and woodwinds. You're going into another field here—you can't judge it as jazz, it's straight music. I hear touches of Stravinsky . . . this kind of thing is competing with some of the great minds of modern music, but it does have some warmth in it, and I'll still give it three stars for the attempt.

6. Is that Bill Harris? Sounds like a George Handy arrangement. . . . (tenor solo) now I'm not so sure, Stan Kenton? . . . I know—it's Johnny Richards' arrangement. It's good in parts,

Charles Alden

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dameron likes dixie and bird

miles—the most advanced,
parker—the world's greatest,
says tadd as he dons
leonard feather's blindfold



TADD DAMERON practically grew up with bop. Although most New York jazz fans first heard of him through his association with the Lunceford band, it was his work for the first Eckstine and Gillespie orchestras that earned him prominence and permanent identification with the new movement. As his comments during and after the blindfold test indicate Tadd's musical interests are by no means confined to bop. Listening to a wide range of unidentified records, mostly by big bands, he made the following comments:

the records

1. Good trumpet, nice clarinet; ordinary voice . . . a good Dixieland arrangement . . . I don't know who it is, but for Dixie-

(Continued on page 35)

May, 1950

elliott

(Continued from page 16)

10. This is Claude's band, and my favorite altoman, Lee Konitz, who made those wonderful sides with Lennie. This has a modern sound, but I believe the arrangement was cut up quite a bit and it just misses being a great record, though the first ensemble part is magnificent. Three stars.

11. Do you want me to listen to this all the way through? I don't know enough about Dixieland to know good from bad. When I was young it was past the era when Dixieland was played at our house . . . I can't stand the baritone. I don't imagine it was even good at the time it was played. The trumpet sounds all right . . . if this was made a long while ago give it one star; if it was made recently, definitely no stars. It's old-fashioned and corny.

afterthoughts by elliott

So much bad music is being played nowadays—it's a relief when you come across something like those great Miles Davis sides on Capitol. Gerry Mulligan made some of those numbers up for us . . . The big bands have to worry about making ends meet. Woody and Barnet had fine bands; Claude was getting somewhere, though I don't know about lately . . . And I know we're trying; we have so many things in the library that we can't play at a lot of places we work. I don't think the business was ever so tough.

I think what we need today is more groups trying to do new things, like the Jackie Cain-Roy Kral outfit—or my favorite musical group of all today, Lennie Tristano's. It's only with new ideas like that that music will ever get ahead!

METRONOME

April, 1950



III

the perils of parker and other aspects of the new jazz discussed by stan kenton in part two of leonard feather's blindfold test

THIS MONTH'S blindfold test with Stan Kenton was conducted at the same session as last month's. You might be interested to compare Stan's remarks about Bill Harris in record number five below with his comments on the trombonist (who also turned out to be Bill Harris) in last month's number one record. And now, let Stan speak for himself.

the records

1. Sometimes a record can be so badly recorded that no emotion comes out of it. A record has to have overtones, has to have body, and everything else that makes for musical excitement. They're trying for excitement, but I think if I had this record I probably would play it about half way through and stop. The alto I liked, and the piano I liked very much. The trombone nothing much happened with—had a laboring feeling. It sounds as though they had a date, came into the studio, rehearsed this a few times, and said, "Let's make it and hope we get a good one." I have to judge this record from what they are attempting to do. One star.

2. As I said about Eckstine [*last month*] they have done the same thing now with Charlie Parker. They've taken Charlie clear out of his idiom and put him into another thing—they fit just like milk and vinegar. The violin section is still based upon the radio schmaltzy sound, and they have Charlie Parker sitting in there like a jewel in a lot of mud. Someone talked to Charlie before he made these records and told him, "Now let's just have a lot of melody. We want some good-selling things." I don't think these records are going to help Mercury, Charlie Parker, Norman Granz or anyone. I think it was a terrible mistake to make this album. I feel nothing from it and I can only feel the tragedy of releasing it for the people. I give it nothing.

3. I like this record very much. I'll tell you why I like it and why I dislike it. It has a wonderful naturalness to it. The rhythm flows wonderfully; it has great feeling to it. The band feels the accents; everything is completely natural. It sounds as though this organization has played together for a long while. Now the criticism is just like that for all Afro-Cuban music.

The harmonic structure is very weak, and I know that they are just developing. The melodies are very simple—the chords are very simple.

This tenor saxophone player has a good sound to his horn, but his harmonic structure is weak too. He doesn't create anything fresh melodically. At the end of the record he completely exhausts himself and resorts to a few tricks, and lets the rhythm carry him, which is still flowing wonderfully. The record is very good. I think if I owned this I would play it quite often. I think I would probably give it about three stars.

4. This is not really good Dixieland. They've put too much of a society feeling in there. This is kind of Dixieland in the 1950 days here. This is after they left Chicago and spread out a bit, and some of these fellows have felt a little bit of another kind of music. In other words, the thing is not genuine Dixieland. They're trying to be a little bit corny with it, but they're also trying to maintain a good heart. This is Dixieland with a little too much reservation. They're not really melting into the thing.

I'm clear beyond the stage where I start arguing the merits of progressive jazz against swing and swing against Dixieland. We just have to accept all the different phases and let the thing go.

(Continued on page 23)

records reviewed by stan kenton

Following are the records played for Stan Kenton during the blindfold test. He was given no information whatever about the records either before or during the interview.

1. Chubby Jackson, *Flying The Coop* (New Jazz). Comp. & arr. Tiny Kahn; Charlie Kennedy, alto; Tony Aless, piano; Kai Winding, J. J. Johnson, trombone.
2. Charlie Parker, *Everything Happens to Me from Parker with Strings* album (Mercury).
3. Flip Phillips, tenor, with Machito Orch., *No Noise*, part one (Mercury).
4. Zutty Singleton, *Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight* (Capitol).
5. Woody Herman, *Not Really The Blues* (Capitol). Comp. & arr. Johnny Mandel (not Shorty Rogers, as incorrectly listed on some labels); Bill Harris, trombone; Buddy Savitt, tenor.

July, 1950



stan stumps for modern jazz

**kenton names the problems,
suggests some solutions,
as he takes the blindfold test**

by leonard feather

THE PROBLEM with Stan Kenton was not how to get him to talk, but how to get him to stop. Long, Lean and Loquacious gave me more material on each record than I usually get out of an entire interview. Fortunately, we preserved the whole thing on a tape recorder, so the following is an accurate, though heavily compressed, transcript of Stan's reactions to the first five.

the records

1. Trombone is very unsure; there is no positive character to it. The arrangement is very good, but I think the arranger was trying to write modern music with the idea of creating dance music. The musicians are very weak in their projection of the guy's tones; there is no feel. They tried for excitement near the end of the record but nothing happened again. They were just blowing tones. Recording is very feeble; tenor sax is nothing much. Inasmuch as I'd probably give a little higher rating to anybody who is trying to play progressive music, I would say this was worth about two stars.

2. I think this record represents a perfect example of what all of us with big bands have to worry about. Because when you have a large orchestra, you run a great risk of losing the feel you have with a small group. A large band should operate the same way and have the same character to it. But there has to be the freedom prevailing.

This band is bound up with a strictness that spoils its color. There is no real naturalness to the thing. It has a kind of Hollywood sound to it. You know, it sounds like what they would record in motion pictures if they were going to have a Latin American sequence. The record was very lacking in rhythmic assertion. Everybody is just reading—it sounds like the orchestra at NBC going through an opener. The recording again is very bad. And, of course, as I explained before, the danger of big band writing lies both in the writing and in the musicians' conception—in getting the sounds across that the arranger wants; again I'm talking about naturalness. To make a big band thrill, it has to have a natural sound. It has to take the sound and the feeling of a small band and enhance it. The sounds on this record are closed—it sounds as if they are blowing underneath a bed,

or something. It's not an open sound. Probably the guy that engineered this date was of the old school of engineering. I think this thing should have two stars. Who is this, Dizzy?

3. I like this very much. I don't know who it is, but the main thing is it represents jazz up to a certain stage—it's very honest. Nothing modern or progressive, but the emotional character is very good. We in modern jazz criticize this sort of thing because they are still playing on a three-part chord . . . so the thing we must do is play from the twelve-tone scale but at the same time have the same *emotion* that these fellows have. That's one thing that is stopping the growth of modern jazz. I'd give this a three rating.

4. The only thing that makes me realize that this record wasn't made ten or fifteen years ago is the tenor saxophone. I don't know who he is, but he is someone who is trying to play in the vein the fellows feel today. The record is something that would be very good for the high school dance class on Friday afternoon. It sounds like . . . is it Benny? It sounds like Benny Goodman, shall we say. The whole thing is very amateurish. There's just absolutely nothing. I don't think we should even waste time with the record. I would give it nothing.

5. I think rather than talk about this record I'd like to talk about what the record represents. To me the greatest singer of our day—of my time—that includes everyone who sings a song

(Continued on page 30)

records reviewed by stan kenton

Following are the records played for Stan Kenton during the blindfold test. He was given no information whatever about the records, either before or during the interview.

1. Ralph Burns, *Introspection* (Mercury). Comp. and arr. Burns; Bill Harris, trombone; Herb Steward, tenor.
2. Dizzy Gillespie, *Carambola* (Capitol). Arr. Chico O'Farrell; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet.
3. Duke Ellington, *Good Woman Blues* (Columbia). Al Hibbler, vocal.
4. Benny Goodman, *Egg Head* (Capitol). Wardell Gray, tenor; Goodman, clarinet.
5. Billy Eckstine, with Pete Rugolo's Orch. (MGM). *Over The Rainbow*.

METRONOME

June

Stan Kenton: two

(Continued from page 16)

I think Dixieland is the basis for all of our jazz. And these fellows got brave and ran a little out in front, but oops! they got afraid, they had learned a little bit about music, so it was pretty hard for them to be basic and simple like they used to be. There's not too much real character on the record. I'd say that it's more inclined to be corny in spots than good Dixieland. Let's let this one go without rating.

5. I think this arrangement was played wonderfully. It has a very good sound on it. I'll say it's Woody Herman right off the bat. However, I don't think there is too much in the arrangement. It's a little bit jumbled. It's probably one of Shorty's things . . . he'll crown me for saying this. But I still think that there has never been a band ever that created the rhythmic excitement that the Herman band did. On this record it's still evident. It has the freedom that some of the earlier records you played do not have. This is a big band that has a small band feel, which is wonderful.

I've many times wished that we could have created the rhythmic excitement that the Herman band has created. For instance, the other night I heard *Northwest Passage* on the air again. I hadn't heard it for a long time, and I swear it's so far superior to anything we have today that we have to just salute it again. I think Bill Harris is still most exciting. There's nothing to compare with him. His sounds fit with my fantasies completely. The saxophone, I don't know who it was, is very interesting. The colored bands have been dominant rhythmically, but there's never been a white band to compete with Woody Herman's rhythmic excitement. I think I would probably give this about a three.

afterthoughts by stan

Sure, I can think of a couple of records I would have given four stars. One would be Charlie Barnet playing that thing of Manny Albam's, *Pan Americana*. And the George Handy side out of that great *Jazz Scene* album, *The Bloss*.

In modern and progressive jazz and bebop there is such an urge today for new harmonic sounds—everyone is in the throes of creating new harmonic excitement—that the music has suffered greatly by the lack of rhythmic assertion and the lack of real emotional character. Charlie Parker is about the only example today of someone who has progressed harmonically while at the same time maintaining a jazz character. The young jazz players should listen to Charlie not just for the technical and harmonic part of his creativeness—but to see how honest and free his projection is.

That is what's wrong both in the jazz world and in the contemporary world of the classics. I criticize Leonie Tristano a little bit for this too. You can criticize Tristano for the same thing for which you can criticize Schönberg. Music is created because of the people and *for* the people. And there's too much of an attitude today that the masses are peasants, and there's too much of a feeling of wanting to shut yourself away in an ivory tower, and create, because you were born a hundred years too far ahead. And it's not possible, because music and art can only be created because of the emotions of the people. A musician has to be with the people. Take all the people out of the world, and would the world mean anything to anyone, in spite of all the wealth? I don't want any part of the world without the people in it! This has been said many times, and it's a very simple thing—but it's my philosophy.

JULY, 1950

Stan stumps for modern jazz

(Continued from page 16)

from a child, woman, beast, man or what—I think that Eckstine is by far the greatest that we have ever had. But this is a great example of how an artist needs help.

Everyone in America in the music business is so conscious of values, they're continually trying to make somebody who comes after fit into the shoes of the man who went before. Eckstine is something that was entirely in his own idiom, but they are continually balancing him against men like Sinatra and Bing Crosby. It should not be done. Immediately they want the same type of background. They don't realize that Eckstine has the chance of lasting for the rest of his life as something great.

There are times when people need help so much—he isn't as strong in the country as he was, and it just shows you how a career can be engineered very badly. Billy is not Bing Crosby. He is not Frank Sinatra or Perry Como; he's something entirely by himself who should be thought of as that, and not try to make out of him the same thing the other fellows represent. I believe in Billy a great deal, and I somehow think that Billy himself will take the bull by the horns and straighten the thing out.

The orchestration was by Rugolo. The orchestration is very adequate for what it is. Rugolo is one of the most competent musicians we have today. A very interesting thing about this record is that they wanted Rugolo because they felt he was a great musician . . . I was at the recording, and everyone to a Pete how great it was and how thrilled they were with everything. Finally one month later the talk started seeping out here in New York that they did not like the Rugolo accompaniments for Billy Eckstine because they were too colorful. And I think that Pete was holding himself down . . . I don't see how he could be any simpler.

More recently Pete has worked with Billy again, at the Paramount, so I suppose that means that he'll have a record date with Billy again—and six months after it's over they'll think it stinks again. The record? I'd give that about two, I think.

(Next month: More blindfold test reactions by Stan Kenton.)

METRONOME



Kai Winding unwinds

Leonard Feather's blindfold test

KAI WINDING is the kind of musician who welcomes—and is welcomed in—a wide variety of jobs. In any one week you may find him in his regular chair on the Hit Parade broadcast, jamming with a sextet at Birdland, or reading his parts with some pick-up stage band at the Paramount.

The musical interests of the young Danish-born trombonist are almost as broad as his own activities, so it was not surprising to find that though his own style is identified with pop, his taste is not limited to any one field.

For this blindfold test I selected mostly recordings featuring trombonists. The following were Kai's reactions.

the records

1. It's Teagarden . . . he sure gets around on the horn, doesn't he? I sure love to listen to Jack—he does so many little tricky things, things that are really not easy, and he does them with such finesse. There are some tasty backgrounds to the vocal here. His singing is all right, but the playing is the big thing. Is that Davey doing the little drum thing on the end? Three stars.
2. This is weird . . . I have no idea who it is. Drummer sounds wonderful . . . I enjoy the tenor, he sounds something like Gene Ammons. The trumpet is pretty tasty. Trombone is a little dramatic . . . too staccato in spots. This is a real stomping 'two' style. Gets a nice groove, a good feel. Two stars.
3. That's Babs! And the trombone must be Benny Green. Very nice. Who's the tenor, Sonny Rollins? That's real bebop tenor. The vocal—well, it's a different sound, but it's been a little overdone by now. I think. Just for Benny Green I'd give this two bells.
4. This has no musical value whatsoever. If it had been recorded twenty years ago you might have considered it an expression of music, but I can tell from the song that it must be recent. The ensemble has a good beat on the last chorus, but as far as any musical message is concerned, I don't think it has any. I give it one star, just for that last chorus.
5. That's that French horn player, colored guy, isn't it? I forget his name. Give him credit for taking up the French horn,

and although he hasn't mastered the instrument, he has good ideas. The sound isn't pretty; it's too hard, not warm enough; the adaptation of the feeling is not successful. Background is nice enough and the arrangement is fair. For the idea I'd give it two stars.

6. I like Lawrence Brown; like the sound the saxes get, too. This is Duke, of course—a very pretty thing. It has continuity, and Ray Nance sounds very warm. He gets a great feeling, a pretty jazz feeling on violin—I can't think of anybody else who does that. Three stars.

7. I heard this some time ago—it's a date with the four horns. Guarneri is very versatile, he can play like anybody. The idea is great, the arrangement and format are good. I enjoyed Bill Harris and Vic Dickenson; can't tell who the other two were. I am not that familiar with them. There should be more things like that done, things that show off the different styles. Three stars. (Continued on page 32)

records reviewed by kai

Following are the records played for Kai Winding during the blindfold test. He was given no information whatever about the records either before or during the interview.

1. Jack Teagarden, *Blues After Hours* (Victor). Teagarden, trombone and vocal; Dave Tough, drums.
2. Tommy Turk, *The Bear* (Mercury). Tommy Turk, trombone; Flip Phillips, tenor; Leonard Hawkins, trumpet; Buddy Rich, drums.
3. Six Bips And A Bop, *Honeytuckle Kooé* (Mantor). Babs Gonzales, vocal; Benny Green, trombone; James Moody, tenor.
4. Ben Pollack, *Third Man Theme* (Moodern).
5. Milton Buckner, *Yesterday's* (MGM). Arr. Buckner; Julius Watkins, French horn.
6. Duke Ellington, *Charge My If eyes* (Columbia). Lawrence Brown, trombone; Ray Nance, violin.
7. Benny Morton, *Liz* (Keynote). Benny Morton, Bill Harris, Vic Dickenson, Charlie Jones, trombones; John Guarneri, piano.
8. Metronome All Stars, *Metronome All Out* (Victor). J. C. Higginbotham, Bill Harris, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Herbie Fields, alto; Harry Carney, baritone; Duke Ellington, comp. and conductor.
9. Stan Kenton, *Schizoid*, (Capitol). Comp. Bill Russo; Milt Bernstein, trombone.

METRONOME

August, 1950

A COUPLE of years ago (to be precise, it was the January, 1948, METRONOME) I ran a blindfold test with Allen Eager, an up-and-coming young tenorman of those days whose promise of a great future was unfortunately never realized.

The young tenor star of today who has virtually taken the place that Eager might have occupied, and who shares many characteristics with him, both musical and personal, is Stan Getz, winner of the No. 1 tenor chair in last year's METRONOME poll. Because of the interesting parallel in their styles and the contrast in their careers, it seemed likely that for purposes of comparison a similar set of records might make a good basis for this interview. Accordingly, the same artists and in many cases the identical records were used for the incumbent Mr. Getz as were played for the blindfolded Mr. Eager. Following were Stan's reactions.

THE RECORDS

1. This is the usual unison bebop thing, based on a lick that's a bit more interesting than usual. Lucky Thompson on tenor maybe; Kinny Dorham or Miles on trumpet; Kai on trombone of course. Trumpet was the only solo that was anywhere; I'll give it two stars for him and the tune.
2. The sax section gets around together, but it sounds as though they're all blowing as loud as they can and they don't get a blend . . . I didn't like any of the solos . . . the band didn't swing until after the saxes' chorus, then it swung a little in its own fashion . . . Alto sounds like Bothwell or somebody; it's an inimitable sound but I can't put my finger on it . . . I don't care for the style of arranging; sort of a new conception of the old-style swing, with a couple of flatted fifths and ninths thrown in. One star.
3. It's Eddie Davis, or someone stealing his stuff. Wild Bill Moore? Let's not talk about it — I don't care to know. This wouldn't be so bad if it would just swing instead of rushing, rushing . . . I bet it sold a lot of records uptown though; I can just imagine myself walking along 125th Street and hearing it blaring out of all the record stores. Well, they have hip people uptown and squares too. Give this zero.
4. Good time, and it's an easy tempo to swing. Willie Smith? Hodges? It's got that Lunceford two-beat but it's an Ellington sound; did an Ellington arranger write it? I don't like that alto, whoever it is. One star.

5. You know, when there's a record you used to be crazy about and you hear it a few years later, sometimes it doesn't sound the same to you any more. This one you can hear a hundred times, though, and it still sounds good. A swingin' record, a swingin' band. Ben Webster hits me now as — well, sort of humorous, original — almost an evil sound. I dig him. Three stars.
6. That's beautiful — wonderful! A pretty sound and a pretty tune. Who is it, Lucky? Sometimes when a guy is blowing into a horn you feel as though it's a part of him, you feel his whole being, his whole life's blood flowing through the horn . . . four stars.

(Continued on page 21)

RECORDS REVIEWED BY STAN

Stan was given no information whatever about the records played for him either before or during the blindfold test.

1. Coleman Hawkins. *Bean-a-Re-Bop* (Aladdin). Hawkins, tenor; Miles Davis, trumpet; Kai Winding, trombone. Comp. Hank Jones.
2. Benny Carter. *I Can't Escape From You* (Capitol). Carter, alto & arr.
3. Arnett Cobb. *Still Flyin'* (Apollo). Cobb, tenor.
4. Johnny Hodges. *A Little Taste* (Merger). Hodges, alto. Hodges-Ellington comp.
5. Duke Ellington. *Raincheck* (Victor). Ben Webster, tenor.
6. Lucky Thompson. *Just One More Chance* (Victor). Thompson, tenor.
7. Bud Freeman. *The Eel* (Bluebird). Freeman, tenor.
8. Benny Goodman Sextet. *Bedlam* (Capitol). Goodman, clarinet; Doug Mettome, trumpet; Wardell Gray, tenor; Buddy Greco, piano; Clyde Lombardi, bass; Sonny Igoe, drums. Comp. Goodman-Gray.
9. Louis Armstrong. *Muggles* (Columbia). Armstrong, trumpet; Jimmy Strong, clarinet; Fred Robinson, trombone; Earl Hines, piano.
10. Count Basie. *Ob Lady Be Good* (Decca). Chu Berry, first tenor solo; Lester Young, second tenor solo; Shad Collins, trumpet.
11. Chubby Jackson. *New York* (New Jazz). Howard McGhee, trumpet; Georgie Auld, tenor; Tony Aless, piano; Don Lamond, drums. Four saxophones. Arr. Al Cohn.

S T



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PART THREE

NEW ORLEANS *peak*

pre-1917 best appears to have been conceived harmonically, executed harmonically, and to have proceeded from the same concern for chords which, in a far more informed and organized fashion, has dominated the hated music of swing and bop. What appears to be a kind of rough polyphony in their music is an improvised voicing of cornet, clarinet and trombone not very different from the scoring of two altos, two tenors and a baritone in the present-day dance band, although the sonorities may be coarser in the New Orleans jazz, the overall texture thinner and tougher, the harmonic freedom considerably less. New Orleans jazzmen did, and their imitators and leftovers continue to, pull most of their melodies out of the blues chords and a small stockpile of related standard tunes. Whether playing a solo with organ harmony in the background, or pushing a ride-out chorus to its obstreperous end, they are thinking harmonically, placing notes one after the other to follow a chord pattern. When, upon occasion, they may seem to those of their critical supporters who are at the same time enthusiasts for atonal music to have scooped pitch and moved away from the confines of key and modulation, they have probably achieved nothing more than the inevitable clumsiness of a performer with an insufficient knowledge of his instrument.

Now it is true, I think, that the successors of the New Orleans jazzmen developed their predecessors' mistakes or, perhaps, first tentative explorations of a shifting tonality into something more vital melodically. But since the melodic development of jazz was so limited until the advent of bebop, neither the Stanleys nor Livingstones of scooped pitch can be said to have discovered much beside each other.

Something of greater value and more enduring quality emerged in those years, however: the beat and the tone colors which best expressed it. Leaving Louis's broader contribution aside for the monthly moment, attention must be directed to what Bechet and Noone were doing to keep that clarinet line moving, as distinguished, say, from Picou's polka-dotted notes in *High Society*; we must pay proper tribute to the warmth and drive of Kid Ory's trombone, and recognize even in the unlovely and not especially inspired ragging of Ferdinand Jelly Roll Morton the same feeling for a steady succession of weak and strong accents which, when expressed with the cumulative power of a strong ensemble, could and did drive everything, including libidos, before it. Somewhere, in this aphrodisiac setting, is to be found the motor which pitted bands against each other in *bucketing contests*, made musicians strive to cut each other, and developed a pistol-shooting orphan into the man who made the Diaspora worth the effort and put the Original Dixieland Jass Band in its proper small place, Louis Armstrong.



ARMSTRONG



MCSEGEL BLIND AT CHRISTMAS
METRONOME'S BENDIEST AUTHORITY RETURNS

TO TAKE SPECIAL ST. NICKSIELAND-TYPE TEST

MANY MONTHS have elapsed since I was last privileged to record the activities of my good friend Prof. Soorty McSegel, for whom it was my honor to act as interpreter and mouthpiece for many years. (This association was finally broken when, in return for a promise never to endorse them, he received a set of free mouthpieces from Pat Pending.)

Running into the venerable professor outside the union recently, I convinced him that he owed it to the American people to lend his scythe-sharp mind and sickle-sharp ear, scissor-sharp brain and shear-sharp tongue to the blindfold test. Taking out his Newssharp pencil and laying down his half-a-tone-sharp euphemism, the professor proceeded to amaze me with the keenness of his observation as I played him a series of topical St. Nicksieland-type records. The following were his observations.

THE RECORDS

1. The viola player is out of tune and should stop double-stopping . . . Stagh-bell solo is a clever effect, but wouldn't a celeste have been just as authentic and more musical? . . . I don't care for the xylophone—he gets a resonant sound, almost like a marmite . . . Terry Gibbs? . . . No, it may be Lionel Hampton imitating Teddy Cohen . . . There comes the viola again. I don't think violas have any place in jazz—well, one exception: Vito Lipachitz, who used to sing with me at Figliani. If this was made twenty years ago, there is no excuse for it; if it's a recent recording, I'll make allowances. Give it two stars anyway, just for the trombone.

2. This sounds like one of those new-fangled things by the Progressive Jazzman, what's-his-name—Ken Stanton. Arrangement is, as the French would say, *tres rigolo* . . . Personally, I see nothing new in it's kind of *esoterath*. When I was at Sing Bam Sing's Chinese Fried Chicken Shack in Kew-Forest, New York, they asked me to enlarge the band. I handed a 'chönberg arrangement to the string section, a Milhand to the brass and some old Chinese grammar-books to the sax; it came out *sur-tine* exactly like Ken Stanton. Later I found that Carlos Gravel had two Mexican spies in the joint that night. Well, you can't do

anything about stolen ideas, and anyway this kind of thing lacks the Christmas spirit. The vocalist obviously subscribes to the Sarah-Vaughan-Monroe school of thought. She should have cancelled her subscription. Give this two stars and one stripe.

3. First off, you've got to admit one thing—Irving Berlin writes a beautiful song . . . I don't think it was a smart idea to get the Happiness Boys to do this vocal. Why doesn't somebody give Tony Wons a break? . . . Recording is good; sounds like an RCA Victor 45 or Columbia 33 1/3 . . . no, wait . . . it must be one of those new Horrophone 99 1/8 discs, the kind that have the record where the hole used to be and the hole where the record was . . . on the hole, it's worth three stars.

4. The singers are familiar, but I can't for the life of me—no, wait a minute, it's on the tip of my tongue . . . now it's on the edge of my throat . . . *etcho!* . . . pardon me, it was tickling my nose . . . could it be the Stink Pore? . . . I would have said the Mills Brothers, but obviously there are only three voices . . . It's probably Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. They'll get a great L'nd when their voices break . . . let's say 3 stars—no, make

RECORDS REVIEWED BY PROF. MCSEGEL

Prof. McSegel was given no assistance whatsoever in recovering from the stupor in which he listened to the records. When awakened the next morning for his views he was thus able to express a completely unbiased opinion.

1. Slam Stewart Quintet, *Jingle Bells* (Continental). Slam Stewart, bass; Johnny Garmert, piano & celeste; Bill De Arango, guitar; Mory Feld, drums; Red Norvo, vibraharp.
2. Sleep Fields and His Rippling Rhythm Orchestra, *The Christmas Spook-my* (MGM). Thelma Grace and ensemble, vocal.
3. Spike Jones, *All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth* (Victor).
4. Garry, Phillip, Dennis, Linksey and Bing Crosby, *A Croaky Christmas* (Decca).
5. Kline Cole Trio with string choir, *The Christmas Song* (Capitol).
6. Carey, Mel Torme.
7. Garry, Mel Torme.
8. Jazz at The Philharmonic, *Pordido* (Mercury). Flip Phillips, lead sax.

METRONOME

It 1 1/4...wait till I look at my slide rule...3.1416 starts. A Christmas!

5. I know this one—you can take it off right away; I've heard it many times; Nat Cole's great composition, *The Christmas Song*, sung by Mel Tormé... I don't think Mel's trio has ever sounded quite the same since he added Jack Costanzo... the background here is by that new group, Charlie Parker With Strings Without Charlie Parker. The voice lacks a little presence; on a record like this it should have Christmas presence... Three stars for Mel's singing, four for Nat's tune and two for the background. That's our first nine-star record, isn't it?
6. Now here at last is a record that really has the Christmas spirit... the first one you've played. You can just close your eyes behind the blindfold and listen to that beautiful soprano sax (Charlie Barnet or Sidney Bechet?) and it inspires you to poetry... something like this...

Nutmegs roasting on an open fire,
Jack Frost ripping at your toes,
Eskimos dressed up in leopard-skin apparel,
Singing like Dizzy and Joe Carroll,
Everybody knows you can get high on mistletoe
If you season it just right.
Tiny tots with their eyes bleary red
Will tumble out of bed tonight...
To Santa Anita they're on their way,
They're good and loaded on their sleigh,
And every mother's child is going to spy
To see if reindeer fly when they're high.
And so I'm offering this sip of grapes
To my kids, who number ninety-two,
Stay in line when you dine on this fine jug of wine,
Merry Christmas to you!

AFTERTHOUGHTS BY MCSIEGEL

My favorite composer, for Christmas songs of course—Noël Coward... but for the best all-around Christmas song I'll take *Yule Never Know*... I don't count *Jingle Bells* because there is a disgraceful hoax attached to this. It happened when I was playing a gig in the powder lounge of the Panther Room of the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman of the Loop of Chicago. The boys and I started ad libbing a little 16-bar melody, and since our instruments had been impounded we borrowed some glasses from the waiters and set them up chromatically... a song-plugger named Max Domain was sitting there, making a mental note of the whole thing, and a week later we found out he had given the whole idea to a brother of his named Public and they printed it under the title of *Jingle Bells*. I am not trying to imply that they did anything unethical; it was merely a case of outright thievery. But that's the music business for you!

—LEONARD FEATHER



Metronome

JOE BUSHKIN is a bright and talented musician who, in his surprisingly long jazz career (it started in his teens back in the Bunny Berigan era), has been through several phases. He has been variously identified as a pianist in big swing bands, as a Dixielander close to the Condon clique, and more recently as a night club and television personality who sings, composes and has headed such unexpectedly modern outfits as the Bushkin-with-strings group heard at Cafe Society.

Bearing in mind this diversity of backgrounds, I selected a bunch of records, mostly featuring pianists with an equally wide variety of styles. The following were Joe's reactions.

THE RECORDS

1. This whole thing sounds like a second ending — right from the start. . . It starts like a very swinging record, but then you wait for something, and nothing happens. . . Well orchestrated — I don't know who the band is, but it still sounds like a 96-bar ending on *The Peanut Vendor* — Kenton or Machito. . . The piano is well played, but sounds more like a fill-in than a real solo. Give it two stars for the copyist; he had to do a lot of work.
2. Could this be George Shearing? . . . Maybe the vibes made me think of his group. . . Anyway, it's very pretty; sounds like French tonalities and Debussy-Ravel harmonic structure based on the *Body and Soul* changes. The kind of thing Volpe specializes in at the Contemporary Music School. Vibes are nice, but maybe it's the recording makes the hammers sound a little too resonant — or maybe he should use a touch of Kleenex on those hammers. Three stars.
3. Whoever made this is throwing some curves — confusing me. . . Sure sounds like Tatum in spots, has that Tatum rock I love, but being conscious of Oscar Peterson I'd say it might be him too — which is a terrific compliment to Peterson. It scared me at first — started like silent-movie piano; but he certainly took us out of that little theatre into that small hotel. Three and a half.
4. This is a trifle too fast for good execution . . . the tenor should have been given a second chance at another tempo . . . everyone's swinging, but all in different directions . . . Pianist has too many sixteenth notes flying all over the place, never did settle down . . . It's unrelaxed. I do like a soft answer occasionally. Give it one star for the guys showing up at the date.
5. I'm as bewildered as the pianist who played this . . . You know, on the various types of fantasy records, which I'm no authority on, I imagine the record companies will eventually enclose a copy of the score with each record — or maybe a road-map . . . This is getting away from the whole premise of popular music; it might be a Red Seal record played by some Brazilian pianist . . . Don't ask me to guess who it really is, but for the harmonic development and nice playing, give it two stars, and I hope Debussy isn't too mad. If this sort of thing keeps up, Debussy is going to win the annual jazz polls!
6. Do I have to say this is Woody Herman? If it's anyone else, I'd say it's darn good — but if it's Woody, after hearing some of the tremendous things he did with the most rocking

band ever, I'd say it was unfair of you to play this one . . . The band never quite came off the ground in this arrangement; maybe faulty balance had something to do with it. Trombone is loaded with good kicks, though, and I like the record in spite of minor faults. Three stars.

7. . . . This middle part is really typical Willie the Lion Smith style. I've no idea who this is, but it's definitely not for minors. I'd hide it from my baby daughter for a while. It's great, though; the best example I've heard of that stop-and-go school that's around very strong right now, and really gets swinging at times too. Four stars.

8. This is obviously Charlie Parker with strings, from the famous album . . . Charlie always comes off in great style, whether he's playing the blues or a tune with a thousand chord changes . . . I don't want to detract from Stan Freeman's piano, but any other soloist on these records can only be effective by being as simple as Charlie is complicated . . . As I felt about Shaw, or Krupa, or the kings of all the strings, Dave Rose and Axel

The Blindfold Test

Stordahl, the string men in a sense invented all the other instruments; they came first — and here you have strings as background for a great jazz instrumentalist in an album that really came off. When the general public catches on, that means it's really there . . . Four stars for the record and for the whole album.

9. I can review this in front, I know it so well; a terrific tune and a wonderful lyric — if this record ever becomes number one on the Hit Parade it'll put all the psychiatrists out of business — and also all the other trumpet players . . . I love that King Oliver break there, in the middle . . . As I said before, when Louis comes on it's like the atomic bomb arriving, for peace! Four stars.

AFTERTHOUGHTS BY BUSHKIN

There's an awful lot of great pianists around. I like Tatum, Mel Powell, what I've heard of Peterson, Garner, Wilson — well, just about everybody short of Lopez!

RECORDS REVIEWED BY JOE BUSHKIN

Joe was given no information whatever about the records played for him either before or during the blindfold test.

1. Stan Kenton Orchestra with King Cole. *Jam-Bo* (Capitol).
2. Hank Jones. *Night Music* (Dial). Jones piano; Milt Jackson, vibes.
3. Mel Powell. *There's a Small Hotel* (Capitol).
4. Sonny Stitt-Bud Powell. *All God's Children Got Rhythm* (Prestige). Stitt, tenor; Powell, piano.
5. Lennie Tristano. *Yesterdays* (Capitol).
6. Woody Herman. *Sonny Speaks* (Capitol). Bill Harris, trombone.
7. Duke Ellington. *The Clothed Woman* (Columbia). Ellington, piano.
8. Charlie Parker with strings. *Just Friends* (Mercury).
9. Louis Armstrong and Louis Jordan. *Life is So Peculiar* (Decca).

METRONOME



Lee looks them over

LEE KONITZ, at twenty-three, has had a wider range of musical experience and a greater degree of national acclaim than most musicians twice his age. Starting at fifteen as a tenor and clarinet man around Chicago, he made the rounds of society orchestras and name dance bands before settling in New York. Here, though he has worked for Dizzy, Miles Davis and others, his uncompromising attitude and his musical affinity with Lennie Tristano have confined his activities largely to recording, teaching, and occasionally playing jobs with Lennie.

Despite the fact that his attitude has been called narrow and negative, Lee's appraisals of non-Tristano recordings showed a broad variety of reactions, as the following quotes illustrate.

THE RECORDS

1. That's that *For Dancing* or something, by Woody . . . I like the sound of the saxes, and the tenor's sound . . . but they don't have as much to play as on records like *Four Brothers*; the arrangement is nothing much—just a swinging modern Count Basie. The brass lacks the ensemble bite of *Northwest Passage* days—that sure was a great band Woody used to have. Is the tenor Buddy Wise? . . . Nice, anyway. I get a kick out of hearing Bill Harris trying to play bop. He used to play powerhouse solos with a powerhouse band; in this band he's not so effective—it sounds as though Earl Swope would fit in better with the arrangement. Rhythm section seemed to be swinging pretty well . . . Woody's a good musician, but he sounds better on alto . . . At this point in Woody's career I'd say he's just coasting; he's not particularly interested in making a good jazz record. Two and a half stars.

2. Art Pepper, I presume . . . he gets a lovely sound; a very fine alto player. But I don't think he's had an opportunity to play his best with that band. I guess this is his first feature thing. The arrangement doesn't seem to mean much; it tries to do everything—the slow and the fast effect and so forth—but it's not as overloaded with things done for effect's sake as most of Kenton's records. Except for the jazz parts, the strings sound pretty good . . . I don't know whose arrangement this would be. On the jazz part the band even swings! Three and a half stars.

3. This is good to some extent . . . he's just playing the things that are familiar to him, in proper succession. . . I don't care

too much for Sonny's sound, though he gets a great sound on baritone, you know. But he's one of the better tenor players around. Here he sticks pretty close to the formula, opening with the melody, improvising, and then going out with the melody. It doesn't impress me too much one way or the other, and the rhythm section isn't too good. Two and a half.

4. This doesn't do anything to me; a pleasant sounding record, you can't take that away from it, but it lacks the earlier conviction—as if Shearing himself has become tired of doing this. I'm tired of the whole sound, and of the attempt to keep capitalizing on *September in the Rain*. There's nothing wrong, except that George has played better and this is just not interesting to me. Two stars.

5. This has the best ensemble the group has gotten yet. . . . Miles plays a nice chorus, it's a pleasant record, but . . . it just doesn't seem to mean anything. The arrangement is nice, but it seems like half the instruments were wasted; all I hear are the high instruments. And Gerry Mulligan played better on *Budo*. This is *Venus De Milo*, isn't it? I played on this, you know, but they left my name off the label. Three stars.

6. I can listen to *Swingin' Dixieland*, but here they're trying to play Dixie with a four-beat rhythm section. Trombone is good;

(Continued on page 23)

RECORDS REVIEWED BY LEE

Lee was given no information whatever about the records played for him, either before or during the blindfold test.

1. Woody Herman. *Music to Dance To* (Capitol). Bob Graf, tenor; Bill Harris, trombone; Woody Herman, clarinet. Arr. Al Cohn.
2. Stan Kenton. *Art Pepper* (Capitol). Art Pepper, alto. Arr. Shorty Rogers.
3. Sonny Stitt. *Nice Work if You Can Get It* (Prestige). Stitt, tenor.
4. George Shearing Quintet. *As Long As There's Music* (MGM).
5. Miles Davis. *Venus De Milo* (Capitol). Gerry Mulligan, baritone & arr.; Miles Davis, trumpet.
6. Pete Daily. *Basin Street Boogie* (Capitol). Burt Johnson, trombone; Bud Brown, tenor.
7. Artie Shaw. *Love Walked In* (Decca). Shaw, clarinet.
8. Jazz at the Philharmonic. *The Opener*, Parts I, II and III. (Mercury). Flip Phillips, tenor; Lester Young, tenor; Charlie Parker, alto; Hank Jones, piano; Roy Eldridge, trumpet.

LEE LOOKS THEM OVER

(Continued from page 13)

I don't know who it is . . . tenor sounded like he didn't believe too much in what he was doing . . . he has a more modern conception. I can't think of any Dixieland record as a whole that ever knocked me out. Half a star.

7. This is a good dance record. Artie sounds better this way than on some of the jazz he's tried to play recently. He's had some good dance bands, and here he isn't trying to do anything but make a good dance record; the arrangement is played well and it succeeds in its intentions, so give it two and a half.

8. I sure get tired of listening to blues . . . I don't see how *anyone* can play good in a situation like this . . . Trumpet gets a good jazz trumpet sound—it must be Roy—but I wish he'd made it about ten years ago . . . Illinois doesn't succeed—sounds pretty feeble, though it's a relief to notice he doesn't use any enharmonics this time . . . Lester starts out as though he might blow something, but he falls into that same groove . . . Bird just doesn't sound good, but under these stupid conditions it would be impossible for even a Bird to play great. I have the greatest admiration for Bird; I think *Just Friends* was a great record and he played marvelously on it . . . This pianist doesn't impress me. . . Anyone besides Bud Powell playing bop on the piano just doesn't seem to make it, because nobody can make it like Bud does . . . The whole idea of this thing is not designed to present music as music, but just to knock out a bunch of people with an end-product that's absolutely meaningless. Say, I wonder how *I'd* play in a situation like that? One star.

AFTERTHOUGHTS BY LEE

I haven't heard any four star records in a long time. I was talking to Lennie the other day about this, and we figured there's a definite connection between the lack of real jazz audience and the lack of a four star record. Not so many years ago there were a few good clubs you could go to, and a keen interest in the new things that were happening . . . but bop stopped progressing as much as five years ago, and it's no longer an improvising form . . . Bud is the only one left that really improvises . . . I believe that Lennie's is the only group that is actually trying to improvise . . . On the same level with other musicians—that is, working with the same material—Lennie is the most improvising musician I know. He can pass the test night after night, set after set—he can always make it. —LEONARD FEATHER.

MARCH, 1951

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Granz Displays Sharp Ear

By LEONARD FEATHER

Because Norman Granz was the first non-musician ever to take the *Blindfold Test*, and because it is part of his business to be up-to-date on records and the styles of recording artists, it was difficult to select items with which he would be unfamiliar.

To circumvent this problem, and at the same time make things extra tricky for Norman, I included several sides that were recorded at concerts, mainly in other countries and on records that haven't been released here.

Norman proved to be the most articulate blindfoldee since Stan Kenton, though with very different results, as the following verbatim quotes illustrate.

The Records

1. It's Roy, isn't it? It has that same breathlessness Roy sometimes has . . . Piano sounds a little like Teddy; at least he starts as calmly as Teddy usually plays. Tenor doesn't kill me at all . . . This sounds almost like some of the old stuff the Benny Goodman groups used to do. Give it two or two and a half, for the trumpet player.

2. This doesn't move me at all so far . . . is it from that Goodman Carnegie hall album? I never got a chance to hear those . . . Either this was made at a concert or the applause was faked in. I have to compare this with my stuff—you know, on an average tour we record maybe five whole concerts to get only two albums of music. People may dislike *Perdido* intensely, but at least it succeeds in what it set out to do.

Stuff like that has to be at least exciting; it represents an excitement that I find totally lacking here . . . This doesn't swing at all; I don't know the soloists; they either couldn't get with the rhythm section or couldn't get with themselves . . . I thought I knew the tenor man but I got lost . . . it could have been a man like Vido . . . anyway, the whole thing is a mish-mosh. I wouldn't buy it. No stars.

3. This is the Hampton thing with Johnny . . . no, wait! I could've sworn I heard Carney in the background. Maybe one of Duke's later records. I don't know the singer and don't care for her . . . the recent Ellington sounds have been dispirited, lack the vigor of the older band . . . if this is Johnny, I've heard better, but the record as a whole swings. Two and a half.

4. This record's a bitch! . . . hey, that's my kid, Sonny Criss! I like him—too bad he doesn't get a break . . . this must be from one of Gene's concerts on the coast . . . tenor is probably Wardell; very good, and he swung. I liked the trumpet; could be McGhee . . . One thing I'd have liked better, when Sonny was taking it out, the others could have riffed behind him to build up the excitement. I know the modern school doesn't care to, but I would have motioned to them to do that.

Whoever this drummer was accented differently from the kind of drummer I like . . . I like to hear a rhythm section build up behind a guy; here the horns are swinging the rhythm section instead of the other way around. If Dizzy or Bird played with Basie's band, for instance, they'd be fantastic . . . I don't know this pianist, didn't hear enough. Give this three-point-nine; I want to reserve four stars for something really perfect.

5. You're sure finding some stuff I never heard . . . nothing happens here; the rhythm section sounds kind of old . . . trumpet might have been Buck, but I won't hazard a guess. It sure is an advantage to a soloist to have an established, identifiable style, which nobody has here . . . there is no justification for putting out sides like this. One and a half.

6. This has got to be Stan . . . you know, I don't think even Kenton likes this! It must be that *Monotony*. If it isn't called *Monotony* it should be. Take it off, I don't have to hear the rest. You know, I've been following the Kenton band for years, and the only things I ever liked were *Peanut Vendor*, *Lover*, *How High the Moon*, and things like that . . . It's a shame; this could have been a real swinging band, but it failed because Stan read a few books or something. He had some wonderful raw material, eager young musicians, and music; but as Stan is verbose, his band is the same way. If you have a musical idea to sell you sell it on its own merits, you don't press-agent it with a lot of loud talk.

This band cheats; it uses gimmicks and advertis-



Norman Granz

Records Reviewed By Norman Granz

Norman was given no information whatever about the records played for him, either before or during the *Blindfold Test*.

1. Roy Eldridge. *Undecided* (Vogue). Eldridge, trumpet; Zoot Sims, tenor; Dick Hyman, piano; Ed Shaughnessy, drums; Pierre Michelot, bass. Recorded in Paris, 1950.
2. Expressions Ellstorkester 1949. *Indiana Parts I and II* (Sonora). Carl-Henrik Norin, tenor. Recorded in Sweden.
3. Duke Ellington. *On the Sunny Side of the Street* (Columbia). Lu Elliott, vocal; Johnny Hodges, alto. Recorded 1949.
4. Gene Norman's Just Jazz. *Hot House, Parts I and II* (Modern). Howard McGhee, trumpet; Sonny Criss, alto; Wardell Gray, tenor; Dodo Marmarosa, piano; Charlie Drayton, bass; Jackie Mills, drums.
5. Jam Session No. 5. *Riffing in Paris* (Swing). Aime Barolle, trumpet, and five other French musicians.
6. Stan Kenton. *Monotony* (Capitol). Arr. Rugolo.
7. Wild Bill Davison. *That's a Plenty* (Commodore). Georg Brunis, trombone.
8. Benny Goodman sextet. *Temptation Rag* (Columbia). Terry Gibbs, vibee; Teddy Wilson, piano.

ing slogans. What did progressive mean, anyway? Goodman and Basie and Ellington never needed a slogan. I'd hate to hear Kenton try to mess with some of the swinging bands at the Savoy. Duke Ellington was the real pioneer in jazz concerts, and he can go into the Apollo or the Savoy and play the same music he plays at a one-niter for dancing and at his concerts—things like *Cotton Tail* and *Ko-Ko* are good anywhere.

With Stan it's 20 men for dancing one year, 40 men for concerts the next. I guess next year he'll have to have 80 men, and the year after that 160. If he or Pete have anything to say they can say it just as well with 16 men. Give the record no stars.

7. The trombone player's all right . . . you know, I have a feeling about Dixieland that's probably different from what people would expect. I just say live and let live. I guess what they're trying to do here, they do well; they seem to have an enthusiasm that comes through on the record . . . Two-beat has a certain rigid drive, although I don't particularly like it, and this trombonist is pretty facile. Maybe it rates about three stars for Dixie, but I wouldn't buy it.

8. That's Benny's sextet . . . Benny gets most of the solo time, as usual, doesn't give any of the other guys enough time to build . . . Teddy on piano, I guess, and maybe Hamp—or maybe it's that new kid, Terry. All the men are good for Benny's style—he's careful selecting his men; and for what Benny's putting down, that's a good rhythm section. I like the record. Three stars.

Afterthoughts By Norman

Outside of the thing with Wardell and Sonny I wouldn't have bought any of the sides you played for me. The vocal spoiled the Ellington side.

My idea of a four star record would be almost anything by Tatum. Or any of Ella's ballads—I'd give *You Turned the Tables on Me* five stars!—and a lot of Sarah's things. And you know who I like very much? Maybe this'll surprise you—Margaret Whiting!

The Blindfold Test

Norvo Trio Gasses Gibbs

By LEONARD FEATHER

Terry Gibbs (known to his immediate family and to Benny Goodman as Gubenko) is the 26-year-old Brooklyn flash who worked his way from Jewish radio shows and a Major Bowes contest victory (at 12) through three years in the army, to gigging with Bill DeArango, Sweden with Chubby Jackson, touring with Woody and T. Dorsey and Buddy Rich, and most recently television with the Goodman sextet.

Terry is an excitable and exciting young performer who talks as fast as he plays, and plays as fast as he thinks. Consequently, we got through our interview in no time at all, with no shortage of rapid-fire comments, the substance of which follows:

The Records

1. Is that Miles Davis? Sounds like Miles . . . pretty odd tune, isn't it? Sounds like something John Lewis might have written. John's a very talented guy—writes well and plays piano well, sort of like a modern Count Basie . . . tenor sounds real good; is it Sonny Rollins? Drummer must be Roy or Max . . . I wish there were more jazz on this—wish Miles had played more; what there was of him sounded good. It's a new record, isn't it? Three stars.

2. That sounds like Milt Jackson's articulation on vibes. Same kind of tenor man as on the last record . . . I'm not sure about the trumpet; might be Kinny Dorham, but it isn't his sound . . . Bud Powell or Kenny Drew maybe, on piano; nice tune and nice record—the vibes and the tenor are the best things on it. I noticed a conga drum and bongos . . . I don't usually like to have those things playing behind me, but they sound good to me when I'm just listening. Two and a half stars.

3. The trumpet had me fooled for a moment—I thought it might be Charlie Shavers, but no . . . I like the trombone; sounds like Jack Teagarden, sort of. Clarinet has a weird sound . . . I haven't listened to these kind of records in a long time so I wouldn't know whether he's good . . . I like those last ensemble choruses where everybody's playing together; that's the best part, and the trumpet plays a nice diminished chord near the end. Two and a half.

4. This sounds like one of those Hampton records . . . except the vibes are too far in the background; Lionel gets a better sound. Maybe it's Milt Buckner; I've heard he plays vibes too. Plenty happening here—a big *toomel* . . . the trombone sure gets around for that kind of a tempo . . . two tenors, aren't there? . . . Everybody had lots to read, couldn't take their eyes off the paper. I'd hate to have to sit around all night reading that stuff. Give it two stars for the trombone, and for everybody trying. If it's Lionel, I've sure heard him play better than that.

5. This must be Red Norvo's trio . . . no, wait, I hear piano, it can't be the trio . . . I hear drums, too. Guitar sounds like Tiny Grimes! No, it's not Red. This guy likes Lionel, but it's not him . . . one of those foreign records, maybe? Or Dave Brubeck? I'm completely baffled . . . now it sounds like a trio again. It's a cute little thing, nice sounding record and the solos all sound good. Three stars.

6. Good guitarist . . . where'd this tenor spring from? I didn't hear him in the ensemble, he must be doubling on clarinet . . . bass player must be the leader; you hear him most of all . . . Maybe it's Simon Brehm, this bass player from Sweden? The guitar and tenor are good—whole thing sounds nice; don't know who the vibes can be. Three stars.

7. That's Louis! I like the way he sings—he swings. I dig Louis' trumpet, too; lots of soul. Joe Bushkin's always talking to me about Louis—his favorite musician. If I'd taken this test 10 years ago I'd probably have said four stars. Today, give it three stars—all for Louis.

8. Sounds like Milt Buckner again, with a Duke Ellington-style band and a good bass player. The writing is good, but wow, there's so much work there! Lionel gets a *much* better sound than this. Vibes are hard to pick up on records anyway; I hate to listen to my own records, you never get the kind of sound you get in a club. For the bass player and the arrangement, I'd give this three.



(Photo by Herman Leonard)

Terry Gibbs

Records Reviewed By Terry

Terry was given no information whatever about the records played for him, either before or during the blindfold test.

1. Miles Davis, *Morphew* (Prestige). Davis, trumpet; Sonny Rollins, tenor; John Lewis, piano & arranger; Roy Haynes, drums.
2. Milt Jackson, *Bubu* (Savoy). Jackson, vibes; Billy Mitchell, tenor; Billy Massey, trumpet; Walter Bishop Jr., piano; Roy Haynes, drums. Comp. Milt Jackson-Billy Massey.
3. Jimmy McPartland, *Come Back, Sweet Papa* (Prestige). McPartland, trumpet; Gene Sedric, clarinet; Vic Dickenson, trombone.
4. Milt Buckner, *Buck's Bop* (MGM). Buckner, vibes & arranger; Julius Watkins, French horn (not trombone); Billy Mitchell, Paul Quinichette, tenors.
5. Mary Lou Williams, *Harmony Grits* (Victor). Mary Lou, piano; Mary Osborne, guitar; Marjorie Hyams, vibes; Juna Rotenberg, bass; Rose Gottesman, drums.
6. Barney Kessel, *Slick Chick* (Astoria). Kessel, guitar; Johnny White, vibes; Herbie Steward, clarinet and tenor; Morris Hayman, bass.
7. Louis Armstrong, *Ain't Misbehavin'* (Decca). Rec. 1938.
8. Lionel Hampton, *Mingus Fingers* (Decca). Hampton, vibes; Charlie Mingus, bass and arranger.
9. Joe Roland, *Half-Nelson* (Mercury). Roland, vibes; Joe Puma, guitar; Harold Granowsky, drums.
10. Red Norvo Trio, *Move* (Discovery). Norvo, vibes; Tal Farlow, guitar; Charlie Mingus, bass.
11. Stan Kenton, *Maynard Ferguson* (Capitol). Ferguson, trumpet; Shorty Rogers, composer and arranger.

9. That's Joe Roland's group—sound nice . . . I don't like a drummer dropping that many bombs when there's a string section. Guitar sounds nice; don't know who it is. This is almost the first time I've heard Joe since back when he was a clarinet player. Sure is a drag, all these good vibe players coming up! I like the strings, and Joe and the guitar—three stars.

10. That's Red Norvo. He sure sounds different here; much better . . . yeah, Tal! . . . Mingus is walking—all by himself. Sure sounds crazy. This tune is a very hard thing for a vibes man to play. That's a real good, modern trio—Tal's great, the bass is wonderful, and Red's time is so much better. Four stars.

11. I know this record. I didn't like Kenton's first band; used to argue about it all the time with Shelly . . . but the strings at the concert sold me; I dig him now. Maynard is a good trumpet player but not a jazz trumpet player; few trumpet men could play this, but there are some meaningless things he throws in that I don't like. It's a lot of work, though, and Shorty wrote a great thing . . . three and a half.

Afterthoughts By Terry

I like all kinds of music, no kidding—I enjoyed working with Pops Goodman—he sure gets a great sound on clarinet and I used to like his band years ago. What I noticed when I went over to Sweden with Chubby Jackson was the different attitude about styles. Over there, whether you ask a young kid 16 years old or a man of 40 who his favorite trumpet player is, he's liable to answer Dizzy Gillespie or Bobby Hackett, or both. Over there they just like good music!

7/15/51

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Little Jazz Goes Color Blind

By LEONARD FEATHER

When Roy Eldridge returned from a year in France, it seemed to me that some of the French Crow Jim attitude had rubbed off on him. Just as the French jazz fan or critic arbitrarily invents such non-existent types of music as "Black jazz," "American white jazz," etc., Roy claimed he could distinguish a white musician from a Negro simply by listening to his style.

"You wanna bet?" I said

The result was a unique blindfold test. Instead of being concerned simply with identifying the men and criticizing the music, it was a challenge to Roy's ability to separate musicians along racial lines, as opposed to my theory that, in the words of an old blues, "you can't tell the difference when the sun goes down."

Even the law of chance should have made him 50 percent correct; yet, as I expected, Roy proved to be wrong or noncommittal more often than he was right. Here's how it went:

The Records

1. This could be three or four people I know. . . . On this kind of playing it's hard to tell white from colored. The piano player *might* be white; the bass player, I think—yes, I think he's colored. The drummer's colored, too. It's very well executed, doesn't kill me too much, but gets going nicely when he goes into the block-chords stuff. Two stars.

2. That's Woody's band. . . Zoot on tenor. . . Trombone soloist is the best thing about this side; pianist is nothing special and the arrangement proves nothing; it's just a lot of notes. Sounds to me like the guys weren't too well acquainted with the arrangement. One star.

3. Isn't that PeeWee? Seems to be quite an old man playing, whoever it is. . . I think the trombone's colored; I know the clarinet isn't. The trumpet could be. Couldn't hear enough of the rhythm section to tell, but the drummer might have been Baby Dodds. Did they have a bass? I couldn't distinguish. . . . Joe Sullivan on piano? It's just a fair Dixieland record; give it a fast two.

4. Haven't the slightest idea who this is; it's a nice-sounding thing. . . I couldn't tell whether this is white or colored. Most of these guys play with hardly any vibrato, and a sound without vibrato is an easier thing to



Roy Eldridge

capture than one with a distinctive vibrato. One minute I thought it might be Miles Davis, but it's not quite like his sound. The baritone I didn't care for. Arrangement very nice. Three stars.

5. Without a doubt that's the Woody Herman band. The trombone sounded white. Vibes could be either Milt Jackson or Terry Gibbs. Were there two different tenors? I know 15 guys that sound like that; one of them sounded like he might be colored—at one point he sounded like Dexter Gordon. It's not Gene Ammons. Performance and arrangement are good. Might be Shadow Wilson playing drums. Three stars.

6. Is this a real record? I mean did they release it? What happened on the end? . . . I liked the trombone player—it's Bill Harris. Don't know who the trumpet is; can't tell whether he's white or colored—nor the tenor. Could be anybody. Nothing happens. Just for Bill Harris, though, give it one star.

7. This is a fair side, combining bop influences with boogie-woogie. Sounded nice on

Records Reviewed by Roy

Roy was given no information whatever about the records played for him, either before or during the blindfold test.

1. George Shearing. *To Be or Not to Bop* (London). Shearing, piano; white English bass and drummer.
2. Chubby Jackson. *Flying the Coop* (New Jazz). Mixed band. Zoot Sims, tenor; Kai Winding and J. J. Johnson (alternating), trombone; Tony Aless, piano. Arr. Thy Kuhn.
3. Eddie Condon. *Rose Room* (Commodore). Maxie Kaminsky (white), trumpet; PeeWee Russell, clarinet; Benny Morton (colored), trombone; Joe Bushkin, piano; Sid Catlett (colored), drums; Bob Casey, bass.
4. Miles Davis. *Fenus De Nilo* (Capitol). Davis (colored), trumpet; Gerry Mulligan (white), baritone and arr.
5. Woody Herman. *More Moon* (Capitol). Bill Harris, trombone; Terry Gibbs, vibes; Gene Ammons (colored), tenor sax; no other tenor; Shelly Manne (white), drums.
6. Flip Phillips. *Bright Blues* (Mercury). Flip, tenor; Bill Harris, trombone; Harry Edison (colored), trumpet.
7. Billy Taylor quartet (colored). *All Stars* (Coral). Taylor, piano.
8. Bob Crosby. *For Dancers Only* (Decca). Eddie Miller, tenor.
9. Billy Strayhorn. *Toak* (Mercury). Duke Ellington and Strayhorn, pianos.
10. Tadd Dameron. *Sid's Delight* (Capitol). Sahib Shihab (colored), alto; Fats Navarro (colored), trumpet; Kai Winding (white), trombone.

the first chorus. I liked the pianist. Couldn't tell who was colored and who was white. They could be Eskimos for all I know. Two stars.

8. This is a white band. Tenor has a certain sound I recognize; yes, it's Eddie Miller. Two stars.

9. This is a nice little ditty. Let's see now, what two-piano teams are there? White or colored? It's impossible to tell. Two stars.

10. The saxophone is colored. Trumpet, I don't know. Trombone, colored. They all play pretty much the same riffs; I've heard everything on here before and nothing outstanding happens. Two stars.

Afterthoughts by Roy

I guess I'll have to go along with you, Leonard—you can't tell just from listening to records. But I still say that I could spot a white imitator of a colored musician immediately. A white musician trying to copy Hawkins, for instance. And in the same way I suppose I could recognize a colored cat trying to copy Bud Freeman. I can only talk about individual sounds that have made it, highly individual sounds. But you take a sound like Tommy Dorsey gets—any good musician could get that. Okay, you win the argument!

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Phillips Flips Over Ellington

By LEONARD FEATHER

New York—"Me take a blindfold test?" said Flip Phillips. "You may as well not bother. I can tell you right now, I'll like everything."

This sounded like a challenge. Determined to prove to Flip that he couldn't honestly find four-star material in every record played him, I pulled out a selection of discs that nobody on earth could find uniformly admirable.

Flip himself was surprised at the resulting interview which ran as follows:

The Records

1. Zoot Sims, isn't it? It started and ended in the same vein, all had the same sound . . . I guess you could call it a real cool side; nice little theme. I liked the first chorus, but then it stayed in the same place instead of building up to something. Two stars.

2. It's Vido . . . First chorus is nice, but they shouldn't have doubled the tempo. What's the point of taking a pretty tune like that and messing it up? Vido can blow; he plays a full tenor—I liked him on some of those old Benny Goodman records. Arrangement on this is just the usual Stan Kenton sound—Happy New Year! Give it two stars.

3. Saxes there started out as if they were trying to sound like Benny's old band, but they didn't have the feel. Voicing is more modern, of course. Is the trombone Kai Winding? Tenor's tone sounded kind of hard to me. Fair band, fair arrangement. Two stars.

4. It's Sonny Berman's tune. Drummer's good—who is it, Don Lamond? We used to play that when I was with Woody, years ago, and the band used to swing like mad on it, but nothing particular happens here. It doesn't move me at all; just sounds as though they had to record one more tune so they threw this in. Give it two stars, just for the tune.

5. Sounds to me like Eddie Miller . . . The guitar takes me back a long way; reminds me of Eddie Lang. This record sounds to me as if they were trying to produce something very relaxed, but it didn't quite come off. Another two star record!

6. You can take this off, I know it. Law-



Flip Phillips

rence Brown and Ben Webster with Duke in *All Too Soon*. Great tune, great soloists, and a great band. To this day I still like to hear this one. Four stars.

7. I heard this band out in California, I think—Lu Watters, isn't it? That sure is a way-back style; they go back past Dixieland. They sure can march down the street. But I wouldn't want to march with them! Two stars.

8. Benny Goodman's group, with Wardell. It started off real swingin'. I was tapping my foot there. Toward the end my foot stopped, though. Tenor and trumpet great; Benny played good, too. The rhythm seemed to break up a little toward the end—or maybe it was the balance. Three stars.

9. I've never heard this one before. What

Records Reviewed By Flip

Flip was given no information whatever about the records played for him, either before or during the *Blindfold Test*.

1. Herbie Steward. *Medicine Man* (Roost). Steward, tenor. Comp. Al Cohn.

2. Stan Kenton-Vido Musso. *Santa Lucia* (Capitol). Musso, tenor.

3. Nat Pierce. *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea* (Motif). Arr. Sonny Truitt. Solos by local Boston men.

4. Woody Herman. *Sonny Speaks* (Capitol). Comp. Sonny Berman. Sonny Iggo, drums.

5. Eddie Miller. *Ain't Misbehavin'* (Jump). Miller, tenor; George Van Eps, guitar.

6. Duke Ellington. *All Too Soon* (Victor). Lawrence Brown, trombone; Ben Webster, tenor.

7. Lu Watters. *Tia Roof Blues* (Mercury).

8. Benny Goodman Sextet. *Blue Lou* (Capitol). Goodman, clarinet; Wardell Gray, tenor; Doug Mettams, trumpet.

9. James Moody. *Coolie-Rini* (Dial). (With Howard McGhee, Milt Jackson, Hank Jones, J. C. Heard, Ray Brown.)

10. Ella Fitzgerald. *Someone to Watch Over Me* (Decca). With Ellis Larkins, piano.

11. Stan Getz. *Five Brothers* (New Jazz). Getz, Alton Eager, Brew Moore, Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, tenors. (Chord progression of *Indiana*.)

can you say about it? It's a record. It's nothing to me. Gosh, what's happening to the record business? Two stars again.

10. Just give it four stars. No need to say any more; it's just there, it just pours out. Ellis plays great, too. And Ella's my idea of a four-star performer.

11. This must be the four brothers, or five brothers—it's *Indiana*, isn't it? Every one of these guys sounds like a young Lester Young. Overall, it's a pleasant sound, though it ends the way it started. Three stars.

Afterthoughts By Flip

My idea of a four star record is Art Tatum's *Elegie*. Or Duke's *Blue Serge*, Goodman's *Benny Rides Again*, or the Charlie Parker album with strings. But you know what I've been listening to a lot lately? Segovia. Wonderful.

My own best record? I'm never happy with any of them. After the session I always start worrying, thinking about what I should have done!

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Tristano Bows To Parker

By LEONARD FEATHER

Anyone who has talked at length with Lennie Tristano will attest that no musician in jazz is more provocative, argumentative, and (generally) negative in his views. It is a pleasure to discuss music with Lennie because, no matter how much you may disagree with him, you have to respect his academic and technical knowledge and equipment.

Although Lennie recognized the artists on every record except the second, he deliberately refrained from mentioning any names. Following were his reactions:

The Records

1. This is what I'd call a nice swinging commercial jazz record The reed section's fair; four step-brothers, you could call them. But it's all too obviously a commercial jazz record. No originality in the solo—the style for all the horns is a toss-up between Pres and Charlie Parker, predominantly the latter. . . . Everything seems to be predicted on how much they can sound like Pres, Bird, or both. Two stars.

2. I like the idea behind this; enjoy the contrapuntal idea very much But there's not too much melodic originality Too much repetition of small motifs The interpretation seems to be almost classical. Except for the rhythm pumping away behind it, it could almost be a bunch of studio men. It doesn't swing, but it does show some effort. Two stars.

3. This is just about my favorite jazz pianist. Fortunately I've heard him play a great deal, worked opposite him for weeks at a time, so I know he can do better than this The tempo is too fast for him I've heard him play this tempo great, but here his playing sounds very competitive, with an excessive repetition of one figure, whose usually he shows a great deal of originality. Vitality is the only part of his genius that shows here. I've heard nothing on records that sounds like him in person; but because I know what he can do, and because of the tremendous vitality, give this three stars.

4. A very professional-sounding record, and a very good trombone player A little too much vibrato to suit me, but a lot of personal warmth This is not the kind of thing I enjoy listening to; the schmaltzy melody leaves me apathetic. Arrangement is a little clumsy; mostly vertical writing All strings at one point, all trumpets at another. But it's very professionally executed and makes a good commercial record. Two stars.

5. This sounds like Dixieland before the guys brought out the gin bottle I've heard much better Dixieland. It lacks the vitality that good Dixieland sometimes has, and the three horns don't get a good blend. They all play with much too much vibrato and sometimes all in the same range; this shows a lack of subtlety, lack of musicianship and lack of listening to each other.

I've heard a lot of Dixieland. The trombone has an almost prescribed role to play in the ensemble. The instrumentation itself should preclude their running into each other as much as they do here.

I like the piano, though; he gets a personal sound, which is one of the hardest things to do with a piano; that's one of the beautiful things about Tatum, Hines, too. This guy has nice command, but his octave tremolo seems to be an attempt to get warmth. You can't imitate a horn on a piano like that; it takes an artist, and warmth should be achieved without any pseudo-imitation of a horn. Mostly for the piano, I'd give this two stars.

6. The trumpet is very poor. When Roy was in his prime, a lot of guys tried unsuccessfully to imitate him. This sounds like one of the poorer imitations, without Roy's vitality and conviction This record doesn't come up to par as a commercial jazz performance; it has a maiming, prissy beat in the rhythm section. These people, who can play a lot better, achieved only mediocrity. The bass player is very good; his line isn't refreshing but he has excellent command of the instrument and good time. One star.

7. Here is an example of somebody trying to milk the melody. This sometimes becomes unpleasant to me. Some people might enjoy it, so I wouldn't put it down and say it's trash I just don't like it. It's a terrible distortion of the saxophone sound, and the sexuality involved is very deliberate. No stars.

8. Let's talk about the saxophone player first Even at this point in his career he shows that someday he will be great. His time and melodic line show some confusion, but the kid is original; he's trying to put something down that's expressive of himself. And he's getting pretty great right now.

I only know one other solo by this guitarist on records. He has nice time and he swings; there's



Lennie Tristano

Records Reviewed By Lennie Tristano

Lennie was given no information whatever about the records played for him, either before or during the *Blindfold Test*.

1. Woody Herman, *Ninety-Nine Guys* (MGCM), Phil Uno, Bob Grot, tenors; Doug Metronome, trumpet.
2. Dave Brubeck, *Enter Pagan on Rap Thomas* (Fantasy). Composed and arranged by David Van Kirk.
3. Bud Powell, *Ten for Ten* (Mercury). Piano solo with Ray Brown, bass; Buddy Rich, drums.
4. Sam Kamin, *Saltines* (Capitol). Composed and arranged by Bill Brown, Milt Bernhart, trombone.
5. Eddie Condon, *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out* (Commodore). Max Kaminsky, trumpet; PeeWee Russell, clarinet; Benny Morton, trombone; Joe Buskin, piano.
6. Duke Ellington, *Suddenly It Jumped* (Victor). Tarkenton, trumpet; Duke Ellington, piano; Sonny Green, drums; Oscar Pettiford, bass.
7. Arnett Cobb, *Willow Weep for Me* (Columbia). Cobb, tenor.
8. Claude Thornhill, *Yardbird Suite* (Columbia LP). Lee Krasitz, alto; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Red Rodney, trumpet; Thornhill, piano; Billy Kiser, drums; Joe Shannon, bass. (December 1948).
9. George Shearing, *For You* (MGCM).

a Parker influence but no direct copying, it's very personal Trumpet is fairly nice; not as outstanding as the saxophone and not as personal as the guitar.

The rhythm section seems to be trying for that old Basie rhythm sound We almost have a forewarning of Shearing in that locked-hands stuff at the beginning, as we did with Milt Buckner and King Cole The whole performance is well executed and has some lift, though it's a little topid. For the alto and guitar, it's worth three stars.

9. George is one of the great commercial artists today; he's found out what the people want and knows just how to give it to them. As schmaltzy as it is, a lot of musicians enjoy the way he milks the melody. . . . Sometimes he doesn't seem to have good time; he tends to exaggerate the emotional content. To me this number is a throwaway; a standard tune that people like to sing after a couple of drinks. It's not a good example of what he can do. George found a formula on a lower level than I like to listen to, but because I know him and think he's such a nice guy, let's give it two stars.

Afterthoughts by Lennie

I want to say something about Charlie Parker, his importance in the picture. As great as we all think Bud Powell is, where would he be if it hadn't been for Bird? He's the first one that should remember it—he told me himself that Bird showed him the way to a means of expression.

George Shearing shows a good deal of personality; but it's still a takeoff on Parker. You take *Greener Hills*, or pick at random any five records by well-known boppers, and compare the ideas and phrases. You'll see that if Charlie Parker wanted to invoke plagiarism laws he could sue almost everybody who's made a record in the last 10 years. If I were Bird, I'd have all the best boppers in the country thrown into jail!

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

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DOWN BEAT

BLINDFOLD TEST—NEWS

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Duke Is The Man, Says Oliver

By LEONARD FEATHER

Sy Oliver is an honest man. He is the kind of guy with whom you can disagree heartily while respecting his integrity.

Because he was afraid his honest opinions might get him into trouble if he took a *Blindfold Test*, Sy stalled for many months before submitting to a session. When we finally got together, there was a long preamble during which he made the following points:

- Twenty years ago I could have identified every car that came down the street. Today I don't know one from another. It's the same thing with music.

- There is objectivity, sense, and purpose in everything Duke Ellington does, while Stan Kenton stands for flashy sensationalism.

- Since all criticism is based on personal taste and not on the worth of this as compared with the worth of that, the rating will be based strictly on my personal pleasure.

The Records

1. I'd say this is Les Brown. Can't think of anybody else whose band is so melodic and essentially rhythmic. The ensemble sounds especially good in these days of non-melodic performances. The alto solo is good too . . . Sounds as if he has a feeling for the over-all picture; doesn't use too many notes, and sounds as if he would be sympathetic to any musical setting . . . Some musicians have so little flexibility, they play exactly the same way on *Tiger Rag* and *Nearer, My God, to Thee* . . . Original conception here; a simple melodic thing that shows a tremendous sympathy for the guy who buys a ticket to a dance. Compared to most things, it's in excellent taste, too. Four stars.

2. This is that blind kid, isn't it? . . . the one who made *Symphony Sid's* theme? . . . I've never heard him play a solo quite like this before—it throws me, but I'm sure it's him. He's one of the few who've incorporated the identifying qualities of bop with good taste and a good melodic line; even his soloists are imbued with the same feeling; they even use the bop clichés, but to excellent advantage.

There's nothing more wrong with bop than there is with opium—it's just a matter of how you use it. It can be a sedative or it can be destructive. This group is accepted by dyed-in-the-wool boppers and by me. It's a unique sound; I've never heard a record of his that I wouldn't give four stars.

3. I don't know who this one is, but it's one of those bop records in the sense that I detest it. I am not equipped to distinguish one group of this kind from another. I don't like it. I feel there is nothing derogatory about commercial values; I think in the final analysis the music that lives is the music that the greatest number of people buy, and this isn't it.

If this form of musical expression makes them happy, o.k. No musical effort is entirely wasted. Sure, they have tremendous talent. Hitler was one of the greatest orators and spellbinders who ever lived; but greatness does



Sy Oliver

not mean goodness. For my personal preference, no stars.

4. Such a beautiful background and such a horrible voice! For a colored artist to have such an elaborate background must mean it's someone who's highly successful; probably someone who started out with just a banjo and a bass . . . Not Dinah Washington or one of those people, is it? Or that girl whose husband was a trumpet player—no, it's not her, she's supposed to be one of the greatest right now.

The background is misplaced; her sound is much too earthy for it. The voice shows lots of feeling, great sympathy, and authority, but it's like Billie Holiday singing intermissions at the opera. The presentation of music in any form needs the courage of the artist's convictions, be it fish or fowl, F-O-W-L. A blues quality voice should have a blues background or a blues-type instrumental grouping. And her diction is atrocious. One star.

5. You can take this off, I've heard enough . . . With the exception of a few old masters like Louis, who had something to say, I don't like solos except as part of an over-all picture, the way Duke uses them. I can't stand three minutes of tenor sax; that is the most objectionable instrument being used today. None of them swing—they all either underblow or overblow. This one subtunes all the way.

All great solo work lies in the presentation

Records Reviewed by Sy

Sy was given no information whatever, either before or during the *Blindfold Test*, about the records played for him.

1. Stan Kenton, *Dynaflow* (Capitol). Comp. & arr. Ray Wetol; Art Pepper, alto.
2. George Shearing, *Quintessence* (MGM).
3. Charlie Parker, *Relaxin' with Lee* (Mercury). Parker, alto; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Thelonious Monk, piano.
4. Sarah Vaughan, *Deep Purple* (Columbia). With Percy Faith ork.
5. Lester Young, *Frenesi* (Mercury).
6. Lionel Hampton, *Cool Train* (MGM).
7. Shakeray Banana, *That Du-Du Strain* (Capitol). Shakeray, trumpet; Santo Pecora, trombone.
8. Dave Brubeck trio, *How High the Moon* (Fantasy). Brubeck, piano.
9. Woody Herman, *By George* (MGM). Phil Urso, tenor; Herman, clarinet.

—and preservation—of the melody. Give this guy one star—and if it turns out to be one of my friends and he beats me up, you'll pay the hospital bill.

6. I'd say this was Lionel Hampton's band . . . I prefer a full band to a small band, but this is a grouping of clichés at their worst, well played. Indeterminate solo work, neither bop nor not bop, and very offensive; an overall sound that's muddy, maybe owing to the recording; the whole thing has no personality, no meaning, nothing distinctive.

Which reminds me, the only people who have done anything interesting with the 12-bar blues phrase in 20 years are Duke Ellington and Louis Jordan.

A few records like this were successful in the past . . . this has caused record companies to hamper progress and new ideas in big band writing by encouraging more of this stuff. No stars.

7. At first I thought this might be an old Louis, but you can tell from the recording it's just someone reaching back; doesn't sound authentic—just an attempt to reproduce the old Dixieland sound. I find a lot of Dixieland things interesting, especially those with Louis and Teagarden, but this has no outstanding characteristics. No stars.

8. This is the first Shearing record I've ever heard that I didn't like. In the first place, outside of *Body and Soul* this is the most abused tune ever written, so I'm inclined to close my ears.

If it is Shearing, and I'm convinced that it is, he must have been influenced by the fact that people are supposed to ad lib on this tune. The first, slow part is in very good taste. The last chorus shows touches of Shearing originality, but his heart isn't in it. Because it's Shearing give it two stars anyway.

9. Nice brass effect on that first chorus . . . tenor solo on the second chorus is a complete waste—they could have done something much more interesting with it. A solo in a big band must be spotted right, must have something to do with the original melody or the mood the arranger is trying to present. Duke's soloists, for example, complement the mood of the composition. I liked the brass melodic line in the first and last chorus. Clarinet player sounded like a million other clarinet players. Two stars.

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Swee' Pea Stays On The Scene

LEONARD FEATHER

Billy Strayhorn was just 23 years old when he first met Duke Ellington, in December, 1938. Three months later Jean Eldridge's vocal on the Duke record of *Something to Live For* brought to life the first Ellington-Strayhorn collaboration.

Ever since then, the career of the brilliant little Swee' Pea has been inextricably wound up with that of Ellington. He has been, to coin a phrase, Duke's write-hand man. But instead of becoming wrapped up in Ellingtonia to the point of losing contact with the outside music world, Billy has remained pretty much aware of what happens in jazz—and has managed to retain a broad-minded attitude, as his reactions below will show.

The Records

1. Sounds like Kenton . . . not a bad record; played very cleanly, but not too original, and keeps repeating the original theme. The solo is not too inspired, but in keeping with the rest of it. . . . Kenton is trying to do a very wonderful thing with his band, but becomes too frantic about the whole thing; everything is a dor-or-die struggle, there's no looseness, which I think is one of the great ingredients of good jazz. His more ambitious things are even more contracted, stringent. Tears me all up, makes me feel tense, and I don't like to feel tense about music. Two stars.

2. This is obviously a blues in tango—probably should have been called *Blango* . . . very well played; the trumpet solo is wonderful. However, it's a dishonest, contrived sort of thing. Sounds as though the guy said I have a tango over here, and a blues harmonic structure over there, and I'm going to put them together, I don't care whether they fit or not. In the end the tango isn't pleased and the blues isn't pleased. Two stars.

3. I kinda liked that. It's not as well played as the other two records, but it has a looser feeling. I liked the clarinet solo. Sounds a little like Tony Scott. Rhythm is a little stiff. Give it three stars—a nice arrangement.

4. It's very pleasant to hear a satirical approach to an old, old warhorse . . . it's Nellie Lutchner; I like it very much. I don't know whether she realizes what she does to these things; maybe she feels very serious about it—anyway, I think it's wonderful. Let's give it three and a half; four should be reserved for something less stylized.

5. Well, here we are somewhere between State street and Canal street! For what it is, it's played well, in great spirit; solos aren't of the highest order for that kind of music. It's disorganization that has been organized



Billy Strayhorn

well. Just looking at it dispassionately I would say between two and three. I heard the soprano and thought it was Bechet, but after I'd heard it awhile I realized it wasn't he.

6. That's easy—it's Charlie Barnet, and of course I like him very much. He does quite a bit of, shall we say, reminiscing, but he does it in a spirit of great admiration and he does it very well, with no behind-the-counter kind of connotation. So I just have to say that's good! Most of the arrangement is very good. The clarinet-trumpet-trombone thing didn't quite come off too well, but the rest of it is wonderful. Give it three.

7. Of course this puts me in a spot; however, I like the arrangement very much—it's so completely different from mine. . . . I think it's Charlie Ventura. . . . I liked the tenor—and the tuba playing the bass part. Give it three.

8. That's my man, Tatum. I'm very hard on Tatum because I've heard him play so well, so many times, and I don't think this is his best . . . it's a little mixed up! I don't think he did quite what he wanted to do . . . of course he always plays well, but my standard for him is

Records Reviewed by Strayhorn

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

1. Stan Kenton, *Jump for Joe* (Capitol). Comp. Gene Roland, Art Pepper, alto.
2. Harry James, *Tango Blues* (Columbia). Comp. James.
3. Buddy DeFranco, *Rumpus Room* (MGM) DeFranco, clarinet.
4. Nellie Lutchner, *Humoresque* (Capitol).
5. Sidney Bechet, *Polka Dot Rag* (Columbia).
6. Charlie Barnet, *Portrait of Edward Kennedy Ellington* (Capitol). Comp. Dave Matthews.
7. Charlie Ventura, *Take the "C" Train* (Victor). Arr. Munny Albam, Ventura, tenor; Bill Barber, tuba.
8. Art Tatum, *Time on My Hands* (Capitol).
9. The Treniers, with Gene Gilbeau quartet, *Plenty of Moneys* (Okeh). Claude Trenier, vocal.
10. Duke Barbarous, *Castle Rock* (Capitol).
11. Woody Herman, *Leo the Lion* (MGM). Comp. Tim Kahn.

kinda high because he's made such gems, so I'd give this, using my yardstick for Mr. Tatum, two stars.

9. This is an excellent blues record . . . the unison voice with the alto is unusual and very, very good. For a blues record I would give that three and a half. Sounds a bit like Jimmy Witherspoon, though I don't think it is.

10. It's *Castle Rock*, and in view of the fact that Johnny Hodges made such an excellent record of it, I don't think this one is too good. First of all, it's repetitious without having to be so; the best thing on it is the ensemble thing, which, of course, is straight from the Hodges record. . . . so I don't think I could give this more than one star.

11. I think the band is Woody Herman; it is a blues and a not too original one. . . . Woody has done much better ones; this is a kinda of rehash of many of the other things, which I don't think it's necessary for a man of his stature to do. I'd give it two.

Afterthoughts By Strayhorn

There are plenty of records I'd have given four stars if you'd happened to play them. Several Tatum, especially *I Ain't Got Nobody*. Benny Goodman's *Sometimes I'm Happy*. Tommy Dorsey's *Lonesome Road*. And if I can include an Ellington, I'll choose *What Am I Here For*.

Of course I like a lot of other pianists besides Tatum; Oscar Peterson particularly. I've been a Garner fan since we were kids in Pittsburgh; lately he's become very stylized, but he made one record recently that's great, *Honeysuckle Rose*.

Bud Powell? That's Duke's man. Of course I think he's great, too, but in a one-sided way; he covers only one department while there are other pianists who encompass the whole range of the piano. I'm enthusiastic about some lesser-known pianists, such as Beryl Booker—she's wonderful!

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Bill Harris Praises Friley Freely

By LEONARD FEATHER

Bill Harris is a product of what might be called the middle-of-the-road school in jazz. The creator of a style that was excitingly new in the mid-'40s, and long identified with Woody Herman's ultra-modern music, he has nevertheless been pretty far removed from the hoppers and has even been accepted by the Dixielanders.

Regardless of which school Bill leans to in his playing, it became evident from his blindfold test that he has a pretty broad range in his personal tastes.

Incidentally, record No. 3 was a deliberate attempt to trick Bill. It is an almost identical imitation, by an English band, of the record Bill made of his own tune with Woody.

The Records

1. There's a lot of drive to the rhythm section . . . It's well done, but I don't care for the arrangement; it keeps switching back and forth and it doesn't seem to prove anything. It's a swinging record, though, with a good big band sound—I haven't any idea who it is. Two stars.

2. The tenor man must be the leader . . . Gene Ammons, maybe? . . . Trombone has amazing technique; that's a terrific chorus. Who is it, J.J.? . . . The record gets rather trite at times—there's nothing new, but it's a good swinging record. I don't care for the tenor; he resolves into one of those screaming things . . . the trombone cops the whole thing; they should have had him in front of the band and let the tenor blow eight bars . . . piano started well, but sort of disgruntled. He has good time, though. Make it three stars.

3. I haven't heard this in a long time . . . It doesn't even sound like me . . . Wait a minute. There's something wrong here. Who the hell made that thing? I noticed a couple of spots where the phrasing was different, and he goofed a little near the end . . . well, they say this is the sincerest form of flattery. It's a rather nice performance—good voicing of notes—but who would want to repeat everything so closely? Is it foreign? The guy'd do better to strike out for himself. After all, how far can you get imitating somebody? You know, I think this is a real pretty tune. I'm proud of it and I want to put words to it. Two stars.

4. This is that all-star thing . . . Kai's crazy! . . . Is that The Sound on tenor? . . .



Bill Harris

I like Serge, assuming it's he . . . Terry Gibbs, Bauer, Shearing—pretty trumpet—I like the whole thing. It's a real conglomerate, but it came off in spite of the clashing of temperaments . . . The interlude between guitar and piano is nice. I liked the arrangement, and the whole thing showed a lot of effort. Four stars.

5. Well, let's say I wouldn't give this to my mother for a Christmas present . . . I recognize the piece . . . from the sound, it could be Ferguson. What's the point? Is there a terrific hit on the other side or something? Give this minus four stars!

6. That's Ray McKinley, with Vern Friley, and Eddie Sauter wrote it. Sauter is the absolute end. The beginning is a little flowery, but I like the way he handles his horn, and towards the end it's more to my taste—trills and things . . . the trumpet is superb; Friley should have played the whole arrangement. It don't gas me enough for more than three.

7. I don't know who this is. Sounds like a short record. Nothing happens with the

Records Reviewed by Bill Harris

Bill was given absolutely no information about the records placed for him.

1. Duke Ellington. *The Hawk Talk* (Columbia).
2. George Auld. *New Almost Speed* (Bruno). Auld, tenor; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Lon Leroy, piano.
3. Vic Lewis. *Kerrybears* (English Empire). John Keating, trombone; Camp, Bill Harris.
4. Metronome All-Stars. *Forty Spring* (Capitol). Arr. Ralph Burns. Kai Winding, trombone; Stan Getz, tenor; Serge Chaloff, baritone; Terry Gibbs, vibraphone; Shojiro Fudo, guitar; Miles Davis, trumpet.
5. *Marjard Ferguson. The Hot Canary* (Capitol). Trompet solo by Ferguson.
6. Ray McKinley. *Bordelinas* (Majority). Camp, & arr. Eddie Sauter. Vern Friley, trombone.
7. Benny Green. *London Avenue* (Debut). Green, trombone; Budd Johnson, tenor.
8. George Wettling. *Indiana* (Columbia).
9. Jack Tansler. *Lower Dues*. Trombone solo from "Sabbath At Symphony Hall" LP.
10. Tommy Dorsey. *At First Case By Dues*.

solos—I don't care for the tenor. Ensemble keeps repeating . . . rhythm seems to be walking some place, nice enough, and the trombone is outo—that's about the only merit, otherwise it's dull. One star.

8. I've no idea who this is . . . I don't want to put it down, nor do I want to say I like every style, because I don't; but this isn't a good example of anything—not in that type of music . . . People keep talking about bringing Dixieland back. I don't know that it was so great in the first place. I heard some street music down in New Orleans that was really shoutin'—I can make that all right, but here it just doesn't come off. All the solos are in the same category. I haven't studied this type of music, but I can't see where it's worth more than two stars.

9. This is Teagarden, and when I heard him blowing at the Blue Note on his opening night he was blowing a whole lot better than this . . . This was recorded at some kind of concert, and you can't tell what a guy can blow from concerts . . . A lot of them are mismanaged and ill-presented, and the guys are glad to get off the stage. Now you put Jack in a room with a rhythm section and he'll kill you. Two stars.

10. Not Tommy? . . . This is just one of those things that you put on, and when it's over you take it off, and where are you? Some of the sax figures were pretty, but I didn't especially like the tempo. Trombone is adequate for this type of record . . . Music for dancing, or something. I have a dislike for this type of thing. They seem to turn em out by the thousands. One star.

SVENSK JAZZ ÄR PÅ RÄTT VÄG

Leonard Feather »blindbocktestas» av Simon Brehm

Leonard Feather har under en följd av år, först i Metronome och numera i Down Beat, haft en mycket uppskattad artikelserie kallad "The Blindfold Test", vilket innebär att han intervjuat en rad kända utövande musiker genom att spela plattor för dem, vilka de i förväg inte fått veta vem som spelat in. "Offret" har sedan fått uttala sin åsikt om kvaliteten genom att betygsätta plattorna (från en till fyra stjärnor), och dessutom har han fått visa hur pass väl han känner igen sina kolleger, genom att försöka gissa sig till vem som spelar. Eftersom detta oftast är ganska knepigt, har artiklarna rönt en berättigad popularitet, naturligtvis mycket beroende på att läsekretsen älskar att läsa om sina favoriter misstag och kommentarer.

Enbart svenska jazzplattor

Vad var alltså naturligare än att utse vännen Leonard till vårt offer för en "blindbocktestning". Metoden och värderingssystemet lånade vi från hans egen uppfinning, men däremot fick han ett litet handikap, då vi i förväg gjorde klart för honom att det bara skulle röra sig om plattor inspelade här i Sverige.

Vi kan väl knappast begära att Leonard skulle kunna känna till alla de svenska solisterna, då hans möjligheter

men den är absolut för oambitiös för att spelas in på platta. Därför bara 2 stjärnor.

2. Arrangemanget låter som ett av Theselin... Vacker låt... Baryton Lasse Gullin, och så förstås Rolf Ericson och Domnérus. Pianisten kan vara Gunnar Svensson. Man lyckas förträffligt med att få fram den moderna ensembleklang, och det är mycket få amerikanska band som kan göra så bra plattor i samma stil. 3 stjärnor.

Följande plattor spelades för Leonard Feather:

1. Arne Domnérus kvartett: Party for Pres. Domnérus, alt, Gunnar Svensson, piano (H. M. V.)

2. Arne Domnérus orkester: Barit. Komp. och arr. Lasse Gullin, Domnérus, alt, Roffe Ericson, trpt, Gunnar Svensson, piano. (H. M. V.)

3. Putte Wickman och Reinhold Svensson: Ghost of a chance. (Sonora)

4. Gösta Törners orkester: At the jazzband ball. (Artist)

5. Carl-Henrik Norins kvartett: Remember When. Norin, tenor, Mats Olsson, piano. (Musica)

6. Lasse Gullins orkester: Danny O. Nils-Bertil Dalander, trummor, Lasse Gullin, bar., Rolf Ericson, trumpet, Lars Bergström, alt. (Gazell)

8. Aha, det måste vara Roy... Melodin inte särskilt originell, Roy har gjort massor av plattor under olika namn, men med just dessa vanliga harmonier. Han älskar dem tydligen... Trumslagaren spelar alldeles förträffligt, ja, det gör hela kompet. Kan trumslagaren vara Shaughnessy? Det är



När Leonard Feather repeterade med sina "Swinging Swedes" på National, så kom Alice Babs och hälsade på och var naturligtvis välkommen. Reinhold Svensson "tittar" istället för Toots Thielemans i manuskriptet, som Alice håller i och även Leonard och Putte Wickman verkar intresserade.

med ett originellt "sound" och originella idéer, ja han låter inte som om han kopierade någon... Även pianisten spelar fint... Kan klarinettisten vara Stan (Åke) Hasselgård? 3 stjärnor.

Musik för farfars farfar

4. Är det "Da da strain"? Egent-

fantastiskt vad det svänger, en verkligt jumpande platta. Den är faktiskt värd 4 stjärnor.

9. Ja, det är Gullin igen, men här spelar han inte så bra som jag hört honom i verkligheten häromdagen. Pianisten spelar också utmärkt... Kan vara vem som helst, ni har ju så många bra här... Tycker inte att tempot pas-

dfold TEST

N. D. L. R.

Depuis plusieurs années, notre collaborateur américain, Leonard Feather, publie, dans les revues américaines « Metronome » et « Down Beat », des enquêtes connues sous le nom de « Blindfold Test », qui consistent à faire entendre à un musicien des disques, de préférence inconnus de l'artiste, laissant à celui-ci le soin de reconnaître le nom des interprètes et d'exposer succinctement les remarques provoquées par l'audition de ces disques.

Nos lecteurs trouveront d'ailleurs ci-contre le « blindfold test » de Roy Eldridge qui a été récemment publié par le journal américain « Down Beat ».

Au cours d'une soirée passée à Paris cet été Léon Kaba et notre directeur se sont amusés à soumettre Leonard Feather à un « blindfold test » que nous vous soumettons en regard.



PS " PAGE en Belgique

rait accuser le bokke, M. Nel-Jef de Vlièger en l'occurrence, petit ». Ils ont eu raison ; le arts, ce n'était

le les installa- no, ils ont cons- sans lesquelles aginé une déco- éclairages sa- installé au milieu ond ouvrant des de la salle un place cinquante

l fallait mettre e gens dans la air les premiers nt automatique- eux, comme le

un Mimosa Jazz ur faire danser t du Zante. Le ssement, « New ivait ce choix. tre digne de ce on manda des et sa trompette. fit alterner cette r au piano, le-

quel fut un moment assisté de Django Reinhardt, au vice-versa ; pas moins !

De surcroît, Pol Clarke et sa formation assurèrent la seconde relève. Et comme il faut satisfaire les yeux autant que les oreilles, un groupe de danseurs de St-Germain-des-Près fut adjoint à l'ensemble.

Nous ne reviendrons pas sur les mérites divers et éclatants de Rewellott et de Peiffer ; signalons tout de suite qu'ils surprisent chacun dans sa spécialité ; au reste, tous les Parisiens les connaissent bien. Quant à Lips nous ne l'avons pas entendu depuis nombre de mois ; disons que son style n'a pas faibli, loin de là. Lips est en outre un excellent showman, ce qui ne gêne rien ; il chante avec humour et vigueur, son répertoire favori. Il fit fort bon ménage avec l'orchestre Rewellott, chacun adaptant son style au mieux de la conjoncture. Il a toujours autant de punch, autant de puissance ; c'est agréable, un trompette qui peut jouer en force ; et il faut avouer que la puissance des Louis, Roy, Dizzy et Lips convient spécialement à cet instrument éclatant, mieux sans doute que les broderies délicates de certains trompettes de l'école moderne. Au reste, il est inutile de nous appesantir sur le style de Lips, car le voici à Paris ; il est vrai, encore une fois les provinciaux n'y trouveront pas leur compte ; mais ils apprendront plus en écoutant ses disques que n'en lisant des articles même moins mauvais que celui-ci...

Michel DELAROCHE.

Roy ELDRIDGE

Quand Roy Eldridge vint aux Etats-Unis après un séjour d'une année en France, il me sembla que certaines attitudes des Crow Jim français avaient déteint sur lui. Tout comme l'amateur et le critique français ont inventé quelques types inexistant de musique, comme « Jazz noir », « Jazz blanc américain », Roy aurait pu voir distinguer un musicien blanc d'un noir, simplement par l'écoute de son style.

« Voulez-vous parler » demandais-je.

Le résultat fut un blindfold test très spécial. En plus de la difficulté d'identifier le personnel et de critiquer la musique, l'habileté de Roy était mise à l'épreuve à séparer les musiciens d'après une frontière raciale, à l'encontre de ma propre théorie, qui soutient, selon les paroles d'un vieux blues que « vous ne pouvez pas dire la différence quand le soleil s'est couché ».

Selon les lois du hasard, il devait tomber juste dans 50 0/0 des cas, aussi puis-je conclure que Roy n'a pas plus prouvé qu'il avait tort que raison.

LES DISQUES

1. — Peut-être trois ou quatre musiciens que je connais. Avec cette façon de jouer, il est difficile de dire blanc ou noir. Le pianiste peut être blanc, le bassiste, je pense — oui, je pense qu'il est noir. Le drummer aussi. C'est propre, bien exécuté, ça ne me coupe pas le souffle, mais ça devient pas mal du tout quand on arrive au passage en accord. DEUX ETOILES.

2. — C'est l'orchestre de Woody... Zoot, au ténor... Le solo de trombone est ce qu'il y a de meilleur dans le disque ; le pianiste n'a rien de spécial et l'arrangement ne prouve rien : c'est juste un alignement de notes. Pour moi, ça sonne un peu comme si les gars n'étaient pas bien d'accord avec l'arrangement. UNE ETOILE.

3. — Pee-Wee, n'est-ce pas ? On dirait que c'est un vieux type qui joue, quel qu'il soit... Je pense que le trombone est noir. Je sais que le clarinetiste ne l'est pas. Le trompette peut-être. Je n'ai pas assez entendu la section rythmique pour me faire une opinion, mais le drummer pourrait bien être Baby Dodds. Y a-t-il un bassiste ? Je n'ai pas pu le distinguer... Joe Sullivan au piano ? C'est tout juste un disque Dixieland moyen. Donnez-lui un DEUX ETOILES complaisant.

4. — Je n'ai pas la moindre idée de ce que c'est. Ça sonne bien... Je ne peux pas vous dire si ce sont des blancs ou des noirs. La plupart de ces types jouent sans vibrato et une sonorité sans vibrato est plus facile qu'une sonorité avec vibrato. J'ai pensé une minute que ça pouvait être Miles Davis, mais ça n'est pas exactement sa sonorité. Le baryton m'est indifférent. Très bon arrangement. TROIS ETOILES.

5. — Sans aucune hésitation, c'est l'orchestre de Woody Herman. Le trombone sonne blanc. Le vibraphoniste peut aussi bien être Milt Jackson que Terry Gibbs. Qui sont les deux ténors ? Je connais 15 types qui jouent comme ça, un des deux joue comme s'il était noir — à un endroit il jouait comme Dexter Gordon. Ce n'est pas Gene Ammons. L'exécution et l'arrangement sont bons. C'est peut-être Shadow Wilson aux drums. TROIS ETOILES.

6. — Est-ce un vrai disque ?... Je veux dire, l'a-t-on vraiment publié ? Qu'arrive-t-il à la fin ?... J'aime le trombone — c'est Bill Harris. Je ne sais pas qui est le trompette. Je ne peux pas dire s'il est blanc ou noir — pas plus que le ténor. Ça peut

être n'importe qui. Il ne se passe rien à cause de Bill Harris — quand même — donnez-lui UNE ETOILE.

7. — C'est un disque moyen, combinant les influences bop avec le boogie-woogie. Le premier chorus est vraiment bien. J'aime le pianiste. Je ne peux pas dire qui était blanc ou qui était noir. Pour tout ce que j'en sais, ils pourraient aussi bien être Esquimaux. DEUX ETOILES.

8. — C'est un orchestre blanc. Le ténor a une certaine sonorité que je reconnais. Qui — c'est Eddie Miller. DEUX ETOILES.

9. — C'est une gentille petite chose. Dites-moi, quel est cet ensemble à deux pianos. Noir ou blanc ? Impossible à dire. DEUX ETOILES.

10. — Le saxo est noir. Le trompette je ne sais pas.

Le trombone est noir. Ils jouent un peu tendu tout ça et il n'y a rien de sensationnel. DEUX ETOILES.

CONCLUSION DE ROY

Je pense que vous serez d'accord. Leonard, on ne peut pas dire en écoutant seulement des disques. Mais je sais que je peux deviner immédiatement un blanc imitant un noir, un musicien blanc essayant de copier Hawkins par exemple. Et de la même façon, je suppose que je pourrais reconnaître un noir essayant de copier Bud Freeman... Je peux seulement être catégorique quand il s'agit de sonorités particulières, de sonorités très personnelles. Mais vous pouvez prendre une sonorité comme celle de Tommy Dorsey, n'importe quel bon musicien peut arriver au même résultat. O.K. vous avez gagné le pari.

Leonard FEATHER.

DISQUES PRÉSENTÉS

1. — GEORGE SHEARING : To be or not to be (London) — Shearing, piano ; bassiste et drummer anglais blancs.
2. — CHUBBY JACKSON : Flying the cow (New Jazz) — Orchestre mixte. Zoot Sim (ténor), Kai Winding (blancs) et J.-J. Johnson (noir) alternant. Tony Abbot (p). Arr. Tiny Kahn.
3. — EDDIE CONDON : Rose-room (Commodore) — Max Kaminski (tp), Pee Wee Russell (cl) (blancs), Benny Morton (tb) Sid Cattlett (bms) (noirs), Joe Bushak (p), Bob Casey (b).
4. — MILES DAVIS : Venus de Milo (Capitol) — Davis (tp) (noir) et Jerry Mulligan (bs et Arr.) (blanc).
5. — WOODY HERMAN : More Moon (Capitol) — Bill Harris (tb), Terry Gibbs (Vb) (blancs), Gene Ammons (noir), ténor. Pas d'autre ténor, Shelly Manne (blanc) aux drums.
6. — FLIP PHILLIPS : Bright blues (Mercury) — Flip (tb), Bill Harris (tb), Harr Edison (tp) (noir).
7. — BILLY TAYLOR QUARTET (noir) : All Stars (Coral) — Taylor, piano.
8. — BOB CROSBY : For dancers only (Decca) — Eddie Miller, ténor.
9. — BILLY STRAYHORN : Tenk (Mercury) — Duke Ellington et Billy Strayhorn, piano.
10. — TADD DAMERON : Sid's delight (Capitol) — Sahib Shabab (as) (noir), Paté Navarro (tp) (noir), Kai Winding (tb) (blanc).

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Pres Digs Every Kind Of Music

By LEONARD FEATHER

Lester Young is a doubly unique personality. That he has been the chief influence among tenor sax men in the last 15 years is well known; less known is the fact that his speech, in some respects, has been no less influential.

Pres sometimes talks in a jargon sometimes comprehensible only to Pres, but at his most lucid he sprinkles his talk with words and phrases that have been used by countless musicians after him. He was probably the first to use "cool" and "no eyes" in their current colloquial sense. Also he addresses everybody else as "Pres," the nickname by which he himself is known.

The following blindfold test is taken almost verbatim from a tape recording of the interview. Because I had often noticed Lester's tendency to like everything, the music for this session included pop stuff as well as jazz of all kinds, plus one straight classical item.

1. Very nice record . . . everything is so beautiful about it. Trombone is sort of a Bill Harris tip. I don't think I can dig the band, since playing in small combos makes it kind of difficult for me to dig the big bands . . . but I know it was very smooth and clean and clear. I thought it was crazy. Three stars.

2. Was that the man that used to be up to Bop City? Either Bill Farrell or that Ray what's-his-name—with the big band, out in California, he's got a great big strong voice—Gordon MacRae. I thought this was pretty, the lyric, too. Rating? Well, comme ci comme ca. Three stars?

3. That's the kind of music that I like. Swingin' eyes. Tenor sounds like Paul Gonsalves, as of today, and then, Ben Websterini, lot of times he sounds like that . . . I wouldn't be too sure of the band 'cause Duke has changed—his band sounds different—but he plays very nice piano. Piano tricked me; sounded like Stan Kenton, then like Duke. So you dig? I'm kinda lost. Nice eyes for that one. Four stars.

4. I thought that was very nice. It's been quite a while since I heard any records that they made, what's his name, Kenny something isn't it? They've been fine for years, you know. Reminds me of the way Pha Terrell used to sing this with Andy Kirk. Three.

5. I don't think I could tell the different voices, but I think the record is real great. I don't think I ever heard any saxophones sound like that. I remember when Coleman Hawkins went to Europe, way back you know, he made some records that had four saxes—*Crazy Rhythm*—and I thought they were great, too. Well I'm just weak for saxophones anyway, but I don't think they can cap that, as



Lester Young

far as a section. I can just hear that over and over and over. Nothing but eyes—great big eyes. Give 'em all the stars. Can you give 'em eight?

6. You know really how it sounded to me, Pres? Sounded like Sonny Stitt and Gene Ammons. Anyway, there's two different tenor players. One always plays faster than the other one, the other one mostly swingerini . . . I always like to hear two tenors play, on account of Herschel Evans and I used to battle. All the time fours for the saxophones.

7. It's kinda over my head, but it's—I can't get with that rhythm that goes like that (shuffle rhythm)—if it were straight rhythm I could make it. Just give them a number. Two, I guess.

8. I'll go for that style, too. We played in Chicago with Muggsy Spanier, and they was wallin' with the Dixielanderini, you know? So, people like things like that. Bet you a dollar I know who's playing clarinet. PeeWee Russell . . . that's that Chicago style on tenor; Bud Freeman? All the time I used to hear him with Tommy Dorsey—nobody ever played like

Records Played For Pres

Lester Young was given no information whatever about the records played for him.

1. Les Brown, *Blue Moon* (Coral), Ray Sims, trombone.
2. Bob Eberly, *But Not Like You* (Capitol).
3. Boyd Raeburn, *Hip Boyds* (Savoy), Arr. Ralph Flanagan, Lucky Thompson, tenor, Dodo Marmarosa, piano.
4. The Ink Spots, *I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance With You* (Decca), Featuring Bill Kenny.
5. Woody Herman, *Four Brothers* (Columbia), Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Herb Steward, tenors; Serge Chaloff, baritone.
6. James Moody, *Two Fathers* (Prestige), Moody, Lars Gullin, tenors. Recorded in Sweden.
7. Mr. Google-Eyes with Billy Ford's V-Eights, *No Wine, No Women* (Okeh).
8. Bud Freeman, *Tia Juana* (Decca), Freeman, tenor; PeeWee Russell, clarinet.
9. Artie Shaw with arch. cond. by Walter Hendl, *Cocacoda* (Milhand), Arr. Hershey Kay.
10. Jax at the Philharmonic, *Mordido* (Mercury), Illinois Jacquet, Flip Phillips, tenors; Howard McGhee, trumpet; Bill Harris, trombone; Hank Jones, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Jo Jones, drums.
11. Count Basie, *Little Pony* (Columbia), Wardell Gray, tenor. Arr. Neal Hefti.

him, and I like a stylist, Stars? On account of the Dixieland, I think three.

9. All the way! I don't know the band but it's beautiful music. I never dig into the classical you know, I've heard very few records . . . I've never dug that deep. I'd give them four, whoever it is. I'm going to practice my clarinet. I'd like to hear that again. (Later, when informed it was Shaw: Artie is so underrated it's a shame. People play him so cheap.)

10. King Cole? . . . It might be Kersey . . . and there was a gray boy out in California who used to play a lot of dates with Norman . . . Bill Harris can blow; he's a wallin' man . . . drums gave himself away—that's Buddy Rich . . . bass must be Ray Brown; or that other stud that sounds like him, Al McKibbin? Or Pettiford? He was wallin', whoever it was, making them smears and things that's Flip now . . . it might not be Buddy Rich, Krupa? . . . trumpet, I'd say Al Killian. Well, I have to like this. That's my people. Great big eyes. Four stars.

11. That's real crazy! I think I heard it once in Chicago. Onliest thing I would say would be Woody Herman or either Stan Kenton. I don't know the tenor, but it sure is crazy, the way the arrangement goes. I'm going to get the name from you so I can get the record. Four stars.

Afterthoughts by Pres

Favorite records? I like variety. I don't like to get hung up with one thing. Anything they play over the radio that I like, I'll get it. Just all music, all day and all night music. Just any kind of music you play for me, I melt with all of it.

11/50/51

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Bassist Brehm No Simple Simon

By LEONARD FEATHER

The following *Blindfold Test* was conducted at the home of a typical Swedish musician, for whom I played what seemed to be a reasonably typical random selection of current American records.

Simon Brehm, like all his Stockholm colleagues, is thirsty for knowledge of what's happening on the American scene. Unlike Rolf Ericson, he has never been disillusioned by a firsthand view of the jazz picture in his spiritual home. Like the Rolf of four years ago, he dreams of the day when he can stash away enough loot to finance a trip to New York.

In the meantime he listens avidly to the small proportion of American jazz platters that are released in Sweden or imported by collectors. All the records in the test were completely unknown to him, as his comments make clear.

The Records

1. This has an Ellington sound—I recognize the piano . . . don't know the trombone—it's not Lawrence Brown; maybe Tizol on valve trombone. The tune gets a very nice Ellington mood, in a rather commercial style. The alto doesn't get Hodges' tone, but whoever he is, I like it. Two and a half.

2. I have no idea who this is, or why it was recorded, or why you're playing it. The girl sounds to me like a female Hoagy Carmichael . . . is it a colored band? The playing is very rough and the rhythm is a little too primitive. The arrangement is dull, too. . . . I don't know why this should have any stars. Maybe half a star for the trombone trio.

3. This guy plays very much like Reinhold Svensson, but he has better technique and attack. . . . I don't hear any drums, is this because of bad recording? I don't envy the bass player his job if there's no drummer. . . . I guess it's Oscar Peterson, he's the only pianist I know who records with bass and no



Simon Brehm

drums . . . and the bass must be Ray Brown. I've heard Oscar play much better; this is a little mechanical. Two stars.

4. I was never very fond of Dixieland, though when they modify and modernize it, it doesn't sound bad . . . the first chorus is nice here. Charinet is all right in a kind of Goodman style . . . tenor is not very interesting; a modern copy of Bud Freeman, whom I never really liked. Trombone plays all right, smooth—by anyway . . . ouch! I don't like the noises on the end of these Dixieland things! Give it two, for the first part.

5. I like the sound of the ensemble. . . . Oscar Pettiford on cello is the only one I can recognize. Piano chorus is really fine, vibes are nice, and trumpet very good . . . I've fooled around with the cello myself and find it very

Following are the records heard by Simon Brehm. He was given no information whatever about them, either before or during the *Blindfold Test*.

1. Billie Strayhorn, *Midnight Train* (Morose). Ellington & Strayhorn, piano; Juan Tizol, valve trombone; Willie Smith, alto.
2. Buddy Johnson, *No More Keys* (Thoms). Comp. & arr. Buddy Johnson, Ella Johnson, vocal.
3. Oscar Peterson, *Easy Like You* (Morose). With Major Holley, bass; no drums.
4. Tommy Dorsey's *Charade*. Seven. *Mr. Puddles Blues* (Dorsey). *Frankie Hayes's* *Edging*. *How to Pickups* (Morose). *George Strathairn*. *So Many*. *Billie Holiday's* *Home*. *Marion*. *Ray Charles*. *Kenney Drew*, piano; Joe Kampanelli, Howard McGhee, trumpet.
5. *Marchin'*. *Benjie* (Morose). *Flip Phillips*, tenor.
6. *Jump! Jump!* *Jump!* (Morose). Dave Harris, tenor.
7. *Billie Holiday's* *Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree* (Morose).

hard to play in tune. Oscar's pitch isn't always perfect but he sure swings like mad. . . . Three and a half stars.

6. At the beginning you'd think you were in a chicken yard . . . when the tenor comes in he plays wonderfully; very much like Ben Webster or Paul Gonsalves, only more modern. This kind of rhythm excites me; when the band comes in there, just for a few bars it reminded me of Ellington. In fact it could be Duke, but it could be someone else too, and probably is. Three stars.

7. (*Very attractive*) This is one of the loveliest tunes of all time—I used play it 90 years ago . . . the tenor man is just sensational, his ideas are nothing short of nothing. His tone is almost equal to that of Jacquet up in the no-register . . . the only thing that breaks the consistency of this record is the band coming in at the end. Don't you think all this is too modern to be commercial? How can they sell it in America? . . . Except for the band coming in at the end, it would have rated half a star; as it is, no stars.

8. Ah, that's my girl! . . . Billie has the most feeling; it's possible to have in interpreting a song . . . when she sings a slow tune and tells a sad story, you're happy to be sad with her. Here is a real jazz singer—the only one! Three and a half.

12/28/51

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Big Bands Hold Thrill For Lena

By LEONARD FEATHER

Lena Horne's deep, genuine love of music is one of the characteristics that makes her as delightful a person to listen to and talk with as she is to see.

Married to a brilliant musician and a close friend for many years of Billy Strayhorn, she reflects these associations in her sincere enthusiasm and in the keen, intelligent ear she bends to all kinds of music.

Knowing that Mrs. Hayton's interests extend far beyond those of most popular singers, I played her 10 records representative of 10 widely varied brands of music. The following were her tape-recorded reactions.

The Records

1. Sounds like Wynonie . . . was that done at a record session or in a cafe somewhere? It's not mechanically perfect, but otherwise it was great, and for that kind of singing I liked the accompaniment. . . It is Wynonie, isn't it? I adore him anyway, and I like blues. Give it three.

2. I can't quite make up my mind what the arrangement is trying to accomplish. . . I love bass, and this predominantly is wonderful bass all the way through. Now and then a kind of warm little trumpet feeling comes in, but there's a sort of commercial part in the arrangement that sticks out when I don't expect it. The girl sings fine, and on key; I don't know who she is. . . I don't resent the bits of commercialism, but they're not nearly as attractive as that wonderful walking bass and the little bit of trumpet you hear . . . two and a half, I guess.

3. I like this. . . I don't know which one of the mambo kings this is; sounded a little at first like Stan doing a take-off on one of them, but I recognize from the exclamations that it is, I guess, the big one. I'm very fond of mambo; this one is amusing. . . I've heard more exciting ones by this band, I guess, so I'd say two stars.

4. Seems to be some Ellington men in this little group. . . I'm not certain whether it's Johnny—don't feel those long holds at the end of the sax phrases—but there's someone in there from Ellington and I like it very much. Is it Johnny's group? It may be Strayhorn playing, or Ellington; the piano plays a lot like either of them. The bass sounds familiar, and exactly the way I like bass. Somebody from my favorite band is there; give it three.

5. I wouldn't know whether this is Chicago or Kansas City or what style. . . I like some authentic, rather older Dixie; I'm crazy about the things Louis did long ago, he had humor that made those records warm and wonderful. This, to me, is one of those styles, but new, and not too interesting to me. One and a half.

6. I think that's Roy and I love every bit of it. . . it's a lot like Roy, anyway; it even sings like him, and it's warm and it's funny,



Lena Horne

it walks good, and—I don't know about it technically but I like it. Lyrics? They don't offend me. Three.

7. I'm kind of mixed up. Charlie Ventura's group, with that wonderful trombonist, I forget his name, used to sound like this. . . I don't think this is the best I've heard of this type music—small group bop, polite bop—but I liked the trombonist very much, and I'd say two.

8. I don't know the soloist. . . it sounds a little like the lovely things Walton did for violin and cello. I like violin; I love cello. . . I fell in love with Walton, with that concerto he wrote for Heifetz. . . We have a violin trio of his, but I don't think it's this. . . I like Bartok, Hindemith, and we've loved Milhaud for a long time—some of his old jazz era ones from the 1920s . . . as far as rating, how would you rate something like this? Four stars?

9. Well, you've got me. . . It's Ellington's, I mean one of Billy's tunes. Is it Billy and Duke? Playing together? Sounds like something they might dream up. Technically it doesn't sound like Duke. I like it. Is it going to be a thing with them? I mean, is it going to happen again? Two and a half.

10. This reminds me a little of the early days of the great Woody band . . . the shock was so great and so wonderful. . . I don't mean this as a review of the record, but I haven't been really excited since that renaissance came; maybe it's past and we're waiting for something else. This is a watered-down

Records Reviewed By Lena

Lena was given no information whatever about the records played for her, either before or during the Blindfold Test.

1. Wynonie Harris. *I'll Never Give Up* (King).
2. Neal Hefti. *If You Hadn't Gone Away* (Coral). Frances Wayne, vocal; Hefti, trumpet; Ed Safranowski, bass.
3. Perez Prado. *Jersey Bounce* (Victor).
4. Duke Ellington. *Please Be Kind* (Columbia). Ellington, piano; arr. Strayhorn. Willie Smith, alto sax; Wendell Marshall, bass.
5. Wild Bill Davison and His Commodores. *High Society* (Commodore).
6. Roy Eldridge. *They Raided the Joint* (Prestige). Eldridge, vocal and trumpet.
7. Kai Winding. *A Night on Bop Mountain* (New Jazz). Winding, trombone; Brew Moore, tenor.
8. Hollywood String Quartet. *Blindfold Quartet No. 3, Op. 22* (Capitol).
9. Billy Strayhorn trio. *Johnny Come Lately* (Mercury). Strayhorn, Ellington, pianos; Joe Shulman, bass.
10. Woody Herman. *Keeper of the Flame* (Capitol). Comp. & arr. Shorty Rogers, 1949.

representative of that school and that time. Singers are doing great nowadays; they're building; but the thrill has got to come back in the bands. . . This is not as wonderful as *Caldonia* for instance, even *Laura*. . . I don't think I've become jaded, because I don't hear a lot of jazz all the time. . . I know when I hear a simple sort of thing, like that one you played by Roy, which has the basic qualities, it reaches me quicker than this did, even though I know the soloists in this are clever and good. Two.

Afterthoughts By Lena

Leaving out Dixieland, I'm probably very catholic in my musical taste. I'm unhappy about the deterioration of some of the good things that were bop. Is it going to rejuvenate into some other type music? I don't think so, I don't hear it. It wasn't all very good, but there were some very interesting things going on.

I've heard one or two things lately of Stan Kenton that I like very much; I didn't use to. I like the Shearing things with Max Roach playing drums—I mean Denzil; is he still with them? The first ones they made, that shock of the wonderful drumming with that liquid smoothness of Shearing was tremendous.

Singers? Of course we—when I say we, I mean Lennie and I—we love anything by Ella. And Louis. I like Sarah, too; most of the things she does are very exciting. Basically I think if a girl could execute like Ella and have a certain vocal imagination that Sarah has—let's say that she'd have a great starting point.

Classically, my taste is pretty simple. I like all the modernists because they're close to jazz. That's the way I listen to it.

Ellington, of course, makes sense to me in anything he does, and the way Strayhorn writes I'm very partial to. And the things that Lennie does—except that he's a little cramped, his scope isn't as broad as Ellington or Strayhorn because he has to write movie music, which I'm not crazy about. I think he's advanced as he can be in his field.

The Blindfold Test

Peterson Takes Tough Test

By LEONARD FEATHER

I tried to make things pretty tough for Oscar Peterson. Played him a couple of things where somebody sounds like somebody else, and at least one item for which even a blindfoldee with the best will in the world couldn't find a high rating.

Luckily, Oscar didn't turn out to be one of those "I-like-everything" characters; he wasn't scared to answer honestly. Following is a transcript of the tape-recorded session with *Down Beat's* award-winning pianist, mostly dealing with records featuring some of his keyboard contemporaries.

The Records

1. It sounds like Fats to me. Commercially it's wonderful, I think . . . The accompaniment was recorded well; bass player has a very nice sound. Musically I'd say it was a good record. If it's Fats I wouldn't be surprised. I don't think that type of piano has or ever will go out of style. More or less an amiable style. Three.

2. Musically it's a fine record. Commercially I don't think it holds much value; the public isn't up to that standard in music . . . Tristano and Konitz, isn't it? Both favorites of mine . . . Everything was well executed. I'd give it three stars.

3. Sounded like Milt Buckner . . . A very droll tune. The group didn't sound to well coordinated; however, for the opening I'd give it two stars. I don't think it has much musical value.

4. Wow! That's horrible. Whoever it is, there's just nothing there. No stars, no bells, nothing!

5. I call that a good example of how Art Tatum has ruined so many piano players unconsciously. I didn't like that record at all; the first chorus is too spasmodic . . . he was trying to imitate Tatum too much; second chorus shows it was that way, because he more or less settles down into his own style, and without the Tatum ideas he was lost. Give it one and a half.



Oscar Peterson

6. It's harpsichord, isn't it? I like it; don't know who it could be, but he has a wonderful technique. The tune is pretty much worn out . . . it's been done so many times. But on the whole this is technically a good record; whoever was playing the instrument didn't have a chance to express all his ideas, but you can find smatterings of talent throughout. Two and a half.

7. Commercially I think it's a good record. I always do one thing, in buying records for myself: if there's a record with even just four bars that I like, I'll buy it, and I think that first chorus, the piano chorus, is actually too delicate for the tenor solo that followed, or the vocal itself. But on the whole I liked the record. The tenor solo fitted the type of vocal. Three stars.

8. I'm not too familiar with Dixieland, because it's a type of music I don't necessarily dislike, but it doesn't intrigue me that much . . . not classifying myself as a judge of

Records Reviewed by Oscar Peterson

Oscar was given no information whatever, either before or during the *Blindfold Test*, about the records played for him.

1. Ralph Sutton. *Keepin' Out of Mischief Now* (Columbia). Piano solo, with Bob Casey, bass. (From *Ralph Sutton Plays Music of Fats Waller LP.*)
2. Lennie Tristano. *Progression* (New Jazz). Lee Konitz, alto.
3. George Shearing. *Buccaneer's Bounce* (Savoy). With Gene Ramet, bass; Donzil Best, drums.
4. Lynn Hope. *Too Young* (Aladdin).
5. Bud Powell. *Over the Rainbow* (Blue Note).
6. Stan Freeman. *Pardido* (Columbia). Harpsichord solo.
7. Sy Oliver. *Ain't No Chick Gonna Fool Me* (Decca). Billy Kyle, piano; Sy Oliver, vocal; Jon Thomas, tenor.
8. Art Hodes. *Hot Five, Far Down Yonder in New Orleans* (Blue Note). Wild Bill Davison, cornet.
9. Benny Goodman. *Lisa* (Columbia LP). Mel Powell, piano; Red Norvo, vibes.
10. Duke Ellington. *The Tattooed Bride* (Columbia LP). Ellington, piano; Lawrence Brown, trombone.

Dixieland, I'll just give it two and a half. From what I've heard of Dixieland, I'd say it would be good Dixieland. I liked the trumpet solo.

9. Well, before we go any further, you can give this one four stars. If you don't mind, all the remarks I have to make about this record are about the piano solo, even though I know it was the Benny Goodman group. The record on the whole is fine; piano solo is more than outstanding. In fact, I've never heard Teddy turn out a bad record as yet . . . it is Teddy Wilson, isn't it? The clean technique, the taste, the touch—there isn't anything you can say wrong about the piano; Teddy is to me a genius. The clarinet solo by Benny moved me; I think it's one of his more subtle things. I've heard him swing a little more, but on the whole it was wonderful. Vibes—Red Norvo, I believe—didn't play very well there; however, the other solos made up for it.

10. Sounds like Duke. The piano solo, from what I heard, could be Billy Strayhorn. In parts it doesn't sound like the Ellington band, but it's Lawrence Brown on trombone, so . . . The record impressed me as a very weak Ellington; I've heard better things by Duke . . . lacks the usual Ellington continuity. Three stars.

