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(see page 17)

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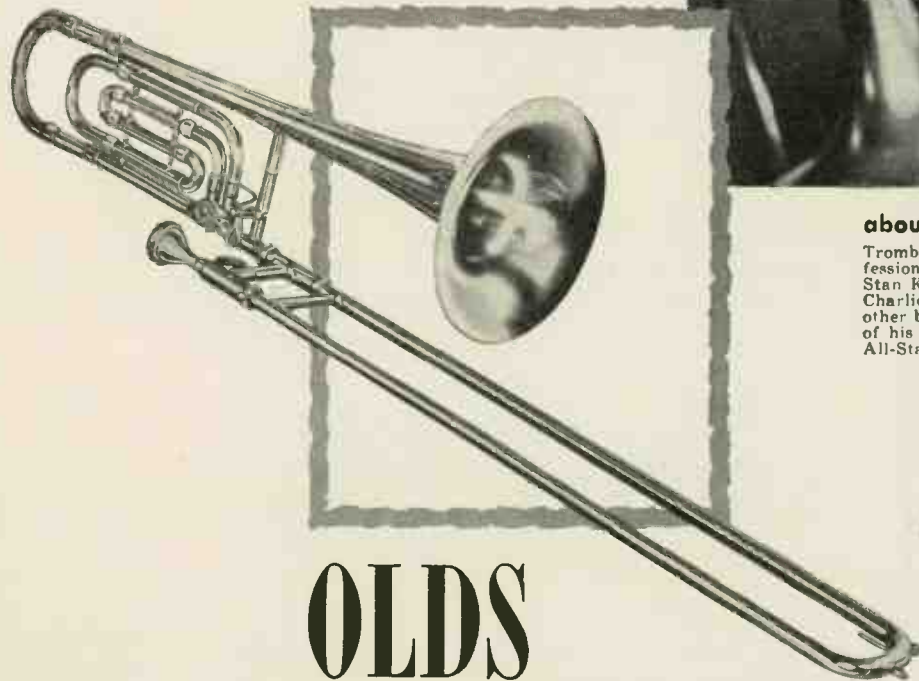


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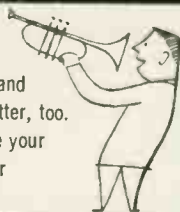
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# METRONOME

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NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

FEBRUARY, 1957

VOLUME 74, NUMBER 2

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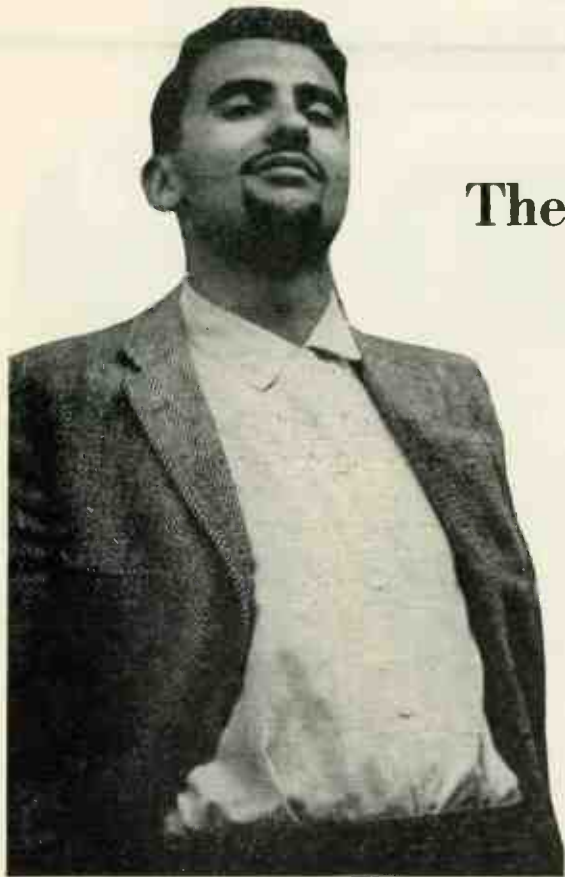
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## The Eastern Circuit

### Paul Bley En Route

With jazz fast becoming important to the social and cultural life of American colleges, we thought that a resume of a trip by a jazz group making its way through the *Jazz Belt* might make an interesting feature story. Paul Bley, a practicing young pianist, thought so too, and obliged us with the following recap of a trip he had just completed. The trip took in the states that run through the very center of our country. According to Paul the trip was a huge success, both from a financial and artistic standpoint, with the Bley group presenting a planned concert that incorporated much of jazz history in it (the group playing in replica of the prime moving forces of jazz: Lester, Louis and Bird) "just to give people an idea of where it all came from," as Paul put it, and then some out-and-out blowing according to the Bley-stamp. This is no mean task too, when this hour and a half program was presented and produced by a trio of Paul on piano, Hal Taylor, and Lennie McBrowne, bass and drums. What follows is the transcript of Paul Bley's special report from the *College Belt*.

Thursday, October 7, 1956: We left by Ford Convertible for Council Bluffs,

Iowa, to begin a 10 mile, 5 week tour. They (the bookers) didn't want to let Lennie McBrowne make the trip because they thought his being a Negro would cause difficulty in the Southwest, but he came with us. At 8 A.M. that Sunday morning, the turnpikes were beautiful, the leaves of the Allegheny mountains were all colors.

Thirty miles west of Chicago, we realized we had crossed a border of some kind. The juke boxes played country and western music exclusively.

It took us a day and a half to travel the 1,350 miles to Omaha, Nebraska. In Iowa, we waited at a railway crossing while a freight car load of cows shuffled back and forth mooing a contrapuntal chorus. We met our agents (the Concert Bureau representatives). The problem of bringing a Negro drummer seemed to have vanished. Texas College wrote to our agents that they didn't care what color our drummer was.

A week later, looking at the situation honestly, I don't think we could have continued the tour longer than our contracted time of four and a half weeks. The loneliness, lack of good jazz to hear in person and driving 2,000 miles a week had a demoralizing effect on all

of us. On the brighter side, one weekend we had four days off in Mexico. Another we spent our four days off in Colorado. The altitude in Denver and in Boulder knocked me out. (I was unconscious for several minutes.) In Kansas City, we visited Bird's grave and went to hear Jay McShann's band.

At times, while we're driving, we discuss the programs we've played. Each of us has something to say, and we criticize the finer points of the music we've played each adding an idea and thought of his own. The concerts themselves were an hour and twenty minutes long, with a ten minute intermission half-way through. The first four pieces were part of capsule history of jazz, covering Louis Armstrong, Roy Eldridge, Lester Young and Charlie Parker. This section contained a short lecture. Five standard tunes that we've recorded and that the audience might have heard before, completed the first half of the evening's program. After intermission, came a solo piano selection, followed by four compositions all reflecting a distinct and out of the ordinary time signature. The group improvised times like 3/4 and 5/4. Then came two encores, with,

(Continued on page 8)



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if the demand was vocal enough, a final encore which was usually a drum solo.

On one specific night, as guests of the Sedalia, Missouri Symphony Orchestra, was our most successful concert to date. Almost double their normal audience attended. The symphony orchestra, which remained on stage during our performance, seemed amazed. Afterwards, Hal, Lennie and I, signed orchestra autographs for a half hour. There is a real interest in jazz as a serious art form, by many people in this part of the country, by younger and older people,

When we arrived at La Crosse, Wisconsin for our third week-end off, we thought we'd have a few days to rest up in this swell college town. After being shown around the town, a football game and the student *hangouts*, where we made fast friends with some of the students. We had an interview at station KUSD on the campus of the University of South Dakota. I was asked to comment on Dave Brubeck, who had passed through the area a few weeks before. Since there seemed to be so great an interest in my opinions of Dave, I thought it might be wise for me to in-

clude some of them here. I believe it was the Brubeck success at the college level that helped get other groups touring. As to his piano playing, I think Dave plays a *composer's piano*, much like a friend of mine, an honor student at Juilliard. When he was going to compose he would close the door behind him, start pounding the piano, his foot stomping out the drum parts, he'd sing brass parts, hum woodwind sections and crash about the piano imitating the orchestra ensemble. This erratic style certainly not

(Concluded on page 37)

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## CHICAGO DATELINE

# Christmas Jazz Concert

Chicago's 1957 jazz scene seems to be on a continuing upgrade. Proceeding with their 11th consecutive year of "jam session" presentation, the Roosevelt University Jazz Club kicked off the new season with a ceiling shaker, Jan. 15th, which featured the Johnny Griffin Quartet plus Ira Sullivan . . . (It is strongly rumored that this combination of young talents will remain together as a unit for road tours now being set up) . . . Rhythm section: Billy Green, piano, "Chippy" Champion, bass, Dorrell Anderson, drums. Both Johnny and Ira have strong LP's just hitting the market (Griffin on Blue Note, Sullivan on Paramount and Blue Note), and the general consensus of opinion of those who have heard these two together on the local scene, is that this will be a top Modern Jazz swing unit that will be hard to stop!!!

The Alumni Association of Roosevelt University is also taking a great forward step with its four lecture presentation of a musical history series. Covering Folk, Opera, Jazz, and Symphony, the series has so far been excellently attended, with the largest turnout expected for the third presentation, *Jazz, America's Heartbeat*, to be given Tuesday, Feb. 12. Yours truly is the commentator, and a group of top versatile jazz musicians will be on hand to demonstrate the various style developments; Cy Touff (bass trumpet), Ira Schulman (clarinet and

tenor), Israel Crosby (bass), Bob Roberts (piano, guitar and banjo), Billy Gaeto (drums) . . . a session-type ending will begin in the traditional "two-beat" manner, and develop through the numerous changes till a logical modern form will bring proceedings to a logical halt. (We hope!) Upon the success of this particular presentation hinges the possibility of a regularly accredited *Jazz History* course at the University to begin with the Spring semester later this month.

Every year at Christmas time, for the past four years, DePaul University has given its field house facilities and all-out efforts to the putting on of a huge Christmas basket benefit Jazz Concert. Guided by Chicago's first, and foremost Jazz DJ, *Daddy Daylie* (WMAQ-NBC), each year's sessions have been increasingly attended and increasingly well managed. This year's, was as star-studded an outing as one would care to see. There were many musical highlights, and I'd like to review them for you.

The first half of the show was, more or less, the "name" talent section. Beginning with a newly organized traditional New Orleans type group complete with tuba and banjo, and under the leadership of clarinetist, Franz Jackson, the show got off to a real stompin' start. Featuring the excellent ex-King

(Continued on page 10)

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Oliver trumpeter, Bob Schoffner, this group could very easily become a giant in this thinning field of expression. These guys know whereof they play! Johnny Pate's improving Trio followed with their particular brand of modernisms, and were followed by the versatile Al Belletto Sextette, with a VERY, VERY added vocal specialty "thrown" in by Miss Abbey Lincoln . . . WOW! Comedian, Leo DeLyon followed and broke up the house. A very funny musical-type funster! The amazing Candido and his combo then partook to meld the Cubano-Jazz rhythms into an irresistible pattern of swingin' music; after which Miss Jerri Winters closed the first half of the show.

The second half of the show could most easily have been called the Chicago section . . . It was quite easily the most musically satisfying and swinging part of the evening. Starting off with the Afro-Jazz group of Gene Esposito, featuring African drummer, Guy Warren (Leroy Jackson, bass and Billy Gaeto. drums), which offered such musical meat as *Blue Monk* and *Django*, the concert really hit high gear with the next group, that of the aforementioned, Johnny Griffin. For the first time during the entire show the audience really got with it, and when Ira Sullivan joined Johnny for *Blue N' Boogie*, the scene was really set for a favorable reaction to the new Ramsey Lewis Trio which followed . . . Superior intelligent arrangements and a deft touch and swinging approach

make this young Chicago group one to behold! Larry Wrice and his blockbusters followed, the only mar to an otherwise musically fine concert, and then two of the most rewarding vocal moderns now extant closed the show; Miss Lucy Reed, and the Jackie Cain-Roy Kral duo. Lucy has never really received the acclaim due her! Those who have heard her are hers till the end, which she is! Beginning with a captivating *Out Of This World*, she swung her way easily through the novel hippy *A Trout, No Doubt*, and brought tremendous encore applause with the tenderest of ballads, *My Love Is A Wanderer*. Her new Fantasy album, just completed, should increase her audience tremendously. Jackie and Roy, since their early Chicago days as part of the Jay Burkhardt Band, have really developed into the smartest boy-girl act in the land. Even more unified than in their famous Ventura era, they smoothed their way through *Mountain Greenery*, *Daahoud*, and *Cheerful Little Earful*. As *Daddy* summed it up; "weren't they delightful?" Yes, they certainly were! This most successful of the DePaul concerts presented to date provided a wonderful evening of diversified jazz, and also a nice fat check to the agencies handling the needy Christmas basket distributions. Hats off to *Daddy* Daylie, and the student committee who worked so diligently to bring this event to a fruitful culmination.

Joe Segal

## NEW JERSEY DATELINE

### A Jumping Jockey

"The trouble with most jazz de-jays—and for that matter with jazzmen themselves—is that they frighten away the listener or club patron, who might not have the technical background for jazz appreciation but certainly has the will to dig and enjoy, but their ultra-cool attitudes. The novice then figures 'what the hell—it's a club I can't get into and they treat me like I was nowhere anyway; so who needs it?' The end product is the avoidance of jazz and the loss of people we need badly."

So says the hippest station manager I ever dug, six-foot-one Ray McFadden of WTNJ in Trenton, ex-combo leader, quondam bass player and the man responsible for some cool, worthwhile hours on otherwise fetid air in New Jersey's capital city.

Ergo, though McFadden's easy air technique contains a few wry hipsterisms (he's been likened to William B. Williams), it nevertheless is sincerely expositional. His Saturday jazz show, *Gaddin' With McFadden* from 2 to 5 P.M., runs the gamut of jazz sounds—George Lewis' New Orleans things; Ray's beloved and treasured Bix recordings; the Barnett-Ellington-Goodman era, and an extra special bow to the moderns with which Ray feels most at home . . . the MJQ, Diz, Bird, Tony Scott, the Jazz Messengers, etc.

Philadelphia-born Ray has seven seasons of radio tucked away in his personal log, plus some TV credits with Channel 10 in Philly. Before he stopped playing bass some years ago, he fronted several

(Continued on page 12)



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Ish Kabibble and the Shy Guys, whose sparkling and spontaneous entertainment is winning increasing acclaim from coast to coast — from New York, Chicago, St. Louis, to Las Vegas, and points north and south.

On November 16, the "Shy Guys" moved from the Fremont to the Seven Seas in Omaha, then on December 24 St. Louis saw them again at the Congress Hotel.

Ish Kabibble, after 15 years with Kay Kyser, and now on his own with the "Shy Guys", has set a 21-week record for length of stay at the Hotel Fremont, Las Vegas. The group is famous for "comedy, songs, stories — plus terrific trumpet".

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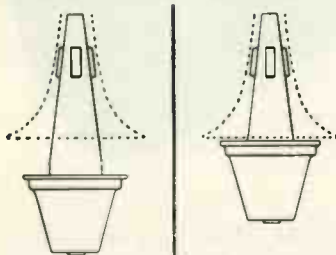
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little combos on the City of Brotherly Love's "Gold Coast." Columbia Ave., in the days when Red Rodney (a high school classmate), Dizzy, with whom he's quite friendly, Stan Getz, and Percy Heath always seemed to be around. "The biggest gas for me personally were some sessions with Diz at the old Down Beat Club," Ray smiles.

But it was pretty hard keeping his band intact and eating, so McFadden looked toward a medium which would enable him to turn his jazz-oriented life into a livelihood. Philly's WTEL was the answer at the time, and his *Rise With Ray* show soon became one of the top morning jockey segments in the area.

And it was on WTEL that Ray started his first jazz show, like the present one a Saturday affair, but unlike this one it soon developed into a well-listened to affair. "People even used to come down to the WTEL studio and get their jazz appreciation first-hand," Ray said. "We used to get as many as 50 at a time

sitting around and chatting about jazz, performers, etc."

But Trenton is a very tough town. No matter what cultural facets you're trying to sell, the response is bad and this, perhaps, is because of the town's sense of inferiority about its home-grown products.

After all, Trenton sits right between the Apple and Philly, and its citizenry, for the main, motors for one or two hours for whatever it seeks in the entertainment or art lines.

"But we're trying, man, we're trying," vows Ray. "WTNJ is planning to air live sessions each Sunday afternoon from the White Horse Bowling Academy, just rebuilt after a disastrous fire in 1956. Sol Yaged, Bob Jenny, Johnny Coates, Jr. and the Ventura gang and others will be heard on the show in weeks to come.

"Who knows? Maybe we'll shake a few hipsters down from the trees!"

**Sol Weinstein**

## OHIO DATELINE

### College Jazz Concerts

Some of the healthiest evidences of jazz activity today are to be found on the nation's college campuses. Besides discussion groups, lecture sessions and other types of jazz club activity, there has been a steady increase in the number of students who are organizing their own bands. This in turn has opened up a whole new horizon of arranging and compositional possibilities for musicians and writers.

This activity is by no means limited to schools located in major population centers. Despite its comparative isolation, Ohio State University in Columbus has been stirring of late with a variety of jazz-related efforts. These are described in detail in a communication to this writer from Miss Gwenn Hutchins of Mount Vernon, N.Y., a coed on the OSU campus who has been taking an active part in the Jazz Forum there. Her commentary is as follows:

The lack of organized jazz activity in Columbus has long been a source of exasperation to those interested in jazz in this vicinity. Thus, the concert sponsored by the Ohio State University Jazz Forum on November 22 assumed the qualities of a cool stream in a barren waste-land. The Forum featured two groups, Sonny McBroom's big band (a student organization) and the Ja-Jo-Win Trio.

McBroom's 14-man outfit opened the session with an upbeat ear-opener titled *Showpiece*, then changed to a more mellow mood with *My Funny Valentine* and *Celestial Blues*. The latter tunes demonstrated the band's distinctly Hermanish sound in the sax and brass sections. A Basie-like solidity in the rhythm section was sustained by bassist Clarence Williams and drummer Johnny Tatgenhorst.

This swinging rhythm section was featured in two of McBroom's compositions, *Fourteen for the Blues* and *Schwartzville*, an up-tempo number which called for and received tremendous support from bassist Williams. Subsequent vocals by Gus Campbell resembled a limited June Christy and were generally inadequate. The band redeemed itself with trombonist Frank Pendergrass' capable treatment of Dick Cohn's arrangement of *Opus de Funk*. McBroom, who has written most of the book, shows promise as an arranger. But more concern must be shown in arranging for the trumpets, which were overworked, especially in the upper registers.

The Ja-Jo-Win Trio proved to be a remarkable group. Bassist Joe Fritz and percussionist Wince Robertson worked with a sensitive unity. They

(Continued on page 14)



## POLL WINNER'S SUCCESSFUL FORMULA!

A new book just out titled *Jazz Accordion* reveals the inside story about Art Van Damme and his Quintet. Tells how he got where he is today, how you can get there too, and lots more besides.

And there's a special Columbia jazz record cut by the man himself to go with the book which contains two original Van Damme scores.

The *Jazz Accordion* book, complete with jazz record, costs one dollar. You may pick up your copy at any Excelsior dealer's or send in the coupon if you wish. Better hurry though, the first edition is limited.



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offered integrated support to Jack Wilson, who is a very impressive pianist. He has been apparently influenced by Horace Silver and John Lewis. The group showed its capability in treating Miles' *Walking*, Dizzy's *Woodyn You*, and *Night in Tunisia*. *Silver Moon* an original by Fritz, was a moody yet swinging piece, and illustrated the Lewis-like cleanness of Wilson's piano. Similarly, *Django* showed the trio's aptitude in dealing delicately with a lyrical simple line. The combo chose a fine array of compositions by Silver, Clifford Brown, Thelonious Monk and Hamp Hawes. In toto, the group has great potential, I feel. It is difficult to believe that pianist Jack Wilson is but nineteen years old.

The Jazz Forum of OSU is, as one

musician put it, *the jazz workshop of Columbus*. The Forum, under the leadership of McBroom as president, has followed a policy of promoting and supporting jazz interest on the campus through concerts and panel discussions. It hopes to sponsor some "name" concerts at the University. Plans are already under way for the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Forum with a Spring jazz festival. Meanwhile, a number of concerts are under consideration in which groups from other colleges and from the area will be featured. If the music proves to be of the calibre of this concert's program and continues to be as successful at the gate, then the Forum should gain greater importance than it has had in the past.

Gene Feehan

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Buddy DeFranco in *Wild Party*.

## WILD PARTY

### A Big Scene

If it is widely distributed, *The Wild Party* could set back the understanding of jazz by fifty years. The movie, produced by Security Films and being released through United Artists, is a nightmare of brutality and bad taste.

It purports to tell about the life of "young people under the influence of jazz," to quote the lurid prose of its publicity. In actuality, it relates the story of four mentally unbalanced characters, led by Anthony Quinn, who undertake to kidnap a wealthy young couple (Carol Ohmart and Arthur Franz). The plot is hatched in a smoky Los Angeles dive with the passive consent of an unemployed jazz pianist (badly interpreted by Nehemiah Persoff). This apparently constitutes Hollywood's idea of a musician's normal off-duty activities.

The worst sin of all is perpetrated by screen playwright John McPartland (now *there's* a fine old name!). He puts the most unbelievable dialogue yet heard into the mouths of the four neurotics who, it is inferred, are typical jazz aficionados. Descriptive terminology like "licorice stick," "eighty-eight," "cornball" and "threads" dominates the conversations, interspersed with "Man, it's the coolest." The speech of Kathryn Grant, as the manic-depressive coed who has joined the group for kicks, is heavily larded with Existentialist maunderings like, "If you think back, you think black." Quinn, as the psychopathic leader of this ungodly foursome, mumbles a few choice bits, too: "All I'm looking for is the warm hand. But I'm out in the cold outside." How such a fine actor as Quinn ever was coerced into making this movie is a mystery; perhaps he's behind in his taxes.

(Continued on page 42)

METRONOME



# IN FAMOUS BANDS OF THE LAND



DIZZY GILLESPIE's trumpet section show off their special "up-do" Martin trumpets. Left to right: Joe Gordon, Ermet Perry, Dizzy, Carl Warwick and Quincy Jones. The "up-do" is Dizzy's own idea.

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WOODY HERMAN's trumpet section plays the "Blue Flame" theme on regular style Martin *Committee* models. Flanking Woody from left to right: Burt Collins, John Cappola and Dudley Harvey.



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# Miller - McKinley

## A Natural



Ray McKinley—a natural showman.

The telephone number is PENNSYLVANIA 6-5000. Call it, and you'll get what once was the Pennsylvania Hotel, and now is the Hotel Statler. Ask for the Cafe Rouge and you'll get a good chunk of nostalgia, for holding forth in that room is another name that is associated with that 'phone number, the Cafe Rouge and the Pennsylvania—Glenn Miller. This time though it's the Glenn Miller orchestra under the direction of Ray McKinley.

At the start of what is to be an eight week stay in the Statler, the band is getting its first prolonged hearing in the New York area. A hearing, incidentally, that those associated with the band hope will be stretched out a bit longer with radio and television contracts and maybe even a theatre appearance.

The band itself has the Miller touch, there's no denying that, the reeds and the trombone sound that brought Glenn to the top of the big band business are very much in evidence, and the nightly programming of tunes is calculated to arouse in anyone old enough to remember; a high school prom, a college fraternity dance, a low-lighted house party or maybe an ice cream parlor juke box. Within that program the *Moonlight Serenades*, the *Tuxedo Junctions*, the *Little Brown Jugs* and the *Chattanooga Choo-Choos* crop up pointedly and often. There is, too, the old Miller device: Something Old, Something New, Something Borrowed, and Something Blue. This band makes no bones about what it intends to do. It is a band of remembrance, and a band that lives on the fame of another day.

It is a success because it adheres almost religiously to a form of the past. It is the re-creation of a musical organization that held the public of America within its grasp. It means to that public today: youth, dates and dancing. Perhaps the final word there, dancing, is the other half of the key to the Miller-McKinley organization. Re-creating something is fine and will last as long as people want to remember, but if it is non-functional, a thing to be handled gingerly like a fragile ornament, it will, like any ornament, soon be put away with the rest of the bric-a-brac. The music of the Miller bands was always highly danceable, that was its main asset, its drawing card. So, too, is this organization highly danceable. The rhythm section is solid, especially on

(Continued on page 35)





Las Vegas scene: Johnny Grant, trumpeter Louis Prima, Keely Smith and Fran Kelley.

## Keely Smith – A Prima Concern

The name is Smith. And a great smithy she is! Keely goes infinitely beyond rendering, delivering a song. She removes you completely. Puts you in a land of fantasy. But the most practical, earthy, cool, yet pixie kind of fantasy to be joyed by. (She is so cool, she almost puts on the *cool cats*. But she is, really that cool.)

It's no wonder Donald O'Connor, Danny Thomas, Tony Martin, Frank Sinatra, Joe E. Lewis, etc., are in love with this girl's talents. The lines where she starts as a performer and ends as a person are inseparable. The woman is the art. Louis Prima's really. As he sculptured Martha Raye into the unforgettable musical comedienne, jazz singer and all points successful, so he is with Keely. She is a real personality and completely different; as individual as Judy Garland and a great singer.

In the quality of voice there is a vague reflection of the Fitzgerald sound.

There is a good possibility of an album being done, *Torch Hour*, where Miss Smith will be able to do the type of tune her jazz-filled voice demands. It seems a shame to ever depart from Keely's own aura. What she has, hasn't been seen, and should be without the distortion of another's personality, regardless of how great.

Nevertheless, Mike Curtiz is quite excited about her for the feature role in the *Helen Morgan Story*. Helen was a soprano, but I don't feel that that unlikeness will be enough to keep her from sitting on top of that Morgan piano. Incidentally, she has a good buddyguard in the managerial assistance of Barbara Belle whose sympathy with singers is no news to the muse of vocalists.

The Indian strain predominates in Keely's clean uncosmeticed beauty. Looks, voice . . . jazz and folk or folly . . . and personality *all* together are worth a special trip to the Sahara Hotel in Los Vegas where she and her husband Louis Prima have been the oasis for two forty-week years. (And now three more contracted.)

One thing, however, though she is such a tremendous natural personality, and cool humor is her skin, to this observer listener it was an agony of frustration *not* to hear her do the tunes her simple, majestic simplicity, quality of tonal beauty and tantamount conception screamed for! So, she will be a you-name-it successful you-name-it. But one of the greatest singers, jazz and folk or folly will have been limited, guess this is the price of price.

Her *I Wish You Love* shows more of

the four-thirty Keely than her other tunes, but even this is merely a tantalizing taste. However, Keely kills 'em the prettiest and jazziest during her *Torch Hour* every night (correction, morning) from four until five. (Vegas is like that you know. They threw away the clocks when they ditched the gambling restrictions. or, should I just say, restrictions.) Here this pandoric, gamic gamin gasses everybody: the musicians that stop by after shows in other Strip hotels, singers.

Prima's sextet (no big band anymore), settles for simple swing or jazz as she likes it. Without the fan-fare of fun-fare. The group relaxes and moves. It can too. This is a beautiful jazz hour anyway. And of all her exceptionals, the Keely-four-thirty A.M. is the one Kelly buys the Most!

GOOF: Let us *not* forget Miss Toni Elizabeth. Sitting during her eight-o'clock dinner (show), swinging, clapping her hands, being brought up on the stage doing the crazy little dance with her father, shedding buckets of tears at having to leave the stage. At the age of *one* year and a half, this little girl swings and Swings, looking for all the world like her singing Keely mother and her Vega-trumpet blowing father Louis Prima.

by Fran Kelley

METRONOME



**I**n the beginning there was a bass (standing in one corner of our Boise, Idaho frontroom), and I guess all four of us just began to play it because it looked so easy and also because we always admired the playing of Jimmy Blanton so much." Speaking was Norm Bates, second youngest of a quartet of bass playing brothers from Boise, Idaho, who now all make their homes in California. When jazz lovers think of brother acts, immediately coming to mind are the Goodmans, the Dorseys, the Mitchells, and recently, the Adderleys. But out on the West Coast, perhaps the most important musical contributions by a brother team have been made by Bill, Bob, Norm, and Jim—the four Bates brothers, who all play bass along with many other instruments, plus arranging, composing and singing.

Bill, the oldest member of the Bates clan, makes his home in Hollywood's Laurel Canyon in a large house adorned by ampex tape recorders, old Duke Ellington tapes, celestial star clusters, and his charming wife Sylvia, who is a prominent novelist. Bill, now in his mid-thirties, spends most of his time these days writing singing commercials and scoring for studios, although he still is a serious student of the piano, and, on occasion, will play trumpet, clarinet, and quite competent bass.

When he arrived in Los Angeles in 1939, he had the choice of eating or listening to Duke Ellington who was then at the Casa Manana Club: "I chose Duke, and ate bananas, and that was my college education." Although Bill had played in American Legion bands and small dance bands in Boise, it wasn't until he reached Hollywood that he really became firmly embedded in a musical career. In the early '40's, he formed a band with trombonist Murray McEachern and split sets with Art Tatum at the Streets of Paris Cafe. "I also did some arranging for the Hal McIntyre band, and even played piano and wrote for one of Rex Stewart's early '40's sessions. In fact Rex used one of my tunes, *Some Saturday*, on that date." Bill arranged for Jimmy Lunceford for a short time thereafter, and here became acquainted with Sy Oliver's work. "I think without question that Sy Oliver, Duke and Billy Strayhorn are my favorite arrangers."

In 1942, Bill went to New York for a year and a half and sang with the *Modernaires*. While back East, he arranged for five radio shows with the Mark Warnow staff. Among these shows was the *Hit Parade* program. This experience was undoubtedly the key move

## THE FOUR BROTHERS

**Four bass hit — Bill, Jim, Norman**

**and Bob Bates all play the biggest fiddle**

for Bill, because while arranging for Warnow, he found out about writing musical commercials and became very interested in the possibilities of "putting words and music together." Thus Bill spent most of his time writing commercials in New York until 1947, when he returned to Hollywood. Since then, he has been one of the busiest arranger-writers on the West Coast.

Among some of Bill's other accomplishments are: being a vocal coach at 20th Century Fox; once being a member of the Dead End Kids; playing piano for Lester Young; doing the vocal parts for Humphrey Bogart in the production *Thank Your Lucky Stars*; and arranging one whole side on one of Paul Desmond's Fantasy LP. Bill is quick to point out that he is "crazy over ampexes, Duke, Jimmy Blanton, Victor Young, and Delius (for his tone color). Rogers and Hart are great because they write things that sound like a ten-year-old has written them, and the inherent simplicity and freshness is wonderful. They write obsession-melodies which one grasps on the very first hearing; I've learned a lot from them, because in commercial writing, a melody must stick with the listener on that first hearing.

"Although I'm perfectly content and happy now, I would like to try a musical comedy. It gives me great satisfaction to shape up a vocal score and really do something with it. I guess my ideal comedy is *Guys and Dolls* by the wonderful Frank Loesser.

"Perhaps the answer to writing successful music (as in any art form) is composing music which connects with the listeners; I think that that is why guys like Loesser, and in jazz, Pres, Getz, Shorty, and Desmond are so interesting to listen to."

Bob, second in line, recently played

bass with Louis Armstrong and has recently moved to Los Angeles from San Francisco. Before joining Armstrong, Bob played with the Dave Brubeck Quartet, Les Brown, Dave Pell, and Andre Previn. Bob, like his older brother, was raised in Boise and got his first musical training in the American Legion band there, where he started on the Souzaphone. When he was 17, Bob left high school and went to the South Seas and Hawaii as a carpenter's assistant for eight months, and was at Pearl Harbor at the time of the bombing. Before he had left, while attending college, he had taken the local bass player's job for a year when the regular bassist was drafted so with this experience, on his return in 1942 Bob began to concentrate on the bass. When Bob himself went into the Army, he taught younger brother Norm to play bass so Norm might take his place in the local Boise dance band.

After the Army, Bob spent two years at Texas A & M and almost gained a degree there, but instead left for San Francisco. "I played around town with several bands and finally joined a band headed for New York. I decided to stay there awhile and studied symphonic bass for six months; but the \$20 a week I was making wasn't enough, so I joined the Sonny Dunham road band for six months. When I had an offer in San Francisco, I drove out there and joined Jack Fina's band. My brother Norm at this time was playing with Brubeck in San Francisco. Then I skipped around to Chicago (where I met my wife, Sherry), and back to New York." It was about this time that Bob had an auto accident and suffered a hand injury which put an end to any of his aspirations on the symphonic bass. "I then formed a group which toured the



Bill Bates

Norman Bates



Jim Bates

## The bassing - Bates brothers all pay enthusiastic homage to the late Jimmy Blanton

Midwest and South for about two and a half years. Soon after I joined the *Two Beaux and a Peep* group, which was strictly a funny hat, society entertainment thing." When Bob again returned to San Francisco, he joined the Jack Sheedy Dixieland band which featured Paul Desmond on clarinet and Norman on piano; then Sidney Bechet for awhile; and finally he joined Brubeck in 1954.

"Since I only heard *Fats* and *Duke* in my youth, Blanton was my main influence. I wanted to play the bass like a tuba, with Blanton's tone. Today, I dig Red Mitchell for ideas, Pettiford for speed and Mingus for fatness of tone. I think (Paul) Desmond is the most inspirational musician I've ever worked with; and I love Tatum and Murry McEachern.

"I don't want to be great. In fact, I frankly dislike a lot of the things which music stands for. But I do try to play

my bass a certain way—hard and rhythmically."

Number three brother is Norman, who is in his late twenties and who makes his home in San Francisco with his wife Peggy and his two young daughters. Norm was the only brother to bring out that his parents were very interested in music, since his mother played organ in a theatre and his father became very proficient on an ocarina. "As for me, I avoided music in high school and had no formal training, although I did play in a pep band and frequently jammed." Norm, who started on tuba and piano, left Boise and completed high school in San Francisco, and there joined the union. After a short stint with the Chuck Travis band, Norm joined Jimmy Dorsey playing bass, and worked with that band for about a year until he quit in New York. He then was hired by Raymond Scott for a year, after having gigged around



New York for a similar period. In 1948, I returned to San Francisco and studied piano, while playing with local vocal groups. I played with Brubeck for about a year at the Cellar and in 1950 joined Jack Sheedy's band in which Paul Desmond played clarinet." In 1951, Norm entered the Air Force and stayed in until 1955. He did get a chance to play in a service band, however, so he could continue his music. On leaving the service in 1955, he played with Virgil Gonsalves, then Wally Rose's Dixieland band at the Tin Angel. After a brief stay with a San Francisco society band, Norm replaced brother Bob with Brubeck, on January 1, 1956.

"Like my brothers, Blanton's my man. I liked everything about him, but especially his time and sophisticated selection of notes and lines. Leroy Vinegar, today, seems to be the closest to Blanton's "down home" sound, although I like Red Mitchell very much, and I think Percy Heath and Oscar Pettiford are two outstanding modern bassists. They play to make things happen, and that's the way I try to play. I think a musician has to play according to his surroundings, that is to give each mood he plays in real depth. A lot of good bands have been able to create many

interesting moods, but lacked depth. I prefer a group which falls into many moods and has a genuine feeling for each. I get a lot of this playing with Dave and Paul, because they have fine taste and a lot of depth."

Twenty-six-year-old Jim is the youngest brother and is the only unmarried one. He is currently an arranger in Hollywood, and does frequent jobs as a group vocalist around the Los Angeles area. "Well, I studied piano as a child, and I'm still studying, although I play bass quite a bit now and sing also. I guess I've had more formal training than my brothers, since I've taken a semester of arranging at San Francisco State College and at LA City College, I also had some composition. Of course, this still isn't much of a formal musical education. I started bass because it was in the house and looked so easy; and it came easy, too. Piano was really my first instrument. I played that in the high school dance band and accompanied the school chorus. I didn't play bass till after school." In 1949-50, Jim played in several local San Francisco dance bands, and in 1950 came to Los Angeles and attended Westlake School of Music for a semester. After playing some more jobs in San Francisco, he played in a ship orchestra and was eventually draft-

ed in 1950 during the Korean conflict. "I did nothing for those two years and didn't start in music again 'til I returned to LA and played several casuals and did quite a bit of group singing, mostly with commercial units." Up until now, Jim has played in several local bands in Hollywood, and has now begun to arrange for some important bands. He recently did three swinging sides on the last Tommy Alexander album.

"I guess Bill first introduced me to jazz through his love of Ellington. Then I heard the wonderful Jimmy Blanton and shortly after, Ray Brown. The Count is my favorite big band. I like a lot of people for different things: Peterson, Getz, Nelson Riddle, Sinatra, Ella, Ray Brown, and the writing of Billy May. Paul Desmond is my favorite altoist and is an all-around great."

Jim's ambition is to be an arranger and play piano on the side; but "I enjoy playing bass and I try to make the bass work for the rest of the group, rhythmically and harmonically. I think a bass should be felt more than heard."

When everything is taken into consideration, it's not hard to see why the Bates brothers have always been around outstanding musicians and how they have contributed so greatly to West Coast music.

*Fourth brother, Bob Bates plays with Desmond, Brubeck and drummer Dodge (now out of group).*



IN THE "OLYMPICS"  
OF THE  
DRUM WORLD



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*First in "team"*

These are some of the leading members (listed alphabetically) of the Gretsch "Honor Roll." They agree, Gretsch Broadcasters are "greatest" in sound—looks—and service.

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- 1947** – 5 of the TOP Ten winners play Gretsch Broadcasters
- 1948** – Another banner year! 5 of TOP Ten in *Metronome's* poll . . . 7 in *Down Beat's*.
- 1949** – Gretsch team wins again. 5 and 6 of TOP Ten in *Down Beat* and *Metronome* respectively.
- 1950** – Of the TOP Ten winners in both polls – 6 played Gretsch Broadcasters.
- 1951** – 7 TOP Ten winners in *Metronome*. 6 in *Down Beat*.
- 1952** – You voted Gretsch drummers 1st, 2nd and 3rd in *Metronome* poll—5 of TOP Ten in *Down Beat*.
- 1953** – Broadcaster team repeats outstanding '52 success!
- 1954** – Gretsch topped both polls—led the runner-up parade.
- 1955** – Another landslide! 6 of TOP Ten, including 1st and 2nd, played Gretsch Broadcasters.
- 1956** – Still winning! Broadcasters overwhelmingly voted favorite in both polls.

We thank you. Gretsch is proud of this record. Prouder still of these fine Jazz artists. Each, by his distinctive style and superb musicianship, is an inspiration to young drummers everywhere. We're especially pleased, too, that all these drummer "greats" cast *their* votes for Gretsch Broadcasters—"finest drums I ever owned." Try them at your dealers. Or write for **FREE** Gretsch catalog. Many sets played by your favorites beautifully illustrated in full color.

# Billie Holiday

A combination of Smith and Armstrong she says.

*Conover:* Billie Holiday, about whom at least one critic has said, "If you want to know what jazz is about, listen to Billie Holiday." She's been named by more jazz fans and by more musicians, more consistently and for the longest time, as the greatest jazz singer. Stylistically, from Billie Holiday came Anita O'Day and then June Christy and Chris Connor.

I'd like to ask Billie: From whom did Billie Holiday's voice come?

*Holiday:* I think I copied my style from Louis Armstrong. Because—I always liked the big volume and the big sound that Bessie Smith got when she sang. But—uh—when I was quite young I heard a record Louis Armstrong made called *The West End Blues*, and—he doesn't say any words, you know?—and I thought, "This is wonderful," you know? And I liked the feeling he got from it. So I wanted Louis Armstrong's feeling and I wanted the big volume that Bessie Smith got. But I found it didn't work with me, because I didn't have a big voice, you know? So, anyway, between the two of 'em, I sort of (smiling) got Billie Holiday.

*Conover:* That's very interesting—that the source of so much instrumental music was also the source of such great vocal music as yours: Louis Armstrong. What other musicians have had some sort of influence upon the development of your singing style?

*Holiday:* Well, I like Lester Young. I always liked—uh—well, Lester came much later in my life, but I liked Lester's feeling. You know, everyone, when he first started, thought: This man, his *tone*, is too *thin*, you know? A tenor sax y'know. Everybody thinks it has to be real big; and Lester used to go out of

his mind getting reeds, you know, to sound *big* like Chu Berry, and—he was very popular in those days—and I told him, "It doesn't *matter*, because," I said, "you have a *beautiful* tone." I says, "and *you watch*. After a while *everybody's* going to be *copying* you." And it came to *be*, you know?

And then, uh—well, I made my first record with Benny. And . . . Benny came to a little club, in Harlem, to hear me—the Log Cabin. At that time he was not "Benny Goodman," he was just another musician. (Laughs) He worked in a *studio* band, and—down at NBC—and he came up one night and he just thought I was wonderful. So he had a recording date under his own name, and John Hammond—you must have heard of him; he's a music critic. And they thought I was *it*, for the vocalist. And the funniest thing—(Laughs) I got there and I was afraid to sing in the mike. Because I never saw a microphone before. And I says, "Why do I have to sing in *that* thing? Why can't I just sing like I do at the club?" I was scared to death of it. And, uh, Buck and Bubbles—Buck played the piano on that date. Can you imagine—all those *studio* men and Buck, he can't read a note, (laughing) he played the piano! Well, that's the way Benny *is*, he likes *music*. You don't have to read, or write, or *anything*, you just *play* it, you know. So Buck says, "You're not going to let these people think you're a *square*, are you?" He says, "Come on, *sing* it!" And I sang. *Your Mother's Son-in-Law*, and on the other side was *Riffin' the Scotch*.

*Conover:* Let's see, you were fifteen years old then, weren't you?

*Holiday:* No, I was *fourteen*. (Laughs)  
*Conover:* I beg your pardon.



As a young woman with gardenia.

## Conover Broadcasts

### For Voice of America

For the interest of potential listeners, the two-hour program (first hours: musical dance-bands, tasteful singers, standards, and a few better "pops"; second hour: jazz — traditional, middle-era, and modern) may now be heard world-wide, seven days per week.

In Europe: from 1900 to 2100, Greenwich Mean Time, in the 25, 31, and 41 meter bands; repeated 2200-2400 GMT in the 31 and 41 meter bands.

In Latin America, from 0100 to 0300 GMT on a number of frequencies in the 19, 25, and 31 meter bands; and repeated for Mexico, Central America, and Western South America, 0300-0500, in 25 and 31.

Australia and New Zealand: 1000-1200 GMT, in the 31 meter band.

East Asia: 1400-1600 GMT, in 31 and 49.

Southeast Asia: 1400-1600 GMT, in the 19 meter band.



Well, which of your records, Billie, give you more pleasure today—or perhaps I should rephrase that: What different kinds of pleasure do you get from the earlier recordings and from the more recent records that you've made?

*Holiday:* Well, I get a big bang out of *Your Mother's Son-in-Law*. It sounds like I'm doing comedy! (Laughing) My voice sounded so funny and high—on there; and I sounded like I'm about three years old! To me, anyhow. But, uh—I don't like any of my records, to be truthful with you. Because it's always something that you *should* have done; or you should have waited *here*; or you should have held that note *longer*; or you should have phrased—well, you know how it is. So you're never really satisfied with your records. But the things that I like *most*—I think the things I've done with strings. Or the ones—the real *blues* ones, you know, like *Summertime*. Y'know the ones with no music at all, you know, where we just relaxed? Like the things we did with Teddy Wilson and then Benny and Roy Eldridge. We had—I was with Count Basie's band at the time, and we had been on the road—about three months,

As a more mature artist.



doing one-nighters; you know, and that's pretty rough. And we had *no* time to rehearse or anything, and we walked right in the studio—no *music*, and we made six great sides; you know. Those are the kind I like.

*Conover:* Billie, you've recorded so many songs . . . Which of the songs that you have recorded did you compose yourself?

*Holiday:* Oh, I did *Billie's Blues* and *Fine and Mellow*, and, uh—

Oh, let me tell you how I did *Fine and Mellow*. I was working in the Cafe Society, downtown in the Village; and we get up there to make these records and all of a sudden we needed one more side. So I says, "I know. Let's do a blues, and let's make the introduction like an organ grinder; you know (sings) dah-dah, *dah-dah*, dah." You know. And, uh—*right* there I made it all up. Right in the studio.

And I did *Don't Explain* and—oh, what else? A few more, I can't think of 'em (laughs).

But *Don't Explain* had, uh—I did that with a fellow named Razaf, and he helped me with the lyrics. But, gee, I was—I'm very proud of that because I think it's a pretty tune, and as a rule I can only write *blues*, you know. So I thought *Don't Explain* was the *end* for me (laughs modestly).

Oh—and I did *Your Mother's Son-in-Law* . . . don't let me forget that one, because I wrote that one for my mother. And how it came *about*, I asked Mother for some money. And she flatly *refused* me. So I said, "That's all right. God bless the child that's got his own!" I walked out, y'know, and, uh—it sort of stuck in my mind. And my piano player and I were foolin' around the next day; I says, "You know, that's a good title for a song." I says, "Maybe we'll have to make it kind of *religious*." So he says, "*No-o-o!*" So we—I write out the words and we get the melody and we wrote the *song*. (Laughs) So I carried it to Marks—the publishing?—he thought it was wonderful, and right away he published it.

So that's how we got *God Bless the Child*.

*Conover:* Are these your favorite records, of those you've made, Billie?

*Holiday:* No-o-o . . . ! (Laughs) No. Uh, the things—uh, like I told you—the things that I made that I like never got popular. Like *Deep-Song*? You probably never heard of it. (Laughing) It's a Decca. *It* never got popular . . . *You're My Thrill*—I think it's got a beautiful background, the strings, and the oboe, and—*it* never got popular . . .

Like Benny Goodman always says, uh—like this *Some Other Spring* I did. This song, nothing ever happened to it; and it's the most beautiful thing I ever

heard in my life. Teddy Wilson—Irene Wilson, his wife, wrote it. And, uh—she got inspired when, the night we were all playing up there, Benny Webster and Benny Carter and myself and John Kirby—the-bass-player? We were at her apartment having a jam session there, and she had made some red beans and rice that night. (Laughs) And we were just sittin' around playing, and she got inspired and wrote the tune—but like Benny says: "*That's* not gonna—nothing's gonna happen with the tune: it's too *beautiful!*" And he just didn't make sense to us, y'know; but he was right. He says, "Maybe in years to *come*."

Now, for instance, like *Yesterdays*—that's a tune that I recorded, and I *loved* it. But Benny was right, because, uh—well, what was the show? *Roberta*? It came from *Roberta*, I think. But anyway, *I Only Have Eyes for You*, that was popular—all the other *tunes*. *Yesterdays*, the most beautiful song in the show, is just starting to get popular *now!* So, maybe Benny was right.

*Conover:* What other songs that you haven't recorded would you like to record some day, Billie?

*Holiday:* Well, I don't know, I, uh—. I tell you a song I'd like to sing, and it doesn't have any lyrics to it, I don't think, and that's *Our Waltz*—David Rose. You know, things like that. Something nobody else does.

*Conover:* Well, let's get away from the musical end of Billie Holiday for just a second, and ask how the name Lady Day came about?

*Holiday:* Well, now, that came about when Lester and I were in Count Basie's band, and Lester named me Lady Day, and he named my mother, The Duchess, and there was Count Basie, so we were the Royal Family. (Laughs)

*Conover:* I see. Well, how did the gardenia in the Billie Holiday hairdo become Billie's trademark?

*Holiday:* Well, I've always loved gardenias. And one night I got *very, very*—how would you say it? . . . well, I guess . . . uh, uh . . . well, I don't know, there's a word for it. Anyway, I *just* wouldn't go on. I couldn't go on. I couldn't sing without my gardenia. (Laughs) So, it became a trademark; and I just thought I couldn't sing if I didn't have a gardenia in my hair.

And they had to be *fresh*. (Laughs)

*Conover:* You're no longer wearing the gardenia, these days, though.

*Holiday:* Well, no, I, uh, got over that. It was just a childish thing.

*Conover:* Lady Day. Billie Holiday, our in-person guest today on the Voice of America Jazz Hour. Thank you very much, Billie.

*Holiday:* Thank you Willis, for having me here.

# IN PERSON

## Max Roach In Chicago

As noted in the November column, page 58, a review of the new Max Roach Quintet. I have been intensively listening to all types of jazz for a good 20 years. During that time I have been fortunate enough to have heard many, many wonderful big and little bands. The big band that gassed me the most was Dizzy's old band (I've yet to hear the new). The small band that did it was the Charlie Parker Quintet of the late 'forties; the one that included Max Roach, Miles Davis, Duke Jordan, and Tommy Potter. Not since the demise of that unbelievable group have I heard another that communicated to me so completely and correctly just what jazz is all about. That is, not until I heard Max Roach's NEW group at Chicago's Modern Jazz Room.

Max, himself, if any change has taken place at all, has improved and broadened since his "Bird" days. He is the only jazz percussionist I have ever heard whose talent and conception are so immense as to enable him to communicate to an audience the feeling of playing a song, musically, as would one of the horns, even if one happens to enter in the middle of his solos. He even plays the bridge!

Sonny Rollins, is Max's tenor man. Not since Bird at his peak have I heard a saxophonist with such instrument control, fecundity of ideas and inspiration, and a sound that fills you to tears with its fullness and richness and beauty. He

is most certainly the re-incarnation of Charlie Parker's most wonderful musical spirit.

Kenny Dorham, with all the humble reverence due Clifford Brown for his great talent, to me, provides just the right type of trumpet playing necessary to mold the total voice of the group into the intensely musical organization it has now become. He most certainly is a giant.

George Morrow, who has been with Max since the original quintet was begun, about three years ago, is one of those legion musicians whose talent everyone realizes is there, but, because of the unfortunateness of "big-name" overshadowing, is not really considered in the running with the other members of the band. Oh, what a great mistake the general audience makes; and how, in doing so, do they admit their listening incapacities. George Morrow, perhaps more than any other bassist today, is one of the few capable of maintaining those impossible tempos through which Max and the band seemingly glide; and, it is indeed a rare talent that can continue, unhampered and unconfused, to play correctly, and with inventive imagination, whilst all of the poly-rhythms, and unexpected accent changes are exploding all around. Doffed caps to George Morrow!

Wade Legge, has brought to Max's piano department a heretofore lacking definiteness (again with all humbleness



and respect for the wonderful talent of Richie Powell). His experience with Dizzy has proven itself invaluable. His comping and soloing is impeccable, sure, and tasteful. Most certainly, with the passage of time, during which more and more fans will undoubtedly take notice of his fine work, Wade Legge will garner much acclaim.

This, then, is the New Max Roach Quintet! The musical material they play includes many made famous by Richie and Clifford, *Dahooud*, *Parisian Thoroughfare*, *Delilah*, etc., and every day is being enriched by the compositions of Sonny Rollins; with his beautiful *Valse Hot* quickly becoming the talk of the modern jazz world. For jazz at its tenderest, slowest, fastest, traditionalist, progressivist, excitingest, beautifullest, funkiest, fireyist, hottest, coolest. Swingin'ist, there is no other small band in the land (or large one for that matter) that can compare with Max's band.

Joe Segal

## Art Blakey In St. Louis

"Ladies and gentlemen, we don't play rock 'n' roll. A rock 'n' roll band isn't bothered by a noisy crowd because they can always play louder. But we aren't a rock 'n' roll band. We play modern jazz and to understand it, you must listen. We study—we rehearse. The Jazz Messengers are very serious about getting the message across to you. If you don't want to listen, maybe the person sitting next to you does."

Those are Art Blakey's words and they are typical of the direct manner in which he addresses his audiences in jazz clubs across the country. He assumes

that most of the people who come to see and hear the Jazz Messengers are more than casually interested in modern jazz and if they expect to get the message they should be willing to apply themselves.

Blakey emphasizes that the audience has an active role in determining the performance level of the group. "The more you applaud the harder we work. If you give us enough encouragement, we'll blow our brains out for you." And for the five mid-November nights they played at Peacock Alley in St. Louis.

(Continued on page 30)







Ralph Burns and Ella Fitzgerald work together on vocal arrangement of *April in Paris* for *All-Star Date*—(see page 30).

## RECORD REVIEWS

by  
Jack Maher  
and Bill Coss

### RAY BRYANT

*Cubano Chant, Off Shore, Well, You Needn't, Cry Me A River, In A Mellow Tone, You're My Thrill, Night in Tunisia, Goodbye, Philadelphia Bound, Pawn Ticket, The Breeze And I, It's A Pity to Say Goodnight* (Epic LP LN 3279)

Ray Bryant is a 24-year-old Philadelphia pianist, whose attack and styling reflect, in many ways, a number of jazz piano developments and trends. On this album he seems to have three levels of proficiency that are divided that same way tempo-wise. There's Tatum-esque Bud Powell (and this is logical seeing as Bud developed quite logically from Art), that makes itself most felt on the really quick tunes in the album. *Philadelphia Bound* and *Pawn Ticket* are prime examples. You can also hear some Earl Hines through Teddy Wilson here too. On ballads like *River, You're My Thrill* and *Goodbye* the broad Tatum runs and embellishments take charge, along with certain Garnerisms. On medium tempos Ray fluctuates between out-and-out swing and a really individual attack. In *A Mellow Tone* for instance he shows strength, confidence and fine eighth note feeling.

There's spirit and a great deal of musical competence on this album if not an over abundance of individualism.—Jack

### EDDIE COSTA— VINNIE BURKE

*Fascinating Rhythm, Unison Blues, Sweet And Lovely, Let's Do It, Yesterdays, Pile Driver, It Could Happen To You, Get Happy, Jeepers Creepers* (Jubilee LP 1025)

The Eddie Costa-Vinnie Burke Trio, is, in no small measure, the equivalent of a quartet. With Eddie's abilities on both vibes and piano, there's an extra solo instrument in this group. Throughout this LP Eddie and Vin get an extraordinarily together sound. Perhaps the time they spent together with the Tal Farlow trio accounts for this but nevertheless it's a fine experience to hear two musicians who can anticipate one another's next musical move. Eddie plays piano predominately through these tracks, he only plays vibes on *Sweet And Lovely*. He has, however, a similar way of expressing himself on both instruments. Eddie seems always to know where he's going, and he plays a multi-noted line with direction. Ideas seem to develop from the chords being played and the line contains changes in accent and a variety of harmonic combinations. You can hear it on almost every track of this LP but on *Yesterdays* in particular, the choosing, excitement and variety are at top form. Vinnie Burke is a musician of the same calibre. He plays fine time and solos with

imagination and dramatic insight, again on *Yesterdays*, the use to which he puts the chord structure of the first four bars or so of the tune, complements and builds towards not only the particular feeling of this tune at a bright tempo, but is the cohesive unit for the particular melodic chording Eddie's involved in. His bass solos on *Fascinating Rhythm* and the ballad *It Could Happen To You* are standouts.

Drummer Nick Stabulas seems slightly out of place because he doesn't share the same rhythmic feeling at all times as Eddie and Vin. They are four-foursers most of the time, playing with the definition and solidity that that time inspires, while Nick seems more inclined to lean on his two-four sock cymbals and build from there. He is also under-recorded.

It's unfortunate that there was a great deal of surface noise on my copy of this album.—Jack

### MIKE CUOZZO

*That Old Feeling, I Cover The Waterfront, Easy To Love, Blue Jeans, Bounce for Mike, Fools Rush Inn, Lover Man, Ten A.M.* (Jubilee LP 1027)

Mike Cuzzo is a tenor saxophonist-building contractor from Caldwell, New Jersey. Although the liner notes by George



CONLEY GRAVES' exciting new work in Pianodynamics narrows the gap between jazz and the classical approach to piano. Here, too, Conley aptly demonstrates his theorem that jazz is divided into three parts: Graves, pianist, Billy Schneider on drums, John Mosher, bass. The strength and breadth of their taste and technique are beautifully equated in 'My Funny Valentine', 'Warsaw Concerto', 'Lover', 'Prelude And Fugue #21 In B Flat' and more. Decca Long Play DL 8412.

**DECCA**   
**RECORDS**  
*a New World of Jazz*

Simon don't say so, Mike must hold Stan Getz in high regard, his playing most certainly reflects Stan's approach to the horn. On *Fools Rush In* and *I Cover The Waterfront* the rush of air through the mouthpiece and the peculiar articulation that is Stan's, become strongly pronounced. Although the sound broadens some on tracks like *Old Feeling* and *Easy To Love* there are particular licks of Stan's that Mike uses freely. Eddie Costa, pianist on the date contributes some fine fours on both tunes, Vinnie Burke is the bassist and Nick Stabulas the drummer.

This is a pleasant album with Mike's tenor interpretations not as imaginative as might be wanted.—Jack

### BUDDY DEFRANCO

Broadway Showcase: *Speak Low, Who Cares, Autumn in New York, Have You Met Miss Jones, Mad About The Boy, Almost Like Being in Love, Can't Help Lovin' That Man, That Old Devil Moon, Makin' Whoopee, In The Still of The Night, Come Rain or Come Shine, Heat Wave* (Verve LP MGV-2033)

The planning behind this album is fairly obvious, the album title more or less gives it away. These sides present Buddy in front of a 12 man string section, plus the usual sort of orchestral instrumentation. The idea would seem to be one that is gaining a great deal of strength among record producers, that is presenting a jazz soloist surrounded by what might be called the Gleason-Muzak background.

The tunes picked here are for the most part good, solid standard show tunes, the arrangements by Russ Garcia are not over lush, and often the band gets a good punching sort of sound at an up- and medium-tempo. It is these, incidentally that

show how jazz might be brought into the home that would not ordinarily want it. The major portion of the album is made up of Buddy playing straight melody in front of French horns and strings as on *Speak Low, Mad About The Boy* and *Autumn in New York*, but there is some improvising on the up-tempo *Who Cares, Almost Like Being in Love* and *Have You Met Miss Jones*, which also spot some acceptable though short guitar and trumpet solos.

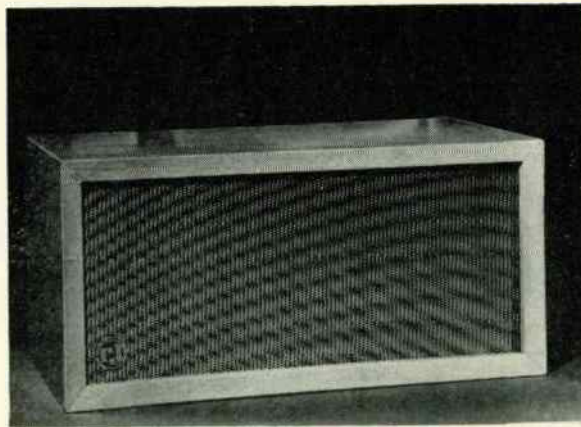
If the idea here is to introduce a new audience to jazz, this is an admirable job, but in any case the music is thoroughly professional and competent.—Jack

### RUSSELL GARCIA

*Worry-Go-Round, Carefree, Palo Alto, Aren't You Glad You're You, One Love, Good Humor, When I Go, I Go All The Way, Coronado, The Boy Next Door, I'm Confessin' That I Love You, Never Never Land, I Lead A Charmed Life* (Kapp LP KL-1050)

There are no strings attached to this version of Russell Garcia. The album is built, really, around two focal points; the arranging and composing talents of Russ, and the individual soloing abilities of Don Fagerquist on trumpet; Herb Geller's alto, John T. Williams at the piano, Red Norvo's vibes, guitarist Howard Roberts, and trombonist Murray McEachern. Besides these featured soloists, Jack Constanzo, Maynard Ferguson, Curtis Counce and Max Bennett are heard in the supporting organization.

The band as a unit sounds very well rehearsed, although splashy in spots as on Don's two solos *Go-Round* and *Boy Next Door* (sounds as though there were two trumpets in the opening of this tune), and either over-recorded, or much too enthusiastic on *Good Humor* and *Confessin'*,



## AUDIO EQUIPMENT

We added a new speaker to our high-fidelity rig this month (which, as usual, includes a Garrard RC 98 record changer, a Fischer Z-matic amplifier and front panel with a University Classic speaker system).

The RJ baffle, picture above, is the new element in the system—included in it is a Wharfedale speaker.

From our point of view, the RJ lives

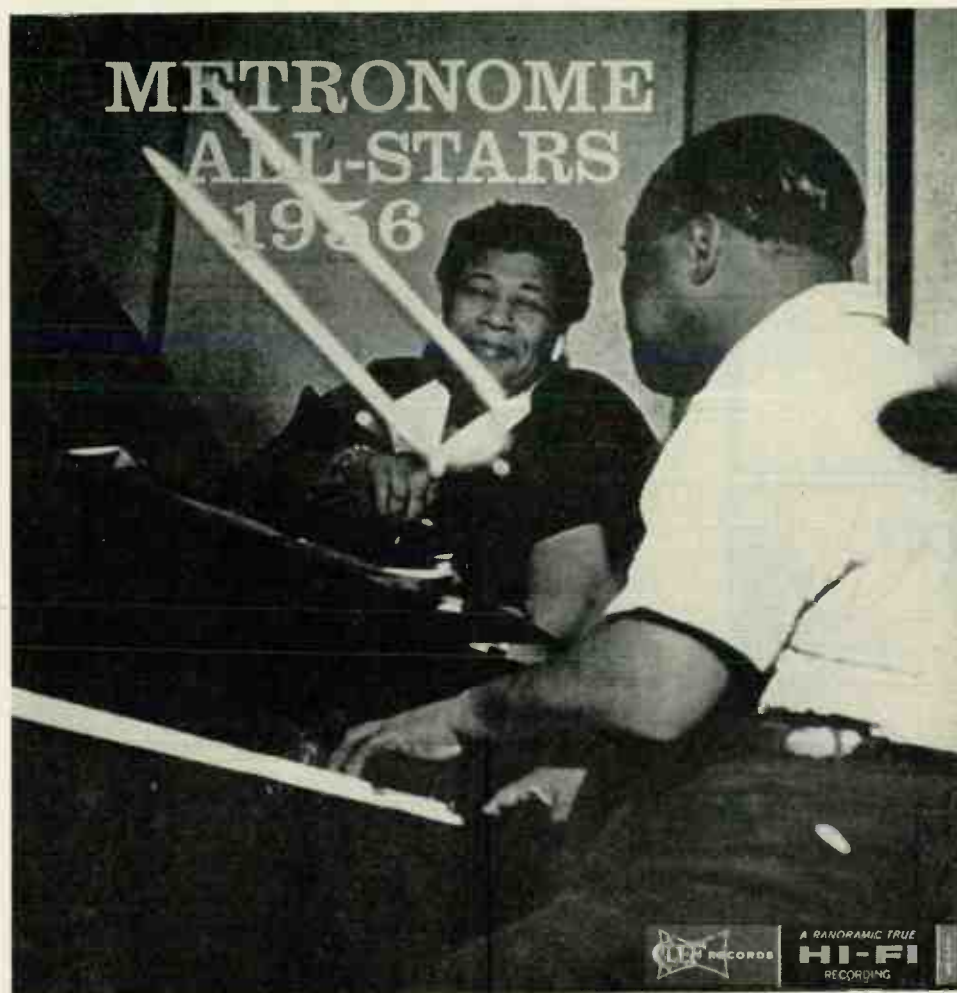
up to its claims in terms of what we as layman might expect. And we expect that it is the Wharfedale speaker, not the enclosure itself, which tends toward a mellowness which we find delightful to hear, though not what we customarily expect from our system. But more of that next month, after we've had more opportunity to test for bugs in our own amateurish manner.

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# Jazz

ON



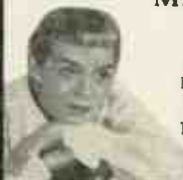
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Red Norvo's featured tunes. Red swings in his own way on both, exhibiting a sound time sense in the first and a quiet reminiscence in the second. Herb Geller's *Palo Alto* (no relation to the Lee Konitz tune of some years back), has some good writing and swinging chorus by Herb. *Glad You're You*, and *Charmed Life* with Roberts show Howard with tongue in cheek, he swings too. Murry McEachern's vehicle shows his fine tone off to good advantage, its *Go All The Way* a ballad and original by Russ; this plus *Alto* are the best Garcia writing in the album.

A good album, full of spirit and precision marred only by over-use of the echo chamber.—Jack

## OSIE JOHNSON

A Bit of the Blues: *Ninety-Eight Cents*, *If I'd Been on My Way*, *That's What I Get*, *Muddy Gutter*, *Fly High Little Birdie*, *Hey Let The Sin Juice Flow*, *The Rhinoceros*, *You Showed Me The Way*, *Never No More*, *All I Want Is My Clothes*, *Half Loved*, *Baby Let Me Wear Your Hat* (Victor LPM 1369)

Drummer Osie Johnson has taken to vocalizing. Throughout this set of twelve sides, Osie sings a variety of rock 'n' roll tunes, all of them of questionable worth, and a ballad or two with little distinction or authority. Billed as a blues singer, Osie seems completely ill-at-ease not only with the R&R blues tunes, but also on a ballad of sorts *You Showed Me The Way*. When you come right down to it, there isn't even any really professional material for him to work with. The material itself is obvious and offensive, especially the lyrics to *Sin Juice Flow*, which pounds home the gin and ball routine. Without being prudish (being a beer and pretzel man myself), I think that "let's get plastered!" routine was bad enough when Phil Harris did it, and it's a shame a musician of Osie's worth should even come near it. The arrangements, which pound and scream in the tritest of ways, are by Manny Albam.—Jack

## ELLIOT LAWRENCE

Swinging At The Steel Pier: *Blues Alley*, *Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea*, *Ponce*, *Tenderly*, *Snapped Cap*, *Moten Swing*, *El's Bells*, *Alone Together*, *Maybe*, *Good Wood*, *Walkin' My Baby Back Home*, *Hand Made* (Fantasy LP 3-236)

Considering that this is a pick-up band whipped together by Elliot for the Steel Pier, Atlantic City, New Jersey date, the band sounds very well. The sections bite through the romping arrangements of people like Al Cohn, Johnny Mandel, Gerry Mulligan and Tiny Kahn with brightness and a good unison feeling. But then the band includes people like Eddie Bert, Al Cohn, Hal McKusick, Nick Travis and Sam Morowitz and Bernie Glow, all competent, professional musicians.

Contrasted on these tracks are the Prez-influenced blowing of tenormen Cohn and Eddie Wasserman. Cohn, on *Blues Alley*, for instance shows his blowsiness, while Wasserman on *Moten Swing* shows a more articulate derivation from the Young strain. In all though, the soloists take a back seat to the writing and section work, they seem

the prime concern, and provide a very danceable set with the medium-up-tempos tapped off most often.—Jack

## JACKIE McLEAN

4, 5 and 6: *Sentimental Journey*, *Why Was I Born*, *Contour*, *Confirmation*, *Abstraction*, *When I Fall in Love* (Prestige LP 7048)

The 4 starts things off through tracks 1, 2, 6 and shapes up as Jackie plus rhythm-men Doug Watkins and Art Taylor bass and drums, and pianist Mal Waldron. *Journey* sounds a good deal like the blues, especially through the improvised choruses, Jackie seems more on his own hook here and leans less on the phrasings of Bird. Promising Mal Waldron promises much in his first chorus but leaves us a bit disappointed. *Born* is taken at a medium-tempo, and *Contour* brings a more coherent Donald Byrd trumpet into focus for the fiver. Bird's *Confirmation* seems disorganized and at loose ends with Jackie sounding out of tune and once more leaning on Bird much too heavily. Hank Mobley makes it a sextet and unfortunately sounds strained. Mal Waldron's original *Abstraction*, is the only ballad tune, and has a 'Round About Midnight richness to it. It seems to give everyone something a little more to blow on, although Jackie and Don don't seem, always, to make the right changes.—Jack

## GRIEG McRITCHIE

Easy Jazz on A Fish Beat Bass: *Jeepers Creepers*, *McRitchie's Doodle*, *Sometimes I'm Happy*, *Runnin' Wild*, *Fishbeat Blues*, *Lonely Night*, *Grieg's Bread*, *Sally's Back*, *Sophisticated Swing*, *Shuffle Off To Buffalo*, *Robbins Nest*, *Goodnight!* (Zephyr LP 12005G)

The *Fish Beat Bass*, according to the accompanying liner is "the distinctive rhythm and bass figures of Rock 'n' Roll." Through the opening choruses of this album, drummer Shelly Manne, pianist Russ Freeman, bassist, Joe Mondragon and baritonist Marty Berman, make with the bump-bahdah, bump-bahdah, with Shelly especially, slamming home that 2/4 accentuation. Russ Freeman contributes the high octave, wooden sounding, piano triplets. After the first chorus played this way, the band usually steadies out into straight four-four and this is where the soloists take charge. Besides those mentioned, Buddy Collette's alto and flute take brief choruses shining especially on *Jeepers Creepers*, *Grieg's* (Shortenin') *Bread*, and *Fishbeat Blues*. Ray Linn appears too briefly on *Sometimes I'm Happy*, as does Larry Bunker's vibes.

The arrangements are all big band and keyed to this fishbeat business which keeps them in a more swing category. The album is well played and has some marks of humor as on *Shuffle Off* and *Robbins Nest*, but it sure is a relief when they stop that monotonous back time business and get to the swing chorus!—Jack

## METRONOME ALL-STARS

1956

*Billie's Bounce*, *April in Paris*, *Everyday I Have The Blues*, *Party Blues*, *Basie's Back in Town*, *Lady Fair* (Clef LP MGC 743)



In accordance with our usual policy there will be no critical evaluation of the All-Star date organized by editor Bill Coss and recorded with the assistance of Norman Granz. Instead of criticizing a record that's so closely associated with the editorial department of the magazine it will be the function of this review only to highlight and attempt a description of the music and participating musicians.

A great deal of credit to whatever value this record has, must go to Norman Granz for graciously providing the first METRONOME All-Star date with two sides of a 12" LP. As Bill Coss says in the notes it allowed us to collect, as many of the poll winners and top finishers as were available for 21 minutes of blowing time. The tune is *Billie's Bounce*. The all-star group is composed of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, tenors; Lee Konitz, alto; baritonist, Serge Chaloff; Tony Scott on clarinet, and Theodore C. Cohen, on vibes. In the rhythm section, Art Blakey and Charlie Mingus blend drums and bass, with Tal Farlow and Billy Taylor adding their guitar and piano chordings. Eddie Bert and Thad Jones make the brass sounds on trombone and trumpet. The blues changes of Bird's *Bounce* are worked over with what sounds at times like complete abandon. There, most certainly, is a feeling of spontaneity to the side. Side B teams up the Count Basie band and Joe Williams with Ella Fitzgerald. *April in Paris* has Ella singing the lyrics to the tune in front of Basie's shouting brass section. The arrangement was by Ralph Burns. Then Ella and Joe team up to swap lyrics and figures in *Everyday I Have The Blues*. A small combo of Joe Newman, Thad Jones, trumpets; Basie's piano, Eddie Jones, bass; Sonny Payne, drums; Henry Coker, trombone; and Frank Wess, tenor; all from the Basie band team up to support Joe and Ella through scat blues choruses on *Party Blues*, again here as on Side A, there's a feeling of spontaneity and laughter. *Basie's Back in Town* is an instrumental by the jumping Basie organization. The album is closed out on a complete change of pace with George Wallington's solo piano rendition of *Lady Fair*, a "kind of modern hymn," written by George himself.

In a very real sense, this is your record. In selecting the artists used on the date, the editor and his associates considered as their prime target a record built not so much for their own musical and critical tastes, but followed, in more than just a superficial way the dictates of the annual METRONOME All-Star Poll. —Jack

### HANK MOBLEY

Mobley's Message: *Bouncin' with Bud*, *52nd Street Theme*, *Au Privave*, *Little Girl Blue*, *Alternating Current* (Prestige LP LP 7061)

The Mobley message comes through with all the solidity of the bop of today. Hank happens to be one of the less ferocious of the tenormen from that area of jazz. He seems to bite and chomp off his notes less, and has a smoothness to his line. There's the essence of a warmth to his ballads too, as he demonstrates on *Little Girl Blue*. Prestige blowing mate Don Byrd is on hand to sounding fuller and more con-

fidant than he has of late. Pianist Barry Harris, who plays along Hank Jones' lines, a soft, subtle yet swinging line contributes good choruses, and the rhythm section of Doug Watkins (bass) and Art Taylor (drums) do their particular type of accompanying well. *52nd Street* seems too fast for everybody concerned to do anything but noodle. Jackie McLean expands the quintet to six on *Au Privave* but seems tired and bored.—Jack

### SAM MOST

Musically Yours: *Stella by Starlight*, *Hush-A-Bye*, *Obvious Conclusion*, *Autumn Leaves*, *If I Had You*, *Body and Soul*, *House of Bread Blues*, *Two for Three* (Bethlehem LP BCP 6008)

The flutes have it through side A of this release. Sam plays with a great deal of grit through the first four tracks all on flute. *Hush-A-Bye* stands out not as you might suppose because of tenderness, but because of a certain dynamicism and earthiness. It's a real hardness, almost ferocity. One point though is that here, in the ballad tempo, as on the clarinet B side, *Body And Soul*, Sam is virtually forced to play double time by the rhythm section. Drummer Joe Morello and bassist Bill Crow seem to have a consistent double time feeling to their rhythmic support that drives Sam to that same double time phrasing—making him seem, almost, as if he didn't want to play a distinct, four-four ballad feeling. As a matter of fact very often the time does actually double. *Obvious Conclusion* is *All The Things*, and is more what the rhythm section, tempo-wise, wants to play. Bill Crow is a real standout on the up-tunes throughout this album. *House of Bread* has a real funky bass-drums opening. Sam is two distinct musical personalities on flute and clarinet. He sounds much more strained and hectic on clarinet. —Jack

### VINNIE RICCITELLI

Westchester Jazz Workshop: *Key Chain*, *Love for Sale*, *Bert Flight*, *Minor Incident*, *Fruity Tutti*, *The Beak*, *No Coast At All*, *Carmenooch* (Unique LP 103)

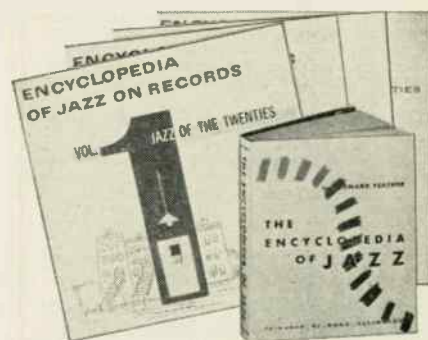
Unique records, just recently entering the jazzfield chose to introduce someone new themselves—The Westchester Workshop. The Workshop, under the direction of Vinnie Riccittelli, who also plays alto on the date and wrote all the tunes except one, *Love for Sale*, would seem to function as a sort of cooperative, and is composed of musicians who have played at the Paddock, near Yonkers Raceway, in Westchester, N.Y.

The writing for the date all reflects the Riccittelli liking for the Mulligan-Davis records of 1949-50, it is the smooth-styled jazz that has grown in wide popularity since that time.

On *The Beak*, trumpeter Joe Shepley is featured and shows a full, bright sound. *Bert Flight* is all Eddie Bert's and he sounds particularly robust. *Fruity Tutti* has a nice line and spots some nice alto. Carmen Leggio is featured in *Carmenooch*, but the rhythm section of Joe Venuto and Eddy Tone seem to have stay-together problems and have a tendency to push against



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the soloist and gain. This infects the entire album but is especially prevalent on *Key Chain*.

In all, a clear introduction to the Westchester Workshop.—Jack

## JOHNNY RICHARDS

Something Else: *Waltz Anyone? For All We Know, Dimples, Band Aide, Turn About, Burrito Borracho, Long Ago And Far Away, Aijalon* (Bethlehem LP BCP 6011)

The *Something Else* referred to in the title, is a series of new compositions and arrangements by Richards. The assembled band is 29 men strong and includes many of the names that are often heard in jazz today. Richie Kamuca, tenor; Charlie Mariano, alto; and Bill Holman in the reeds, Maynard Ferguson, Shorty Rogers, in the trumpet section, trombonist, Frank Rosolino, drummer, Stan Levy, and at piano, Marty Paich.

The band has, almost of necessity, a Kentonian sound. Since Stan pioneered this vibrant brass writing, almost anything that follows comes in reflection of him. *For*



Johnny Richards conducts his own date for Bethlehem Records, featuring "strong writing and good use of a quantity of soloists—see this page."

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*All We Know* seems a bit like almost any present-day ballad writing, while *Waltz?* shows some real rhythmic imagination especially in the bass part sections where some 6/8 elements develop. *Burrito* is freely translated as an inebriated donkey, and the burro moves well for one under the influence. *Band Aide* is the upper in the

group, and aside from some rhythm section problems moves well, with a dexterous chorus by Frank Rosolino.

There's good use of all soloists here, a quantity of them spotted often on every track. Good, strong writing makes this, in many ways a weighty album, but overuse of echo chamber hampers the recording.—Jack

## VENTURA LEADS NEW GROUP

Happier from both musical and emotional standpoints than he's been in a long time, veteran tenorman Charlie Ventura has come back to jazz with "the most swinging little group I've fronted in years. These kids are really pushing me—and I like it."

The South Jersey leader, who first attracted attention in the early '40's with Gene Krupa's big band and trio as a sideman and later as the exponent of "bop for the people" with the cute Cain-Kral scat vocals, recently herded together four youngsters from the Philly-Trenton area and under the aegis of

Universal Attractions, the Gotham jazz r & b agency, has toured at this writing through the South and Mid-West.

A January date at Red Hill Inn, Harvey Hosten's Birdland in the pines, and a February 14 gig at the Land, itself, will enable *Nome* readers to catch the unit first-hand.

"Our book is quite diversified," says the mustachioed reed man (he's blowing alto, clarinet, and the ponderous bass sax in addition to tenor and bari), "and I don't think you could label the group as 'cool,' 'progressive,' etc. We just have a happy ball."



Despite that disclaimer, one can easily spot the boppish outlook for in that book are such tried and true Ventura chestnuts as *Euphoria*, *East of Suez*, *High On An Open Mike*, plus *Parley v & B*, all classic examples of the hard bop-swing Ventura method.

Guitarist Billy Bean, a 24-year-old "Welshman" from North Philly can be said to be the veteran of the CV group. Billy's Kesselish way with an up-tempo sparked a recent Ventura LP on Baton, but he's the only one left from the Mousey Alexander-Dave McKenna-Kenny O'Brien days.

Trenton, N.J. owns the rhythm section. Six-foot-one, 131-pounder Johnny Coates, Jr., 19, who could be doubling for L & M cigarettes on the long shots, is the swinging, intense youngster profiled by this writer in a 1955 copy of *METRONOME*. He caught Charlie's ear in June, 1956, when CV came down to play for the kid's senior prom at Ewing High. Johnny's first album, *Portrait on Savoy* with Kenny Clarke and Wendell Marshall in supporting roles, has pleased Ossie Cadena mightily by the way it's been selling.

On bass is little Gus Nemeth, 19, who is thoroughly imbued with the philosophy, that you gotta move. He impressed Charlie a couple of seasons back at the New Sherwood Lounge in Trenton, sitting in with him for two weeks. A faraway look in his eyes, even during the most frantic tune, tips you off to his utter enchantment with jazz.

Drummer Tony DeNicola, who owns a little nitery called the Hi Hat Club where the group began rehearsing, is 29,

a veteran of the Roy Ross house band on WNEW, and "a guy who lays down steady time. He doesn't get in your way." Charlie. Tony's strong resemblance to Yul Brynner, the bald actor of the stage, draws big yucks wherever the group goes.

The group's initial date at the Ball 'N' Chain, Miami Beach jazz spot, evoked raves and this sort of thing kept happening at the Brass Rail in Chicago and Peacock Alley in St. Louis. Vet jazzmen like Kai Winding, George Shearing, Les Brown, and Babs Gonzales came back two and three times to exult in the ebullience of the group.

"These are the best kids I've ever had . . . they're dead serious about it . . . prompt, obliging, responsible," he adds. "Just having them around and watching them jell has taken a load off my mind. And it's a definite advantage to have them reside so close to me. We can all assemble in less than an hour and work out our book."

Don Plumeri, who used to be Charlie's personal manager and now handles his bookings for Universal, tells me he's trying to set up a Latin-American tour in the Spring and some West Coast dates. In the meantime, Charlie and Don have been huddling with Bethlehem Records with an eye to possible sessions in the future.

"Later, I hope to get some writing from Manny Alabam and Al Cohn, two guys I've had long associations with, but the main thing is to keep working and wailing with these kids. To paraphrase that thing Frank sings—"They Make Me Feel So Young."—SOL WEINSTEIN



**BILL HITZ** and his Orchestra prove that the West Coast jazz scene is excitingly creative in *Music For This Swingin' Age*. Intensely stimulated by Bach, Berg, Stravinsky, Milhaud, composer, arranger, clarinetist Hitz and his teacher, "Spud" Murphy, here develop 6 originals and 6 standards on a 12-tone system of equal intervals, arriving at an essentially horizontal style. Bernhart, Collette, Wiggins, Counce, Bunker and others add their impressive talents. Perhaps the most important jazz album to be issued this year. Decca Long Play DL 8392 (available on Extended Play 45).

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*Ventura's new group—drummer Tony DeNicola, bassist Gus Nemeth—pianist Johnny Coates is not shown, guitarist Billy Bean is standing directly behind Ventura.*



Paul Horn and John Pisano, the two new members of the Chico Hamilton group. therein lies the hope.

## What Price Jazz

Students at the University of Maryland are pondering a recurring question which has appeared here before—"What Price Jazz?"

The question is a natural one that doesn't appear in the examination books, but alas, must be answered when the time comes to pay the pipers: in this case, the Gerry Mulligan Quartet, Australian Jazz Quintet and J. J. Johnson and Co.

These attractions (plus a rock 'n' roll combo) played an artistically successful November concert under the aegis of Maryland's senior class. The fact that jazz came back to the campus at all was notable when one remembers that six years ago, one of Woody Herman's wailing Herds was booked in for a Dixieland concert.

Of course, precious little Dixie was played that night, much to the delight of the hip who came from considerable distances to hear Herman and much to the equal dismay of the student body which was lured in on the promise of two-beat.

In any event, jazz made a nice comeback at Maryland to one of the most attentive audiences this writer has ever been a member of. Washington records show proprietor Bill Mayhew was a relaxed and informative emcee, and in most cases, a good sound setup conquered the difficulties posed by the cavernous field house in which the concert was held.

The Johnson group, with Bobby Jasper's tenor and flute replacing Kai on the front line, did an hour-long set highlighted by the Johnson sound on *Thou Swell*, *My Old Flame* and the familiar *Groove of Bags*. Jasper's *Old Devil Moon* was his best offering and pianist Tommy Flannigan showed well in the few solo spots afforded him. The uneven drums of Elvin Jones hurt the ensemble and left Flannigan with the task of keeping things moving.

The Australians, who seem to make up in impeccable musicianship what they lose in spontaneity, turned out a beautiful treatment of a Bill Holman

original (the name of which was lost in the rafters), and a wailing *Lady Is A Tramp* in the bassoon-flute voicing with Earl Buddin's bassoon providing one of the most imaginative excursions of the program.

Messers. Mulligan and Brookmeyer, getting the best support of the evening from Bill Crow and Dave Bailey, once again displayed their unique esprit de corps that emerges in sound as an endless succession of seemingly effortless improvisations, merged into a single voice.

Their familiar *Valentine* demonstrated this best when at times, the interplay of ideas was almost eerie, replete with suggestions of notes unplayed that to the ear, were there to be heard.

The familiar ones—*Soft Shoe (Too Marvelous)*, *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, *Bernie's Tune* and newer material, including a well-situated *Motel*, added up to a well-paced and thoroughly enjoyable hour.

This was the music, now to pay the pipers.

In spite of the attendance of approximately 1,500, the senior class found itself holding a \$1,400 bag, according to reliable campus reports. This may bar future programs which had already been planned with Louis Armstrong tentatively scheduled as the next attraction.

Perhaps the steady diet of small groups was too advanced a program for a starter in a venture of this type. All we know is that everyone seemed to be listening, and we hope, learning.

The extent to which the lesson "took" could best be shown by the reception of the rock 'n' roll combo, billed as the Original Jones Boys, which closed the show.

When the Mulligan group finished and the Joneses, decked out in real jazzy crimson suits, came on, the audience arose nearly en masse to leave the frantic atmosphere. The Joneses were real gone, but so was the audience and therein lies the hope.

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## MILLER - McKINLEY

(Continued from page 17)

the more up-tempo when Ray sits at the drums and provides the time. As a matter of fact, the band probably swings more than it ever did under the direction of Glenn himself. One thing that always annoyed any number of musical, and dance band observers, was the tightness, the stiffness with which the sections played. It always seemed as though the style of the band, its trademark, held the band too closely together. The union was so closely knit that there seldom was a good swinging freedom. This band, perhaps because 15 years of jazz history and musical history in general, has gone by, plays with a much looser feeling. That is the one real and distinct difference. Even on tunes like *In The Mood* and *American Patrol* the band seems to spread out more.

One particular thing that the band employs, the one thing incidentally, that proved the insurmountable hump for so many of the other Miller-styled bands of the past, is the distinctive brass reed sound. As Ray McKinley describes it, "You've got to have that individual Miller sound in everything you do. The people come to hear it, and if you play *Little Brown Jug*, for instance, with that old Miller sound you've got to play a pop tune like *I Could Have Danced All Night* with it too." The band has an arranger named Joe Carbari who does just that, arrange everything in the Mil-

ler tradition. "The thing that most of the people that tried to get the Miller sound forgot, was that the clarinet lead was only a part of the sound, not the entire thing. The relation of the trombone harmony parts to that reed sound; plus the fact that Glenn actually played a trombone part himself. This made the section four trombones and not three as it appeared, all three of these things gave the Miller sound not just one as it would seem at first glance." The one really striking thing about the band, especially on the up-tunes, is the way the Charlie Parker influenced alto of Lennie Hambro, and Lester Young-Al Cohn-ish tenor of Ray Black cuts out of the Miller-sound ensemble, especially when your ear is tuned to expect Tex Beneke's tenor.

This is the new band of Glenn Miller, a composite of those four Miller devices, the rhyming words that a bride is supposed to heed at wedding time. The *Something Old*, is the Miller sound; the *Miller tradition*. *Something New*, are the startling solos (in contrast to that Miller sound), of Lennie Hambro and Ray Black. *Something Borrowed* is Ray McKinley, a wonderful show business personality and the most natural of bandleaders. And *Something Blue*, is the whole aura of an era past that this band conjures up nightly.

—JACK MAHER

## ART BLAKEY IN ST. LOUIS

(Continued from page 26)

the Jazz Messengers did just about that.

In making demands of the audience, Art Blakey is most abundantly capable of holding to his part of the bargain. Nobody works harder than Blakey. He is all over the drums, utilizing everything within reach—rims, shells, cymbal stands—everything but the drum key. He whips the group with a beat that carries everybody along (you can almost feel the motion). His resourcefulness seems unlimited. He produces an amazing variety of sounds—always shading, punctuating and at strategic moments inserting that renowned press roll of his. And when he plays that press roll, you don't just *almost* feel the motion. He can lift you right out of your chair.

Starting his roll at a whisper, Art begins to lean back on his drum stool (his drum seat looks like one borrowed from a motorcycle); his eyes widen, his mouth opens as the sound swells. Suddenly he digs in with those brawny arms and brings things up to a roar.

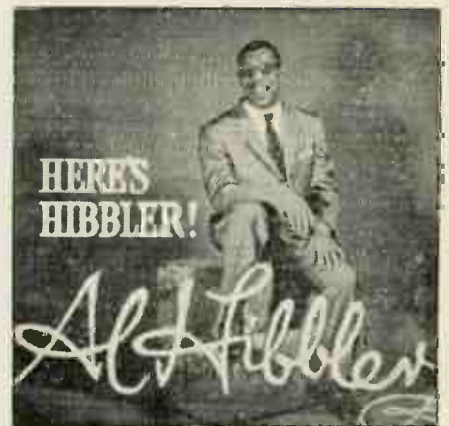
The crescendo effect of Art's press

roll is enhanced by his use of the bass drum on which he uses a pedal-flutter technique. In fact, Art's use of the bass drum can safely be described as fantastic. On the most *up* of up-tempo he plays a full-four and beyond that he's likely to go into a series of bass drum triplets. Unquestionably, Art does as much with one bass drum as any of the twin-bass boys.

As busy a drummer as he is, Art always plays *for* and not against the group. Discounting some odd moments when his enthusiasm overpowers his taste, Art is never in the way. The beat sails along and all his effects and accents, big and little, fall into place. He is very conscious of the group sound and he has reason to be pleased with that sound and the men who produce it.

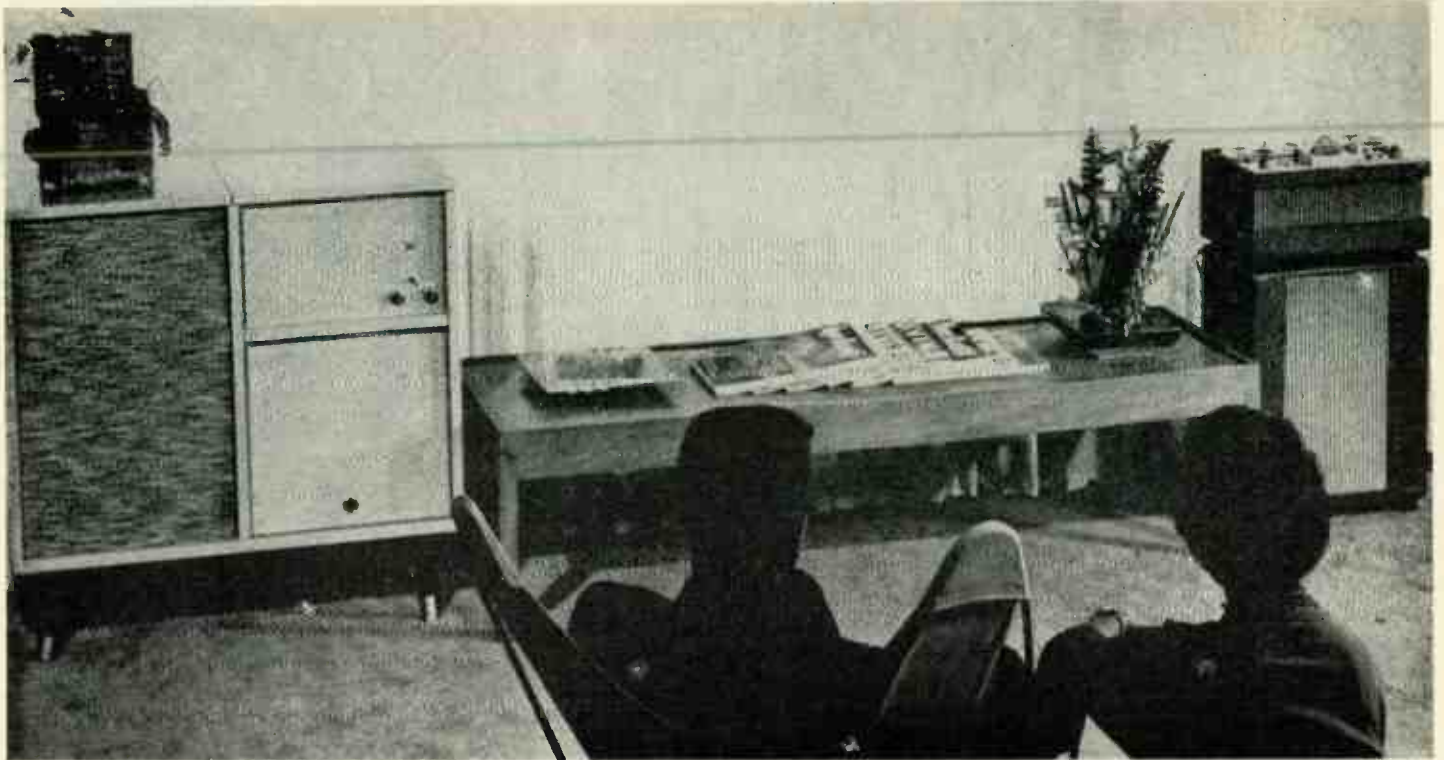
Art's present unit is actually the *new* Jazz Messengers inasmuch as Donald Byrd, Horace Silver et al have departed. In their places Blakey has four youngsters (he says jokingly they were all

(Concluded on page 42)



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## What's Wrong With This Picture?

What's wrong with this picture? Take a close look. Aside from the fact that the two pictured people are breaking all the rules of stagecraft—their backs are towards the audience—this seems a simple, quiet and comfortable picture of modern American living. Pictured above you'll find an expanse of closely woven wall-to-wall carpeting, the most up to date equipment for musical reproduction and chairs and furniture that have that clear and concise functionalism; the hallmark of modern design.

But there's still something wrong with the picture. Obviously these people are members of the ever-widening jazz listening audience. Their audio equipment would seem to indicate too, that they, as you, have a firm belief in the best of possible reproduction. But take a look at the literature spread upon the coffee table, it is there that the something wrong occurs.

Nowhere is either *METRONOME* or *THE METRONOME JAZZ YEARBOOK* to be seen.

We suspect that most probably this young couple pursue the hit or miss method of obtaining their *METRONOME* publications, waiting until the last minute to procure their copies at the newsstand and then being disappointed when they are met by a shrug and "Sorry we're sold out" by that vendor. This is understandable because

individual issues of *METRONOME* and *JAZZ 1956*, *THE METRONOME YEARBOOK* disappear quickly from newsstands. They have a reputation of covering the jazz scene with authority, insight and integrity. It just seems a shame to us that anyone should be without *METRONOME* publications, when having them, and all the information they contain, could be everyone's.

The simplest way to have *METRONOME* and the forthcoming *YEARBOOK, JAZZ 1957*, is to have it come directly to your home by mail. Why take a chance on missing out at the newsstand? Why have the perpetual anxiety that comes with playing a game of chance. By filling out the coupon at bottom right, *METRONOME* can be yours at the special subscription rates: \$3.50 for a year and \$6.00 for two years. (Add an additional \$1.00 for foreign postage.) *JAZZ 1957* can be yours, as a subscriber, for \$0.75, whereas it sells for \$1.25 to non-subscribers. If you're concerned with the permanency, as a subscriber you can obtain a hard cover *JAZZ '57* for \$1.75, where as it costs \$2.25 for non-subscribers.

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## Campus Concerts Can Hurt Jazz

Serious damage is being done to jazz at the college level. It is affecting the jazz musician, the music he plays and the listening audience.

On college campuses throughout the country, jazz clubs and societies, student clubs and merely parties interested in obtaining revenue for various college organizations are programming so-called "Jazz Concerts." Some are well-presented by students who have some insight into jazz and its numerous aspects. Others, however, are presented by persons who know next-to-nothing about jazz and particularly how to present it to student bodies and the general public in the form of concerts. These persons, in some cases, have assumed officership of jazz clubs and thus are looked upon by "club members" as exponents of jazz.

Examples of these incapacities within and without schools is evident everywhere. Jazz clubs and societies, mushrooming throughout the nation, can be wonderful vehicles for the advancement and appreciation of jazz. Most are striving to accomplish specific purposes in the field of jazz and are performing outstanding contributions to jazz.

But there is the other side of the picture. All is not "peaches and cream" as it may appear.

This writer knows of three jazz clubs, two within schools, in the New York metropolitan area which are fronted by persons who in no way are jazz musicians or have ever studied jazz music. They have set themselves up as leaders of jazz clubs, a position of "know-how" and responsibility, without meeting these requirements other than being "organizers." In many cases they have gained a following of members who are accomplished, sincere, jazz musicians who in some way get a feeling of security by belonging to a club which is devoted to the music they play.

A person heading a jazz club *must* have some working knowledge of jazz and its many intricacies. He is dealing with an art form that has many followers, perhaps more than any other type of music. As the leader of a club devoted to jazz, he is responsible to these people and to jazz itself.

Moreover, persons presenting jazz concerts who are not in any way qualified to do so are wreaking havoc with jazz and the future of jazz.

The most recent example of a "jazz

concert" which did untold damage to jazz and musicians, was held at a university in metropolitan New York in October.

It was sponsored by a student organization not in any way connected with jazz and was programmed by persons completely oblivious to the mechanics of jazz concerts and jazz.

The concert was advertised as beginning at 8:30 p.m. The curtain opened for the first number at 9:15. On stage was a group that had been introduced as a Dixieland band. The instrumentation consisted of five professional musicians, at least two who are relatively well-known. It was evident this was a "pick-up" group and sounded as such, through no fault of the musicians since they were "musical strangers."

This group performed one number and the curtain closed. It was now 9:25. The MC, a student and a member of the sponsoring organization came on stage and announced that the following group was modern and would play "modern sounds." This group consisted of four musicians, none under 40 years of age, who played an old standard originally written as a ballad with a vocal. This number was performed in a slow, almost waltz tempo, with no organization, and was in no way a jazz tune or performed as such. Following this one dance tune, the curtain closed once again. It was now 9:38 p.m. and two groups had already appeared in "concert."

The MC again came on stage and announced the following performer was a recording artist in the jazz world. The curtain parted and revealed a "musician" (?) at the piano, backed by the drummer from the Dixie group. This performer sang four numbers, two love songs, two semi-ballads, with the result that this set sounded like anything you might hear in a neighborhood bar that hires a pianist-singer to sing request tunes from the Gay '90's.

Once again the Dixie group came on-stage following an introduction by the MC who, in attempt to introduce the next tune, combined two Dixie standards into one title, thinking together they were the title of one tune, and completely confused the leader as to what he was to play by announcing the number as "*Basin Street on the South Rampart Street Parade.*"

Funny? Not very. Damaging to jazz? *Very.*

The "round robin" of opening and closing the curtain after one or two numbers by each group went on to constitute a so-called "Jazz Concert." The whole program wound up being a farce at the expense of the audience (tickets were just under \$2.00 per).

Needless to say, persons left the concert feeling that if this is what a "Jazz Concert" is like, they would be far better off watching television at home. Worse, the audience was comprised of young students eager to hear this much-talked about art-form known as jazz. Most of them were disappointed and given a very bad misconception of jazz.

The irony of the whole situation is that the MC, at the beginning of the concert announced that "This concert marks the first of a series to be presented by . . . during the school year."

It's a good bet that many of these students in the audience of this first concert will still be suffering from a bad taste at the time of the next "Jazz Concert" at the school, no matter who appears, and will be home watching television the night it happens.

What happens if some night a good concert is presented by reliable persons at this school? How do you convince the students to attend in the light of the damage already done in the past?

---

### Paul Bley

(Continued from page 8)

a performance level for his music is known as *composer's piano*. Brubeck is a successful composer when he and Desmond are creating something compositionally, but at the price the listener has to pay, ploughing through the pounds of material Brubeck would have discarded were he writing.

Kansas City revisited. On our fourth week-end off we went to Kansas City we noticed the wonderful grooving feeling the musicians had in their playing. Jay McShann is a sweet guy and the local jazzmen gave us a warm welcome.

In summing up, as far as I'm concerned, a jazz concert at a college by a group with a: 1. planned program, 2. a brief lecture to pacify the educational desires of the teachers, 3. a request number, and 4. a drum solo composition to close with.

# American Music

Jacques Barzun: *Music in American Life*. Pub. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. \$2.75.

Mr. Barzun has written a book that will probably make many ivory tower intellectuals mad for he has quite frankly examined our present culture with an unjaundiced eye and come up with conclusions which are not at all pessimistic. He disclaims any attempt to be all-inclusive. His approach is rather that of an observer who has set down certain facts about our musical life which might be expanded on by some future musicologist. The author points out that interest in music of all kinds in this country has grown fantastically in the last 30 years. Largely due to recordings and radio. To quote . . . "That the machine, uncontrolled, creates distress and therefore must be tamed, no one disputes: but that it can serve our well-being, physical and spiritual, is no less a fact. One need not count 'musical man-hours' to prove a net addition to the country's enjoyment since the radio and orthophonic discs invaded our homes some thirty years ago." I think the import of Barzun's book is that before this country can develop cultural roots it has to accept certain basic facts and accept the preoccupation with the machine and mass media, taking the disadvantages along with the advantages. In his section on jazz, Mr. Barzun doesn't seem overly sympathetic but it is characteristic of the range of his thinking that he quotes David Reisman, re the 1954 Newport Jazz Festival . . . "The danger exists . . . of assuming that the 'other' audience, the audience one does not converse with, is more passive, more manipulated, more vulgar in taste than may be the case. One can easily forget that things that strike the sophisticated person as trash may open new vistas for the unsophisticated; moreover, the very judgment of what is trash may be biased by one's own unsuspected limitations, for instance, by one's class position or academic vested interest." All in all, this is a book full of fresh ideas about the state of music in America today. I hope it enjoys a large circulation for it says some very vital things which have needed saying for a long time.—HALL OVERTON



# Arranging

Charlie Shirley  
Discusses  
String Sections

Today we hear more and more popular music by large orchestras where the strings are the predominant feature. Whether it's because of the many television orchestras or because of the recent boom in vocal music employing strings for a large part as background I don't know. This I DO know, however. The modern arranger had better be prepared to handle strings as well as he does brass and saxes.

By "strings" we mean, of course, the stringed instruments of the violin family. (Violin, viola, cello, and string bass.) All these use basically the same technique in playing and what you say about one goes largely for the others. Naturally, we will be plagued by exceptions and qualifications as always.

In one sense strings are easy to write for as it's pretty hard to make them sound really bad. On the other hand they're difficult because there are so many different ways of using them. There are numerous methods of voicing, doubling, bowing, plucking, and because of their considerable range many choices of register with the resultant change of mood, color and emotional content. *Because* the strings are so versatile, conversely, they are also easy to write for as you have such a wealth of material to use. The trick is in knowing when and how to use this wealth.

The most popular pit fall you'll find in arranging string music is actually a mental attitude. There is a great tendency among arrangers to think in terms of the piano keyboard when they are scoring. With most instruments this is no problem but with strings it is a decided disadvantage. A jump on the piano of two octaves means a swoop of thirteen inches for the pianist's hands. On the violin, the player may play the same notes two octaves apart and not move his hand at all but only one finger. If he does have to move his hand it can only be an inch or two. The larger strings, of course, must move further but still nothing like the distance the pianist's hands do. So you can readily see that passages that are an impossibility on the piano are quite readily played on the violin. If you are not aware of this fact you will not be able to take advantage in full of the versatility of the strings. Forget the piano and its mechanical aspect when writing for strings.

I must also point out to arrangers who are used to the brass-sax kind of writing another fact of string life. You'll find that you can't give the strings the type of syncopated phrases that the saxes and brass toss off so easily. Given such sophisticated syncopation they sound either highly ridiculous or downright corn-ball. Here and there you'll find a *solo* violinist that can swing, but, more than one just doesn't work. Pizzicato can sometimes be used to get a syncopated effect but it's not smooth nor can it be interpreted as the brass and saxes do it. You're no doubt familiar with *Holiday For Strings* where you will find such a pizzicato effect in the seventh bar. I won't say that a concerted syncopated chorus hasn't been written for strings that sounds well, but I'd advise you not to try it until you're familiar with the instruments.

Next issue we'll get into the technical aspect of the string section a little more. There's a lot of material to cover here.

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# Drums

Jim Chapin  
Discusses  
Confidence

The most important single attribute that a drummer can possess is confidence in his sense of time. I've known some quite successful players who had little else. Conversely, I have known some otherwise sensational drummers who never got off the ground because their self-doubts interfered with their basic rhythm-sense. Though it may be a long process to get through to some individuals' basic time-sense, it is my contention that everybody can swing on drums if he is able to put the time and thought into being a natural player. To play well in jazz, above all, the player must feel happy or at least secure about the quality of the music he is projecting. In nature, the laws of inertia, the pendulum effect, the drip of a faucet, the female cycle, the motion of the earth in relationship to the solar system, and the whole structure of physical motion are concerned, partially at least, with regular periodicity or a steady even beat. If the drummer can get his body to move in its most natural manner while performing the rituals connected with his art, he *must* keep time. There's no escaping it. It's a natural law. Among the most common devices in mechanics are the wheel, the piston, and the pendulum and various combinations of these actions are applicable to the rhythm-playing motions. The right-hand cymbal rhythm, the bass drum and the left foot on the hi-hat, should have a round feel or an in-and-out and back-and-forth feel. (More laws of physical motion.)

So you are a drummer. You are talented but you play tentatively, in a word "scared." How do you overcome it? Get mad? Get drunk? At best these are only temporary aids. The time has come for self-analysis. We are going to untie these knots from the inside. Ask yourself, "Fear causes me to perform which actions in an unrelaxed manner?" Sit down at the drums and play some time on the top cymbal with the bass drum and hi-hat working. "Where is my strength?" "Which component, the top cymbal, the bass drum, or the two and four on the hi-hat, expresses my rhythmic message with the most clarity?" "Where does my swing come from?" "Which body motion or attitude helps and which hinders it?" "When things are going well, by what physical or mental procedure did they get that way?" "When they are not, in what part of my body does the discomfort and rigidity settle?"

When the human body is free to perform the drummers' rhythmic tasks with little conscious effort and some musical perceptiveness, the basic necessities of jazz playing have been acquired. The force that works against this and destroys the balance of the human fly-wheel is simply fear of failure. As F. D. R. once said, "The only thing we have to fear, is fear itself."

## JAZZ OBLIGATIONS

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(Continued on page 40)



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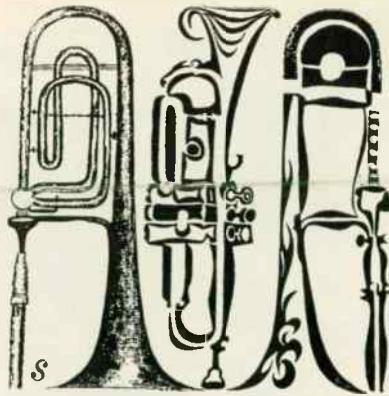
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# Brass

Eddie Bert  
Discusses  
Transposing



I believe it is a big help to be familiar with basic fundamental chord structure. You should, at least, know how chords are built and be able to play major, minor, augmented, diminished, sixth and seventh chords in any key on your instrument.

Each note in a major scale can be given a number or name for reference purposes (either 1, 2, 3, etc., or do, re, mi, etc. or tonic, supertonic, mediant, etc.). For this article, I will use numbers. In the C major scale, for instance, C would be one; D would be two; E, three; F, four; G, five; A, six and octave C, eight. Using the same system, you can do the same with any other major or minor scale.

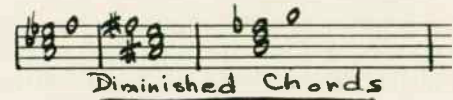
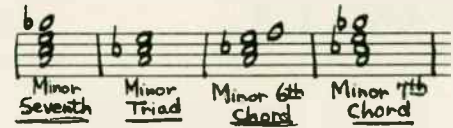
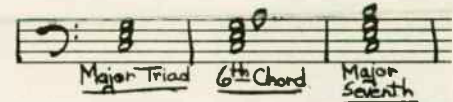
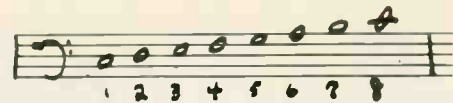
The major triad of each key is made up of the first, third, and fifth degrees of each scale, i.e., C major would be one-C, three-E, and five-G. If you add the sixth note (A), you have a major sixth chord. Add the seventh degree to the triad and you have a major seventh chord. Flat the seventh degree and you have a minor seventh. Flattening the third in the triad gives you a minor triad.

Raising the fifth a half step gives you an augmented sound. There are four basic augmented chords (see examples), after that they are just inversions of the same chords.

Diminished chords are built on minor thirds, i.e., C, E flat, G flat, A (see examples). There are three basic diminished chords; after that they are inversions.

Practice the given examples (which are all in the key of C), transpose them to other keys and you'll see how you can get enjoyment out of the transposing and also get familiar with your horn. All these chords have functions which can be learned in a course in harmony, but I won't go into this here.

These are many other chords and variations on chords. These given here are the basic ones and present a place to get started.



The reason I brought chords up was to try to get you to play them on your horn. I leave it to you to put them to good musicians' use.

## LETTER WRITING

(Continued from page 39)

You live in America and, like most Americans, you have a television in the house. Chances are the rest of your family don't care as much for jazz as you do and they spend many hours in front of the idiot box despite the avalanche of poor shows the medium is flooded with.

Much of this TV "entertainment" rubs off on you and slowly you're a victim of persecution as this national non-thinking habit grows and grows.

Persecution? Yes! There is some music on TV for everyone but you. They all have their periods but not the jazz lover. Hillbilly music? Yep! Polka Programs? Jah! Rock 'n' Roll? uh huh (ug)! Classical?—well the *Firestone Hour* anyway. Mickey Mouse Bands? Ah Welk! Pop singers? plenty of them—but where, oh where, is the jazz? Once in awhile after midnight on Steve's show—true but you can't stay up that late, you work for a living.

The non-creative souls who run television claim it's a minority music—but they underestimate what a large and still growing minority it is. This slavish devotion to audience ratings is what has ruined television.

Well what are you going to do about it? Why shouldn't a quality band of the Les Brown type appear on evening TV? Why not a regular one-half hour weekly out-and-out jazz show?

Are you, Mr. Jazz Fan going to let them walk all over you? You don't have to you know—the situation can be changed. How? By you—you've to stop being a lazy jazz fan—you've got to write the TV stations, the TV magazines, the networks, the newspapers and the critics. Tell them you are tired of TV's discrimination against jazz. You're not asking for much, just one show—and look at all the TV hours devoted to pure dull trash.

It's all up to you Mr. JF. If enough of you write to TV they'll find a place for the music. It can be done and I wish you'd start the campaign right now—ED MULFORD

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# Reeds

Teo Macero  
Begins  
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After more than a dozen years of playing the saxophone I think that I can shed some light on how one should go about picking out a good instrument.

In trying an instrument, whether it be saxophone or trumpet, try to have several to choose from. This is most important. Don't be that kind of person who says, "I'll take that shiny one in the window." Too much is at stake—intonation, feel, and blowing ease. One must consider all of these things.

Let's take intonation. It is of prime importance to have an instrument that is in tune. True, sometimes a performer can play out of tune on an in-tune instrument, but if he has a good mouthpiece and doesn't pinch too hard on the mouthpiece but just blows into the instrument naturally without any undue pressure, then I'm sure that he will play in tune.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if students of the saxophone or professionals could take along a Sigurd Rascher or a John La-Porta to help them select an instrument. Man, what horns we'd all have!

Play octaves and play them slowly. This is a quick way to tell whether an instrument is in tune or not. It is also a good idea to play other intervals.

For a final check on whether an instrument is in tune, play the overtones. It can be done on the saxophone by fingering low B $\flat$ . Then by applying a little pressure you will find that you have overblown the instrument at the octave. You keep doing this until you have completed the series, remembering always to check the overtone note with the correct fingering, like so:

## OVERTONES



Feel and blowing ease are two other important factors in picking out an instrument. The instrument must feel comfortable. It must feel like it was made for your fingers. The action must also be good. Poor action can slow one's technique considerably.

Blowing ease should also be your concern. If it is hard to play and requires a lot of effort, forget it and try another instrument. That's assuming that there are no leaks. Too much resistance is not good either. It is difficult enough just to finger and play the instrument without any undue obstacles.

If, after a preliminary test you are still not sure, take the instrument along with you on a trial basis. Using it one or two nights on a job should convince you one way or the other. One does not buy an automobile without first road-testing it.

Be punctilious about picking out your very close companion to be for at least the next ten years. If you do, you shall reap the harvest.

For further amplification of some of these points, write me.

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## ART BLAKEY IN ST. LOUIS

(Continued from page 35)

born in the late '30s and early '40s and he's not far wrong).

Art's associates in the rhythm section are Spanky DeBreast on bass and Sam Dockery on piano. Sam came to the Messengers from Buddy Rich. The out-of-tune piano at Peacock Alley made things painful for him, but Sam plays with authority and is an asset to the group.

Blakey calls bassist Spanky DeBreast "the work-horse," and rightfully. With Blakey at the helm most of the tempos are of the hard, driving variety. The job of keeping pace with Art is no easy one and calls for a bass man of both skill and endurance. Spanky is equal to the challenge. No matter how frantic the tempo, his sound comes through—firm, in-tune and swinging.

The two horns are Jackie McLean, alto and Bill Hardman, trumpet. McLean should be familiar to many from his various LP dates including some sides with Miles Davis. Jackie likes to explore and often ventures into the unknown with results that are sometimes dubious and sometimes a little squeaky, too. He's doing some writing and has turned out some interesting originals, among them *Minor March*. The *March* with its raw bebop intensity makes a fitting showpiece for Blakey. In this number, Art uses phosphorescent drum sticks—not a new idea but immensely effective in the hands of the aggressive Mr. Blakey. Talk about pyrotechnics—some of the fireworks manufacturers could easily develop a feeling of inadequacy watching Blakey at work.

In Bill Hardman, Art has uncovered a trumpeter of great promise. His playing right now is a delight, or to be more specific a delightful composite of Miles

Davis and the late Clifford Brown. Hardman's great promise lies in the eventual achievement of a more individual approach and less dependency on his two obvious idols.

It's an intriguing thing to watch Hardman because his physical appearance offers an uncanny reflection of his trumpet playing. He's not very tall, is of slight build and has some mannerisms reminiscent of Miles. Then when he hunches up his shoulders and blows, you can imagine a slimmer Clifford.

Bill's trumpet attack is clean and energetic and he seems to make just about everything he goes after. You'll hear outright quotes from Brownie's recorded solos and you'll hear that occasional crackle that Clifford had. Then in a chameleon-like switch Hardman can become glum, Miles-ish. When Bill plays with a mute the Davis stamp is most in evidence. Generally, he leans more toward Clifford.

Bill discounts any conscious influence and says, "I just play Bill Hardman." Well, regardless of what stylistic elements are contained in Hardman's approach to jazz trumpet, most certainly he plays. He's just 23 and has what should be a brilliant future. That future, however, includes the prospect of some military service. It will be tough if he has to leave the Messengers—tough for Bill and the Messengers.

With his Jazz Messengers, Art Blakey is laying it on the line. They deal in a blunt, hard-swinging, uncompromising brand of modern jazz. It's a bold approach that's paying off. Blakey did excellent business at Peacock Alley as many came back for a second or third time. They got the message.

—HARRY FROST

## THE WILD PARTY

(Continued from page 14)

The jazz-flavored background orchestrated by Buddy Bregman offers small relief from this dreary spectacle. In one all-too-brief nitery scene, the Buddy De-Franco Trio wails mightily. Persoff's one essay at the piano is handled (on the sound track) by Pete Jolly. But before he is even through his second chorus, Miss Grant throws a hysterical fit and breaks up the session.

This is more than a bad film. It is a gross insult to the intelligence and taste of every moviegoer in the country. Furthermore, it is a vicious assault on that body of mature and sensitive people who call themselves jazz fans.

Here is a case in which something can be done—and should be done immediately. Personal letters to Producer Sidney Harmon of Security Films, to United Artists Corporation in Hollywood, and to your local newspaper would accomplish two ends: they would register your protest, and also help to prevent this monstrosity from happening again.

Mr. Harmon has achieved one bit of enduring fame, however. For his production of *The Wild Party* is easily the worst film of the year.

Gene Feehan





## JAZZ TODAY



These are the first three copies of *Jazz Today* . . . They were placed in step form for a particular reason: reading from bottom to top you can see covers that typify the planning that goes into *Jazz Today*. Issue No. 1 was devoted to Count Basie and the Basie band; No. 2 pictures Shelly Manne and was devoted to the biggest moving force in jazz today, the small group; copy No. 3, the musicianless sax section, denoting discussions of jazz by the musicians themselves.

The step-like form points up the fact that we feel we're building something. We're building the most complete, authoritative jazz magazine on the market today. Within the pages of *JAZZ TODAY* you'll find information about all forms of jazz, Dixieland, Swing, and Modern as it's played today. That's the unique quality of *Jazz Today*, integrating the past with the present and forecasting the future.

The covers you see on this page are fast becoming collectors' items. They are virtually unavailable, we'll be happy however to supply you with copies from our fast-diminishing stock as long as it lasts, but to make sure in any case that you're not shut out on the *most complete* jazz magazine send in your subscription today.

# JAZZ

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