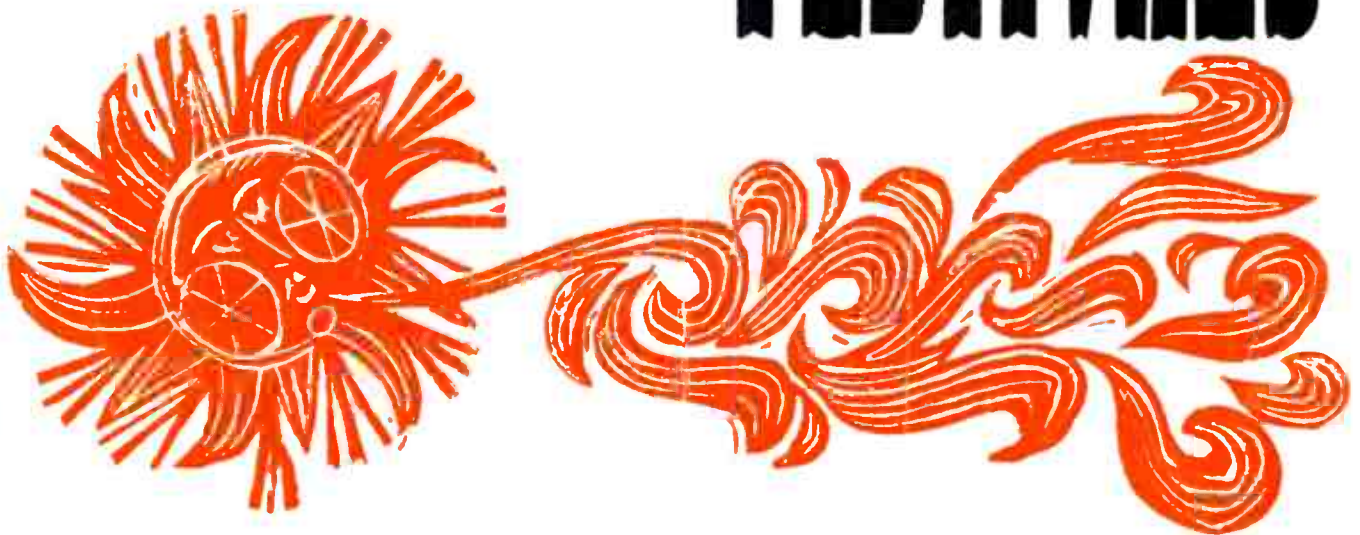


METRONOME

JULY 1960

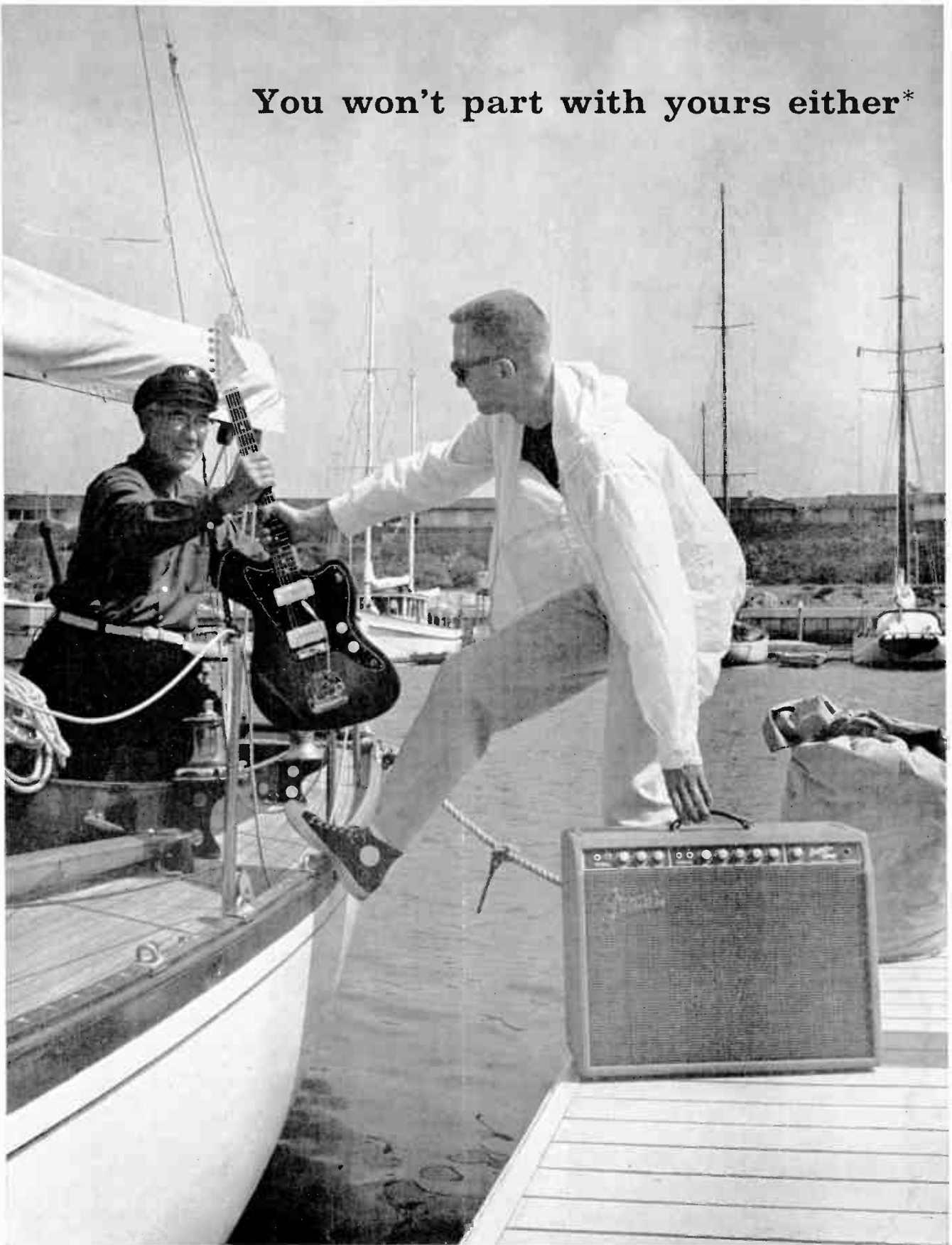
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SUMMER FOLK, CLASSICAL AND JAZZ FESTIVALS



JAMES JONES ON **JAZZ**

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NEWSLETTER

ON THE COVER: That Happy Old Sun, blowing so hotly on our cover this month, is the product of the talented Murray Tinkelman, a 27-year-old freelance illustrator, associated with the Charles E. Cooper Studios. A graduate of Cooper Union (commercial art) and Brooklyn Museum (fine arts), Mr. Tinkelman is a painter of stature with three one-man shows and national exhibitions to his credit.

CHARGE AND COUNTERCHARGE: Gerry Mulligan now denies that he ever told Dorothy Kilgallen that his big band appearance at Basin Street East was something of a rehearsal for other things. Much confusion continues because several people say that they heard Gerry say just that. Now both Gerry and Dorothy are unsure about just how far to take their argument.

OUR CHANGING SCENE: The two Denver, Colorado musicians' locals, one white and the other Negro, have merged, which should make things a little cooler for musicians traveling in that area.

WHY NO JAZZ: New York's Lincoln Center, whose purpose is to present all the performing arts, has provided for every one of them except jazz. The irony is clear enough, the answers are vague ("We will certainly take it under advisement"), but readers are urged to write Lincoln Center director, Mr. Allen, and suggest that some immediate steps be taken toward forming a board of jazz advisers which would present a unified program to The Center. One suggestion: the Newport board of directors could help.

BED AND BORED: Drummer Chico Hamilton, this issue's Triple Play visitor, collapsed at The Jazz Gallery; is now recovering from a difficult seige of pneumonia.

BIG LAW SUIT: Insiders predict just that because a big-time director was offended by a network television show recently and seems intent upon proving just how much a fraud is one of the entertainment business' newest personalities.

THE HUMAN COMEDY: An advertisement appeared in the Paris, France newspapers, offering two or three original manuscripts in exchange for twelve months' rent. Author William Saroyan, who placed the ad, said that there was not a single reply.

(Continued on page 51)

METRONOME

FEATURES

SUMMER MUSIC FESTIVALS

Outdoorsy words and pictures about sunny musical scenes and the people making those scenes..... 10

JAMES JONES ON JAZZ

The noteworthy author speaks from Paris about Django Reinhardt, jazz writing, anarchy and Beatniks..... 16

GUEST EDITOR: GEORGE WEIN

The man about festivals talks about festivals and the various and sundry ills they are heir to..... 5

THE QUALITY OF BELIEF

Humor Editor Jean Shepherd poses a burning question: how can a non-believer find a place in the fun?..... 9

DANCE ON THE MAINSTREAM

An honored critic from England, Stanley Dance, presents a candid and valuable view of trumpeter Shorty Baker..... 18

METRONOME REVISITED

Part two of our tour through surprise and Americana puts you smack dab in the war years and bop..... 20

FABLE BY GEORGE ADE

The Indiana humorist traces the brief but breathtaking career of beautiful young Lutie, who wanted to sing..... 22

MISTER AND MISSUS KENTON

Twin profiles of the noted leader and the notable young lady whose song style is more and more her own..... 24

HUMPHREY LYTTTELTON

The famous author-musician, a traditionalist turned modern, writes wittily of the thing called trad..... 49

DEPARTMENTS

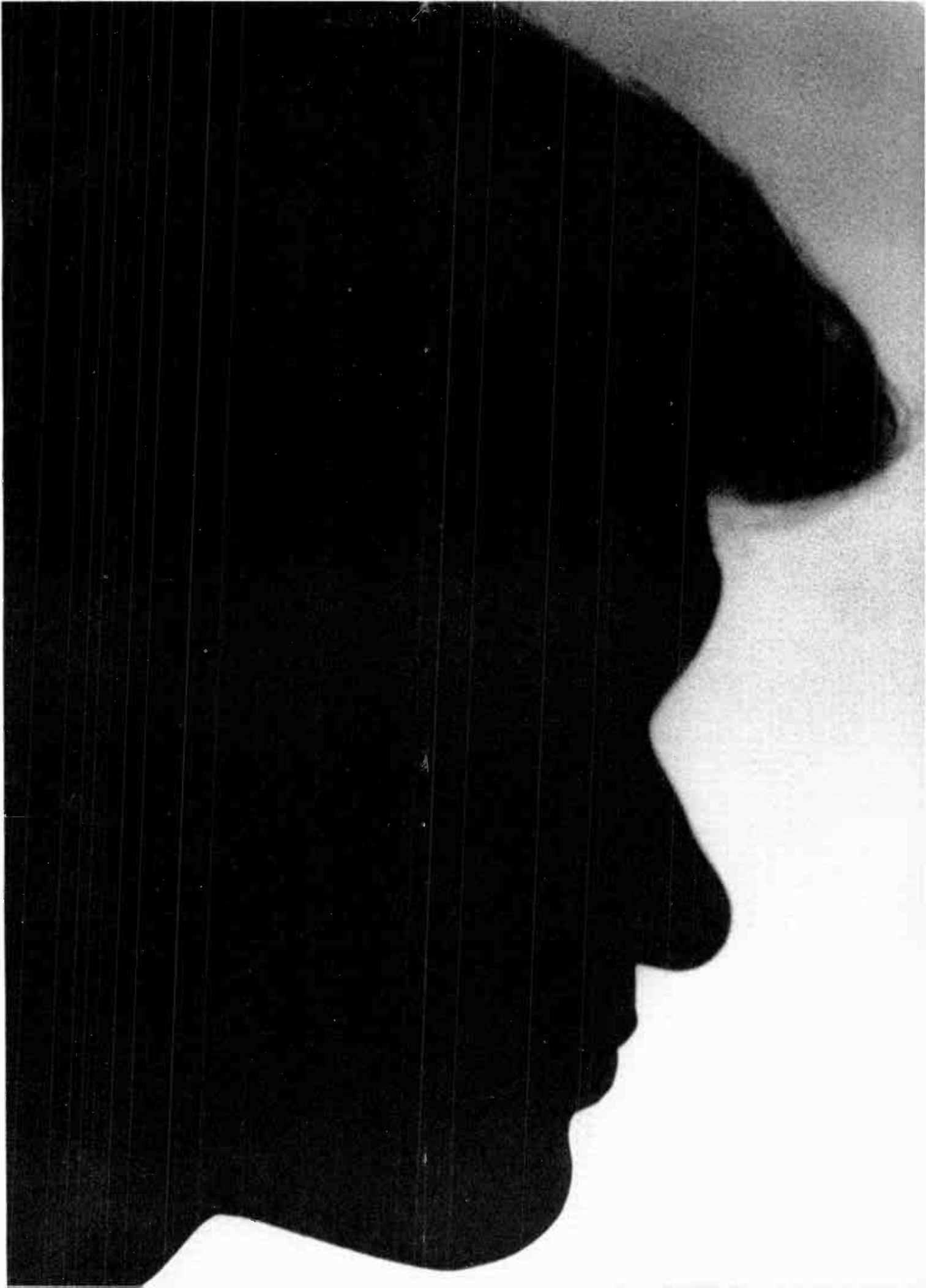
Readers' Forum	4	In Person	43
Around the World	6	Movies	43
Notes Between Sets	8	Television	46
High Fidelity	26	Down T'Bunny's	47
Record Reviews	32	Background Music	48
Disc Jockey Page	42	Editor's Page	50

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JAZZ PORTRAIT: Gerry Mulligan, whose music and presence dominates much of today's jazz scene, about whom we have something to say on page 43: Gerry, some shadow, much substance, a developing profile of real greatness.

Photo . . . Herb Snitzer





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READERS ARE INVITED TO CONTRIBUTE TO THIS DEPARTMENT. ALL LETTERS MUST BE SIGNED.

NARCOTICS NOTE

I want to express my appreciation for your notice of my article on jazz and narcotics in the book, *The Jazz Word*.

I might also take this opportunity to answer a point or two raised by the reviewer. Ted E. White is surprised at my speaking of cocaine and marijuana as *non-addicting*. I meant this in the technical sense that repeated use of neither causes *physical dependence* nor do the symptoms of the abstinence syndrome (withdrawal illness) set in if use of the drug is discontinued (for just one authority, let me cite David Maurer and Victor H. Vogel, *Narcotics And Narcotics Addiction*, p. 105).

I admit that there is a great semantic difficulty with the word *addiction*. Depending upon the writer, this word may have, besides the narrow pharmacological definition I use, legal and psychological connotations. These days, too, *anti-social behavior* makes use of some stimulants classifiable as *addiction*, according to many authorities.

Use of marijuana and cocaine often is *compulsive*, but these are based on psychological factors; they are not physiological. For this reason medical treatment for persons who have habitually used marijuana and cocaine is not the ordeal it is for those people who have become addicted to opiates, since non-use does not bring on withdrawal illness. To quote Maurer & Vogel again: "The problem in treatment for users of these drugs is one of physical isolation from drugs, psychiatric management, and emotional readjustment in an effort to enable the user to live without the abnormal mental stimulation obtained from cocaine alone" (p. 174).

White gently chided me for not mentioning peyote. I did not feel that it had enough currency in jazz circles to warrant the specialized discussion it would deserve. Perhaps a greater sin of omission was the failure to go into the habitual use of barbiturates; this is a prevalent and dangerous thing.

In regards to peyote, I recommend to your readers' attention an article that appeared in *Science* (114:582-583) in 1951 by LaBarre, McAllester, Slotkin, Stewart and Tax, entitled "Statement On Peyote." Also "Peyote and the Definition of Narcotic" by Carroll G. Barber in the *American Anthropologist*, August 1959. The latter article also goes into the thorny semantic problem of defining *narcotic* and *addiction* accurately.

Thanks again for the kind words about my piece. Best regards,

Gary Kramer
New York City

TONDELAYO'S DOVES

It was very rewarding, and a source of personal satisfaction, to view your handsome new cover on the newsstands again. Long life and a big circulation to you.

I must correct the only error I was able to find in the entire issue. The Melzer Validascope had its facts confused and reported, incorrectly, that Dom Cerulli once toured the US as the world's tallest midget. The fact of the matter is that Mr. Cerulli toured the US and Canada *with* the world's tallest midget, Ferris Benda.

The tour was made by a package including the Bob Chester band, Tondelayo and her doves, comedian Mel Kleiner, and singers Bob Shock and Imogene Lindermann. Mr. Cerulli and Mr. Benda had to drop out of the tour during its third month at the lovely Concourse Plaza Grille in Bronx, N. Y., when Mr. Benda was stricken with a serious communicative illness.

Mr. Benda suffered an attack of measles (he was really not quite big enough to have more than one), and had to retire from show biz to his farm in rustic Queens, N. Y., where he writes many liner notes for leading record companies, cereal manufacturers, and the Lockheed Aircraft Co.

Mr. Cerulli, whose meteoric career may be hampered by the Validascope's misinformation, is actually seven feet tall, weighs 309 pounds, is in robust good health, and has sparkling blue eyes, a tribute to his Nordic forebears.

Affably,
Nordic Forebear
(Dom Cerulli)
New York City

BENDA'S DOVES

Don't believe a damn word about me uttered or written by anybody!

Sincerely yours,
Ferris Benda

MANN CHEERS

Just dug your June issue. It's wild, the freshest thing in the field, a real swinging book. Lots of luck and continued success.

Herbie Mann
New York City

MANCINI CHEERS

Here's to all of you for a rousing success in the new venture.

Hank Mancini
Northridge, California

DOWNBEAT CHEERS

BILL COSS, METRONOME: CONGRATULATIONS ON NEW ISSUE. IT LOOKS VERY FINE. WE'RE ALL GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK, BEST.

GENE LEES
Chicago, Ill.

GUEST EDITOR: GEORGE WEIN

Perhaps the summer jazz festival is just a fad.

We certainly don't think so at Newport. Other producers, such as at Monterey or Randall's Island, don't believe that. Our new organization, PAMA (my partnership with promoters Ed Sarkesian and Al Grossman) is based on the durability of the festival season.

But there are some gloomy signs. There have been so many festivals over the years, and there are more new festivals than old. Only two seem to have really established permanence—Newport and Randall's Island—although Monterey and French Lick are coming along despite the fact that they are not yet out of the financial woods.

Two things may eventually destroy festivals, with only Newport and Monterey remaining because they are run by dedicated people and not as a business enterprise alone. The first of these is that the general adverse criticism by professional critics has not affected the public reaction to festivals, but it has made artists cautious or even obstreperous about appearing at them. Many established artists have little desire to appear at festivals because, while the public may appreciate, critics are very hard on the performances that they have heard before. George Shearing, Erroll Garner, the Modern Jazz Quartet and Benny Goodman are all reluctant to put themselves in that position.

The second threat is because of a financial misconception. Many artists think that festivals have tremendous profits. This is anything but true. Nevertheless, artists now propose a festival price which is considerably more than a concert or nightclub price. Anyone who feels that festivals can carry the costs of double or triple what artists used to receive as short a time as two years ago, is just not facing up to reality.

Naturally, if a festival draws ten thousand people a night it has a chance for financial success. But many musicians and practically all fans do

not know that festivals throughout the country last year averaged less than five thousand people a night. They don't consider, either, that a festival has advertising and publicity costs, expenses for setting up the field, maintaining a staff, and so on. It takes about six months of organization for a festival. All this represents a great deal of money. Where a concert promoter would be able to make a profit with twenty-five hundred attendance, the festival promoter, using the same artists, would lose heavily because of all his additional costs.

Overhead is the really big problem. While critics have criticized the length of the Newport programs—

perhaps, artistically, they are right—only a few artists (say, Garner or Goodman) are big enough box office names to bring sufficient crowds to pay the overhead. As a consequence, the festival has to present a galaxy of stars.

In any case, I can't feel very defensive about that. This year there will be less artists at Newport. It may make for a better program. But I am glad that we had the past years when so many artists were presented, many of them debuting groups which have become important in jazz. That will probably never happen again, and I'm sorry about it, because the chances are that in cutting *quantity* we may very well have lost some *quality*.

The original concept at Newport was to give *all* of jazz as big an audience as possible. That is not going to happen. Now the big artists are taking all the money. We are spending more than ever before and getting less. And the crowds aren't getting any larger. One answer for this problem, for giving security to a festival, would be underwriting against financial loss, either by a civic group or by some big business. Still and all, it's yet to be proven whether an audience of ten thousand really merits that kind of attention by a community or business.

But I'm still impressed with the business of festivals—as you might imagine. If there is a legitimate criticism of them it may be that despite all the audience they've built, have they done anything to contribute to the art form? That wasn't the original concept of the festival, though, and what does constitute a contribution anyway? Where did Charlie Parker come from?

At the very least, we have created a public for developments that do occur, and we have helped to raise the musicians' wages to the point where he needn't starve while waiting for those developments. Those are good enough reasons for me to hope that the summer jazz festival will become a permanent fixture on the American scene.



BILL SPILKA

AROUND THE WORLD WITH METRONOME

THE RADICAL

On a recent spring day in Manhattan sirens sang. Most citizens hid in subways, basements and under things, all of this lawful and proper, all of it a part of the annual Civil Defense Fifteen-Minute Hydrogen War Game.

Some citizens, however, including this one, did not pass GO, did not collect two hundred dollars, but went directly to City Hall Park to be a part of Civil Defense Protest Day. It was a cloudless, sunny afternoon, full of the scent of blossoming trees—a perfect day for a riot.

Estimates of how many of us were there ranged, for some reason, from 200 to 550 to 1,000. But whatever the number, nobody could question our diversity: short story writer Grace Paley, Dorothy Day of *The Catholic Worker*, novelists Kay Boyle and Norman Mailer, contingents from *The New Yorker*, *The Village Voice* and *The Jazz Review*, assorted genuine beatniks, students, white collar workers, non-white collar workers, camera pros and fans, and an organized group of mothers.

The easiest thing to do under the circumstances was to mull about, which we did with a vengeance. The time before the imaginary chaos descended was spent with Norman Mailer who gave two radio interviews standing up before he sat down for a third one.

"It's a drag," said Norman. "You have to answer the same questions over and over."

"You should have held a press conference," I said.

"You have to be pretty sure of yourself for that, not be a clutch-up. You know?"

Norman's note of caution seemed gratuitous, considering the crisp, fluent answers he directed toward the various microphones held out to him that afternoon. Asked what he thought of Civil Defense in general, he said: "It's ridiculous. It gives people the illusion they can survive the H bomb. They can't. Look at New York. It's obsolete, in a military sense. Seven million people. What do you do? Build an underground shelter the length of the city? Impossible. Even so, you wouldn't survive a direct hit. And if you did, what about fallout or starving to death? There's no real answer to the problem and people should realize there isn't. Take away their illusions."

Asked if the protest would help change anything, Norman said of course it would, next year there will be more people out here, and more the following year, until pretty soon you have a situation where the law becomes impossible to enforce, and therefore useless.

"Besides," he said, "a little civil disobedience now and then is a good thing. America's getting pretty dull. We need creative thinking, rebellion, protest. To discipline ourselves the way Russia does would be fatal. They'd murder us. Right now Russia is scared to death of us. Why? Because basically this is a wild country, they don't know what in the hell we're liable to do next. We should encourage this trait, not murder it with idiocy like Civil Defense."

When the mike men were through, we went over toward the center of things where police were beginning to gather. Two paddy-wagons had pulled up, one on each side of the park. Their tailgates were open and waiting.

We ran into Dwight MacDonald of *Esquire* who was in the midst of telling an editor of a new magazine that what America needs are strong-minded literary periodicals like England has. "Too many quarterlies here. You miss the feeling of timeliness, of controversy."

An energetic reporter from *The World-Telegram* broke into our circle and asked Norman if he really meant to stand there like that after the siren went off.

"Of course I am."

"What if they put you in jail?"

"Listen, politics is like sex. You've got to go all the way."

When the reporter asked me what I was doing there, I told him this whole thing was really a jazz demonstration, full of surprise and Americana. The reporter blinked, shook his head as if he hadn't quite understood, and wrote my answer down—incorrectly, as I was later to discover.

The siren sounded, Assistant Chief Inspector of the Civil Defense Auxiliary Police Henry G. Hearn placed everybody in the park under arrest. It was, of course, a theoretical arrest for most of us. Practical arrest claimed 26 persons, chosen at random, including a screeching girl hauled off by three of New York's finest. At no time did the girl's feet touch the ground. (We learned, later, that those arrested were sentenced to five days in prison.)

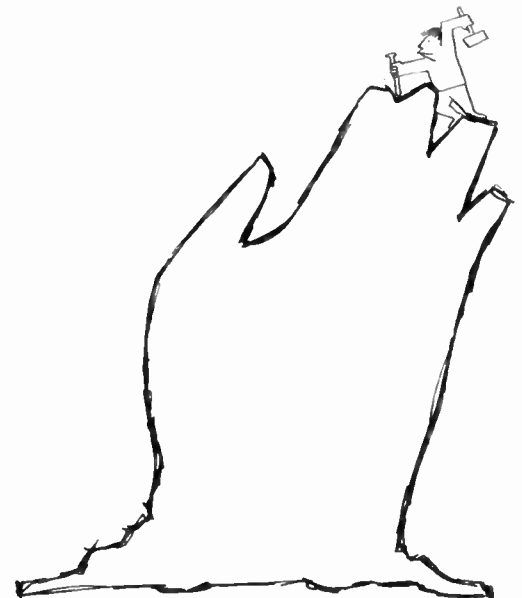
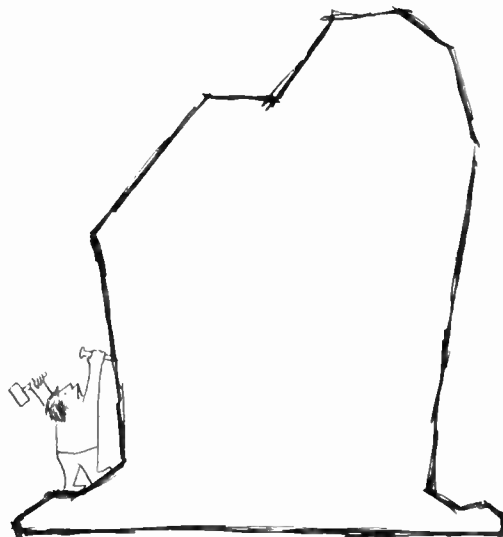
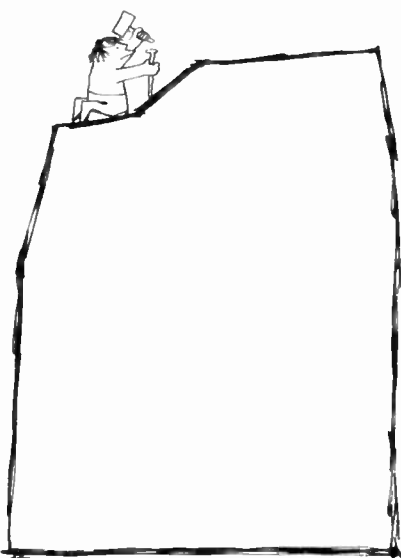
Meanwhile, the cameras were grinding, birds arched blithely through the air, and the sun shone as splendidly as ever. Somebody began singing *The Star Spangled Banner* and others joined in. It was like cookie day at a Girl Scout convention.

Dwight MacDonald, in the midst of all of this heart-warming anarchy, leaned over and said: "Say, Norman, how come you're not singing?"

"I was never any good at community sings," he said, with a private smile. "That's why I became a radical in the first place."—RAP

MONSIEUR BECHET

PARIS—French jazz fans point with pride to last year's elaborate coverage of Sidney Bechet's death by the international press and radio services. At times, feeling ran so high as to assume



the proportions of a major event, for Sidney was beloved here by more people of different musical tastes than any other jazzman in history.

Bechet's role as a French idol, climaxed by his death, actually began in June 1949 when critic Andre Hodeir wrote of Sidney's appearance at the International Festival in France: "Without any doubt, it was a personal triumph for Sidney Bechet—every one of his appearances was greeted most enthusiastically. . . . Bechet, at times disappointing on record, possesses a rare quality, that of *presence*. He plays with such conviction, such youth in spite of his gray hairs, his facial expressions are so simple and sincere. . . . For a man who has been so often discussed—reproached by the purists for turning his back on the 'real' New Orleans tradition, and criticised by musicians for his sound and vibrato—it can be said that he has succeeded in bringing about a unanimous decision in his favor. On stage, his manner is unaffected, and he galvanizes the crowd not only with the sweep of his sound, with the warmth of his playing and the inspiration of his phrases (more perceptive here than on record), but even more, he establishes contact between himself and the audience."

It was obvious that Sidney had scored more than a triumph. A comeback was in the offing. Not a man to let an opportunity pass him by, Sidney, back in the States, packed his bags and came to France for the second time. He could not have picked a better time. Cut off from the United States during the war, the French were now arguing heatedly about the merits of traditional jazz versus the merits of modern jazz, and confusion flourished wildly.

Encouraged by rumors of an American New Orleans revival movement, amateur bands were hastily formed to combat the "invasion" of modernism. Claude Luter, Andre Reweliotty and Maxime Saury were among those who rallied to the musical Right-wing, siding with Bechet either physically or in spirit.

Interviewed in 1953, Reweliotty acknowledged his debt to Bechet: "After listening to Bechet at the 1949 Festival, I bought myself a clarinet. I always liked to listen to New Orleans music, the only music I truly love. With Sidney, we whooped up a storm with tunes which probably would not have been suitable for other groups. But it's only normal that every band has tunes that are more appropriate for its particular style. We did a lot of traveling, and played almost the same things every time. What the public wants is something it already knows."

One of Bechet's first recordings in France was for Blue Star Records on May 16, 1949, with Gerard Bayol, trumpet; Benny Vasseur, trombone; J. P. Sassori, guitar; Eddie Bernard, piano; Guy de Fatto, bass; Andre Jourdan, drums. His first Vogue records with Claude Luter's band were cut the same year, on October 14, with Luter, clarinet; Pierre Dervaux, trumpet; Claude Philippe, trumpet and banjo; Jospin Mowgli, trombone; Christian Azzi, piano; Roland Bianchini, bass; "Moustache" Galepides, drums.

Within the following year, he was already featuring "new" tunes that were to become standards in his repertory, tunes like *Les Oignons* and *Mon Homme*. Sidney suddenly found himself to be among the top vaudeville acts in France, for when Sidney played purely pop tunes—many of which were strictly continental in flavor—they were performed in a style that had very little to do with jazz.

Sidney was reproached by a number of old fans for being "commercial," and when his records and concert appearances began winning for him a large and varied audience, these fans disowned him. Actually, Sidney, who thought of himself as being "something more than a jazz musician," was never happier. He possessed an intense love for music which was evident in his playing and composing. The irony was that only when he moved to France, already past his playing prime, was he able to fulfill

his lifetime ambition.

"Sidney," exclaimed a visiting American, "could have become mayor of Paris if he wanted to. Crowds of people followed him through the streets. I was never so surprised in my whole life as when I discovered that a compatriot whom I had barely heard of, had become the darling of the French. And I was quite embarrassed when asked questions by the French about Sidney and was unable to answer. They didn't understand that as an American, I was so little informed about their idol."

—FELIX MANSKLEID

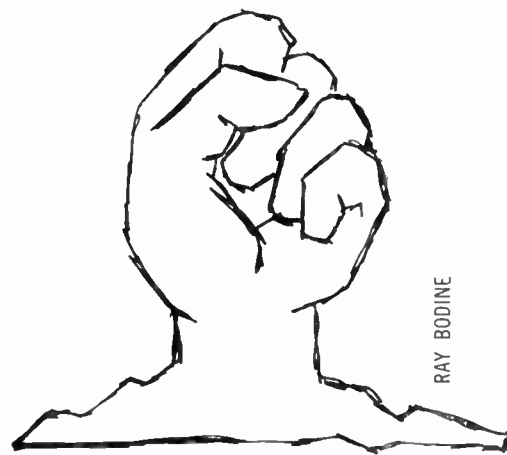
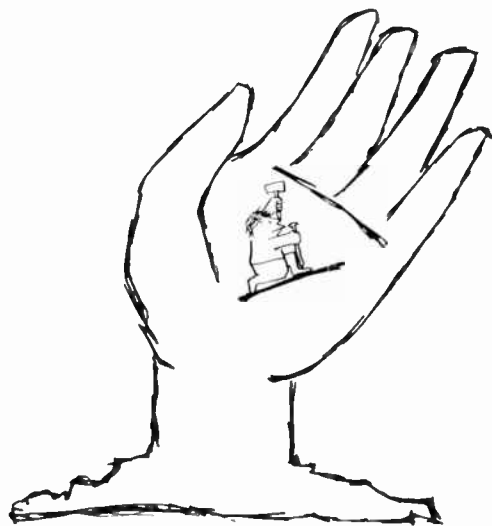
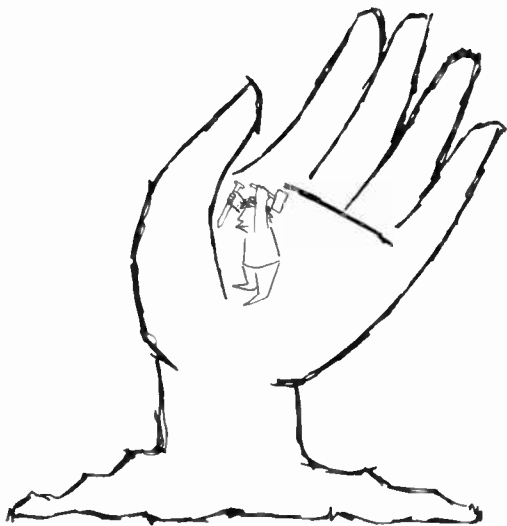
THE PIPE MAN

Phil Moore lives in the annex of Carnegie Hall, in an office notable not only for its sunniness, but for the air of show-business tradition which seems to permeate it. "Did you know," Phil asked us, puffing on the first of a number of pipes he would eventually be smoking during the course of our talk, "did you know that Marc Connelly wrote his play, *Green Pastures*, here? Or that Jose Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney used to have this office?"

We knew neither of those things, but the knowledge was not surprising; it was just the kind of office Marc Connelly *would* write a play in, just the kind of office Jose Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney *would* have, just the kind of office Phil Moore *would* choose to carry on the variety of jobs he has become famous for: singing coach (Lena Horne and Frank Sinatra once sought his services), musical arranger and director, recording consultant, et al.

Noticing an ancient four-foot rack of pipes on a ledge behind him, we asked Phil, quite unimaginatively, how long he had been collecting pipes. His answer was genial, though mildly pointed: "I don't collect them, actually. I buy them to smoke and keep them."

We asked him, next, about the idea that had brought us to see him in the first place—a kit, called *For Singers*



RAY BODINE

Only, designed to help all singers, but especially those at the beginning of their careers who have to be careful with their pocketbooks as well as their voices.

Phil's kit, we found, was invented, as all good inventions are, because there was a real need for it. "I had so many calls from young singers, or their agents, asking me to do a basic repertoire for them. But the cost was so high. You know, sixty dollars a number most times, after you figure in all the transcribing you need and everything. That runs to quite a bit of change for a basic book, in the neighborhood of five hundred dollars. With this kit, a singer gets the same thing for just a fraction of that."

Phil showed us his kit and the goodies it contained: a demonstration-rehearsal LP, six printed orchestrations, and an instruction booklet. We leafed through the latter while Phil played the LP for us. We were impressed. The spoken and written instructions were as clear as Steuben glass, and the arrangements were crisp refreshers.

"That's not all," said Phil. "There are four separate kits: Ballads, Torch and Blue, Cool Jazz and Rhythm, and Sophisticated. And each kit is available for either high key or low key singers, though nine singers out of ten are low keys."

The price? It was impressive as everything else we had learned: \$12.95 per kit, or \$45.00 for the whole smear.

Phil asked us, if we wrote about his kit, if we would mention, casually, that you can order the kits (or get more information about them) by writing directly to him, Phil Moore, Carnegie Hall, New York 19, New York.

We told him we'd think it over.

MJQ ABROAD



The MJQ in Berlin, embarking for their return flight to New York, after a record-breaking concert tour of Europe with a dance troupe. That's John Lewis at the right. Working up the stairs on the right we find Connie Kay, Milt Jackson, choreographer Louis Johnson, dancer Kevin Carisle (with umbrella); Working down on the left we have dancers Kevin Carisle, Cristyne Lawson and Lelia Goldoni. Percy Heath took a later flight, arrived in New York the next day.

TWAIN POSTSCRIPT

It is not our policy to run fillers with cryptic commentary attached, something *The New Yorker* has had decades of experience doing, and something it does very well. A couple of months back, that magazine ran the filler and commentary reprinted here, below. We found it too good to enjoy and file away, so we would like to share it with you. Our "New Yorker Filler Reading Editor" tells us it is the fourth best filler the magazine ever ran. He would not elaborate on this statement. Here's the filler:

Moore is starting high, playing Jim, the runaway slave in Sam Goldwyn, jr.'s, movie version of the Mark Twain classic, "Huckleberry Fink."—*Kansas City Star*.

Fink used to beat slaves. He was a bad apple.

OUR MAN IN . . .

... Connecticut. Ed Mulford, is now the proprietor of a full-fledged record review column appearing regularly in the *Ansonia-Derby Sentinel*. Ed knows the column is a big hit, because he is receiving plenty of abusive letters from readers.

Ed, a man of many enthusiasms, is enthusiastic these days about The Bridgeport Jazz Giants, a 20-piece modern jazz orchestra which he considers on a par with the Herb Pomeroy gang in Boston . . . "and the late lamented orchestra of Willis Conover in Washington . . ."

Speaking of Washington, our man in that newsy city, Allen Scott, writes: "Showboat Lounge pianist Dick Morgan recently made an on-the-job album for Riverside, following a tip from Cannonball Adderley who heard the group and contacted the Riverside brass right away. . . . Ella Fitzgerald, the Oscar Peterson Trio, Louis Armstrong and the Count Basie band are among the attractions signed for Washington's outdoor season at the Carter Barron amphitheater. The summer-long programs will also feature ballet, Broadway musicals, opera and variety bills including Johnny Mathis and the Dukes of Dixieland, among others."

Meanwhile, on that other coast, Howard Lucraft, our man in Hollywood, writes: "Pete Rugulo bought Yul Brynner's house. . . . Andre Previn appears in one scene in the new *Pepe* film. . . . George Shearing is sponsoring Mark Seamons, a 12-year-old jazz piano prodigy from San Diego. . . . Peggy Lee may star, with Phil Silvers, in Jule Styne's forthcoming *Do Re Mi* musical. . . . Frank Sinatra denies he's going into the agency business to compete with MCA: "Only management," says Frank. . . . Bobby Troup and Julie London bought land in Lake Tahoe for a summer resort. . . . Mort Sahl may do two weeks, later this year, at the London Palladium. . . ."

Our man in Havana went back there, found very little fun available for Americans, and left again.

NOTES BETWEEN SETS

At the Half Note: Owner Mike Canterino tells us that Oscar Pettiford will return to tour this nation's jazz clubs with pianist Bud Powell and drummer Kenny Clarke.

Birdland: Count Basie sent his own wedding gift to Princess Margaret—a special composition for the occasion.

At Bunny's: Jack Maher reporting to us that Thelonious Monk was set to record with Shelly Manne on the West Coast. Asked about Manne, Monk was reported to say that he had "heard of that boy and thought he played nice." Riverside Records was disappointed though. Later in the month, Richard Hadlock wrote us that Monk had fallen to sleep at the session and Shelly had packed-up and gone home. More happily for that company however: it has a Monk at San Francisco's Blackhawk (with Joe Gordon, Harold Land and Charlie Rouse), a Chet Baker *In Milan* album with Italian sidemen, and a Woody Herman big band date, *The Fourth Herd*.

Basin Street East: Gerry Mulligan was bewailing the fact that someone had stolen his saxophone while he was rehearsing his band at New York's Ames Studios.

The Lighthouse: Barney Kessel remembers that he sat in with the late Charlie Christian just once. "But I couldn't take any solos, because all I could play then were Charlie's solos taken off his records."

The Jazz Gallery: Small talk at the bar has it that the projected Artie Shaw film biography is being held up because the film company is having trouble getting releases from many of Artie's ex-wives.

At The Roundtable: Veteran dixieland fans were delighted over the announcement that a half-ton bronze statue of W. C. Handy was unveiled recently in Memphis.

In Hollywood: as reported by Howard Lucraft, Frank Sinatra was awarded a Doctor of Humanities degree by Wilberforce University (Ohio) for promotion of interracial understanding. Film producer Jack Cummings, not commenting on that, but reminiscing about Sinatra's success, remembers that "the first time that Sinatra sang in pictures, MGM wanted to cut his songs out."

The Arpeggio: Bar talk is that the State Department wants Peggy Lee to make a tour of the Soviet Union. Peggy did the music for George Pal's new film, *The Time Machine*.

where do you enlist ?

BY
JEAN
SHEPHERD

How the hell does a guy grow up to be a Believer? I mean to really believe, not just make the proper sounds and motions. All around me there are these guys who sincerely dig Ike, or Adlai, or Tennessee Williams, or Mickey Mantle, or Mammoth Cave, guys who seem to have something that makes it for them all the way, with no strings, No ifs or buts or howevers.

Some guys and chicks believe in their own talent. But *completely*—whether they have it or not. And in our showbiz world that belief is enough to convince the other clowns (who are also believers) that they actually *are* talented. The thing is to believe. A sort of blind faith that brooks no questioning. How do you start believing? *Where do you enlist?*

I am ready to sign up. I am ready to quietly slip into my place in the jostling throng that merrily chuckles its way toward whatever the hell we're all heading for. I realize that I'll get there too, but I'd enjoy the trip more if I could join the party in the club car and swap drinks with the rest of the slob as the train heads for the cliff.

Sometimes I dream of going to an American Legion Convention wearing a hat with badges on it. These guys are running around sticking shock-sticks into fat old ladies and dropping beer cans out of hotel windows and, above all, cheering each other's speeches like mad. In this dream I am right there in the mob, my white shirt sweaty, my eyes bulging, my voice hoarse from hollering every time the flag shows up. I wake up happy.

This dream has many variations, some of which I am too shy to mention here. It would be nice if I could believe that my dreams had deep significance. For example, there is the one where I'm in this joint. The joint is full of hippies of all known sexes, including several not yet classified by science. It is dark and the hippies are huddled together listening to this cat wearing a lumberjacket and jeans. Back of this cat is this combo

working over the Blues while he reads this stuff from some yellow second sheets. He reads in a flat voice about how he loves the whole world and America is rotten, the bastards.

Well, all these swinging types are sitting around digging this stuff and *believing*. Right there in the middle of the crowd, my slaggy black sweater hanging limp, eyes enigmatic behind my shades, a battered *Evergreen Review* on my hip, I am digging for real. Swinging, man, all the way out. I am truly believing that this clown has the Word.

At this point, I usually wake up with a grin on my face that lasts well into my second cup of coffee.

In another dream, I am in the audience at a Broadway opening night. I am surrounded by a sea of well-fed, pleasant, blandly-intelligent faces. The curtain goes up. The play begins. A middle-aged actress with a shrill voice comes out dressed up as a peasant girl. She sings a song about how she is nineteen and in love. A lump rises in my throat. I fight back the tears. My neighbors are openly weeping.

Shortly thereafter, I am transported by the sight of the kindly mother superior of a local convent who arrives on the scene with ten cute children in tow. This is the most fantastic dream of all, for I am having an "engrossing, enchanted evening" just the way the theatre critics said I had.

After this one I usually awake humming a medley from *The King and I*.

Now, the great thing about dreams is that they *are* dreams. Anything is possible in them and truth is right there. However, they have a built-in mousetrap that convinces me from time to time that I have almost found the formula. Think how great it would be to be able to *really* worry about The Complex Middle East Problem. I mean not just make noises about it, but really *worry*—the way guys like Edward R. Murrow seem to be able to. I usually sit in front of the TV waiting for it to happen, but actually worrying more about the White Sox than about Nasser or Mister K.

One day a guy told me he would give me the key, so he sends me a copy of a book by that amazing character who tells all about how if you Believe in Positive Thinking you will make Big Dough and wind up voting a Straight Ticket for life.

Well, I figured I'd give it a whirl. After all, there were all those testimonials in the book from guys who were vice presidents and board chairmen. They claimed absolutely that it worked. So I went around following all the *Rules for Peace of Mind* like mad

for maybe three months until one day I came in to work and the boss told me that since business had dropped off he was forced to can me and a couple of other guys.

I immediately called the clown who had palmed this book off on me and told him what had happened. He says, "You have not believed *correctly*. You have done some second-rate believing."

Since this guy is a VP, I could not argue with him. I just asked "How do you mean, *correctly*? I have followed all the rules."

He comes back with: "You have to *believe*," and from the way he says it I know that he does and that I never could. I know, now, that it is impossible to get away with hamming it up. *There is something in the eye*. You either have it or you don't.

I can come into a room full of guys who are dressed exactly alike, drinking the same drinks, making the same passes at the same chicks, saying the same things, but within ten minutes I have spotted two or three who are just going through the motions and are sweating it out, hoping that none of the other guys will spot them for what they are—Non-Believers. *It is in the eye*. You either believe or you don't. No half way.

Where can I sign up for a course in learning how to laugh at TV comics? Why can't I? Other clucks no dumber than I am seem to be able to bust their gut every Sunday night right on schedule. I am not kidding around. This has worried me for years, ever since the time I discovered as a kid of ten I found nothing happening at the big Patrol Boys Picnic even though I hollered "Wowee!" like all the rest of the clowns.

There is a vital mysterious ingredient that these Believers have which I will never have. How come I was short-changed? Only Believers become stars or third basemen, while we are doomed to roam the outfield shagging batting practice flies. Never allowed to hit.

To believe is to know. Which brings us right back to the beginning again. You can hear them whooping it up in the club car now and the old train is roaring along in the night, heading for that big hole in the ground. Where the devil do they sell the tickets? *Where do you enlist?*

Is it possible my invitation to the Belief Club was mailed to my last pad and no one forwarded it to me?

If you will stop looking into my eyes that way I will gladly buy you a drink in the club car. I will try to laugh at your gags.

The summer jazz festival is both the best and the worst thing that has happened to jazz in all of its short, turbulent history.

It is the best because it has made more people more acquainted with the fact of jazz—its delights and directions—than any other single thing could have done in such a short period of time. It is the best because it has nourished pocketbook, wallet and ego of jazz musicians, something not too often done for the artist, regardless of his real worth.

It is close to the worst thing because it has introduced some elements

into jazz which, though there before, had never had so many participants involved to do it such nervous damage.

It is the best because jazz should be shown to, performed for, as many people as possible. It is the worst because the jazz musician was not prepared for such acceptance, the jazz critic, jazz booker, jazz friend and fan, were not able to deal with such new-found riches.

The major merits are exciting. In the few years (only seven in all) since jazz festivals became established, the number of auxiliary festivals, the

number of jazz festivities, the number of jazz records, the over-all income of the jazz musicians has risen amazingly.

Now, in addition to the original Newport Jazz Festival, we have festivals in all parts of the country. (To mention just a few: in French Lick, Indiana, July 29-31; in Buffalo, New York, August 19-21—and, on the same dates, in Detroit, at the State Fair Grounds; Philadelphia, Connie Mack Stadium, and Boston, at the Weymouth Fair Grounds—both on August 26-28; Monterey, California on September 23-25.)



SUMMER *FOLK AND CLASSICAL* FESTIVALS *AND JAZZ*



And, in the meantime, the first of these festivals, Newport, has grown in seven years from three nights of performances to five nights and three afternoons (June 30-July 4). Founded in 1954 with a talent budget of \$20,000 and the avowed non-profit purpose "to encourage America's enjoyment of jazz and to sponsor the study of jazz, a true American art form," it has burst into a big business, but one that almost consistently loses money.

Last year, for example, the corporation spent a total of \$265,692.53 to employ 143 bands, groups and individuals for its various activities, which involved tours of the United States and eight foreign countries with an estimated combined audience of over a quarter of a million. That's big business by any standards, but the corporation lost so much money last year that the festival directors were not able to commission any new compositions for this year's performances, a lamentable lack in this most important of jazz festivals.

The maddening thing about it all is that the general festival performance is not conducive to artistic excellence, so that at least there should be the consolation of big financial returns.

But promoter George Wein, who has produced all of the Newport programs and is this year producing shows for his own PAMA organization in Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, French Lick and Buffalo; George says that the experiences of last year with the Newport tour and the *Playboy* festival show that the expenses of producing these concerts are getting prohibitively high, to the point where money-making opportunities are at an all-time low.

That accentuates the vicious circle which has always beset the festival. Even those that have received good press notices (such as Monterey and the no-longer operative Great South Bay Festival) have had to face the problem of how to draw the biggest crowds possible. Generally that need has interfered with the artistic ideal, and each year it becomes even more necessary to present more commercial artists, more commercial programming, to attract a bigger audience. For it must be recognized that jazz fans alone can't support a festival as large as Newport. It is, as is becoming increasingly evident each year, the youngsters on a weekend spree

CAROL ANDERSON



and the musical fringe, popular and rock and roll, which swells the attendance to a figure which is financially profitable.

It is easy to understand how that kind of pressure has resulted in a continuing lessening of standards at festivals, to the point that Newport in particular has become an annual orgy for angry jazz critics, a time when most jazz writers let fly with their most carefully phrased insults.

The understandable tendency is to forget what Newport has done to further the cause of jazz, and to concentrate on its failures to the extent that Newport is painted as an incredible hell presided over by an assortment of apprentice devils. As a consequence, artists are probably more bitterly criticized for their performances there than they are for identical performances in nightclubs during the rest of the year. Personal managers, viewing this situation, are beginning to keep some of their clients away from festivals, or are asking for prices which will at least make the adverse criticism easier to accept.

To the ever-louder cry that festivals are killing jazz (that is, the quality of jazz), it is possible to add the cry that jazz is very apt to be killing the festivals (that is, the price of jazz artists and the poisoned prose of jazz writers).

A great deal is being lost in the process. The jazz festival has not been an unqualified success in advancing the art of jazz, but it has accomplished a great deal for the form and its practitioners and Newport in particular has a share in the glory which is frequently overlooked.

Quite aside from the money and audience figures quoted earlier, which does not offer any assurance of quality, but is certainly an imposing record of jazz propaganda, Newport has more consistently presented new talent, or lesser-named talent, than any other jazz festival. It is true that most such artists played during the afternoon concerts, but that is only a reflection of the directors' box-office problems.

The indirect benefits to jazz have been great. Certainly the newspaper, magazine, radio, television and movie space now being given to jazz has been generated by the fact that festivals such as Newport have demonstrated the size of the jazz audience. In past years networks have covered Newport, but it seems likely that CBS





will broadcast from every major festival this year, and with a national advertiser paying the bills.

Even more importantly, the United States Information Agency will videotape the entire Newport festival for eventual non-commercial broadcasts outside the United States. This, despite the fact that USIA is faced with the tightest budget yet to hamper its valuable work. Newport publicity director Jay Weston claims that "this could be the most important thing that Newport has done for jazz thus far."

Some of the important things done thus far are obvious enough, but, in the force of arguments about the bad elements at Newport (and elsewhere), it is sometimes missed that Newport has presented some important music.

By and large that has not been what festivals have done, whatever the city (Monterey perhaps excepted, though another year will have to be gained for proper perspective) and mostly, we think, because of the box office problem. It may be that Newport's bigger receipts (in general) has made it more able to be aware of the young Or struggling musician (MJQ, Mingus, Lem Winchester, Don Butterfield, Teddy Charles, Lee Konitz, Teo Macero, Bob Wilbur, Peiffer, Leon Sash, Cecil Taylor—and, from the beginning). It may be

for that same reason that the "middle era guys," as George Wein calls them (Pee Wee Russell, Jimmy Rushing, Buck Clayton, Vic Dickenson, et al) have generally had more of a break from Newport than afforded them by some others. Although, Wein again: "My big regret about the festivals has been that these guys can come on and break an audience into shouting bits, you know, standing in the aisle. Then they play at some club and no one comes to hear them. That breaks my heart. And it's so funny, because we give them a great deal of presentation at Newport. But it is an indictment on jazz and its listeners. We can't ever have a jazz that is important until all of it that's good—not just the current stars—all of it that's good is accepted with the same fervor."

There's the rub perhaps. How much of jazz are you as fan, critic or musician prepared to accept? The *folk music* people have an easier time of it. For them, it is the *legitimate* people (Frank Warner or Edna Ritchie, say) or the concert *artiste*: (Richard Dyer Bennett and such) or *folkniks* (Kingston Trio or The Cumberland Three or whatever). Nobody seems to mind too much.

The purists mind of course. That is one of the criticisms of The Folk Festival (Newport, from June 24 through 26), an unfair judgment

considering the main programming, but still valid if one is to fight about this thing called folk. Actually, the program was planned to be "a mixture of ethnic and performing artists," a wide latitude, which would give "a survey of what is happening in the folk field." Much less open is such a place as *The Pinewoods Dance and Music Camp* in Buzzards Bay on Cape Cod (Country Dance Society of America, 55 Christopher St., New York 14, N. Y.), which offers for \$60 per week, one week of folk music and recorder (Aug. 21-28) or two weeks of dancing (Aug. 7 to 21), all with recorders, books, lectures and concerts, some of them for sale. Or the Sewanee Summer Music Center (730 Cherry St., Chattanooga 3, Tenn.), which is for *classically*-oriented people. Or Tanglewood, which plays the big people (to the occasional detriment of the more important people) from early in July. Or Aspen, which does much the same. Or Ojai (P.O. Box 185, Ojai, Calif.), which deviates between such as John Raitt and baroque chamber music.

The plain fact of the matter is that no one plans a festival for a small audience. (If you are concerned about any festival, you merely write to the Chamber of Commerce of any state, and it will tell you when, how and why you should attend.) But you are still up against the commerce, if not


the chamber, because no one as yet has figured out how you can have a small, worthwhile festival, and still make enough money to pay *someone*.

No festival that we know of is as intent upon artistic development as we (among others) might hope for. This includes jazz, classical, folk or whatever else that you want. Producers complain about prices. Critics complain about quality. The fans seem to vacillate between both positions.

It may be, considering the difficulties which do exist, that the best of big business should step in and apply some healthy solutions to what seems to be a sick situation. Why, for example, are jazz festivals not one with both the area in which they are and the total jazz (i.e., American scene at the same time)? Why are we so much on the defensive that we run

music carnivals of one kind or another? Why are we not at least as creative as the art we present and honor? It would not cost that much more money to present a festival which called out the young and the serious, and gave both a touch more of what they came to find. How can you present a festival in the shore without a clam bake, or one in Boston without beans and hot dogs? Seats are so unimportant to vacationers; jazz fans are vacationers. Present them with the fruit of the land and with jazz—close-circuit televise your field; do anything that makes for better music and sound, and better public relations. That has been, will be, the trouble with the jazz festival. It is surrounded by the jazz fan, from Louis Lorrillard to John Hammond, through Gunther Schuller and Jimmy

Lyons. No one has thought of bringing good Broadway off-Broadway, where it belongs, where the best of American art should be probably, where it could bring success and more to the people who have fought most for it. It can be done. One small challenge to festival producers, for this or any year: if any of you will truly work with the same zeal for your festival as in the past, we at METRONOME can help you produce a work of art, for which you would pay nothing; out of which you could expect much profit; from which you will gain the enjoyment of doing what you always wanted to do, because it should be obvious that most every festival producer has been aiming just for that, and the work that they have done has meant much for all the future of jazz.



THE
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FESTIVAL

FESTIVAL PHOTOGRAPHS/HERB SNITZER

From Eternity To Django

AN INTERVIEW WITH JAMES JONES

BY JOHN HOPPER

When you write a literary column for a Paris daily, it is not unusual to receive from time to time an invitation to meet famous authors. The event may be a *signature party*, at which the author autographs copies of a new book. Coffee is sometimes served, or tea, depending, usually, upon the author's nationality. When I received a card for a reception in honor of James Jones, I wasn't surprised to find the tables crowded with somewhat harder liquids. Wines, aperitifs and champagne were in abundance to supply the scores of people who filled the two rooms of the apartment. The occasion was the launching of the French edition of Jones' *The Pistol*. Through the cigarette smog, I met Mr. Jones, a Paris resident for some time now. The novelist spoke much and glowingly of gypsy guitarist Django Reinhardt, who has achieved the status of a god in French jazz circles. I next saw Jones perched on a stool in the *Village*, an American rendezvous on the Left Bank. He seemed disinclined to talk about Django or jazz at that time. A few days later, in his apartment, with the help of several beers and a fine view of the Seine, Mr. Jones was considerably more voluble.

HOPPER: I understand you've picked Django as the subject for a novel. Why?

JONES: Back in Illinois, I happened to hear two sides of Django's, *St. Louis Blues* and *Honeysuckle Rose*. Two of the things he had done with Coleman Hawkins and Benny Carter. Then I read a book about him by Charles Delauney, the French jazz critic, and this got me in even deeper.

About that time, I began to correspond with a young French drummer. He was intrigued by my interest in the guitarist. You know, there was a part in *From Here to Eternity* that had to do with Django. Well, he had read that, and his interest stimulated my own ideas.

I arrived in France in September '58 and began talking with some of Django's friends, people who had known him throughout his lifetime. They told me all sorts of conflicting things about him. Some said he was irresponsible, others that he was simply being himself, the artist. Whether good or bad, all the opinions were violent. Although some of the French were angry because he had remained in France during the war, I have never heard anyone even suggest that he was a collaborator. There is even the story that the Resistance had worked out an intricate code system using his records, but that has never been proven either.

HOPPER: How exactly do you picture Django as the subject of your novel?

JONES: I don't picture him so much as a subject as an object. By this I mean that the other main characters regard Reinhardt as a "person of desire," as a person they try to utilize to their own ends, when it is he, in the end, who dominates them all. He begins as their object, to be used and turned, but in fact, because of his own strengths, in part, he remains untouched. The others find that they are attempting to control the uncontrollable. Like many artists, my character's desires are really rather simple: he merely wants to get drunk,



JAMES JONES: "All artists are anarchists."

sleep with women, play his music. His needs are not so intellectually complicated as are those of the others.

HOPPER: Your novel, in other words, is not going to be a strictly factual treatment of the man's life?

JONES: No. It will not be biographical in that sense. Everybody thinks of him as a very romantic character. That he certainly was, forming quintets, then disappearing for months to go off with gypsies. But he must have been more than all that. I want to get at the base of it, at the core of the man himself, devoid of all the myths that surround him.

HOPPER: Do you have many of his records?

JONES: I have . . . oh . . . around 168 sides of his. In fact, it's probably the largest private collection around.

HOPPER: Will your book, because it deals with a jazz theme, be a

Sketch Courtesy THE PARIS REVIEW

departure from your usual style of writing?

JONES: I might try a few innovations. In a sense, I am always experimenting. But in the essential, there will be no break between the new book and the others. It will deal with jazzmen and jazz aficionados, as I like to call the real devotees.

HOPPER: What relation do you find between jazz and writing?

JONES: All artists, whether jazzmen or writers, are essentially anarchists and iconoclasts.

HOPPER: Do you mean "anarchist" in the sense of individualism?

JONES: Yes. Something like that, but I prefer the word "anarchist." Not with a capital A, of course—nothing political. But I think jazz began with this sort of idea. And it is this connection which I see between the writer and the jazzman that intrigues me.

HOPPER: Anarchy has an essentially destructive meaning. This suggests its opposite, the *creative* element. Do you feel that jazz is being as creative today as when it first began?

JONES: It's true I know more about traditional types than progressive types, but even in the traditional forms something is sadly lacking today. I am a great admirer of Armstrong, for instance, but the things he has done recently are not up to his former level. He's given up a lot that made him great in the twenties. He's become more of a public relations sort of thing, a damned good one for the United States, that I'll admit. He's accomplished more than half the diplomats.

But to speak of Dixieland today, you certainly find far less creativity there than in progressive jazz. Perhaps due to the fact that most of the performers are third-generation at least. Too far from the source to do very much other than repeat their elders. Certainly progressive jazz, when well played, is the place to find original and fresh ideas.

HOPPER: Now, there are many jazzmen living in Paris. Some even have their own clubs, like Mezz Mezzrow's *Trois Maillots*. What do you think of Mezz who prides himself on being a traditionalist?

JONES: I know Mezzrow. Nice, personally. But I never get the feeling that there is much creatively being done when I go to his club. I think it

must be very tough to avoid repeating yourself in jazz, whether repeating phrases, or becoming a victim of a style. Again, it's this anarchistic element that's important. It's much easier as a writer to avoid repetition. Time is on your side. You can rewrite. When a performer is up there on the bandstand, everything he says must be immediate. He either produces or he doesn't.

HOPPER: Do you think there has been any change in the audience for jazz today as compared to the twenties?

JONES: Socially, the direction is in the opposite way today. The older players worked in whorehouses, riverboats, small noisy clubs. Their audience was very often a Negro one. Today in America, as everywhere, it has become increasingly difficult to maintain one's individualism, with all the intricacies that society and government have taken. The audience, which once felt a simple allegiance for the State, now tends to worship it. The result is that many practicing artists want to be accepted by this changing audience. They want respectability. They become victims of their audience, which in many respects, as I said, has broadened and cheapened. The "greats" avoid all this. Certainly no one can say that Bird's artistry suffered because of any audience. But there are many modern musicians, I feel, who cater too much to this mass trend. Getz is one, Mulligan another. They want respectability.

HOPPER: Many writers of the younger generation owe more or less of an allegiance to the Beat Generation school. Much of what makes jazz "go," they have tried to incorporate into their writing. Examples are people like Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso. What is your reaction to this kind of literary treatment with such deep jazz undertones?

JONES: Well, of course, they differ very much from my own approach to writing. I think that much of the language indigenous to jazz is necessarily a part of the immediacy of jazz itself. Expressions popular among the Harlem hipsters, the real origin of so much of jazz talk, only last a short time. Partly this is due to the performers and aficionados who deliberately change their language so as to keep it a private thing. Now, in writing, dialogue is only an approxima-

tion, at best. This attempt by the Beatniks to record a special type of language limits and marks their work for a certain definite period. Scott Fitzgerald gave a legitimate picture of the Jazz Age, a picture that will last, because he did not depend strictly on reproducing the "hip talk" of the time, phrases that he knew would change and be forgotten, thus marking his work as something as limited and fading as a photographic reproduction. But Fitzgerald was an artist. The writing of the Beatniks is attempting to be too much of an emotional release for frustrations, for nameless problems.

HOPPER: Isn't this a legitimate field of art?

JONES: Of course it is a legitimate field of art. All art in a way is the working out of emotional frustrations. But the Beatniks, in being rebellious, confuse the discipline imposed by society by way of governmental laws, sexual mores, and the like, with the discipline imposed by the artist upon his work. The rules society crams down our throats today are more than the proper field of art: they *should* be rebelled against. But not at the expense of art.

HOPPER: Where do you go to hear jazz in Paris?

JONES: I've been to all the spots. But I prefer a place called *Haines and Gabby*, actually a restaurant, up in Montmartre. Do you know it?

HOPPER: No.

JONES: It's . . . let's see. (Looking at a map of Paris, he traces the maze of little streets that creep around and up the hill of Montmartre.) It's in Rue Manuel. That's it. Run by an American who married a French girl. Nice place for spare ribs, southern-fried chicken, and the like. It's also a rendezvous for jazzmen after they finish at the other places. Go there. It would be a good place to do an article on, if Haines will let you.

Outside, a barge sounded its horn. Jones moved to the window and watched the barge with keen interest. It was getting too close to the quay, he told me, with a childlike enthusiasm. If he had come to Paris to write that book on Django, he certainly chose a rough city. Only a writer with an iron discipline could resist the urge to chuck the whole business—typewriter, notes, carbons, all the rest—to enjoy Paris in the spring.

Shorty Baker: The Trumpeters' Trumpeter

BY STANLEY DANCE

I believe in melody. You must have a lead, a guide."

That was how Harold "Shorty" Baker concluded a long discussion on his life, times and music. It was not said with defiance, but with the positive conviction of long experience. Nor was he arguing on behalf of schmaltz, for he believes in jazz freedom and improvisation; but he also believes that melody should be projected correctly, so that it doesn't emerge as a kind of mangled message meaningful only to its creator.

Shorty's own smoothly flowing lyricism communicates easily enough. His trumpet tone is certainly one of the most eloquently attractive in jazz today. His solo statements are well and neatly turned, complete in themselves, yet appropriately related to their context. His clean articulation and impeccable execution, both indicative of a deep basic assurance, give to his performances at any tempo a notable degree of poise and elegance. When he played *Mr. Cool* to Ray Nance's *Mr. Gentle* in his own com-

position for the Ellington orchestra, *cool* hadn't the usual jazz connotation, but rather the connotation it once had of "calm and collected." Shorty doesn't put his heart on his sleeve when he plays, but there is no lack of emotional warmth in his music. It is merely that he consistently exercises a kind of exterior control.

These and other valuable attributes have made him a rare kind of musician for many years. Within the profession, he has long been one of the most respected trumpet players. Recognition has been slower from a public only too prone to mistake exhibitionism and eccentricity for quality.

St. Louis, where Shorty Baker was born and bred, should be famous in jazz for more than Handy's blues. It sheltered the most formidable school of trumpet players the music has probably known, Charlie Creath, whom Don Redman remembers as a master of the blues, was one of the founders and undoubtedly

an influence on the subsequently influential trumpet styles of Joe Smith and Tommy Ladnier. There was also the great teacher, P. G. Langford, whose five sons all played different instruments. He it was who taught Louis Metcalf, Joe Thomas and Shorty Baker. Later, came the dazzling virtuosity of Clark Terry, now an alumnus like Shorty of the supreme jazz academy — Duke Ellington's.

Louis Armstrong was Shorty's first big influence. He played a dance date in St. Louis just after Shorty had been persuaded by his brother Winfield to switch from drums to cornet. After that, Shorty had no doubt at all which instrument he wanted to play.

His next influence was Joe Smith. "Joe was outstanding," he says, "and terrific playing waltzes with a plunger. He played almost like a voice, like a true singing voice, with clean, clear notes. Anybody who ever heard Joe Smith, if they played the same instrument, would want to play like him.

What he did with a melody was a great surprise to me as a kid, but if a musician can make you like a waltz, he's doing something. He's really getting next to you."

Every Sunday, Shorty used to play his cornet in church, and in the voice of a lady who sang there he found his third source of inspiration: "She had one of the finest voices, a very nice tone and smooth vibrato. It gave me something to concentrate on. I'd been thinking in these terms after hearing Louis and Joe Smith, and I've never forgotten them. They've been a guide to me all through life."

In his brother's band, the trumpet section consisted of Shorty, Joe Anderson and Irving "Broz" Wood. They alternated on the first parts, worked hard to get a good section sound, and paid particular attention to maintaining matched vibrato, whether fast, medium or slow, that was appropriate to the different numbers and tempos.

Despite this experience, when he joined Don Redman, "it was," he says, "just like going to school. With someone like Don to sit down with and talk to, why, you automatically improved so much on your instrument. If you love something you're doing, you observe and always remember. Don was another big influence on my musical thinking."

From Don, he went to Teddy Wilson's big band in 1939. Despite its short life, he recalls it with enthusiasm as "one of the finest-sounding bands" he ever played with, Teddy being another admirable and understanding teacher. After that, he joined Andy Kirk. In all of these bands he played most of the lead trumpet parts.

In 1942, he began a long and occasionally interrupted career with Duke

Ellington. Here, too, he played first parts, but the material was more varied and the lead was switched around more. "There are different types of first-trumpet players," he says. "Where one arrangement would fit me, another would fit the fellow next to me, because his conception of that type of tune would be better than mine."

Two of the many outstanding trumpeters whom he worked alongside in Duke's band, and whose names happened to come up in conversation, were Rex Stewart and Taft Jordan. Rex, Shorty feels, made a remarkably imaginative contribution within the Ellington context while retaining his own personal form of expression at all times. Taft plays a variety of styles from Louis on down. Most instrumentalists have their pattern which you can recognize in four or five notes, but with Taft you may need eight or sixteen bars."

A musician's education is a lifelong matter, but Shorty regards experience with Duke as a peak in the jazz field. "When you leave Duke's organization," he says, "you feel very confident playing in any band. You have the greatest confidence in yourself. He helps you. He's quick to recognize your best qualities and he'll bring out what you have in you. And years afterwards, you say, 'Yes, that's right, Duke did such-and-such a thing, Duke did this and Duke did that. He made me do it.'"

Shorty remembers the days when he ran around with Roy Eldridge, Charlie Shavers and Dizzy, when they kidded and ribbed Dizzy. The bop trumpet style created by Dizzy was great, he concedes, "but after you've found out the short cuts of it, you sit back and laugh. It's part of your schooling, what Dizzy created for the entertainment business

—check your book, Part One up to Part Four or Five."

About the changes bop brought to rhythm sections, he is far less happy: "It turned a lot of jazz into a kind of debate. The drummer would step in whenever he liked, step out, and step back if he heard something he disagreed with. The school of music I came up in believed in working together!"

As for the musician's attitude vis-à-vis the audience and the theory that the hoppers made it safe for jazzmen to play "pure music," to be musicians rather than entertainers, he says:

"I've heard that so many times. The music business has been very confused for almost twenty years. There are too many detours now. A whole lot of guys would like to get back on the track. But let me say that when you finish your tune and take your bow, it's ridiculous to look as though someone just passed away in the family. You smile, because you're glad the people appreciate what you have done."

Shorty remains a great admirer of the small group John Kirby led: "They played all types of music and they had a very good, clean sound." He feels there is room for such a small combination today.

It may be that Shorty's future lies in a group on the Kirby pattern. Playing at The Embers recently with Lawrence Brown in George Wein's sextet, the possibilities were more than evident. Experienced, proven jazz musicians are infrequently able nowadays to work in the idiom most natural to them, the emphasis being either on the very old or the very new (and raw). Yet surely there should be room, too, for talents, major and mature, like Shorty's.



HERB SNITZER

METRONOME

REVISITED

89 SWINGING YEARS OF SURPRISE AND AMERICANA

1940 was the breaking point.

There were more bands than ever before. In the early months of that year METRONOME ran a *Showcase for New Bands*. Among them were Georgie Auld, Al Donahue's *Swing band*, Sonny Dunham, Claude Thornhill, Alvino Rey, Will Hudson, Loring (Red) Nichols, Tommy Reynolds, Bob Chester, Lionel Hampton, Ina Ray Hutton, Raymond Scott, Benny Carter, Artie Shaw, Johnny Long and Sonny Burke.

But the major excitements were among individual performers. Among them were Art Tatum, the Goodman Sextet, and Charlie Christian particularly, Duke Ellington's rejuvenated band, and Jimmy Blanton and Ben Webster in particular, Coleman Hawkins back from Europe, Chu Berry with Cab Calloway's more interesting band, and Lester Young with Count Basie.

Billie Holiday had established herself as an artist. Her 1938 appearance with Artie Shaw had been the subject of excited speculation, at least as much musical as sociological. Ella Fitzgerald and Mildred Bailey were singing beautifully, and Frank Sinatra was beginning to show that he was more than just another big band vocalist.

Then a series of pseudo-jazz bands caught on. Glenn Miller and Harry James came to dominate the business, making it into an industry, and there were wild cries of woe from the family of jazz.

The fears were not justified. Swing Street in New York became busier if anything, and the small groups took

the place of most of the big bands that had played there.

Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn and their hosts of admirers and imitators, continued successfully, carefully building libraries almost top-heavy with rich, thick scores in the manner of Maurice Ravel, Claude Debussy and early Igor Stravinsky.



DORIS DAY: POP

and Charlie Parker, Howard McGhee, Miles Davis, Sonny Stitt, J. J. Johnson, Thelonious Monk, Al Haig, Allen Eager, Lee Parker, Bud Powell, Milt Jackson, John Lewis, Tadd Dameron, Gene Ammons, Dexter Gordon, Sonny Criss, Bennie Green, Benny Harris, Dizzy Gillespie, Curley Russell, Percy Heath and Tommy

Potter. Few movements in jazz have ever sprung to life with such extravagant vitality.

There was from the beginning a good deal of *cool* in-fighting about who invented bop. Kenny Clarke may remember hearing Tadd Dameron flapping fifths and playing eighth-note sequences in the new legate manner in 1940. If you'll search through records, you'll find evidences or prophecies about bop. Still, to most casual jazz fans, Charlie Parker will always be accepted as Mr. Bop.

Obviously this wasn't so. Parker will have his permanent stature because he was an unconscious (perhaps) *amalgamater*, and he produced that in others too. But he was always ready to admit that he had been influenced by others.

It becomes complicated to try to trace how it developed. The reins and chains of command are clear enough, but not often substantiated. People can develop apace, apart. But, if one were to look before the boppers for the bridge to that music, one could find many, but especially four, musicians most responsible: Lester Young, Roy Eldridge, Jimmy Blanton and Charlie Christian (the latter two dead by 1942).

Lester was the *coolest* of the four

While, at the same time, the early boppers, fortunately not yet titled in that manner, were going in exactly the opposite direction, not even two-part harmony at the beginning—just exhilarating unison line, played in cadenza bursts against the inspired drumming of Clarke or Roach.

It was the most exciting of all times, a kind of secret conspiracy among artists to make a new music, to get away from what was later called "the moldy fig" approach, to produce the best of all possible new languages in the music called modern.

And what a chorus chimed in! The late Fats Navarro, Freddie Webster

and the most influential tenor saxophonist since Coleman Hawkins, literally leaving his imprint on all the tenors in early bop: Stan Getz, Allen Eager, Sonny Stitt, Brew Moore, Herbie Steward, Al Cohn and Zoot Sims. That has continued until very recently. But Lester was playing essentially like that in 1934.

From 1945 on, anyone who was anyone was playing in the Lesterian school; the man had indeed become the *Pres* of the tenors.

Roy Eldridge changed the trumpet; he is the bridge between Louis Armstrong and Dizzy Gillespie. (Unfortunately the young musicians who borrowed from Dizzy many times did not understand where they had really come from as did Dizzy.) Roy played the drama-packed horn, but he was continually looking for longer lines.

Jimmy Blanton in Barry Ulanov's words, took the bass that was a thumper, and he "left it a jumper." Duke Ellington heard him first in St. Louis and hired him immediately. In 1939 and 1940, Jimmy demonstrated that the big violin was like its smaller relatives, a melodic instrument. He gave the bass its sole position in jazz and contributed much to changing the restricting rhythmic patterns of the day.

Charlie Christian brought the guitar from clumsy time detail to solo splendor, placing a hitherto restricted horn well within the melodic frame of the jazz band. Unlike the other three, his connection with bop was direct. He played at Minton's in those early days of experimentation which gave form to the music.

Three bands picked up on bop with haste. Billy Eckstine's massing of young boppers allowed at least those in New York and Los Angeles to hear Parker and Navarro, Miles, J. J. and Leo Parker in the same band, and to hear Billy and Sarah Vaughan at the same time.

Georgie Auld blew up a bop storm with such as Al Porcino and Serge Chaloff. His band, like Billy's, was something less than a success.

The Woody Herman Herd, the

greatest band of all times (1944-1946), finally presented the most articulate and disciplined big band bop, with sidemen such as Bill Harris, Flip Phillips, Neal Hefti, Sonny Berman, Pete Candoli, Ralph Burns, Billy Bauer, Chubby Jackson, Dave Tough and Don Lamond.

When that band broke up it seemed a signal for a change in big band direction. Stan Kenton, with his host of arrangers, and Boyd Raeburn, with George Handy most particularly, were important cogs in that change. Big band jazz became all thick again: the Impressionists, Richard Strauss and Rachmaninoff became major influences in scoring. But it was heavy embroidery over a bop base. A division occurred in jazz again. Kenton and company began to follow in the paths of Schoenberg, Berg and the

in the manner of jazz, was there to be had, to the extent that a whole new manner of playing jazz was founded.

But those things were still to come. Before the Eckstine band, there had been the fabulous first collection of the young boppers in the Earl Hines band. By 1943, Dizzy, Charlie, Sarah and Billy were together there. The bop clique began to grow and musicians of like ideas began to crowd together in Dizzy's apartment.

More were appearing in the city every day. With the failure of the Hines band, Dizzy was a constant feature in New York. Benny Carter arrived with J. J. in his band. Gene Krupa had Dodo Marmarosa, Charlie Barnet was featuring the double bass team of Chubby Jackson and Oscar Pettiford.

The music on 52nd Street at the time was varied. In the five or six clubs there you might find Red Allen representing Dixieland, any number of Swing groups, and by 1944, a few musicians who reflected the budding revolution. Dizzy Gillespie and Oscar Pettiford opened on the Street then with Don Byas, George Wallington and Max Roach. (Just before that time, Coleman Hawkins recorded an all-star band for Victor which Dizzy, Leo Parker, Don Byas, Budd Johnson, Clyde Hart, Pettiford and Roach played on. It was the first strictly bop band assembled for a record date.

The new form was being presented to the jazz audience. Practically anyone who was anyone, was finding something to say about the new music. The whole trouble was to find someone who was not inclined to call it absurd, or communist-inspired, or anything to do with music. The battle lines were drawn, and cries of *modly fig* were being heard on the air as well as in the national press. The battle was on, as older musicians and fans, battled against this new *thing* which threatened work or memory. Next month: *METRONOME revisits 1944 through 1950, through its own pages, to see the world built by bop, the world that built that bop.*



THELONIOUS MONK: BOP

FRANCIS WOLFF

twelve-tone Viennese school. But the small band musicians took off from a spot more or less *neo-classical* and developed to an area more or less *neo-bopsical*. They called it *cool*.

Lennie Tristano and his school were *cool*. That would include Lee Konitz, Warne Marsh, most especially Lennie himself. Others among the cool to come were Miles Davis, Gerry Mulligan, Gil Evans and such, and a record to be released by Capitol, *The Birth of the Cool*.

This was what happened when the extravagances of bop had run their course, had so made their point, that something new was called for, and,

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**A
FABLE
IN
SLANG**

BY
GEORGE
ADE

George Ade (1866-1944) started out with the intention of writing the Great American Novel, became instead a newspaperman and a prolific and well-paid writer of the fables that eventually won for him a small but secure place in the history of American Humor. Ade, admired by such as William Dean Howells, Mark Twain and H. L. Mencken, profited as much as he suffered from his intense provincialism, writing with much wit and frequent insight of his native Indiana, and of the Middle-West middle class. Ade wrote more than 200 fables, most of them so bound up with the times they depict that they are no longer read, most of them representing a pessimism and a sense of frustration almost nihilistic, but a rare handful of which reflect a universal humor and compassion so compelling that they will continue to be read as long as those qualities are still important to Man. The fable reprinted here is from Fables in Slang and More Fables in Slang, published as a \$1.00 paperback edition by Dover Publications, New York City. Contemporary Illustrations are by Clyde J. Newman. Much of the current revival of interest in Ade, incidentally, is due to the efforts of METRONOME Humor Editor Jean Shepherd, who has read a number of Ade's fables on his radio program, and who is now working on an Ade anthology.

Lutie was an Only Child. When Lutie was eighteen her Mother said they ought to do something with Lutie's Voice. The Neighbors thought so, too. Some recommended killing the Nerve while others allowed that it ought to be Pulled.

But what Mamma meant was that Lutie ought to have it Cultivated by a Professor. She suspected that Lutie had a Career awaiting her, and would travel with an Elocutionist some day and have her Face on the Program.

Lutie's Father did not warm up to the Suggestion. He was rather Near when it came to frivolling away the National Bank Lithographs. But pshaw! The Astute Reader knows what happens in a Family when Mother and the Only Child put their Heads together to whipsaw the Producer. One Day they shouldered him into a Corner and extorted a Promise. Next Day Lutie started to Take.

She bought a red leather Cylinder marked "Music," so that people

would not take it to be Lunch. Every Morning about 9 o'clock she would wave the Housework to one side and tear for a Trolley.

Her lessons cost the Family about twenty cents a Minute. She took them in a large Building full of Vocal Studios. People who didn't know used to stop in front of the Place and listen, and think it was a Surgical Institute.

There were enough Soprani in this one Plant to keep Maurice Grau stocked up for a Hundred Years. Every one thought she was the Particular One who would sooner or later send Melba back to Australia and drive Sembrich into the Continuous. Lutie was just about as Nifty as the Next One.

When she was at Home she would suck Lemons and complain about Draughts and tell why she didn't like the Other Girls' Voices. She began to act like a Prima Donna, and her Mother was encouraged a Lot. Lutie certainly had the Artistic Temperament bigger than a Church Debt.

Now before Lutie started in to do Things to her Voice she occasionally Held Hands with a Young Man in the Insurance Business, named Oliver. This Young Man thought that Lutie was all the Merchandise, and she regarded him as Permanent Carfare.

But when Lutie began to hang out at the Studios she took up with the Musical Set that couldn't talk about anything but Technique and Shading and the Motif and the Vibrato. She began to fill up the Parlor with her new Friends, and the first thing Oliver knew he was in the Side Pocket and out of the Game.

In his own Line this Oliver was as neat and easy-running as a Red Buggy, but when you started him on the topic of Music he was about as light and speedy as a Steam Roller. Ordinarily he knew how to behave himself in a Flat, and with a good Feeder to work back at him he could talk about Shows and Football Games and Things to Eat, but when any one tried to draw him out on the Classics, he was unable to Qualify.

When Lutie and her Musical acquaintances told about Shopan and Batoven he would sit back so quiet that often he got numb below the Hips. He was afraid to move his Feet for fear some one would notice that he was still in the Parlor and ask him how he liked Fugue No. 11, by



LUTIE

Book. He had never heard of any of these People, because they did not carry Policies with his Company.

Oliver saw that he would have to Scratch the Musical Set or else begin to Read Up, so he changed his Route. He canceled all Time with Lutie, and made other Bookings.

Lutie then selected for her Steady a Young Man with Hair who played the Cello. He was so wrapped up in his Art that he acted Dopey most of the time, and often forgot to send out the Laundry so as to get it back the same Week. Furthermore, he didn't get to the Suds any too often. He never Saw more than \$3 at one time; but when he smuggled up alongside of a Cello and began to tease the long, sad Notes out of it, you would tell that he had a Soul for Music. Lutie thought he was Great, but what Lutie's Father thought of him could never get past the Censor.

Lutie's Father regarded the whole Musical Set as a Fuzzy Bunch. He began to think that in making any Outlay for Lutie's Vocal Training he had bought a Gold Brick. When he first consented to her taking Lessons his Belief was that after she had practiced for about one Term she would be able to sit up to the Instrument along in the Dusk before the Lamps were lit, and sing "When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dear," "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," or else "Juanita." These were the Songs

linked in his Memory with some Purple Evenings of the Happy Long Ago. He knew they were Chestnuts, and had been called in, but they suited him, and he thought that inasmuch as he had put up the Wherewith for Lutie's Lessons he ought to have some kind of a Small Run for his Money.

Would Lutie sing such Trash? Not she. She was looking for Difficult Arias from the Italian, and found many a one that was Difficult to sing, and probably a little more Difficult to Listen To.

The Voice began to be erratic, also. When father wanted to sit by the Student's Lamp and read his Scribner's, she would decide to hammer the Piano and do the whole Repertoire.

But when Mother had Callers and wanted Lutie to Show Off, then she would hang back and have to be Coaxed. If she didn't have a Sore Throat, then the Piano was out of Tune, or else she had left all of her Good Music at the Studio, or maybe she just couldn't Sing without some one to Accompany her. But after they had Pleaded hard enough, and everybody was Embarrassed and sorry they had come, she would approach the Piano timidly and sort of Trifle with it for a while, and say they would have to make Allowances, and then she would Cut Loose and worry the whole Block. The Company would sit there, every one showing the Parlor Face and pretending to be entranced, and after she got through they would Come To and tell her how Good she was.

She made so many of these Parlor Triumphs that there was no Holding her. She had herself Billed as a Nightingale. Often she went to Soirees and Club Entertainments, volunteering her Services, and nowhere did she meet a Well-Wisher who took her aside and told her she was a Champion Pest.

No, Lutie never got out of her Dream until she made a bold Sashay with a Concert Company. It was her Professional Debut.

Father fixed it. The Idea of any one paying Real Money to hear Lutie sing struck him as being almost Good enough to Print. But she wouldn't be Happy until she got it, and so she Got It right where the Newport Lady wears the Rope of Pearls.

On the First Night the mean old Critics, who didn't know her Father



CRITIC

or Mother, and had never been entertained at the House, came and got in the Front Row, and defied Lutie to come on and Make Good. Next Morning they said that Lutie had Blow-Holes in her Voice; that she hit the Key only once during the Evening, and then fell off backward; that she was a Ham, and her Dress, didn't fit her, and she lacked Stage Presence. They expressed Surprise that she should be attempting to Sing when any bright Girl could learn to pound a Typewriter in Four Weeks. They wanted to know who was responsible for her Appearance, and said it was a Shame to String these Jay Amateurs. Lutie read the Criticisms, and went into Nervous Collapse. Her Mother was all Wrought Up, and said somebody ought to go and kill the Editors. Father bore up grimly.

Before Lutie was Convalescent he had the Difficult Italian Arias carted out of the house. The Cello Player came to call one Day, and he was given Minutes to get out of the Ward.

By the time Oliver looked in again Lutie was more than ready to pay some Attention to him. She is now doing a few quiet Vocalizations for her Friends. When some one who hasn't Heard tells her that she is good enough for Opera, they have to open the Windows and give her more Air.

MORAL: When in Doubt, try it on the Box-Office.



Mr. & Mrs. Kenton By Howard Lucraft

Stan Kenton's New Sounds

Stanley Kenton will burst out in the fall with new sounds and new music. Stan is experimenting with Miriphone, Eb (alto) trumpets: "If they work out and we can get guys to play them, we'll have a four man section. We'll drop one man each from our regular trumpet, trombone and reed sections, making them four men each."

Talking about other instrumentation: "I'm kind of allergic to electric guitar and vibraphone. When I listen to Barney Kessel and Milt Jackson, I'm gassed by *what* they play, but I don't really dig the sounds of the instruments. The un-amplified guitar is different. That's one of the purest sounds in music."

How about woodwinds in jazz?

"Some of the woodwinds make excellent jazz sounds, but with others it's impossible to make it. Members of the Australian Jazz Quintet will probably disagree, but I've never been affected by any attempt to play jazz on an oboe, English horn or bassoon.

"Besides the clarinet, probably the flute is good for jazz. It can almost get the jazz inflections and feeling possible on a saxophone. You know, going back to the oboe and bassoon for a minute: they're difficult to use with brass sounds, and if you took brass away from us; well, it just wouldn't be us."

Didn't you once say you thought the

clarinet sound was too cold for jazz?

"No, but I've never really been happy about clarinets. I grew up listening to so many of them. Then, before I had my own orchestra, I played a lot of radio stations. Most of the music was sickening soft and we were forever using clarinets with trumpets in cup mutes. I suppose I kind of got offended by the clarinet sound. Even today I have to listen carefully to the things that Buddy DeFranco plays to appreciate him. But if a new arranger wrote something for us with clarinets I might use it even though we'd probably have quite a scuffle among the reeds if we had to play anything difficult."

Why are there so few real jazz singers?

"I think that it's difficult to get a real jazz sound while singing. Instrumentalists can get a sound that's ac-

ceptable more easily. Real jazz artists are very rare anyway. There aren't many people like Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young with their roots in jazz.

"Many modern musicians dress-up their playing with a lot of technique and harmonic structure. Lots of us come *close* to a real jazz sound, I hear a lot of new girl singers who are not real jazz singers, but they learn tricks and get close to a jazz sound."

How about your wife, Ann Richards?

"Ann is a very talented musician. I expect great things from her. She plays enough piano to know what she's doing. And she reads. That's unique. She has her own individuality. She doesn't sound like Ella or Sarah and she's certainly a long way from Anita and June.

"But you still have to remember that Ann is very young. It takes a jazz singer a long while to develop."

Mrs Kenton's New Careers



Ann Richards has returned to the Kenton band: "I left a few years ago because I thought people would think I was only singing with the orchestra because Stanley was my husband. That was hard because singing with the band was what I had always wanted to do and I've been a Kenton fan since I was a freshman in high school.

"I had a boy friend who was a raving Kenton fan. I was so crazy about him that I had to listen to the band just to please him. I went to a record store and bought *Jolly Roger* with *Evening in Pakistan* on the other side. From then on I was a Kenton fan."

After high school, Ann's mother insisted that she go to college, but she ended up cutting more classes than she attended and she got a job with a band in a San Francisco ballroom. "We had name bands in every once in a while. I had those nights off, but I used to hang around, waiting to sing, hoping that someone would discover me. And that's exactly what happened. Charlie Barnet hired me. . . . You know, our first date was in Anchorage, Alaska."

Ann played Las Vegas with Barnet and then left to work in Hollywood. Then, at a Thanksgiving party, songwriters Joe Greene and Eddie Beale heard her, asked her to make a demonstration record for a bandleader they

didn't name. "When they told me that it was for Kenton, I said, 'Oh, no, he wouldn't like my singing. I don't sound like Christy or Connor. I don't have that wispy sound.'

"But Stanley did like my singing and he hired me for the band. He liked *me* too, because not long afterward we got married. That's pretty wild for a girl who started singing in church when she was eleven, sang songs like *Come Back to Sorrento* on the Old Gold amateur hour radio show and, actually, got most of my training because the lady I babysat for was a singing teacher.

"How about that? I paid for the lessons by baby sitting, and by the time I was fourteen, I was singing with the high school dance bands.

"Now I can sit back a bit. I'm going to take up piano properly. I want to play as well as Jeri Southern and Car-

men McRae. I can read music now, but I don't really *play* piano. At home I sit down and bang out a lot of dissonant chords. Being married to a dissonant musician, we get along okay."

Five years and two children after marriage to Stan, Ann has her own career in addition. She has a contract with Capitol Records. She has worked as a solo in top night clubs across the country from Chicago to Hollywood. And, at twenty-four, and more attractive than ever, there is now much talk about the possibility of some kind of picture contract.

In the meantime, and with worries about fans accusing her of trading on her husband's leadership, she is back singing and swinging with the new, growing newer, Kenton band. With everything that is happening, the future glows for the popular Mrs. Kenton.

DIRECTIONS IN STEREO

*a look into a sound future
full of fun and questionmarks*

Last year and the first part of this one have turned out to be pretty exciting, speaking stereophonically. Huge advances were made in most areas. In some respects, however, we find very little progress was made—the question of tape cartridges is a case in point.

We were so impressed, a few months back, with Victor's tape cartridge and recorder that we are really at a loss for words as to why these units are not in the hands of thousands of satisfied users today.

It seems that many additional refinements are still being developed along with similar tape cartridge mechanisms, and it is entirely possible that a number of new tape cartridge-playback combinations will hit the market later this year. But if you put real money on this prediction, please do not contact us for either solace or remuneration. We *could* be in the midst of another waiting game.

In the stereo component field, however, things seem a bit surer. Most manufacturers are turning out more flexible and higher quality items than ever before. Here, refinements show up in each new production run: so much so, that, at this writing, it is almost impossible to find a piece of current audio equipment that will not handle any mode of operation from the most simple to the most elaborate custom requirements. Here's how the stereo picture shapes up, area by area:

CARTRIDGES:

The most glaring problem confronting audiophiles today is in the stereo cartridge field: the lack of pin terminal standardization. This has been remedied, in part, by the wider variety of included

hardware with each cartridge, which enables simplified installation in most tone arms and changer rigs. Four wire tone arms and four pin cartridges have made hum-free installation possible. Stereo cartridge output levels have been increased so that, at the moment, we can think of only a few quality cartridges that require the additional level boost of transformers.

CHANGERS:

We've noted just two new changer entries during the past months, with the lead taken by the West German import. The Dual 1006, fair-trade priced at \$69.00. The reports on this unit have been startlingly good. Garrard still offers its complete line of high quality changers with the RC-88 a top-rated changer. Thorens' engineers are getting ready to unveil a new changer entry, but this, apparently, is still a few months off.

TURNTABLES:

Turntable and tone arm kits are, and will be, good bets for the economy-minded and patient do-it-yourselfers. The same holds true for speakers, amplifiers and pre-amps.

TAPE:

The biggest news for the months ahead is the forward push expected in the area of tape and tape recorders. There are really some fabulous new tape recorders now available, with more on the way. It seems that the advent of four-track stereo acted like a shot in the arm for a tape market in decline. The time ahead will see a greater emphasis on the value of pre-recorded and

home recording via the am-fm channels of your tuner-receiver. The new tape recorders feature the four-track record and playback heads which allow for twice the material on the standard reel of tape, or four times the material when recording monaurally.

Improved electronics, tape drivers, precision head configuration with simplified control functions—all of these serve to focus attention on tape and the developments to come in this area.

RECEIVERS:

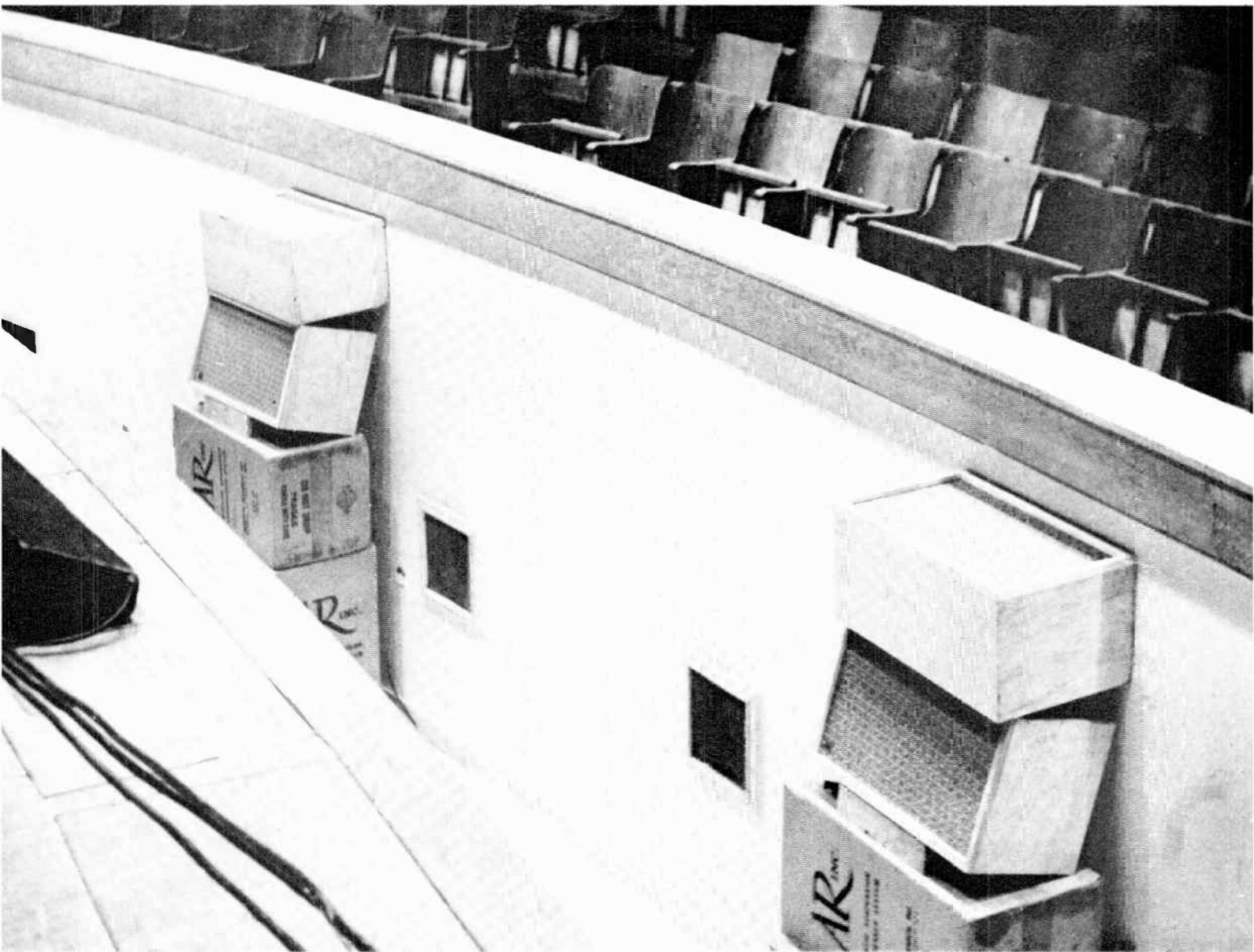
Since last year's High Fidelity Show in New York, it has become apparent that stereo components have taken on a new *combo* look. Complete receivers including am-fm tuners, stereo pre-amps and stereo amplifiers all mounted on a single chassis are replacing separate components. One of the largest of the *combos* to appear in recent months is Madison-Fielding's new series 440.

ACCESSORIES:

In the audio accessories department, we find a wide variety of new items—new tape recording microphones, earphones, microphone mixers, colored tapes (for ease in building a tape library), record and tape head cleaners, tone arm lifters, head and bulk tape erasers, tape strobe unit for checking tape speeds, and lots more goodies, including Audio Devices' "Echoraser" for the removal of print-through.

All in all, it seems like a swinging year of surprise and discovery for the audiophile—with things in it for nearly every pocketbook and every kind of special stereo interest.

orchestra pit in beersheba



When the Martha Graham dance group toured Israel, six AR-2 loudspeakers, with tape reproducing equipment, were taken along to provide musical accompaniment under circumstances where it was impractical to use live musicians.

Above are four AR-2's mounted in the orchestra pit of Cinema Karen in Beersheba (two more were placed backstage). These speakers were selected for the job because of their musical quality: the natural sound of the live instruments, rather than pseudo-hi-fi exaggerations, was desired.

AR *acoustic suspension* speaker systems—the AR-1, AR-2, and AR-3—are designed primarily for use in the home, but are also employed extensively by professional laboratories and studios. They are priced from \$89 to \$231.

Literature is available on request.

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC. 24 Thorndike Street Cambridge 41, Mass.

REVIEWERS APPLY HEAT IN TEST

We have found that most high fidelity basic components hold up well for our normal three and four day evaluation periods, but we've always been curious to find out how these same components would respond to thirty or sixty days of continuous, almost eight hour a day operation.

It was with this curiosity in mind that we set up *The Torture Corner*.

A corner of the METRONOME office was set aside and our record reviewers were let loose on the equipment. Each month new equipment from different manufacturers will be installed. This will include speakers, amplifiers, changers or turntables, cartridges, tuners and tape recorders.

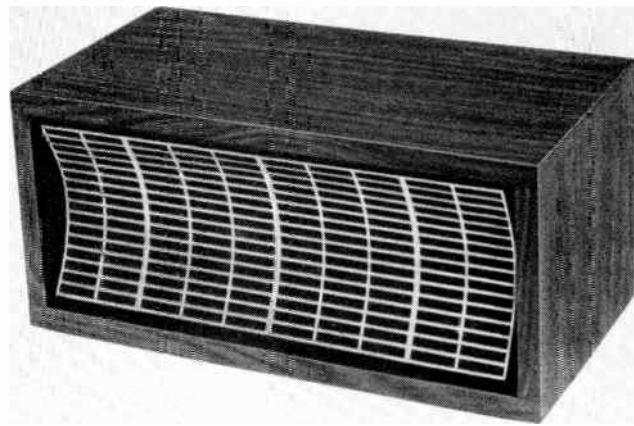
The end result will be two-fold. First we will be able to report on how the equipment performed under daily and difficult usage. Secondly, our record reviewers will be checking the best of records and tapes from the recording companies with current quality audio components. The result should be a report of comprehensive value to our high fidelity readers.

The system tested this month included the new Audax CA 60 speaker system, consisting of one six-inch woofer and one tweeter, with a frequency response, according to the manufacturer, of 70 to 17,000 cps. Measuring only 9½ by 10 by 18 inches, this fifteen pound complete system lists for \$59.95.

From Bogen-Presto, we selected the DB-230A amplifier, the B-61 record player turntable with the PA-1 professional quality tone arm and the H-4-SSD aluminum head with Shure M7D stereo cartridge. All those components represent a quality phono system in the \$300 price category. (Extra for the speakers, of course.)

Hook-up was simple and direct with clear-cut instructions furnished by Bogen-Presto. One confusing element—the two phono audio cables coming from the B-61 turntable were not identified as to right and left—has since been corrected, according to a company spokesman. Other than this small item and a defective 12 AX 7 pre-amplifier input tube, which was quickly replaced, all the components interconnected with ease.

Our reviewers' reports on the actual operation of the equipment was fairly glowing. Ease of operation is obviously what they are looking for. Operational ease, of course, is a primary consideration whenever it is necessary to review



records, and write reviews, and carry on the complicated and sometimes confusing business of magazine production. The closest thing to having two heads and five hands is having record equipment you can operate without an engineer's license and patience.

The really important thing, after operational ease, is how high is the fi, and how wide is the stereo that is in it. Our fi, thankfully, is of the highest, and our stereo is so wide that you could fit two large desks between it, which we did.

The thing the real honest-to-gosh audiophiles hate most of all, when they listen to Mantovani, Kostelanetz and other rainbow orchestras, is that old devil *the hole in the middle*.

This rascal, it seems, can foul-up the widest of orchestral spectrums in dozens of frustrating ways. I once heard the story of this poor audiophile, sitting in his living room, digging his latest Mantovani, when all of a sudden one-half of the string section and seven honey-toned trombones disappeared. That's ex-

treme, of course, but many complaints of this general nature have been registered.

Getting back to our poor audiophile, he quickly discovered that his trouble was not that he had been put under a remote control voodoo curse, but that his stereo outfit was deficient in sound blend. In other words, he had *hole in the middle*.

This set, our reviewers tell us, is free of this and other bugs. It also has that third and equally important quality of ruggedness, the ability to perform day in and day out with consistently fine results.

HI FI FORUM

We will try to include at least one letter each month from those of our readers who have come up against one of the many possible problems which can occur in any sound system. Following is a typical example.

Hi Fi Editor
Metronome,

Dear Sir:

I own a Berlant model 30 series stereo tape recorder. I have had this unit for about eight months during which time it has provided flawless reproduction with pre-recorded as well as *live* tape recording sessions. Just last week I had finished listening to a recent dual track stereo tape release. Rewinding in the normal way, I was amazed and perplexed about one hour later to find that in attempting to play this same tape the speed of the machine seemed to have suddenly changed. I was aware of tremendous flutter and wow. It appeared to be slipping or not making proper contact with the playback head. Does this mean that the playback head is defective? Or is the motor at fault?

J. B. Wallace
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Mr. Wallace:

It is, of course, difficult to arrive at the precise cause of your present tape problem. However, from the symptoms described we would suggest the following check procedure before seeking any replacement parts for your tape machine.

We have found that one of the most common causes of erratic tape movement may be caused by the owner failing to remove the short length of ordinary scotch tape which is used on most tape reels to hold the leader end of the tape in place on the reel.

If this is not done, it is possible, during fast rewind, for this sticky tape to entwine itself around the capstan drive shaft and thus present an uneven and oversize surface for the tape to pass over. Merely remove the two head cover plates on your machine and check the capstan motor shaft. It should be smooth and free of any tape pieces. If a few layers of tape are stuck to this shaft they may be removed by cutting with a razor blade, being very careful not to mar the shaft surface or the heads.

While you have the heads exposed, it is also a good idea to use a Q-tip soaked with a bit of alcohol to clean all head surfaces, capstan shaft and rubber idler wheel. The heads should also be demagnetized at regular intervals. Head de-magnetizers are available at your audio store as are many useful accessories for the serious tape recordist. We suggest you check out these useful accessories. Professional recording engineers perform daily maintenance on studio tape machines, so we'd suggest monthly maintenance for the typical home tape recordist.—GK

STEREO GLOSSARY

Here, for those hi-fi fans to whom the jargon of the trade is still something of a puzzlement, are a handful of terms and what they mean, with additions to this department made each month:

A. B. TEST: Direct comparison of two sounds by playing first one, then the other. This may be done with two tape recorders playing identical tapes (or the same tape), two speakers playing alternately from the same tape recorder, or two amplifiers playing alternately through one speaker, and so on.

BLANK TAPE: Tape on which nothing has been recorded. Also called raw tape or virgin tape.

CAPSTAN: The revolving spindle which drives the tape at a constant speed over the recording and playback head.

DEMAGNETIZER: A device for removing magnetism which may build up in a recording or playback head. A magnetized head can cause noise and distortion. Another type of demagnetizer is used for *bulk eraser* of recorded reels of tape.

FAST FORWARD CONTROL: A button or lever to cause the tape to move rapidly from the *feed* reel to the take-up reel, often combined with *rewind control*, a button or lever to cause the tape to move rapidly from the take-up reel back to the *feed* reel.

FOUR-TRACK TAPE: Four different recordings on one tape. Two tracks are recorded in each direction. For stereo, two tracks are played simultaneously while the other two tracks are

silent. The tape direction is reversed and the two remaining tracks are played. This doubles the amount of stereo music on a given length of one-quarter-inch wide tape.

FLAT RESPONSE: Ability of a sound system to reproduce all tones (from the lowest to the highest) in their proper proportions. (For example, a specification of response within plus or minus one db from 30 to 15,000 c.p.s. would be considered *flat*.)

GAP: Distance between the poles of a head, measured in mils (one mil equals .001 inch). In a playback head, a smaller gap usually aids in achieving a higher frequency range.

HEAD: Ring-shaped electromagnet which magnetizes the tape's iron oxide coating in a series of patterns. In most machines there is a combination record and playback head, plus an erase head.

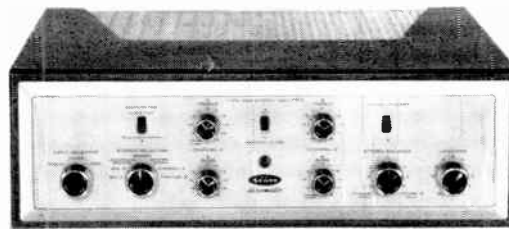
HEAD ALIGNMENT: Positioning so that the head gap is exactly perpendicular to the path of the tape travel. Misalignment causes loss of high frequencies on playback.

INDEX COUNTER: Odometer type counter for noting location of selections on tape. Most late model recorders have built-in counters.

I.P.S.: Speed of tape in inches per second.

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TALENT HEAD GOES STEREO

Charles B. Tramm, President of the Tramm Talent Agency, one of the most active agencies for radio, TV and movies, recently decided to go "stereo" in his Greenwich Village penthouse apartment. Since he was interested in tape as well as in disks with stereo in two separate areas we were fortunate to be called in to assist in the installation.

Chuck, a former commercial TV and radio performer, had long been familiar with high quality sound. Naturally, his selection of basic component hi-fi equipment reflects his desire for the best.

To handle the proposed tape recording chores of dubbing from stereo disks to tape as well as those frequent *live* musical combo sessions in his apartment, Chuck selected the Tandberg Model 5 stereo tape recorder priced at \$514.50, including extra recording amplifier and luggage case. This excellent four track recorder incorporates the utmost in precision head construction along with an outstanding tape drive mechanism. These features, together with high quality electronics and control flexibility, give this Model 5 Tandberg an exceptional rating. It will record and playback monaural material at 17 $\frac{1}{2}$, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches per second as well as stereo four track.

Chuck found that at the amazingly slow speed of 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ IPS he could record over 17 hours of monaural program material on a 7 inch reel of tape. Naturally, the frequency response is not identical with the 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ IPS speed but we *did* try recording some light background music at that speed—with excellent results. For all stereo recording, Chuck uses the 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ IPS speed for the utmost in fidelity. Checking the results between the original stereo disk and the stereo taped copy, he was unable to tell the difference between the two.

The two microphones included with the Tandberg Model 5 provided high quality 'live' pick-up on voice as well as on instruments. Because of their design, these microphones can be placed with ease to pick up the most complex of recording set-ups.

We ran into one inconvenience in using the Tandberg Model 5. Since a second outboard record amplifier is necessary for stereo recording, Tandberg supplies this for placement alongside the main recorder. It must be interconnected to record stereo, and disconnected from the tape deck for playback. Chuck felt,



however, that this inconvenience is far outweighed by the recorder's ability to record and to reproduce with the highest quality.

The rest of the Chuck's sound system is also impressive. It is completely flexible. To stack records for automatic playback, he uses the Garrard RC 88 stereo record changer with the Shure M7D stereo cartridge. For the more exacting task of dubbing stereo disks to tape, he selected the Thorens TD 124 turntable equipped with the new Fairchild tone arm model SA-12 and the Fairchild SM-1 stereo cartridge. This combination provides ease of cueing, accurate speed control for perfect pitch, perfect tracking and full frequency response.

The master control center and power amplifier of Chuck's system is the new Pilot 245A stereo pre-amp—amplifier, with the automatic shut-off feature typical of all Pilot equipment. Using the RC 88 Garrard changer and this shut-off feature, Chuck can rest assured that after the last record has played through, his entire system automatically shuts off, thus making possible late-at-night remote listening.

Selection of either turntable, changer, tape recorder or am-fm (all stereo or mono) is made through the Pilot 245A

control center. (Incidentally, the am-fm tuner selected was the Pilot 580, which Chuck uses to record stereo broadcasts off-the-air.)

The main living-room speaker system is a combination of two Fisher XP-1 units, with a full A-plus-B center channel speaker. The Pilot PSV-2 fills in the center area. This allows Mr. and Mrs. Tramm to spread out the speaker arrangement in their L-shaped living room and still provide a wide stereo listening area.

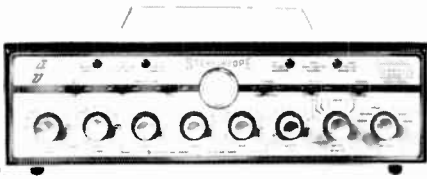
All of the above-mentioned components were installed in an old cherry wood high fidelity cabinet. The changer, turntable and tape are mounted on sliding metal tracks to allow for easy loading.

Chuck decided to use the multiple stereo speaker facility of the Pilot 245A to provide stereo in another room—the master bedroom, located downstairs. Two Fisher XP-1 speakers were used in this room. An additional control box was installed so that the volume could be controlled from this remote position. A relay-operated on/off switch is used to shut off the entire system should one of the components other than the RC-88 record changer be in use.

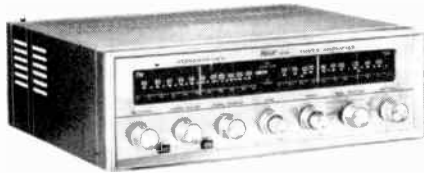
The Pilot 245A master control center, located upstairs in the living room, provides for the switching of speakers, so that the main or extension speakers may be selected. If desired, both stereo speaker systems can be selected at the same time—thus providing the Tramm household with full stereo in two locations.

This is indeed a sound system worthy of being selected as our Home Installation for July. To quote Mrs. Tramm: "Stereo has been one of the most rewarding things that has come to the Tramm's in the last couple of years."

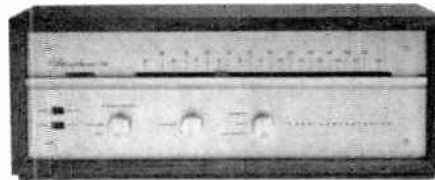
Equipment used and list prices:	
Four Fisher XP-1 Speakers.....	\$129.50 (each)
Pilot 245A Control Stereo Amp.....	199.50
Garrard RC-88 Changer.....	54.50
Shure M7D Stereo Cartridge.....	24.50
Fairchild SM-1 Stereo Cartridge....	34.50
Fairchild SA 12 Tone Arm.....	34.50
Pilot 580 AM-FM Tuner.....	179.50
Thorens TD124 Turntable.....	99.50
Thorens Base.....	7.00
1 Pilot PSV-2 Speaker.....	69.50
Tandberg Model 5.....	514.50
Relay on/off Volume Control.....	45.00



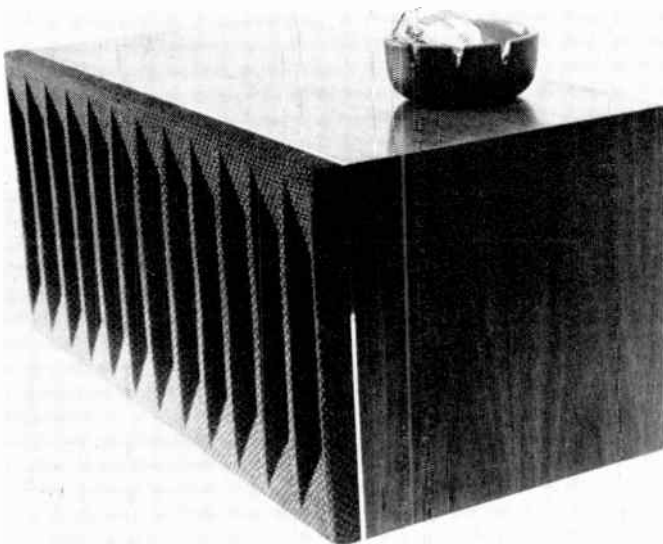
The Stereoscope, an English-make stereo amp-preamp combination distributed in the States by Scope Electronics, is an integrated unit consisting of twin preamps and two independent 20-watt amplifiers on a single chassis. A unique feature is a built-in cathode-ray indicator tube, similar to a 1-inch radar screen, which simplifies stereo channel balancing. Manufacturer is E.M.I. of England. Price: \$270.00. Key Jy-1



Pilot's 602 stereo fm-am tuner/preamplifier-amplifier is a compact unit, "without," according to the manufacturer, "a critical heat problem." FM features include low noise triode RF amp, low noise triode converter, and one saturation limiter stage and 88 to 108 mc tuning range. Preamp features include four independent tone controls, and low level turntable or changer inputs. Weight: 25 lbs. Price: \$239.95. Key: Jy-2



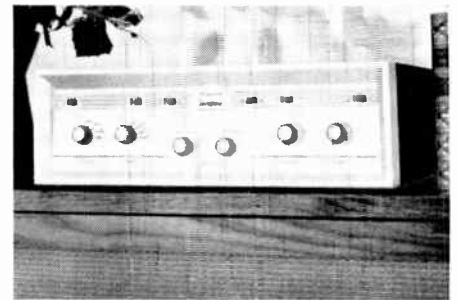
Karg's CT-1 stereophonic fm tuner is a compact combination of standard fm and stereo multiplex fm. Features include: ceramic-insulated and temperature-compensated variable tuning capacitor, filtered fluorescent tuning bar indicator located at dial level, long-life silicon rectifier power supply, alignment test points on chassis, and dual functioning limiter circuit. Capture ratio has been given as 1.2:1. Price: \$129.50. Key: Jy-3



Inside this slot-loaded enclosure are Audax's double eight-inch extended range speakers, the complete unit being the Audax Model CA-80. Sitting atop the oiled walnut cabinet is an ashtray holding a pack of cigarettes, which makes the 12" by 12" by 24" size pictureable. Decorative metallic edging serves as trim between overlapping fabric grille and cabinet surface. Patents are pending for speaker features. Price: \$139.95. Key: Jy-7



University's Model T-202 Sphericon super tweeter is 4 5/8" in diameter, with an overall depth of four inches. According to manufacturer's specifications, this tweeter has a flat frequency response to 40,000 cps, sensitivity of 93 dba at 4 feet with 1 watt input, and an integrated program power capacity of 30 watts. Dispersion in all planes is 120°. Price, including built-in network and brilliance control: \$24.94. Key: Jy-4



Paco's model SA-40 stereo preamplifier-amplifier kit includes a two speaker selection switch, a two-phono selection switch and an earphone jack for late hour listening as well as for tape monitor flexibility. There is an equalization switch, to select either EUR 7 1/2 or RIAA 3 3/4, and dials for Input, Mode, Balance, Loudness, Bass and Treble. There are 12 controls in all. Price for kit: \$79.95. Price, factory wired: \$129.95. Key: Jy-5



Madison-Fielding's Series 440 stereo receiver mounts, on a single chassis, an am-fm stereo tuner and two 20-watt pre-amplifier amplifiers. This receiver was built by Crosby Electronics, a subsidiary of Crosby-Teletronics Corporation, and, like all of the Madison-Fielding equipment, is being marketed by Brand Products of New York. Price for the receiver alone, without the cabinet: \$350.00. (The cabinet is extra.) Key Jy-6

This month's Triple Play, which begins on this page, involves drummer Chico Hamilton, while Review in Depth (page 40) deals with some of pianist John Lewis' recorded work. Regular record reviews by Bill Coss and Robert A. Perlongo begin on page 34. Number ratings, which are guides, not laws, mean thusly: 10—something else, 9—outstanding, 8—very very good, 7—very good, 6—good, 5—fairly good, 4—fair, 3—poor, 2—very poor, 1—something else. Records with ratings of 8 or over are best of the month, and bear the Metronome Seal of Approval.

METRONOME'S BEST

Shelly Berman, **OUTSIDE SHELLY BERMAN**, Verve MGV-15007

Clifford Brown, **JAZZ IMMORTAL**, Pacific Jazz PJ-3 (Reissue)

Les Brown, Harry James and others, **SWING AGAIN**, Capitol T-1385 (Reissue)

Kessel-Manne-Brown, **POLL WINNERS THREE! Contemporary M 3576**

Peggy Lee, **ALL AGLOW AGAIN**, Capitol T 1366 (Reissue)

Wes Montgomery, **THE INCREDIBLE JAZZ GUITAR OF WES MONTGOMERY**, Riverside RLP 12-320

Anita O'Day, **COOL HEAT**, Verve MGV-8312

TRIPLE PLAY

DAVE BRUBECK

Dave Brubeck Quartet, Trio and Duo—Southern Scene (Columbia CL 1439); Dave's piano; Paul Desmond's alto; with Gene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums; playing ten more or less folksy tunes, including *Oh Susanna*, *Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair*, *Deep in the Heart of Texas*, *At the Darktown Strutters' Ball*, *Darling Nellie Gray*.

CHICO HAMILTON, *Guest Reviewer for July*: First, let me say I don't believe in classifying anything with a number. I think that a reader has enough intelligence to rate something for himself.

The only numbers I might possibly go for are those in the numbers game.

BOB: What do you think of this track (*Oh Susanna*)?

CHICO: One thing for sure, when you hear Dave Brubeck, you know it's Dave Brubeck. There aren't going to be any colors, no shading to speak of—not with that type of rhythm section.

BILL: But isn't he *trying* to do barrelhouse? I don't think he's that concerned, here, with shading.

CHICO: He's trying all right, but you've got to have a guy who can really play barrelhouse to play it right. Dave Brubeck's not the type for this kind of music. He can interpret it, figure it out in his mind, but he can't play it. This is very, very stiff. No soul.

BOB: Does this sound to you like an

exercise? It does to me.

CHICO: No, I don't get the impression that this was supposed to be any exercise. It's supposed to be barrelhouse.

BILL: What do you think of this album in terms of Dave's over-all development, the development of the group?

CHICO: To be honest, I haven't heard that many Dave Brubeck albums.

BILL: There's been a lot of comment about Joe Morello's effect on the Brubeck group. What do you think about Joe? Both as an influence and as a drummer?

CHICO: Joe isn't that fantastic a drummer. You hear a lot of talk, but he's exactly what the word implies—a drummer. He is not a percussionist. There's nothing original about him. I've heard him play what I've played and what others have played. I only go for the originals—

BILL: Who do you think are the originals?

CHICO: Jo Jones, for example, Art Blakey, Max Roach, Philly Joe Jones, Buddy Rich too. He's an original, you know? No two drummers can really play that differently. Physically, the fundamentals are always the same. But it's what they put into the instrument, how they add to it. Actually, I've never really heard a *bad* drummer. Originals and non-originals, yes. Guys who haven't quite matured, I've heard lots of those too. But not a bad drummer.

BILL: That's interesting. But it's a little hard to believe. Don't you really feel there are *some* bad drummers, Chico?

CHICO: No, never. You may have a bad day, or hit a new and strange type of group or music, but that doesn't mean you're a bad drummer. As we mature mentally, emotionally and physically, we also mature on the instrument.

BILL: I still find it hard to believe...

BOB: What about other instruments, Chico? Take the saxophone. Do you believe that there aren't really any bad saxophonists, for example?

CHICO: I'm not familiar enough with other instruments to say. I don't really know what's inside them—what you need to really know them. Drums I do know. A drummer is the workingest cat I know.

BILL: But getting back to this record, to Joe...

CHICO: Well, sure, I guess there's some improvement in Brubeck's group since Morello has been with them. He has more knowledge than the last drummer they had. You can say that much, anyway.

BILL: I have the feeling that since Joe has been with the group, it isn't so much Brubeck's group anymore.

CHICO: That's right, it's Morello's group now, if it's anyone's. Just listen, he sets the whole thing up, ties them

all together. Joe Dodge used to just be there, to keep time in the background.

BOB: What about Paul Desmond? Do you think he's moving ahead, improving? You were talking before about being contemporary, about improving all the time. Would you say that's true of Paul? Or does he sound the same to you as he always did?

CHICO: That depends. It's hard to say. If a man's as much a stylist as Paul is, it's hard to determine if he's going ahead, or standing still, or what. When he develops his own distinctive style, when anyone is doing that, well that's the direction that person is going in. It depends on the listener, on how he responds.

BOB: How do *you* respond to Paul?

CHICO: Well, nine times out of ten, I'll respond to anyone's playing. Listening to this album, though, I don't know what to say. I think it's a nice album for people who like Dave Brubeck and who like Southern tunes.

BOB: I find it tiring, all in the same groove. It sounds like the Brubeck of three or four albums ago, not any worse, not any better.

BILL: That's right. Actually, his last album (*Time Out*) was much better. It was a couple of steps forward. This one is about four steps backward. It's good, but it doesn't mean anything.

BRUBECK CODA: Bill gave this record 5, Bob gave it 4, and Chico refused to assign a number to it, for a more-approximate-than-usual average of (5).

THE CONNECTION

Freddie Redd Quartet with Jackie McLean plays the music from The Connection (Blue Note 4027); McLean's alto, Redd's piano; with Michael Mattos, bass; Larry Ritchie, drums; playing seven originals by Redd written for Jack Gelber's play, *The Connection*; tracks include *Who Killed Cock Robin*, *Time to Smile*, *Theme for Sister Salvation*.

CHICO: There's such a difference here from that last record. So much vitality. You automatically get that feeling of excitement. It arouses me right away.

BOB: They sound like they really dig playing together. It's more than just a group that happens to be playing together.

CHICO: It's like they were playing and the recording machine just happened to be on.

BILL: This is the best I've heard Jackie play.

CHICO: This group keeps such a groove. Of course, when the rhythm section cooks this much, you can't help but play, and Jackie does sound very good. Everybody is working so well with the bass player.

BILL: What about this first side, as a whole?

CHICO: My only objection is in the programming. The approach they take, always the same. This might be personal, though. You know, I always think in terms of over-all composition. I know a lot of musicians don't think that way. But a soloist who thinks that way is more effective than the guy who just blows and blows—he's got more going for him; he's working on what is really happening, the variations, the melodic structure.

BILL: Most of these kids don't think about compositions, just about chords they can blow on...

CHICO: They think about how far away they can get, which is all right, but you should return to the source from which you came. Just like on the Brubeck, there's no roots, no soul. If you have a very well-trained ear to hear these sounds, that's good, but for the general listener, it can become very offensive. Do you know what I mean? Of course, there are a lot of times when you're going to stretch out, really travel, but too often the player himself hasn't developed enough to do that, and his notes aren't that sure.

BOB: It's a challenge for a musician to do that and bring it off...

CHICO: Yes, but the greatest challenge for any musician. I don't care who, is to play great big warm wonderful notes, true notes, notes that make the instrument sound like it should.

You know, that's the romance of this business—the romance of playing true. Music—jazz—is a romance. Like eating is a romance. Or anything. If you eat string beans, they should taste like string beans. There can be a lot of other stuff in them, you can cook them however you want, but basically they're still string beans.

BOB: This piano player is wild. Have you been following what he's been doing?—sometimes he's right on top of everything, wailing away, then all of a sudden he's off on a tangent, all by himself, out of it. He sounds a lot like Bud Powell.

BILL: What do you think of Freddie, Chico?

CHICO: Freddie? (*Shrugs*) That's a tough one. I don't really know *what* to think of him. He's all over the place.

Trouble with me, I happened to have played with a piano player—a long time ago, a guy by the name of Art Tatum. I've never been quite the same since.

But this Redd, he plays piano like Jackie plays sax—right at you, driving.

BILL: The play itself is like that. Did you see it?

CHICO: No, but I doubt if that has anything to do with it. I think they'd sound like this whether they were in a play or just around the corner at a bar

or at someone's pad. Their approach would be the same. It's strong, aggressive jazz.

BILL: Do you think it *really* is strong, or that it just pretends to be?

CHICO: I know what you mean. Like Lester was really strong even though he was always very gentle...

BILL: That's right. Nowadays you have everybody using the artillery, guns and bombs, but it's a fake strength. I think...

CHICO: Well, that may be. They're strong in volume, anyway. Like right now, we're on the fourth track (*O.D.*) and we're still able to talk, you know what I mean? Not that much has been happening *musically* to make us stop and listen. My question about this album is what's the connection?

This is a stereotype of contemporary jazz that has been accepted today by a bunch of die-hards and, needless to say, I have nothing to say about it. I think everyone here was playing the best of their ability, but I don't know what they were saying.

BILL: If I can be allowed to carry the image a little further, I'd say the connection arrived at the corner of 52nd and 7th Avenue in an armoured tank.

BOB: I wouldn't put it that strongly. The connection came at the beginning, they were playing well at the start, and also whenever Freddie connected, when he came *back* to the group, so to speak, but it took a long time for him to do this.

CONNECTION CODA: Bill gave it a 5, Bob gave it a 6, Chico abstained again, for an average rating of **(6)**.

POLL WINNERS

Poll Winners Three! with Barney Kessel, Shelly Manne and Ray Brown (Contemporary M 3576); Kessel's guit, Manne's drums, Brown's bass; this award-winning trio playing five standards like *Soft Winds* and *I Hear Music*



Chico: "A drummer is the workingest cat I know."

and five originals like Kessel's *Crisis* and Brown's *Minor Mystery*.

CHICO: I recorded this same tune (*Soft Winds*), with the same instrumentation, using Jim Hall and Carson Smith, and I think mine's groovier; it had more of this (*snaps his fingers*). I think what you have here are three very distinctive musicians who have been acknowledged for years as Poll Winners. I don't think they're great; I think they're very good. Ray Brown is one of the most profound bass players I've ever heard in my life.

BILL: We might make a note that this is the only record we've played that Chico has swung his foot at.

CHICO: It's pretty difficult for me to keep my foot still when Ray Brown is playing.

BOB: Listen to Kessel here (on *Crisis*). He's really swinging. Listen to that.

CHICO: Barney is one of those soul-playing guitar players. You know, Barney and I started out together. This record is the swingiest thing you've played.

BILL: The only real swingers who communicate a fly feeling like this are like Frank Sinatra, Peggy Lee, this group and a few others like them. Not the real *jazz* groups, most often, not the ones who are *supposed* to be the swingers. Most of them try too hard. They bombard you. That isn't the case here.

BOB: I like the interplay these three get going. It's like a conversation.

CHICO: Yeah, that's not difficult when you get sensitive pros together.

BOB: They've played together so much.

CHICO: Here, with Shelly, Barney and Ray, you have years of experience, plus technique.

BILL: Do you think, Chico, it's possible for young musicians to get that kind of working experience now?

CHICO: That's a problem. They certainly need it. You have to play all kinds of jazz, with all kinds of musicians. That's how you get depth.

BILL: This is an outstanding album, I think.

CHICO: I wouldn't expect anything less from them. There's a lot of imagination and composition in the playing.

BOB: The programming's good too. Never gets monotonous. This track (*It's All Right With Me*) is great; it's full of bubbles. It swings all the way from start to finish.

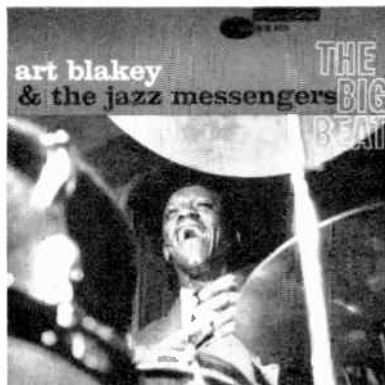
I have to agree, it's a great album.

POLL WINNERS CODA: Bill and Bob, voting heavier than on either of the other albums and agreeing for the first time, gave this album an 8. Since Chico did not take part in the numbering, the average was a logical-enough **(8)**.



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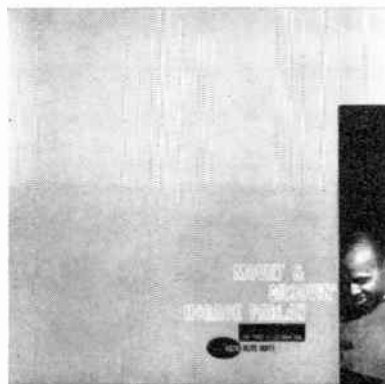
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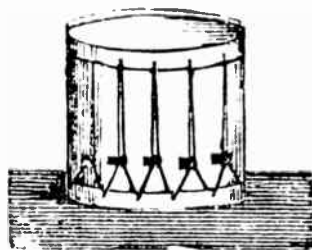


HORACE PARLAN BLP 4028



LOU DONALDSON BLP 4025

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NAT ADDERLEY

Work Song (Riverside RLP 12 318): Cornetist Adderley with Bobby Timmons, piano; Wes Montgomery, guitar; Sam Jones, Keter Betts, cello or bass, or Percy Heath, bass; Louis Hayes, drums: *Work Song*, *Pretty Memory*, *I've Got a Crush on You*, *Mean to Me*, *Fallout*, *Sack of Woe*, *My Heart Stood Still*, *Violets for Your Furs*, *Scrambled Eggs*; the sidemen in several different combinations from trio to full group.

In the liner notes Orrin Keepnews describes the Adderley sound: "strikingly personal; warm, driving, far-ranging, tinged with that slightly acid cornet tone that fits so well with his richly emotional (but decidedly unsentimental) and deeply blues-shaped conception." Superimpose that, all of that, on a guitar-cello group, making trio plus rhythm section, and you have interesting sounds, more than competently played; good solos too, especially from Wes, despite the fact that it is mostly all so, so terribly boppy. The major complaint, if complaint is due in a music so innocently produced, is that working art insists upon more profundity than you will find here; an unfortunate fact in this case, because the idea and the production of it is first rate.—BC

(5) Rating for what it is, diminished by what it could and should have been.

WALTER DAVIS, JR.

Davis Cup (Blue Note 4018): pianist Davis with Donald Byrd, trpt; Jackie McLean, alto; Sam Jones, bass; Art Taylor, drums: *Snake It*, *Loodle-Lot*, *Sweetness*, *Rhumba Rhumba*, *Minor Mind*, *Millic's Delight*; all compositions by Walter Davis, Jr.

Mr. Davis, Jr., is twenty-eight. He has played with Max Roach and Dizzy Gillespie, and is now a Messenger. His originals are his own, but they are in form, and especially as played, tired bop. Jackie falls into his most unfortunate Bird ways; Donald is far from what he can do; Arthur is a battery of heavy and light artillery. Sheer aggression is still no excuse, not for any of them, for so many dull moments.—BC

(3) Deeply dug ruts in the middle road.

LOU DONALDSON

The Time is Right (Blue Note 4025): Lou Donaldson, alto; Blue Mitchell, trpt;

Ray Barretto, conga; Laymon Jackson, bass; Dave Bailey, drums; playing five standards like *Be My Love* and *Idaho* and two non-standards like *Lou's Blues* and *Crosstown Shuffle*.

Here we go again: an amiable, bouncy ramble through the land of the usual. None of the individual performances are bad, none of the music they picked to play is bad, but the ideas are few and far between. Donaldson fans will find their hero just as they left him one, two or three albums ago. The hot and cold running flashes of brilliance are provided, here and there, by Mitchell on trumpet and Parlan on piano. *Lou's Blues* is the least undistinguished of the tracks.—RMP

(3) The attentive reader will find the time not so much right as stopped. His probable question: so what?

MAYNARD FERGUSON

Plays Jazz for Dancing (Roulette Birdland R 52038): big band playing *Hey There*, *Where's Teddy*, *If I Should Lose You*, *I'll Be Seeing You*, *'Tis Autumn*, *Secret Love*, *I'm Beginning to See the Light*, *It Might As Well Be Spring*, *Stompin' at the Savoy*, *'Round About Midnight*, *Soft Winds*.

An eminently successful dance record, though Maynard still squeals overmuch and the sections sound thin now and then. But the tempos are fine, other soloists are appropriately calm and there is an over-all brilliance which reminds you of such powerhouse bands as Kenton and Barnett (with just a touch of Basie) on one-nighters.—BC

(6) Big band dance fans will find this record a delight.

TERRY GIBBS

Music from Can Can (Verve MGV-2136): vibist Gibbs with Frank Strazzeri, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Al McKibbon, bass; Frankie Capp, drums: *Let's Do It*, *I Love Paris*, *C'est Magnifique*, *You Do Something to Me*, *Just One of Those Things*, *Live and Let Live*, *It's All Right with Me*, *Montmart*, *Can-Can*, *Come Along with Me*.

Terry has more of Milt Jackson here than I remember in the past (although there is not even a hint here of borrowing), but the major emphasis is on the simple, especially on the simply swinging. This the record does from start to finish, all based on the good Porter songs, which puts this album ahead before it starts. My only qualification, the reason for the minimum rating, is that like so many albums, this has little to offer to what was originally offered except additional swing. That is all to the good, but it hardly reaches the minimum which this busy art form of jazz sets for itself — saying something, something more than snapping your fingers. The *Articulate* believes himself to be, and should be, something more than a *swinger*.—BC

(5) Swing and fun and stuff around a batch of good songs.

JOHN LEE HOOKER

Sings the Blues (Riverside RLP 12-321): Guitarist-singer Hooker with Sam Jones,

bass; Louis Hayes, drums—on most tracks: twelve different kinds of blues.

Legitimate Americana, primitive i-love-you-hate-you-please-forgiveness-music, played with a compelling beat (Sam and Louis should be in much demand for the next few months). It's a toss-up as to whether you will like this for what it is—you might like it or not for lots of other reasons. Down home it is, and that can be its own special kind of satisfaction. Music it is, but naive to the point of boredom. Sociologically, these are part of an important series being done by American record companies. Anything else, breathe a sigh of comfort, is up to the individual listener. —BC

(6) Interesting Americana; inspired beat; uninspired music and thought.

HARRY LOOKOFSKY

Stringscille (Atlantic 1319): Lookofsky, violins, violas, tenor violins (through many dubbings) with three different groups including Bob Brookmeyer, v. trb; Hank Jones, piano; Milt Hinton or Paul Chambers, bass; Elvin Jones, drums: *Round Midnight, Moose the Mooche, I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart, Little Willie Leaps, Move, Champagne Blues, Give Me the Simple Life, Dancing on the Grave*; arranged by Hank Jones and Bob Brookmeyer.

No one could challenge the fact that Harry has done an amazing job of swinging his set of violins through these tracks, or that the various sidemen work with diligence and swing. But, after repeated listenings, partly because I had thought that all of us might be missing something, this record must be accepted mostly as a meeting of a challenge, perhaps an indication of things to come, certainly not the best or nearly the best of violin-and-jazz records; something of a bore, nothing of a real listening challenge when all is said and done.—BC

(4) Pure research perhaps; still some application to be attempted.

MAINSTREAM JAZZ

Produced by Stanley Dance (Camden CAL 554): Andy Gibson and His Orchestra—Jimmy Nottingham, Emmett Berry, trpts; Eli Robinson, Vic Dickenson, Dickie Wells, trbs; George Dorsey, Hilton Jefferson, Prince Robinson, Paul Gonsalves, Leslie Johnkins, reeds; Jimmy Jones, piano; Kenny Burrell, guit; Milt Hinton, bass; Jimmie Crawford, drums—*Blueprint*, arrangement by Andy Gibson; Harold Baker, trpt & arr; Vic Dickenson, trb; Jimmy Forrest, ten; Jimmy Greene, piano; Francesco Skeets, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums—*I Got Nothing But You, Bedroom Eyes, Give the Lady What She Wants Most*.

Blueprint, Gibson's arrangement for the full band, takes up one whole side of this album. Though it suffers, section-by-section, from lack of rehearsal from time to time, it is an exciting study for band, much in the Duke Ellington manner (tonal colors) and in the Count Basie manner (the total swing), with generally excellent solos, Gibson allowing enough space for them while, at the same time, blowing orchestral sections which tie it all together. On the debit

side is an interminable Paul Gonsalves solo, a la Newport, which is sound and fuzzy, signifying incredibly bad taste. The three sextet tracks (side B of the LP) are much more within the mainstream context while living and breathing for most modernists. All of them are fine musicians; Baker and Dickenson are superb musicians. Unfortunately, none of the material is such that either of them are forced to really extend themselves. But, that aside, there is good, happy music to be had throughout.—BC

(5) The average is lowered mainly because of Gonsalves going mid-stream.

LENNY MCBROWNE

And the Four Souls (Pacific Jazz PJ-1): drummer McBrowne with Donald Sleet, trpt; Daniel L. Jackson, ten; Terry Trotter, piano; Herbie Lewis, drums: *Soul Sisters, Invitation, Dearly Beloved, Lazzinka's Tune, Cerise, I Married an Angel, McBrowne's Galaxy*.

The youngsters here in their record debut show signs of much rehearsal and much determination. Generally, the ensemble playing is better than the soloing, but all of them give indication of young but sure talent. Drummer McBrowne is clearly the standout thus far. But, strictly speaking, despite the fact that many records of this kind are currently available, this group was not ready to record, and this album's major credit is probably as a point of reference as the group develops.—BC

(4) Five young jazzmen to file for the future.

LES McCANN, LTD.

Plays the Truth (Pacific Jazz PJ-2): pianist McCann with bassist Leroy Vinnegar and drummer Ron Jefferson: *Vacashua, A Little 3/4 for God & Co., I'll Remember April, How High the Moon, Fish This Week But Next Week Chittlings, This Can't Be Love, For Carl Perkins, The Truth*.

This self-taught gospel-oriented pianist is reminiscent of a number of different pianists, yet, as he says, he's mostly himself, though he admits to being most attracted to the late Carl Perkins: "Yet, I guess if anybody has influenced me, it's Miles." For me, his greatest resemblance is to Ray Bryant, and like that pianist his approach is direct, emotional, generally simple, very communicative, whether playing the more obviously church tracks or the standards contained here. Vinnegar and Jefferson are nearly perfect helpmates, matching his own approach closely. On ballads he does become more florid, more involved with some Impressionism, even with asides to Garnering. The over-all effect is of pleasant, powerful playing, not overly inventive or distinguished, but certainly personable and personal.—BC

(5) Despite all the ingredients, the group never catches fire.

WES MONTGOMERY

The Incredible Jazz Guitar of (Riverside RLP 12-320): guitarist Montgomery with

Tommy Flanagan, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Albert Heath, drums: *Airegin, D-Natural Blues, Polka Dots and Moonbeams, Four on Six, West Coast Blues, In Your Own Sweet Way, Mister Walker, Gone with the Wind*.



This is the ex-sideman from *The Mastersounds*, of whom Ralph Gleason said: "Make no mistake, Wes Montgomery is the best thing to happen to the guitar since Charlie Christian." This is Wes' second record for Riverside and it is, if anything, better than his first, not so much for the excellent technical reserves on which he draws, nor even for these excellent sidemen, but because he, like Horace Parlan (see review below) has a *fire*—please excuse this kind of vague specific, but whole volumes can be written about the subject, none completely exhausting it—a fire that speaks the joy and exuberance of jazz—even more than a correct and final seasoning for food, makes for an added dimension in the music produced, gives a totality to the performances at whatever tempo and almost regardless of the material.—BC


(8) Top flight, flying guitar and accompaniment.

HORACE PARLAN

Movin' & Groovin' (Blue Note 4028): pianist Parlan with bassist Sam Jones and drummer Al Harewood: *C Jam Blues, On Green Dolphin Street, Up in Cynthia's*



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A pianist who has overcome immense obstacles (he only has the use of two fingers and his thumb on his right hand), Horace has had to find a groove of his own, particularly one which is simple, though not as simple as he would say. Even at its most rudimentary, it is a kind of gentle funky as a general rule, a combination of old and new (much as is usually so in the work of his ex-boss Lou Donaldson) and certainly not as powerful as another ex-boss, Charlie Mingus. But the major force in Horace's playing is that almost unexplainable quality of joy—not alone the love of playing, although that is certainly there, but the sheer exuberance with life and the musical ingredients. That is the major attribute of this album and it is enthusiastically endorsed.—BC

(7) A pianist who can make you sit down to listen and enjoy.

REISSUES

Jonah Jones' Hit Me Again (Capitol T 1375): *Blueberry Hill, Hit Me Again, Gentleman Jimmy, Jonah's Blues, Moten Swing, The Surrey with the Fringe on Top, Cherry, I'll Always Be in Love with You, Where Did We Go? Out, Molly O, Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans, High Hopes*; with a variety of sidemen.

The East Coast Louis Prima in a set of swinging, but otherwise undistinguished tracks.—BC

(5) The only thing that's missing is any kind of inspiration.

Clifford Brown, Jazz Immortal (Pacific Jazz PJ-3): trumpeter Brown with Zoot Sims, ten; Bob Gordon, bari; Stu Williamson, v. trb; Russ Freeman, piano; Carson Smith or Joe Mondragon, bass; Shelly Manne, drums—recorded August-September 1954—*Tiny Capers, Gone with the Wind, Finders Keepers, Blueberry Hill, Joy Spring, Bones for Jones, Bones for Zoot, Dahoud*, arrangements by Jack Montrose.

The Montrose arrangements and the presence of the late Bob Gordon, give this date a sound and style approaching that of a Gerry Mulligan band; that not meant as a criticism, of course. The musicianship is excellent, the soloists uniformly good and the late Clifford Brown is featured, playing his superbly disciplined, yet moving trumpet, many times sounding like a tiger on a leash.—BC

(8) Excellent small band jazz, bound by writing, but soloing strongly.

Peggy Lee's All Aglow Again (Capitol T 1366): twelve Lee classics—*Fever, Where Do I Go from Here, Whee Baby, My Man, You Deserve, Manana, Hallelujah I Love Him So, You Don't Know, Louisville Lou, I'm Looking Out the Window, It Keeps You Young, Let's Call It a Day*; reissues from a number of albums and singles with arrangements by such as Dave Barbour, Sid Feller, Jack Marshall and Nelson Riddle.



A fine cross-section of Miss Lee's best singing during the last several years, most of it representing hit records (something of a home run for those of us who believe that quality has to win). *Where Do I Go* is one of those you may not have heard—the sweet, gentle lullaby-kind-of-blues, that she does so well. Here again, Peggy's humor, as in *My Man*; the simulated fever, as in *Fever* and *You Deserve*; and a fine country blues (*You Don't Know*), whose legitimate quality might be suspect by some because Peggy is pretty and has a good voice, but is richly moving. In short, this is an excellent LP, its only drawback being that you may have many of these tracks already.—BC

(8) Superior singing and acting by our best female vocalist.

Billy May's Pow (Capitol 71377): *When Your Lover Has Gone, Huguette Waltz, It Happened in Monterey, Unforgettable, Lemon Twist, Say It Isn't So, The March of the Toys, Making Whoopee, The Man with the Golden Arm, Softly As in a Morning's Sunrise, Lean Baby, I'll Never Say Never Again*.

The trickiest band in the land (next to Sauter and Finegan), swung wildly, as these tracks will prove, and there is a good deal of fun involved; but there is very little soloing and the major emphasis is Billy's bag of musical tricks, many of them powerful, but most of them commercial.—BC

(6) Big band swing and power on the commercial side.

Swing Again (Capitol T 1385): Les Brown's *I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm* (with altoist Billy Usselson, trumpeter Wes Hensel, pianist Don Tremier) and *Bizet Has His Day*; Harry James' *Two O'Clock Jump* and *Trumpet Blues*; Benny Goodman's *Jumpin' at the Woodside* (with trumpeter Chris Griffin, altoist Hymie Shertzer, pianist (Mel Powell) and *Stompin' at the Savoy* (same soloists plus trumpeter Ruby Braff); Woody Herman's *Wild Apple Honey* (with tenorists Bill Perkins, Dick Hafer, bass trumpeter Cy Touff, trumpeter Charlie Walp) and *Keeper of the Flame* (tenorists Zoot Sims, Stan Getz, baritonist Serge Chaloff, trombonist Bill Harris, trumpeters Shorty Rogers, Ernie Royal, pianist Lou Levy, vibist Terry Gibbs, bassist Chubby Jackson, drummer Don Lamond); Stan Kenton's *Intermission Riff* (trombonist Carl Fontana, tenorist Vido Musso) and *Eager Beaver* (Vido Musso); Glen Gray's *No Name Jive* (with trumpeters Mammie Klein, Shorty Sherock, tenorist Babe Russin, clarinetist Gus Bivona, pianist Ray Sherman).

These are not all the original records, but they are the original, by-now-famous arrangements, re-recorded during the last few years, many time with different soloists, and, in a few cases (such as Herman's *Keeper of the Flame*) are the originals. You will be bound to compare, and, as is the case with Les Brown's *Love*, you will probably feel that the better sound here does not improve on the original Columbia version. *Wild Apple* is one of



the Third (and two-thirds) Herd's best records, an exciting tour de force for soloists and shouting band. New jazz fans may not have heard Vido Musso's tenor before (*Riff* and *Beaver*). It is wide-open experience and big band excitement surrounded by a raging Kenton band. The rolling sound Fontana trombone is its own special kind of joy. The Glen Gray track is from a much earlier era, but its inclusion, though somewhat out of place, is a happy change of pace from the more modern precision surrounding it. *Trumpet Blues* leans perilously toward the *Sleepy Lagoon*, but there is a six-man trumpet section led by Harry and Conrad Gozzo. *Keeper* almost sums up the wildness of the big band hop era. Over-all this is the best big band sampler of the late 'forties and early 'fifties currently available. There are weak moments here and there of course, most notably the Les Brown tracks (and Glen is only there by courtesy and a Capitol recording contract), but here you'll find much music, and an incredible amount of power.—BC

(8) How could you go wrong?

Kay Starr's One More Time (Capitol T 1358): *Side By Side, So Tired, I'm the Loneliest Gal in Town, Changing Partners, Fortune in Dreams, Swamp-Fire, I'll Always Be in Love with You, Two Brothers, The Breeze, Noah, Hold Me, Hold Me, Hold Me, Kay's Lament*; with backings by strings, vocal groups, Latin groups, even a banjo and French horn.

I would own this record because of one track, *Two Brothers*, an imitation folk song which really makes it. Most of the rest is superior Kay Starr, that is the best of this kind of semi-shouting singing. The only thing that stops it from rating higher is the only average material which she is singing.—BC

(6) Fine singer held back by material and materialism.

SUGAR AND SPICE

Blossom Dearie's My Gentleman Friend (Verve MGV-2125): vocalist-pianist with Bobby Jasper, flute; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums; singing ten tracks including *Little Jazz Bird, You Fascinate Me So* and *Someone to Watch Over Me*.

Blossom has such a dear, itty-bittidly voice, jazz-phrased, gently but ably capable of fun, fad, melancholy and irony. She would be the first to admit that there is not great music here, but quantities of special moods do happen, and Blossom reasserts her claim as a unique kind of entertainer.—BC

(6) Blossoming going on in a jazz greenhouse.

Ella Fitzgerald's Hello Love (Verve MGV-4034): vocalist with orchestra conducted by Frank DeVol—twelve tracks which are classics in the field such as *You Go to My Head, Willow Weep for Me, Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year, Tenderly, Stairway to the Stars* and *Moonlight in Vermont*.

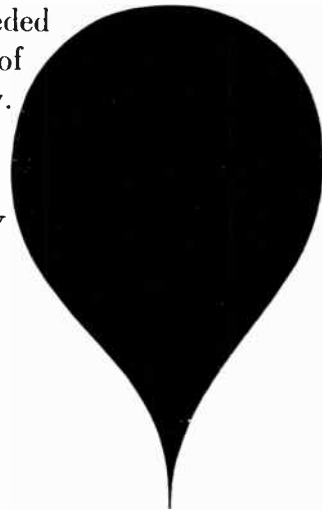
Ella's voice caresses each of the lovely melodies in this album, but, as has been



*the
question
is
time*



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answer
is
money*



*guard your
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a checkup
and a check*



noted here before, her reading of sophisticated lyrics is naive at best, and may perhaps spoil your pleasure in the beauty of her voice.—BC

(6) Sweet sounds, but the words lose something in the translation.

Anita O'Day's Cool Heat (Verve MGV-8312): singing Jimmy Giuffre's arrangements for a good-sized band of twelve heated songs such as *Mack the Knife*, *Gone with the Wind*, *Hooray for Hollywood*, *It Had to be You* and *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*.



Cool heat it is as Anita, one of the few remaining hot jazz singers, maintains the strength and impetus of her singing while, at the same time, exhibiting a gentleness, a subtlety, which gives an exciting dimension to this album, making it one of the most satisfying of her career, bringing out more of her special artistry, all of this considerably strengthened by Giuffre's completely fitting scores.—BC

(8) The best of Anita for many years, this should please all jazz fans.

Dinah Shore's Sing Some Blues with Red (Capitol T 1354): vocalist with Red Norvo, vibes; Jerry Dodgian, alto & flute; Jimmy Wyble, guitar; John Mosher, bass; John Markham, drums (plus unlisted piano, trumpet and, occasionally, a muted trumpet quartet); playing twelve such as *Bye Bye Blues*, *Someday Sweetheart*, *Lucky in Love*, *Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me*, *Skylark* and *Lover Come Back to Me*.

In some ways these tracks are reminiscent of Dinah's earlier days with the chamber jazz groups. But the jazz is buried here; it's not really part of her make-up anymore and, although her singing is certainly good, and there are bits of fine Norvo solos as well as strong rhythmic background for Dinah, this is purely fine pop singing superimposed on a sometimes jazz background.—BC

(5) Good pop, awkward moments when Dinah tries to be a jazz singer, but an over-all quality of a good voice and fine tunes.

Nancy Wilson's Like in Love (Capitol T 1319): vocalist with arrangements by Billy May for twelve tracks which include *On the Street Where You Live*, *The More I See You*, *In Other Words*, *All of You* and *Passion Flower*.

Inspired background music abounds here—the best of big dance band kind of writing from the late '40s—some of it really too obtrusive, but all of it providing Miss Wilson's pop singing (kind of Dakota Staton out of Dinah Washington, with an aside to Carmen McRae) with the most shimmering of backgrounds.—BC

(6) Very good background for a good-enough pop singer.

Julie London's Julie at Home (Liberty LAP 3152): vocalist with background by Jimmy Rowles, Al Viola, Earl Palmer, Don Bagley, Emil Richards and Bob Flanagan; recorded in Julie's livingroom, the twelve songs including *You'd Be So Nice*

to *Come Home To, They Didn't Believe Me, Goodbye, You Stepped Out of a Dream* and *Everything Happens to Me*.

This sounds like a most pleasant informal evening at home, exactly what it was meant to be. Liberty still manages to catch every breath that Julie takes, an intimacy-producer, which, together with the fine, informal backgrounds, and Julie's slight but tender voice, makes for



WILLIAM CLAXTON

Julie London: a pleasant lady, completely at home

a good pop record which has jazz orientation.—BC

(6) Light, but neatly musical singing and swinging.

TEDDY WILSON

And Then They Wrote . . . (Columbia CL 1442): Teddy Wilson, piano; Major Holley, bass; Bert Dahlander, drums; playing a dozen tributes to a dozen pianists and their songs, such as Waller's *Honey-suckle Rose*, Hines' *Rosetta*, Garner's *Misty*, Brubeck's *The Duke*.

This album is a cocktail with no punch. Teddy, here, is very much himself, which is to say suave, whimsical and fluent as all get out, but nothing more. One detects throughout a dismal lack of feeling for the music being played, the disinterestedness of an extremely talented professional piano player who has come to make a date but who obviously hasn't put his heart in it. Dullest of the tracks, oddly enough, are Wilson's own *Sunny Morning* and Kenton's *Artistry in Rhythm*.—RAP

(3) A saddening reminder that form minus feeling adds up to almost nothing.

WIT FOR MODERNS

Lenny Bruce's I'm Not a Nut, Elect Me (Fantasy 7007): ten tracks, recorded in-person, including bits on *The Steve Allen Show* (what happened to Lenny there), *White Collar Drunks*, *Bruce in Miami* and *The Governors*.

Lenny has a unique, almost painful,

perception about the foibles of the drinking classes. He is, when he is not dealing with matters outside his information or intuition, a side-splitting satirist about the business of being a human being; about the *Defiant Ones*—being chained to you has taught me something . . . I'm taller than you; income tax and drafts are the same, but schools and those things, they take a little time. Or in another vein: bronchitis is a poor and Jewish disease, tuberculosis is kind of hip; it has a literate and sexual connotation, cholera is a Mid-West, Nelson Algren disease . . . now Pellegra, that's the hippest disease . . . Cost us a fortune, we bought it at Newport. In Miami: politically, it's a cancer . . . Put out a booklet about shark-infested waters—first rule—get out of the water as soon as possible . . . apparently sharks are integrated—everybody goes, mop, mop; the disgrace of school teachers' salaries; the tribunal which will come, when you will have to account for what you did in contrast for what you earned—which is a deadly zero-ing on pay-values . . . And long and dead and it goes on, all of it filled with comments which should be made, and much brilliant wit—because Lenny, thank God or gods, is extraordinary. But, as was said here before, some rules should be levied on even the gifted satirist. This one, despite his art, his gift, for seeing the hidden crutches, is more witch doctor than therapist, his wit nearly exclusively destructive. He dances around the corpse. If you are sure enough of yourself and where you are that you can make judgments from the Bruce-ian destruction, there are no claims that you might have on him. If, on the contrary, you have respect for his wit as I do, but a parallel, almost natural desire for him to pose some constructions for the better—if, in addition, you think that those who set out to destroy the pretensions about taste and sanctity, should have some bounds of their own—some taste and some sanctity present in the areas of their performance, some ability to distinguish between what is a real enemy and what is understandable weakness—if that is the way that you feel, and I do, Lenny Bruce, despite your admiration for his wit, is a big disappointment for your mind.—BC

(7) The rating should be larger for the large wit; should be smaller for a man who knows it so well, so necessarily needs to know IT.

Shelly Berman's Outside Shelly Berman (Verve MGV-15007): four routines recorded in-person, the audience applauding, laughing and ad-libbing while Shelly talks on the telephone through *Franz Kafka on the Telephone*, a booking agent on the telephone, a delicatessen owner to his stage-struck son, and, without telephone, a possible P.T.A. meeting with the audience asking Shelly mad questions.

In the Berman tradition; an amalgam of sharp and soft, ranging from Franz, which represents Shelly's perpetual search for the perfect tele-



phone call, and the didos of modern civilization, through the wild lampoon of the booking agent (who books Al—that's Albert Schweitzer—into the Chez Paris as a combination organist and patter man—use little bits of humor you pick up around the leper colony, Al; and answers Juan Peron, I'm sorry baby, no countries are available; or counsels another booker, I think it's a mistake to book Nasser into Miami); departing into the P.T.A., which is hilarious, I think, if you are old enough to have raised children; and, then, into the incredible gentleness of the young man who wants to go to New York to study acting, and his hard-working father, the owner of a delicatessen, who mixes love with violence (all fathers everywhere, in one way or the other—but perfectly set here in its ethnic insistence), and who gives the boy more than he asked for, but with many cautions and many threats, one part of which reads something like this: If I come to New York and I find on your face one pimple, I'll break off your head . . . remember . . . worse will come to worse . . . in Chicago, there is somebody . . . you know what I'm talking, Sheldon . . . Sheldon; Sheldon . . . Sheldon, don't change your name.—BC

(8) For me, some priceless bits of Americana: the eternal love that we may bear each other.

Pat Harrington, Jr., and Bill Dana (Signature SM 1012): nine comments on the contemporary scene, many of them sharp, some of them whimsical, a few more in an almost poetical frame of truth, all introduced at what seems to be a private party by Steve Allen, who sets the scene (seemingly a problem situation) in which the two improvise.

Some of these skits are too much: the drunk who wants to be left alone in the bar, who fought for Hill 607 in Korea—that was some hill . . . I fought the whole hill myself . . . Webb and Knapp tried to get it from me . . . that's a New York joke, buddy; or the Frenchman visiting, finding an Irish pubman, frankly antagonistic about Gallic ways, a description by Guido (that's Pat) of how he learned English—we used to surface near an American destroyer and watch the movies, and that's how we got caught; the son of a guns, they were playing a double-feature and we followed them into Newport. But the best of the whole thing is the supposed interview with "Junior Officer Guido Panzini" (Pat again, and when he did this the first time at Toots Shor's, he convinced everyone that he was right off the Andria Doria, almost caused a riot among the Italian waiters because he said that he and other Doria employees had escaped first, before the passengers). All of this is wonderful, but one line is the most for me, Dana asks: "When did you first realize that you were on a collision course?" Harrington, as Panzini: "The captain asked a question and someone answered in Swedish."—BC

(7) Everyone should encourage this kind of improvised madness.

Julius Monk's Four Below Strikes Back (Offbeat 0-4017): eighteen offerings from the madcaps and magpies at Julius' *Downstairs at the Upstairs*, starring Jenny Lou Law, Nancy Dessault, George Furth and Cy Young, dual pianos by Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood, vocal arrangements by William Roy, direction by Julius and Word Baker and special material by nearly a score of young bright lights including Ronny Graham, Tom Jones and Bruce Williamson.

This is not as much fun as most of Mr. Monk's "original cabaret concepts" have been—more fun it is in-person. Here, on record, without the engaging personalities shining forth, there is a great deal of froth, not too much essence, little enough of sediment. Too bad too, for the show in the club seems to bubble wildly and one track, there and here, that really wails is about the family fallout shelter.—BC

(5) Engaging, but no marriage this time around.

Bob Newhart's The Button-Down Mind of Bob Newhart (Warner Brothers WB 1379): six routines—*Abc Lincoln versus Madison Avenue*, *The Krushchev Landing Rehearsal*, *Nobody Will Ever Play Baseball*, etc., recorded in-person at the Tidelands Club, Houston, Texas, with LP subtitle: "The most celebrated new comedian since Attila (The Hun)."

Mr. Newhart is a very funny man, concerned with the situation comedy (as, for example, Shelly Berman), with another Berman-ism—the use of telephone or microphone (three times on the phone here, once on mike to TV cameras), and his lampoons are mainly that, seldom angry, more amused at the straight and crooked paths we walk, the strange tricks that fate could have paid (The Wright Brothers, if a new products management company had appeared on the scene; or what would have happened to Abner Doubleday if he had tried to sell his game of baseball to a big game company—the explanation is hilarious). The complaining is done with good-natured, long-suffering patience, and the total impression of Newhart humor, aside from its fun, is that he only grinds an axe to provide wood for his class reunion, softball game and clambake.—BC

(7) An amusing party record for any kind of party.

Johnathan Winters' The Wonderful World of Johnathan Winters (Nerve MGV-15009): eight tracks including a hundred Winters' characters and conversations about the flying saucers, airline pilots, a super service station, the Marine Corps, a hip robin hood and a used pet shop.

If you close your eyes about the time you push the start button, you may imagine that you are being surrounded by *Cinerama* and a cast of thousands. Old John in or out of "the zoo," is a wild one and in or out of his many characters, he is an almost continual breakup. Unlike the others (Shelly, Lenny or Mort), Jonathan is mostly a funny-man, concerned with points, but less concerned with social comment, and basi-

cally more concerned with the really sick than those who are usually accused of it—his characters are usually beset with any one of a number of physical and/or mental illnesses, and there is really no reason to expect that they will shape up any better than they inevitably do. "Normally we fly at 18,000 feet, but today we're a little overloaded and we'll fly at about 500 feet all the way . . . incidentally you know where the paper bags are." And so on it goes. Nonetheless, there are hilarious moments all the way through the gloom and even an occasional wince of pain won't dispel that.—BC

(6) For better and for worse, through sickness and health, much fun.

THE NIGHT RIDER

*You may or may not know
how it lurches,
that pandemonious bus,
the one up Eighth Ave,
the way the aisle slopes
when the bus roars to begin,
belching ghosts of smoke
upside its windows.*

*We sat riding the street's fury,
watching April stars dashing
in the hollows between buildings,
Orion and Nedick's,
The Seven Sisters,
Tommy's TV Tavern,
jolted into mad proximity:
our private galaxy.*

*Enter: The Middle-Aged Man,
on cue, dressed in Sunday's worst,
tipsy in a bent fedora,
fighting against the aisle's
weird slant, pulling forward
by clawing at the bright seat-grips;
we watched him, forgetting
the jumbled universe outside.*

*His face was locked in dedication;
his wide tie was doing the splits
across his narrow chest;
pulling past us, his knuckles white,
I heard him tell himself
in a whiskyed toneless mutter
no one was meant to hear:
'It's a rocky road to Dublin.'*

—Robert A. Perlongo

John Lewis

THREE REVIEWS IN CONTEXT

BY TED E. WHITE

John Lewis is one of a handful of men in whom the future of jazz composition lies. He is, along with Charles Mingus, Gil Evans, George Russell and a few others, one of the foremost jazz composers.

Lewis has had his own ideas about jazz, and the sort of music best fitted for a quartet with the unique instrumentation of the Modern Jazz Quartet—his musical *home base*. His writing has used baroque forms which bear a family resemblance to jazz forms, and which fit in well with them: fugal and contrapuntal figures over which the quartet swung mightily. He has used these forms to create a number of remarkable melodies, several of which, like *Django*, have already become jazz standards of excellence.

Nat Hentoff has called Lewis "an 18th century cat, time-machined to now and wailing on a sunny morning in May," and I can think of no more apt a way to characterize him. Lewis has strong opinions about jazz, about the application of European forms to jazz, and yet, when all is said and done, he still swings, he still wails, *he still preaches in the language of jazz*.

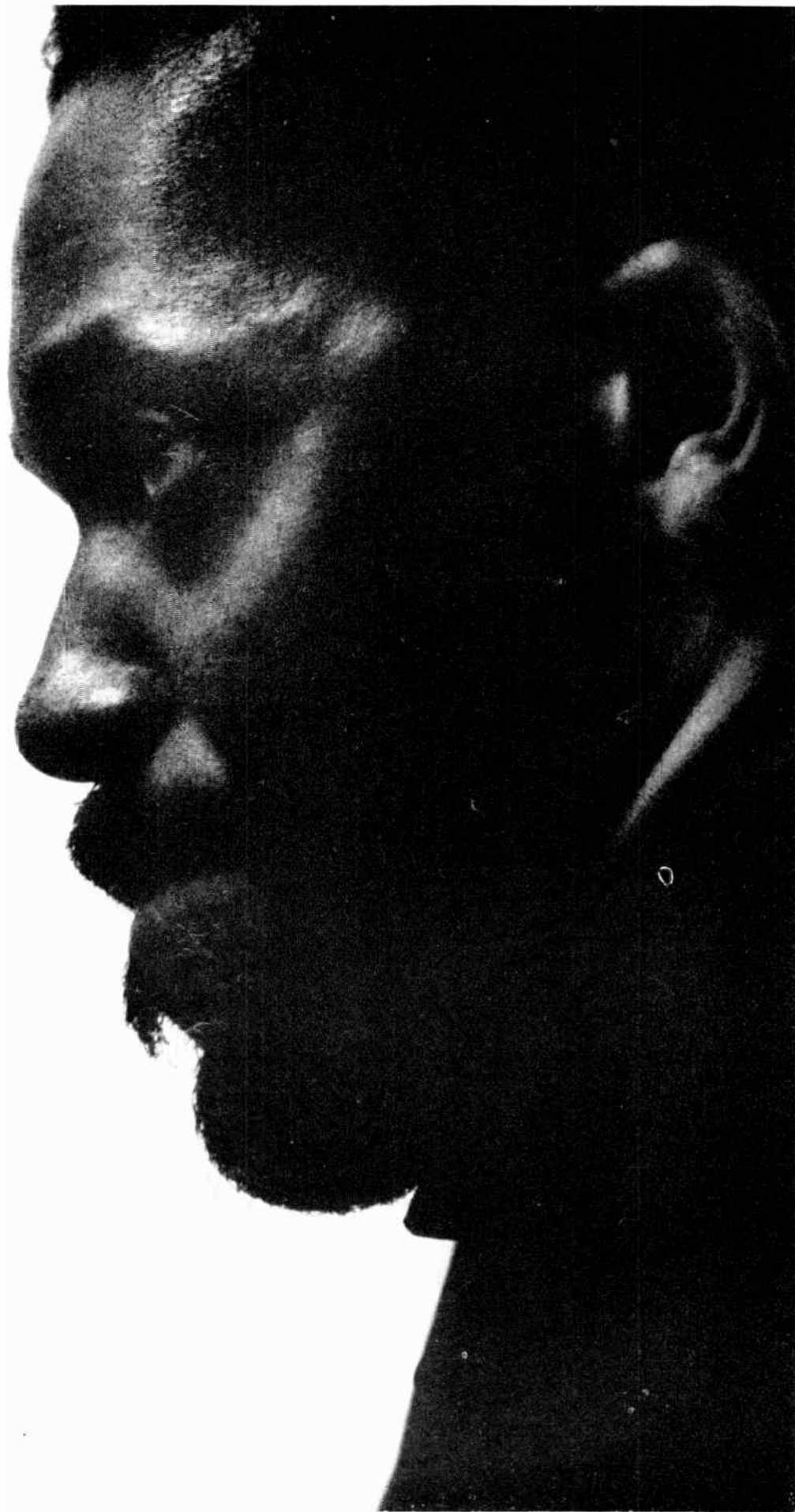
This is a point that is overlooked too often.

The MJQ has become world famous. With popularity, has come attack and censure. And the figure singled out to receive this criticism is John Lewis. The self-styled critics ("Why, man, I been playing drums for nigh onto twenty years, and I oughta know . . .") have said the MJQ doesn't swing, doesn't play jazz at all; "if I want Bach, I'll listen to Bach!"; "It's chamber music—tinkle and tinkle, and no guts!"; . . . and so it goes. They complain about the frills, about the apparent lack of masculinity in the music of the MJQ. It's all John's fault, they claim, and only Milt Jackson, a real funky *soul brother*, saves the day.

These critics point to Milt's recent solo efforts with blues bands arranged for by Quincy Jones as what Milt can *really* do, never asking themselves why Milt doesn't just give up the MJQ, of which he is apparently so little a musical part. The explanation is simple: Milt Jackson shares with Lewis a deep understanding for and liking of melodic lyricism.

In harping on Lewis' use of coun-

LAWRENCE N. SHUSTAK



REVIEW IN DEPTH

terpoint, fugues, and other devices of form, his critics are as far off base as those who point with pride to these same devices. Both overlook John's real contributions, and the real reasons for both his success and the antagonism that has been directed against him recently.

John Lewis has an ear for melodic compositions of church-like beauty, a feeling which lends itself perfectly to a light, piano-vibes combination. Instead of concentrating on rhythmic variations, or new structures over old changes, Lewis accents the composition of melodies—fresh and original melodies, not stale paraphrases.

While progressing constantly with the MJQ, Lewis has also carried out a number of special projects. He cut two albums of solo piano with rhythm for Atlantic (*The John Lewis Piano and Meditations*). He scored two movies, *No Sun in Venice* and *Odds Against Tomorrow*, both since issued on record, on Atlantic and United Artists, respectively. He plays an important role as a faculty member of the Music Inn School of Jazz, and acted as musical director for the 1959 Monterey Jazz Festival.

In the following reviews, I want to contrast two of his symphonic records with his MJQ album for Atlantic, *One Never Knows*.

The Modern Jazz Society Presents a Concert of Contemporary Music, Verve MGW-8131:

Five pieces, all written by Lewis, are performed by two generally indistinguishable nine-piece groups consisting of tenor, clarinet, trombone, flute, bassoon, French horn, harp, bass and drums. There is a surface similarity to the famous Miles Davis 1949 group, but the instrumentation is even less orthodox than on that date, and the music is far more important.

The soloists are Stan Getz and Lucky Thompson alternating on tenor, Tony Scott and Aaron Sachs alternating on clarinet and J. J. Johnson on trombone. All provide excellent solos within their musical contexts, Lucky Thompson is a delight to hear; he offers new evidence of his startlingly underrated qualities.

The sides are *Midsommer*, a long piece which John describes as "an adagio in a general first rondo form"; *Little David's Fugue*; *Sun Dance*; and two pages from the MJQ book,

The Queen's Fancy and *Django*, both arranged and orchestrated by Gunther Schuller, who plays French horn on the date.

This is an important session. Heard here for the first time is a brand of orchestrated modern jazz which is neither cool nor unemotional. Earlier attempts with orchestrated jazz were often mere exercises in scoring, or simple extensions of typical small-combo jazz without any added dimension other than that of phony lushness. The much-praised Miles Davis 1949 session is a sample of that kind of arranging. Despite the advances they represented then, today's work by Mingus, Russell, Schuller, or—in this case—Lewis, renders the 1949 Davis sides obsolete.

Lewis, here, makes his pieces *singing* melodic compositions, orderly in their progression, invested with a rich impressionism, lush with dabs of varicolored sounds. Using modern harmonies and jazz voicings, Lewis paints a striking Romantic picture, in the tradition of Debussy. Indeed, reflection will show that Lewis has made use of the entire history of European music, finding worth in every era towards utilization in the music of his own.

One Never Knows; MJQ film score for *No Sun in Venice*, Atlantic 1284:

This album is a suite of six pieces, arbitrarily arranged, without continuity. While the musical structure is enchanting, the performance is thin. The music, generally thematic and programmatic, is impressive, but not suited for the light and airy quartet sound of the MJQ. It cries out for shading, density, for a full spectrum of colors, and the instrumentation here does not provide any of this. The over-all effect is a light, brittle, surface sound, as though the performers were skating along the top of the music rather than probing down into its emotional depths. This, plus its lack of variety, makes it the poorest of the Atlantic MJQ records.

European Windows, John Lewis and members of the Stuttgart Symphony Orchestra, RCA Victor LPM-1742:

Victor should have issued this as a Red Seal label album, for it is not being marketed as a jazz record, and it is certainly not a pop record. But, however you classify it, it is one of the most important records released since World War II.

The life and beauty which fill this record come directly from jazz, while the forms are, for the most part, European. In many ways, it is the successor of the *Modern Jazz Society* album, but it goes a step further in its

employment of a string section, and its methods of musical construction. The blend of improvisation and serious music here is of far-reaching significance.

Within the framework of a symphony orchestra led by Lewis are two jazz soloists, Gerry Weinkopf, a German flutist; and Ronnie Ross, the English baritone saxophonist. Weinkopf is lyrical, but strongly dependant upon Lewis for most of his ideas. Ross, however, emerges as a soloist of major ability, playing beautifully.

The music, again, is all written by Lewis, and, with one exception (*Schuller's Midsommer*), is arranged and orchestrated by him. We find here many old friends from the Lewis canon: *Midsommer* and *The Queen's Fancy* from the Society album; *Cortège* and *Three Windows* from the *One Never Knows* album, here in proper garb; *2 Degrees East*, *3 Degrees West*, first written for a Pacific Jazz date and later performed by the MJQ on Atlantic; and *England's Carol*, a set of variations on *God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen*, which Lewis used in an Atlantic quartet album.

Immediately, listening to this album, it becomes apparent that this is where Lewis belongs, that this is his element: surrounded by an immense palette of tonal colors with which to work. Here, the two pieces from *One Never Knows* take on a life, depth and beauty that is breathtaking. Here, *Midsommer* realizes its full potential in alternations between provocatively-used sweeping strings and a baritone and flute duet over a rhythm accompaniment.

Here, in *2 Degrees East*, *3 Degrees West*, Lewis plays his only solo, a solo strongly reminiscent of his wonderful *Harlequin* (from the Atlantic album, *The John Lewis Piano*), in which he had seemed to be dueting with an unheard musician. Here, we can listen to the "replies," which before existed only in Lewis' mind, as the orchestra responds to his sparse, eloquent chords.

Lewis, on this album, shows that he shares with two other 20th century Americans, Ives and Cowell, an understanding for the proper use of folk-forms—in Lewis' case, jazz folk-forms. A strict partisan definition of jazz would not, however, include Lewis' music as we have it here. But then that same definition would rule out some of Bix, almost all of Bird.

Jazz is, after all, made up of the individual statements of its musicians, and, here, John Lewis has at last fully communicated his own musical self.

DISC JOCKEY PAGE

below:
Del Shields
and
"Miss Opus
In Jazz"



Opus in Jazz is a movement in Philadelphia—a radio program, a jazz association with its own clubhouse and its own *Miss Opus in Jazz* in the person of Miss Carol Johnson—a really potent force for the publicizing of the music in the City of Brotherly Love.

And all of this is presided over by intense, soft-spoken Del Shields, whose program, you guessed it, *Opus in Jazz*, is broadcast 11:30 P.M. until 2 A.M., Monday through Friday on Philadelphia's WDAS (1480 on your AM dial; 105.3 FM).

Just thirty, Del has had varied careers. New York born, he graduated from New York University in 1952, had a modeling school, promoted dance exhibitions, was in public relations, then began his broadcasting life at Baltimore's WEEB in 1955. In 1956 he moved to Philadelphia's WCAU-TV, where he still works as an assistant director, doubling at WDAS as a jazz jockey for the last two years, excepting some summer months in 1959.

Basically WDAS is a rock and roll station, except for the 6-8.30 P.M. concert network, jazz jockey George Johnson (8:00-11:30 P.M.) and Del, whose show's purpose is "to expand the appreciation of the art of jazz," which is also the motto of the jazz association.

GILLESPIE, DIZZY

METRONOME Index Card #2

John Birks Gillespie, born in Cheraw, S. C., on October 21, 1917. Father was an amateur musician, introduced son to various instruments. Began playing trumpet when 15, worked professionally in 1935, playing much in the style of Roy Eldridge. Played with Teddy Hill, Cab Calloway, Charlie Barnet among many others; joined the Earl Hines hop incubator band in 1943, returning to New York to play an important part in the birth of the new music, joining forces with Charlie Parker, leading his own amazing big band in 1945 (and again afterward), but mainly leading a variety of small groups. Winner of the METRONOME All Star Poll in 1947-1950, and again in 1956. John has often been called *The Clown Prince of Bop*, but his witticisms are most often out of the clown class, and he is a delight to interviewers of taste and understanding. In recent years, in the change to cool, there has been some slipping in the Gillespie popularity, but he remains a complete musician, capable always of brilliance, often of greatness. Recorded on dozens of labels, Verve is recent and representative.

His audience is consequently more adult: "Certainly more mature than most, although I do get calls from the hippies now and then. You know, I'll play an Andre Previn album, and someone will call to say, 'Man, who is ANDRÉ,' or I'll play Louis, and someone else will call—maybe it's the same guy—'A little history tonight, teacher?' But that doesn't bother me. What does, is that the right people aren't as vocal. Why do you suppose it is that the people who are obviously enough interested in jazz to listen to jazz programs, don't realize that their letters and cards help a disc jockey very much? Station management likes to see a reaction like that."

Del's programming has three special qualities. Although the emphasis is on modern jazz, everything is included "from Louis to Miles, or, what did you guys say—from Bunk to Monk." Secondly, Del uses the show to encourage his listeners to write about jazz—prose or poetry—to sketch it and photograph it, so that they'll get more into the heart of the music. Thirdly, from 1:30 until 2 each morning, he devotes a half-hour to those musicians who have never compromised their art. This is not an oblique way of criticizing others: "I know that musicians have to eat and pay rent. If they have to play other kinds of music for that reason, that's understandable. But still I think some kind of special treatment is owed to the guys who have struggled for the art."

The Shieldsian philosophy of broadcasting is unique and very positive. "I think that being a jazz disc jockey is a big responsibility. I respect the position and I think that if you don't know a lot about jazz, you shouldn't be a jazz disc jockey."

About jazz in general: "Jazz has an awful lot of circus quality right now. The double problem seems to be that it has to get back to the people, but it has also to stop running the risk of becoming just another form of entertainment. I want jazz to be appreciated and understood by everybody, but you have to be realistic about it and realize that it takes a lot more effort than most people are willing to give to the listening. When you make it too easy for them, you're bound to make enough compromises to run the danger of making it into an entertainment rather than keeping it as an art."

The jazz association which has grown out of Del's program, also called *Opus in Jazz*, has just leased the ground floor of a building at 3038 West Girard Avenue (Philadelphia 21, Pa.) and there he hopes to continue to build the club's membership and services.

His own particular tastes in jazz are catholic. But we finally convinced him that readers would be interested in a narrower selection: what he most liked to listen to on his own time. Like last month's jockey, Mort Fega, Del thought such a choice extremely difficult, but he too made few excuses for his favorites once he had decided to name them: "I'm continually pleased by Duke Ellington's *Satin Doll*. And I admire anything by Charlie Parker; even at his worst, he was better than any of his imitators. And all of Bessie Smith, even considering how badly she was recorded in those days. I've got a favorite album too: *Fontessa*, by the Modern Jazz Quartet."

So much for quizzes and such. The real measure of the man can be taken in what he does. Few men are so admirably equipped as is Del Shields in the total business of presenting jazz to the public. That he has done so is obvious in its success and *salutable* in its quality.

GERRY AND SARAH

There was a little bit for everyone last month at New York's Basin Street, where Miss Sarah Vaughan sang prettily for the people, mainly from her more commercial repertoire, though occasionally, with close support from bassist Richard Davis, in a more jazz-like vein. Gerry Mulligan debuted his big band on the same show, featuring arrangements by himself, Bob Brookmeyer and Bill Holman, with solos by Gerry, Bob, Zoot Sims and trumpeter Don Ferrara, whom most New Yorkers have not heard before. The band is a good one, possibly best, though loosely, described as more articulate Basie at times, more musical Kenton at others, thoroughly dominated by the Mulligan sound and leadership almost always. The soloists are uniformly excellent of course. Ferrara is a must for students of the trumpet.—*BC*

THINGS TO COME

Hank Mobley is organizing a group which will include musicians from the New York-New Jersey area; something different after these last few years of dominance by the Detroit-Florida-Philadelphia musicians. . . . Guitarist Attila Zoller is rehearsing a trio for jazz club work. . . . Juan Tizol and Sam Woodard have rejoined Duke Ellington. . . . Still another jazz festival may be on the way. The Long Beach Kiwanis Club may stage a two-day outdoor festival in August. The business men are sampling the market during the next two months with jazz concerts. If they are a success, Long Island will have another jazz festival to replace the one previously held at Great South Bay. . . . The Oregon State Fair will have jazz on its program this year. . . . It seems impossible to believe but our man in San Francisco reports that the Cannonball Adderley Quintet generated so much heat at the Jazz Workshop that the club's sprinkler system went into action—this right in the middle of a station KPUP remote broadcast. . . . Charlie Mingus is in the process of rehearsing a big jazz band probably just for recording however.

THE SUMMER SCENE

Our growing list of jazz clubs:

NEW YORK CITY: At **THE ROUND-TABLE** (151 E. 50th St., PL 8-0310) are Buddy Greco Trio and Teddy Wilson to July 2; July 4-30, Tyree Glenn and Clyde McCoy. At **THE METROPOLE** (7th Ave. & 49th St., CI 5-0088): Louis Jordan, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Charlie Shavers until June 19, next booking not available, **BIRDLAND** (Broadway & 52nd St., JU 6-7333): Illinois Jacquet, J. J. Johnson and Eddie Davis until June 22; 23 through July 6, Maynard Ferguson, James Moody; July 7, Count Basie and Toshiko with Charlie

Mariño, **BASIN STREET EAST** (137 E. 48th St., EL 5-4330): Benny Goodman during June with Freddie (Nat's brother) Cole, Bobby Short at **THE ARPEGGIO** (144 E. 52nd St., PL 2-9770), **THE EMBERS** (161 E. 54th St., PL 9-3229); June 13—Jan August Trio with Sonny Dunham; from June 20, Jonah Jones (6 weeks) and Eugene Smith (4 weeks), Charlie Mingus at **THE SHOW-PLACE** (146 W. 4th St., GR 7-9848), **KICK'S** (170 W. 10th St., CH 2-6683): Billy Maxted and his Manhattan Jazz Band, Rough and Ready time always at **CONDON'S** (330 E. 56th St., PL 5-9950), **THE VILLAGE VANGUARD** (178 7th Ave. South, CH 2-9335): June 6-29, the Gerry Mulligan 13-piece band; June 31, Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, **THE FIVE SPOT** (3rd Ave. at 4th St., GR 7-9650) and **THE JAZZ GALLERY** (80 St. Marks Place, GR 7-9765), have no bookings for that period at the moment, but we recommend a call. **HALF NOTE** (Spring & Hudson Sts., AL 5-9752): Cannonball Adderley until July 26; Dizzy Reece from the 27th until August 4.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: An addition to that city, **THE CAFE COLLAGE**—jazz, folk, sculpture, painting, photography, humorists and poets, all this and singer Jan Winkler, weekends until 6 A.M.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS: **CONNOLLY'S STARDUST ROOM** (1184 Tremont St., GA 7-9831): all kinds of jazz, fast changing; Howard McGhee as we went to press, **DANNY'S HIDEAWAY**: the Dick Whitmore group is constant; he's an excellent jazz violinist. **KENMORE HOTEL** (490 Commonwealth Ave., KE 6-2770): a Dixieland room, the steady group is the Buzzy Drootin Trio. **STORYVILLE** is closing for the summer, but **STORYVILLE CAPE COD** (Harwich, Mass.) begins June 25 with an all-star Dixie group, then proceeds, more or less in this order—mostly for weeks at a time—Sarah Vaughan, Odetta, Benny Goodman, probably Gene Krupa, The Kingston Trio, Pete Seeger. On the 22nd of August, Shelly Berman: "probably end the season with Erroll Garner." In Milford, Massachusetts, meanwhile, Boots Mussulli continues to operate his big bash at the **SONS OF ITALY HALL**, playing mostly the big name bands and such, one of the few places in the state where one can hear that kind of big quality.

SAN FRANCISCO: **THE BLACK EGG** (San Mateo): Bob Mielke's Bearcats, indefinitely. **THE BLACK HAWK**: Shelly Manne Quintet from May 31; Miles Davis from June 17; Cal Tjader, July 3 to September 3. **THE BLUE MIRROR**: T-Bole Walker, Friday through Monday indefinitely. **BURP HOLLOW**: The original inferior Jazz Band, indefinitely. **THE CANTERBURY HOTEL**: Ralph Sutton for Sunday brunch indefinitely. **THE CELLAR**: Frank Phipps and The Cellar Jazz Quartet, indefinitely. **THE COFFEE GALLERY**: Pony Poindexter Quartet, indefinitely. **THE DRAGON LADY**: Joe Albany (hear him) indefinitely. **EL MOROCCO**: (Oakland) Johnny Ture Trio, indefinitely. **THE EXECUTIVE SUITE**: Chris Ibanez, indefinitely. **FAIRMONT HOTEL**: Shelly Berman until June 29; Lena Horne, June 30; Earl Grant from July 21. **GOLD STREET**: Wally Rose indefinitely. **THE HANGOVER**: Earl Hines Sextet and Joe Sullivan indefinitely. **THE HUNGRY 1**: Del Close and Leon Bibb from May 23; Gateway Singers and Bob Newhart (hear him) from July 18. **JACK'S**: Harry *The Hipster* Gibson indefinitely. **THE JAZZ WORKSHOP**: Horace Silver, from June 3; the Montgomery Brothers from June 17. **JIMBO'S BOB CITY**: After-hours jam sessions nightly except Monday morning. **THE KEWPIE DOLL**: Marty Marsala indefi-

nately. **MONKEY INN**: Bob Mielke's Bearcats, only on Thursday, indefinitely; The Great Pacific Jazz Band, Friday through Sunday indefinitely. (That's in Berkeley, also there); **NOD'S TAPROOM**: Dick Oxtot & Frank Coudis, Wednesdays indefinitely; Berkeley Jazz Quartet, Saturdays indefinitely.

MOVIES

WILD WILLIAMS

I am sure, now, that it is no longer enough to say that Tennessee Williams is sick. After viewing his last two pictures, *Suddenly, Last Summer* and *The Fugitive Kind*, any single adjective (like *sick*) is bound to prove inadequate for describing the work of this troubled and troubling writer.

The difficulty, of course, is in accepting Williams' basic premise: that the reality of *his* world has something to do with the reality of the real world, and that the first reality has *enough* to do



CAROL ANDERSON

with the second for us to give the connection serious consideration.

The connection was imminently possible in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, for instance, because the evil in the characters of that movie was a *human* evil which was often the result of a human good turned sour, or misdirected by the perverse workings of chance; if only, you felt, Blanche had not run into Stanley Kowalski just when she did, her escape from her past might have been a success, she might have lived out what poetry of her life still remained to her.

Truth was shattered by the operation of tragedy, but the process was not, in this instance, an unnatural one; Williams, in this movie, still had the makings of a realist. Blanche was a slut; we knew that. Stanley was a brute; we knew that too. But we also knew that there was more to both of those people than just that.

The world of Tennessee Williams, at this point in its development, was still a world of roundnesses and dimension. The sicknesses in this world still had shading, and we could still lend to them

our sympathy and compassion.

This is far from possible in the world of Williams as it stands now. The roundnesses have been flattened out by a hammering kind of wilfulness that is hard to cope with or understand. Williams has given a new, paralyzing twist to the motion picture art. Gone are the traditional bad guys and good guys who used to make going to the movies a relatively simple thing. Now, when you see a Williams picture, it is all a matter of sick guys and sicker guys.

Williams, with several frenzied strokes, has effaced all of the classic prototypes of drama. Villains, in his creepy cosmos, are demons. Heroes are victims. Bystanders are accomplices. And the audience is no longer asked merely to bear witness to a tragedy but to believe, vaguely, that it has had something to do with the tragedy's making.

Of course, the unwilling movie-goer has an alternative. He can reject Williams' premise flatly and walk out of the theater. Many, I suppose, will say this is the most effective course of action, under the circumstances. However, I see two other ways of coping with Williamsism when it reaches the proportions it does reach in *Suddenly* and *The Fugitive Kind*.

First, you can think of Williams as being really a writer of science-fiction, thereby placing *his* South somewhere in the vicinity of Mars or Pluto. Or, secondly, if you are blessed with a sense of humor, you can view these movies as morbid comedy routines, such as Lenny Bruce and Johnathan Winters would work out and save for private showings. The materials for the comic interpretation are in ample supply in both of the movies under consideration here.

In *Suddenly*, for instance, you watch Montgomery Clift crouching down into his ill-fitting suit (it looks like the same one he wore in *A Place in the Sun*), muttering to Albert Dekker about how he is fed up with performing intricate brain operations under weak lights that keep blinking on and off at the damndest times. You are positive that Dekker's line will be: "Mr. Clift, do you think that all scrawny-looking romantic movie heroes should perform delicate brain operations?" (To which Clift, of course, would answer: "Well, Mr. Dekker, that's something each man should decide for himself.")

The humor (if, remember, you are equipped to call it that) does not stop here. All through this nervous tour de force whole lots of Lenny Bruce-ian bits keep popping up in the most disconcerting way. Katherine Hepburn, for instance, who cultivates a frightening patch of jungle in her backyard, not only feeds flies to her insect-eating plant but has them flown in from Florida just for this purpose—because, as everyone knows, Florida flies are bigger and tastier.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth Taylor has been locked up on a trumped-up charge of insanity, pending a lobotomy which Miss Hepburn is trying to arrange for

her. The reason for Miss Taylor's being put in the booby-hatch in the first place is kind of fascinating, all by itself.

It seems that suddenly, last summer she found herself traveling about Europe in the company of Miss Hepburn's darling son. This fine young lad, unbeknownst to Miss Taylor, was really a lecherous homosexual using Miss Taylor as bait to lure boys close enough for him to seduce.

Naturally, this pleasant little diversion is doomed from the start. It comes to a screeching halt when a gang of boys gang up on the young man and proceed to eat him alive. Miss Taylor, who happens upon this grisly scene (without even interrupting the boys' meal) is understandably upset.

This is why, as we watch the action in the present, Miss Hepburn wants a piece of Miss Taylor's brain removed—to erase the not-exactly-inspiring truth surrounding her son's sudden death. Of course, to achieve her nefarious ends, Miss Hepburn needs to get a medical release from Miss Taylor's mother. This she does by offering that woman a certain sum of money—I forget the exact figure. It's enough, at any rate, to convince Miss Taylor's mother that the loss of part of her daughter's brain is really not such a bad thing after all.

Over and over, while all this is going on, the phrase, "suddenly, last summer," is pronounced, until the sound of it becomes funny, like when children say a single word repeatedly, to the point where its meaning is altogether lost. By the time the last "suddenly, last summer" has finished reverberating across the wide expanse of the screen, better heads than Miss Hepburn's have prevailed (she, by the way, turns out to be the real nut), and the plan to deprive Miss Taylor of a decent chance for a healthy womanhood is thwarted.

By this time, though, the resolution is really an anticlimax, so worn out is the viewer by all of the disasters he has been treated to. Anyway, you could hardly call the happy ending of *this* movie a happy ending as we have come to think of that established and time-honored commodity of other saner, quieter, and ultimately realer, movies.

Faced with the script the players in this film were faced with, the wonder of it all is the generally high quality of the performances. Discounting Montgomery Clift, who seemed all the way through this picture as though he had somehow wandered onto the wrong set, the principal actors and actresses seemed, strangely enough, to understand the characters they were playing and to even believe in their truth.

Unfortunately, this is a quality of acceptance I was never able to attain. How *they* attained it must be considered one of the marvels of modern movie-making. In passing, I might add that Miss Taylor was paid the sum of one million dollars for portraying the young lady she did portray. I think this was a reasonable compensation.

The Fugitive Kind seems to take care

of any dementia Williams could not fit into *Suddenly*. This movie, like *Suddenly*, is perhaps most easily accepted in terms of science-fiction or farce. Here, again, we have fine actors and actresses (like Marlon Brando, Joanne Woodward and Anna Magnani) at their finest, and we also have the heart-warning sight of a Class-Z actor (Victor Jory) playing with the Class-A-ers and doing a fine job of it.

From the very first moment of this exhausting affair, one has the feeling that it was written as an exercise by a young scenarist whose assignment it was to do a take-off on Tennessee Williams. The depravity of the characters, even for Williams, borders on the ludicrous. Personality quirks are transformed here into bizarre evidences of silently flourishing neuroses.

Brando, sporting a genuine snakeskin jacket and carrying around with him wherever he goes a guitar autographed by Leadbelly and by Blind Lemon Jefferson, is, quaintly enough, a reformer orgy-participator. His guitar, he says, is "his best friend," and much of his time is spent evading a fast-driving nymphomaniac in the person of Joanne Woodward, who seeks to replace the guitar in Brando's affections.

Add to our *dramatis personae* (so far, a reformed orgy-participator and a nymphomaniac) the following, and you have all the ingredients you need for a wild night at the cinema:

- 1.) a sadistic, bigoted sheriff.
- 2.) a mean-tempered man dying of an unspeakable disease.
- 3.) a shell-shocked woman who walks around wearing sergeant's stripes and who paints abstract pictures that people make fun of.
- 4.) a hot-blooded, sexually-unsatisfied Italian woman who is pining for revenge against the people who once upon a time burned down her father's fruit orchard.

This last individual (Anna Magnani) finds the potential for both Life and Death in Brando, whom she hires as a shoe salesman in her little General Store. The scene is more or less set when we have met this fantastic cast of characters. Williams, never content with a mere triangle, then presents the viewer with a quadrangle, with tangents. Here's how it works:

Anna and Joanne are hot for Brando, Joanne's brother used to be hot for Anna, Anna's husband is hot to recapture Anna, the sheriff's wife is right on the verge of being hot for Brando, the sheriff is hot to do Brando in, and Brando is hot, throughout, for his autographed guitar and the clean, good life it somehow represents to him.

None of the promise for the discovery of humanity in this drama is ever fulfilled. Pearls of wisdom, always seeming out of place in the midst of so much hard-headed emotionalism, are dropped from time to time in this picture: dropped to the floor where they bounce about and just sort of roll away.

Williams tells us, or tries to tell us,

that the important thing about life is the seed of life which continues it; he tells us, through the medium of Miss Woodward, that you have to reach out for whatever life you can and cling to it, "even though you break your fingers"—fine truths, in a limited way, but the medium in which these truths are pronounced is so corrosive that they do not survive as vital, living entities. They are consumed by the brine and fire raging all around them.

The conclusion to the problems Williams sets up in *The Fugitive Kind* is logical enough, for Williams: complete, screaming chaos.

The last scene is like a sick version of the last scene of *Hamlet*: Victor Jory shoots Anna on the staircase where she slumps to her death; he destroys Anna's candy shop and himself in a rage of flames; the sheriff comes on the scene, and, with his fire hose set at FULL, he forces Brando back into the holocaust where, with his guitar, he perishes.

Miss Woodward, who somehow survives all of this, walks among the charred ruins of the fire the next day and salvages Brando's snakeskin jacket—which, we are sure, will be her constant companion as she tries, once again, to face life.

When she drives off in her battered sportscar, her only home the wide, dawn-time horizon, the viewer sees the words THE END fade in on the screen—appropriate enough words, which seem, upon reflection, to have a meaning beyond the context of the screen.

This other meaning, the unintended one, is hard to ignore.

You feel, after seeing these two movies, that Williams has reached the furthestmost limits of his nightmare world, the end of the dramatic possibilities of human sickness. In peopling his world with various kinds of undesirables, he has failed to provide any character with whom the movie-goer can identify with, without feeling guilty for doing so.

We were convinced, with *Streetcar*, that Williams' world was a world that was in some way linked, even though tenuously, with the larger world in which we live; but now, with *Suddenly* and *The Fugitive Kind*, we find that all of the ties have been broken, all of the underpinnings have been slashed away, and we are left with nothing but the disembodied products of Williams' vivid, but unmistakably corrupt, imagination.—RAP

MUFFLED MICE

Garson Kanin's play, *The Rat Race*, as translated to the screen, turns out to be rather mousey. Joe Bushkin and Sam Butera play larcenous musicians, Gerry Mulligan plays his horn and himself as the leader of a cruise ship orchestra. Jack Oakie makes a comeback as a philosophical bartender. Kay Medford plays the part of a hard-hearted landlady. Tony Curtis plays a musician (Paul Horn coached him).

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About the play, Mr. Atkinson once wrote: "Nothing in *Born Yesterday*, which Mr. Kanin wrote, is as charming as this free-hand sketch . . ."

The play lost a great deal in the translation. For there is no subtlety in Robert Mulligan's direction. Sentimentality overflows at odd moments, the viciousness is almost pointless (which, of course, might be a point being made), the leers are almost funny, the philosophy is hard-shell Dale Carnegie.

Mr. Curtis and Miss Reynolds are attractive people no doubt, but on the basis of this picture they are not sensitive in their acting, nor convinced about the story itself, which concerns itself mainly with her pessimism, his optimism and the slow break down of both, complete with melodramatic arrival of hero just as heroine is to have face lifted by villain, payment of her debt to said villain (contracted by girl with strong convictions but need for money to buy saxophones for good but poor musician), and a final, love-found, touching scene after villain leaves. It was for us an exhausting race.—BC

FRANK AND ELVIS

It was an object lesson in Hipness. It was a Popular Entertainment Festival that couldn't go really wrong by anyone's standards. It was Frank Sinatra's hour for Timex-TV with a formidable package of stars that would be financially impossible and flatly unavailable to a lesser promoter and good-fellow than Sinatra.

It was fun for the whole family: Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis, Jr., Joey Bishop, Peter Lawford, Nancy Sinatra, and Elvis Presley, plus dancers, and the Nutty Squirrels for intermission amusement. All neatly segmented allowing for beer breaks, coke time, or as you desire it.

It was a sort of show business phenomenon, with a professional, schmaltzy spontaneity seldom found this side of a picture tube. Or a Summit at The Sands.

And then there was Elvis. Though the entire show was thematically centered around the returned soldier-boy—complete with well-cued and screaming welcome committee, the impression left of Elvis Presley was a fuzzy one. Pleasant, but undefined. He seemed in an awesome, awkward spot. The Elite had

invited him in for a toast in recognition of his arrival at a spot of some permanent stature in their business, and welcome.

The boy, in the presence of men, carried his weight well. Awkwardly, but with a sober dignity, he stood before them with respect and acknowledgment of the hierarchy of things. (But what to do about the screaming behind him, an uncomfortable responsibility to bear for any man who has outgrown loud undisciplined noise.)

Elvis showed considerable maturity by pitting himself against those seasoned veterans. No longer the old Pelvis, now the new Elvis, he committed himself to the humbler position of apprentice to his idol, relinquishing the security of proven success and the confidence that success gives.

The new Elvis is an unknown quantity, open to judgment on the basis of potential, not past, accomplishments. He seemed to be laughing at himself, though not once at the hysterical idolatry surrounding him. An embarrassed, respectful irony.

Elvis starred in the third quarter, but played a fairly insignificant part in the show as a whole. The show was the Summit Meeting: Sinatra, Davis, Bishop and Lawford. Without question and without quarter, Sinatra was the very most beguiling Sinatra; Sammy Davis, Jr. was Sportin' Life; Joey Bishop was a rational rapier Bishop; and Peter Lawford was a novelty in that company, surprising Mr. & Mrs. America into accepting *The Thin Man's* new afternoon time slot.

What is there further to say? But Nancy With the Laughing Face was there with Big Daddy with the possible intention of making a point about the young and the young at heart and so forth. But the point wasn't really made, for Elvis and Nancy are of a more rational and more sober generation than their elders.—MARGOT NELSON

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DOWN T' BUNNY'S

BY JACK MAHER

Recent statements, both on and off the cuff, by jazz festival impressarios, seem to indicate that the festival as we know it today is a fad, and doomed. The lamentable truth of the matter is, of course, that they are right. All things point that way.

Number one among the factors in this demise is the younger generation. It seems that the people in knowledgeable positions feel that when this younger generation (that includes you and I buster) grow up, throw away their beer can openers, and settle down to cool, contemplative, martini-drinking suburban living, the jazz festival will settle with them into the quiet disk of a Newport athletic field, once more given over to night baseball.

Although the crowd at this *musikar's* beer hall (*Bunny's*) thinks I'm nuts, I believe I have the answer. In a nutshell the idea is this: bring the jazz festival to the younger generation before it's exposed to anything else.

The people at the *Billboard* (for whom I also write) tell me that one of the biggest growing markets for pop music is at the juvenile level. Kids between the ages of nine and fourteen form a significant part of the pop singles market and their purchases definitely influence trends in American music. *Uh-oh* by the Nutty Squirrels and The Chipmunk records are formidable examples. Why not, then, have these pre-teens come to grips with the

jazz festival *before* the juvenile age. Say when they're three or four.

The simplest way to do this, it seems to me, is to bring the jazz festival to the breakfast table.

Breakfast foods form an integral part of the American way of life. Toby the Tiger, Tom Mix and spacemen of another era have smiled or frowned at you across some bowl of crinkly crunks while you were too sleepy to realize the profound effect that were having.

Now if the jazz festival were somehow presented on the backs of these breakfast food boxes, each child would be fully aware of the greatness of this American extravaganza, and, once he or she was old enough to drink canned beer, say the letters G-O, G-O, and spend the proper amount for admission, I'm sure George Wein and his confreres would have no worries for the future.

Ideally, the breakfast food to be used would be *Kix*. Besides the fact that they pop when milk is applied, the name of the General Mills product is just what jazz should be.

On the reverse sides of the package would be jazz festival cutouts which the youngsters could punch or clip out so that they might quietly play while their mothers munch toffee and sip pernod.

One of the first cutouts would be huge and shell heavily hung with American flag bunting and a banner that reads *Voice of America*. Off in the corner of this stage, but on a moveable slide, would be the voice of America himself, Willis Conover. After each act is presented the Conover cutout would slide quickly to the center of the stage. Small paper records would then be played which would give long eulogic introductions. (Hip parents, of course, can play any of the Norman Granz Verve albums and achieve the same effect.)

The children should be cautioned when assembling the band shell to leave lots of room for back stage lights between the promotor and the either musician or personal manager. (This is a must.)

The performing personality cutouts, with the exception of Willis, should be animals. Children understand animals better than they do adults. Some might be Stan Kenton (an eagle), Gerry Mulligan (an enigma), Miles Davis (a calm-eyed fox with his fingers in his ears), Duke Ellington (a bassett), Pee Wee Marquette, Cannonball Adderley (a walrus), Zoot Sims (a friendly pre-historic man), Oscar Pettiford (an unfriendly pre-historic man), Mousie Alexander (that's obvious), Charles Mingus (Kubla Kahn), Roy Haynes (a cat of some sort). The Ahmad Jamal Trio might be *Hear No Evil, See No Evil, Speak No Evil!* Anyway, you get the general idea.

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7. Empire School of Music	4
8. Fender Sales, Inc.	C-2
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BACKGROUND MUSIC

BY BURT KORALL

Perhaps it's dark on observatory hill or wherever people go for a clear view of the jazz scene. This seems the only answer. Artists of significance continue to be allowed to drop into obscurity after a flash of recognition, while others are ignored completely. Older jazzmen find themselves out in the cold though still at the height of their powers. Younger practitioners who do not fit a certain mould find it difficult to keep working.

Many great sidemen of the thirties have been driven out of the business for the lack of it. "There are more fine players working for the Postal Department and the New York Subway System than you can imagine," says Buck Clayton. Even the big men, the pacesetters of the Swing Era, find it rough going. Fortunately, more and more is being written of their plight. But what of the younger men? Those who are being passed by for no good reason? They, too, should be noticed, appreciated, and if possible, helped. One man, in particular, deserves your support.

Bernard Peiffer, a pianist of extraordinary technical resources, came to our shores in December 1954, having exhausted possibilities for growth in his native France. Barry Ulanov championed his cause in these pages. Some critics agreed that Mr. Ulanov's enthusiasm was justified, others felt that Peiffer had feet of clay.

The years have proven Mr. Ulanov correct. Peiffer is indeed "a remarkable virtuoso;" however he hasn't made the big break-through predicted for him. Why he hasn't is a mystery to this writer. The pianist has come along quickly since his arrival in this country. He constantly reaches out to better himself. He knows his responsibilities.

"I believe that the jazz musician has three responsibilities—to himself, to his instrument, and to his audience," Peiffer told me. "By utilizing one's faculties and facilities to best advantage, mating the emotion and freedom of jazz and artistic discipline, the jazzman can fulfill his obligations. But the musician *must* be free to exercise his will."

It is Peiffer's belief that too many musicians are content to run well-learned patterns. Rather than creating something of their own, they take the easy, bloodless way out. "The dedicated artist tries to find his own way," emphasized the pianist. "He realizes that using the ideas and techniques of others only can lead to a dead end.

"If a pianist has ideas, equipment and

control, there is so much that can be done within the song form, blues . . ."

Because Peiffer feels the need to continually explore—to work for full command on both the emotional and technical levels of playing—he has come to an important point in his development. He is more direct and communicative. Over-adornment, a temptation for anyone with tremendous technical facility, which identified some of his improvisations at an earlier time, is the exception rather than the rule today.

On the road to this new plateau of maturity, nothing has been sacrificed. Indeed, Peiffer's virile thrust, sense of drama and form have been sharpened with the passage of time. The only change has been for the better. Drawing the cogent from two traditions—the European and American—he has succeeded in melding these elements into something of his own. The taste of the earth so basic—in more ways than one—to vigorous jazz improvisation is accessible. The finesse and understanding of the thoroughly trained classical artist has been integrated and used to advantage.

Peiffer's most recent album, *Bernard Peiffer—Modern Jazz For People Who Like Original Music*—Laurie LLP 1006, is entirely representative of the pianist's current position. More than any of his records, it reveals the expansiveness of his work. Unlike certain pianists who have found acceptance lately, his chief concern is not one-dimensional excitement—the funky feeling, so-called—but the feelings of life of which the aforementioned is only a small part. Implicit is the belief that concentration in one area—jazz—can only be enhanced by an awareness of all areas.

As in past performances, he has endeavored to translate "the story" of each piece of music into relative techniques, and to tell the story as completely as possible. He told annotator Nat Hentoff: "Each of these songs has a meaning unique to itself, and each is fully integrated. I hope."

The album generally has been very well received. Both musicians and critics find it an invigorating experience. Still, however, bookers are not breaking down Peiffer's door. And this is the injustice of it all. An artist of major significance has to scuffle. In France, this would not be allowed to happen. The artist is respected and an effort is made in his behalf.

The answer obviously does not lie with the critics or the musicians. In the final counting, it is up to you. Only the jazz audience can make possible a better situation for the pianist. To parallel the appreciation and support he would receive in his homeland is the least we can do.

Humphrey Lyttelton

On "TRAD"

If Muggsy Spanier returned to the States after his recent European tour with one or two more furrows of perplexity on his brow, I know the reason why. Muggsy, whose Ragtime Band recordings in 1939 and '40 were in part responsible for launching a Dixieland Revival, had just been confronted with some of the end products of that Revival. Professor Frankenstein would have been just as startled if his monster had suddenly jumped out on him in a quiet lane.

Muggsy found a large number of young and enthusiastic musicians playing with the technique and ideas of aged and infirm men. (Those *stinkers* you heard weren't incompetent, Muggsy—they practice hard to sound that way.)

With the banjo in the ascendant, the piano in disgrace and drummers of their own free will using the rickety-ticky woodblock effects demanded by ancient pre-electric recording techniques forty years ago, he discovered that, in some quarters, his own conservative ideas of swinging rhythm section came dangerously near to *modernistic* heresy. Like Eddie Condon, whose time-honoured Dixieland formula was "too modern" for the tastes of many British traditionalists, Muggsy must have diagnosed, in European jazz, a bad case of arrested development.

But this *revivalist* jazz, known in Britain as *Traditional* or *Trad*, in Europe simply as *New Orleans*, is really something quite new to younger musicians and fans—and now further than any other jazz form from direct American influence. Here's how it happened:

After World War II, Europe tagged along for a while in the wake of the American Revival. In common with Lu Watters, Turk Murphy and company, European bands took as their models the *classic* recordings of King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton and the Louis Armstrong Hot Five. I shall never forget the expression on the face of Baby Dodds—at the 1948 International Jazz Festival at Nice, South of France, when Claude

Luter's French Band launched into *Weather Bird Rag*. Luter's group of (then) amateur musicians achieved such an uncanny superficial likeness to the Oliver records that one could almost hear the needle-hiss. For a moment, Baby was convinced that he had heard a ghost.

One might suppose that, having simulated the earliest recorded sound in jazz, revivalist ardour could go no further. But this was only the beginning. Recordings were all right in their way, but the Revival lacked a live figurehead. Oliver, Morton and Dodds were dead, Armstrong and Bechet were branded as *individualists* and disqualified, and Ory had been away from New Orleans too long. Into the vacuum stepped the jaunty, erratic figure of old Bunk Johnson. To understand Bunk's impact on European *revivalism* it must be recalled that, up until seven or eight years ago, jazz records were not at all plentiful.

In Britain, a quota of six jazz issues per month was considered generous. And even when private companies began to spring up to cater to collectors, the range covered by available jazz recordings was pretty small. So influences tended to come at the European jazz fan one by one. For a while, it was all Bunk. It seemed too good to be true—the aura of legend, memories of Buddy Bolden and street parades, the romance of his discovery in the rice-fields of New Iberia, the trumpet by courtesy of Louis Armstrong, the teeth by courtesy of Leonard Bechet.

It was some time before grim rumours began to drift across the Atlantic—that Bunk had despised the other members of his New Orleans Band, that he had

been heard saying nice things about swing musicians, that some of his views smacked of a professionalism quite out of keeping with "New Orleans folk-jazz." Luckily for those who had pinned their faith on the old rascal, there was a face-saver.

Bunk's band, it was learnt, really belonged to clarinetist George Lewis. It was the less spectacular George who was the moving spirit behind the Bunk sessions. And even before Bunk died, the mantle of patron saint of the Revival was quietly removed from his shoulders and laid upon George Lewis. It was at this point that the European revival began to part company with American influence, and set off at a tangent.

There is no evidence that George Lewis' music ever had any widespread influence on the course of American jazz. With one notable exception, it has pervaded the whole of Europe. And it has done so through the medium of British bands. In 1954, British trumpeter Ken Colyer achieved a life-long ambition by visiting New Orleans and *sitting-in* with the George Lewis band. On his return to London, he formed a group embodying all the principles of New Orleans jazz which he had learnt at the source. Going one better than the Master himself, he banished his pianist into the outer darkness, on the grounds of anachronism. (You can't tote a piano on a street-parade!)

In Britain and on the Continent, his band achieved rapid popularity. The pianotess formula, taken over and burnished into a smooth, polished sound by Chris Barber, Colyer's trombonist, caught the fancy of the European jazz public and became the prototype of contemporary *New Orleans* or *Trad*. Among teenagers totally oblivious of George Lewis and none too sure of the whereabouts of New Orleans, *Trad* is a serious rival to rock 'n roll in Britain, Scandinavia, the Netherlands, Germany and Switzerland. The solitary exception is France, where the course of the Revival was suddenly side-tracked by the advent of Sidney Bechet in the early fifties.

Overnight, all the Johnny Dodds' became Sidney Bechets. With a father-figure in their midst, French revivalists had no need of the Bunk Johnson-George Lewis cult, and have remained splendidly immune to this day. Detached from any kind of historical context and with a vast teen-age following, *Trad* or *New Orleans* pursues a seemingly inexorable course in Europe. The success of two U.S. tours by Chris Barber and his Jazz Band suggests that British-style *Trad* could be grafted back on to the main stem of American jazz.

Unless the old-style *sporting houses* are re-opened, that will be a bad day for piano players.



Lyttelton: "Frankenstein would be startled."

An Editor's Notebook:

Comedian Mort Sahl did a regular column for us in 1956, and in one of these he described a possible jazz novel, *Blow the Horn Highly*, in which a bandleader says, "People don't want to dance. We're going to add tubas and play marches. People want to march. We've got to get them out of the concert halls and onto the grass."

We don't have the marching yet, but the season of jazz on the grass is upon us. Starting late in June and finishing late in September, hardly a weekend exists in which the aura of the football weekend will not be enveloping some city or town. Speaking of which: the criticisms of Mardi Gras hysteria being coupled with the art of jazz are interesting on two counts. 1) That's probably the way it always was before jazz began to be described as an art form. 2) It's hard to find a place to let off steam anymore. If festival officials and local police departments control it, the major annoyance is only to people who wander around the festival grounds instead of sitting in their seats. It's amazing that Newport has never had a really serious incident, regardless of the hordes that descend on that little town intent upon all the elements of a fun weekend.

Add two more to the summer schedule: The Second Annual Virginia Beach Festival (in Virginia, of course), for two nights, July 8 and 9 at the Virginia Beach Convention Center. Tommy Gwaltney is the producer and he'll appear on both programs, once with a Dixie group, once with a fourteen-piece band. Other performers include the Salt Lake City Six and Dave Brubeck Quartet on Friday; Maynard Ferguson, and the Charlie Byrd Trio on Saturday.

The Carter Barron Amphitheater in Washington is not a summer festival, but it has a summer season which includes a great deal of jazz. Ella Fitzgerald, the Oscar Peterson Trio, Louis Armstrong, the Dukes of Dixieland and the Count Basie band are among the jazz attractions already signed.

Actually, it's completely impossible

EDITOR'S PAGE

to list all the musicians who are appearing at festivals this year, but the constant jazz fan has probably discovered by now that there are certain musicians who play all the festivals in a given year, this due to the plainest of financial facts. Newport's roster sets a certain guide for most of the rest, if only because of the fact that George Wein produces so many other concerts. And you can expect that the abridged list following is indicative of what you will hear, no matter the festival you attend:

Thursday night (June 30th): an all-modern night which will include Ornette Coleman, Cannonball Adderley, Horace Silver and the whole gang.

Friday night: Louis Armstrong, Gerry Mulligan's big band and the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet.

Saturday night: Dave Brubeck, Sarah Vaughan, Oscar Peterson, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Stan Getz, Ben Webster and Harry Edison.

Sunday night: Dinah Washington, Jonah Jones, Horace Silver, Shorty Rogers, Sonny Stitt and Red Allen.

Monday night: Count Basie, Ray

Bryant, Nina Simone, Jimmy Rushing, Earl Warren, Buddy Tate, Buck Clayton, Dickie Wells and Anita O'Day.

And, as it is with jazz, so too with the folk crowd.

Again Newport. Friday (June 24th): The Limelighters, Joan Baez, The Clancy Brothers, The Brothers Four, Will Holt, Jesse Fuller, Robert Pete Williams and the Gateway Singers.

Saturday night: Ed McCurdy, John Lee Hooker, Earl Scruggs, Lester Flatt, The Foggy Mountain Boys, The Weavers and Mahalia Jackson.

Sunday afternoon: Mahalia Jackson in a Vespers Service.

Sunday night: The Abyssinian Baptist Gospel Chorus, John Jacob Niles, Odetta, Theodore Bikel, Martha Schlamme, Leon Bibb and Frank Warner.

On the Americana front, which readers of this and the June issue must be aware we are more than a little interested in: It is established that Benjamin Franklin invented the rocking chair. It would have had to have been an American we suppose. Only Americans need to be on the move, even when sitting down.

Most Americans outside of big cities may not have run across the game parlors filled with pinball machines and such that add much to the noise and gaudiness of our Times Square. A recent visit to one discloses an interesting commentary on American preoccupation with bigness. No more the ordinary baseball games where you hit a steel ball with a miniature bat and scored hits and runs. Now the machines have compartments where the ball can land and score five home runs, ten or even fifty home runs, just with one swing of the bat. There's even a pennant compartment. It's very small and hard to hit. There has to be some real challenge we suppose.

Final note: We hope you enjoy all the festivals you attend. For those of you who will be in New York this summer, our next issue will provide you with some unusual suggestions for fun and frolic in and out of jazz.

—BILL COSS



THE MALTZ AFFAIR: Confidants of Frank Sinatra were not especially surprised at his recent battle with actor John Wayne at a Hollywood charity affair. They report that he is still paining because he feels that he was forced to fire screenwriter Maltz, a kind of compromise that he hasn't made before; one that he feels has hurt his honor as a fighter for and against causes. Wayne was a natural target. He has been a member of several Hollywood purge committees.

LEWIS OF FRANCE: When The Modern Jazz Quartet opened at the Chevalier-Alhambra Theater in Paris, Marlene Deitrich kicked off her shoes, just like any American teenager, and danced in the aisles.

LINE FROM LYONS: In addition to his regular jobs (disc jockeying and heading the Monterey Jazz Festival), Jimmy Lyons has opened his own nightclub in Monterey, the Pied Piper.

THAT GOSPEL TRAIN: Mahalia Jackson's autobiography (as-told-to McLeod Wylie), titled Movin' On Up, will be published this fall by Little, Brown & Co.

(Concluded overleaf)

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WAY DOWN YONDER: The New Orleans Jazz Club just held ground-breaking ceremonies for a new jazz museum in that city's French Quarter. True to tradition, a ragged Dixieland outfit played Silver Belles while the NOJC president dug at the ground.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS: Just as you read this, Offbeat Records will have released thirty-three recorded speeches of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's, covering the period from 1933 through his March 1, 1945 report to Congress about the meeting at Yalta.

SAMMY DAVIS JUMPS: Decca Records' loss is Capitol's gain. Sammy Davis has just joined Sinatra's record production company, which continues to lease its masters to Capitol Records.

SCHOOL OF JAZZ: Some changes in the Lenox, Massachusetts three-week seminar for the young jazz student. Classes and housing will be at Wheatleigh, as in 1957, and the Philip Barber's will be there instead of at Music Inn, now in the process of being sold. Jule Foster will continue to run the frequent concerts at Music Barn for the summer.

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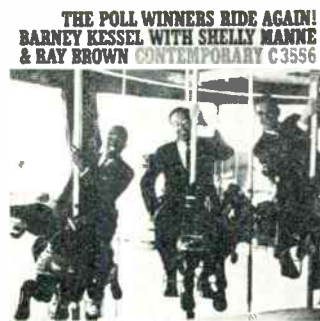
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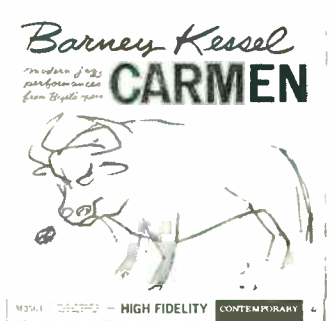
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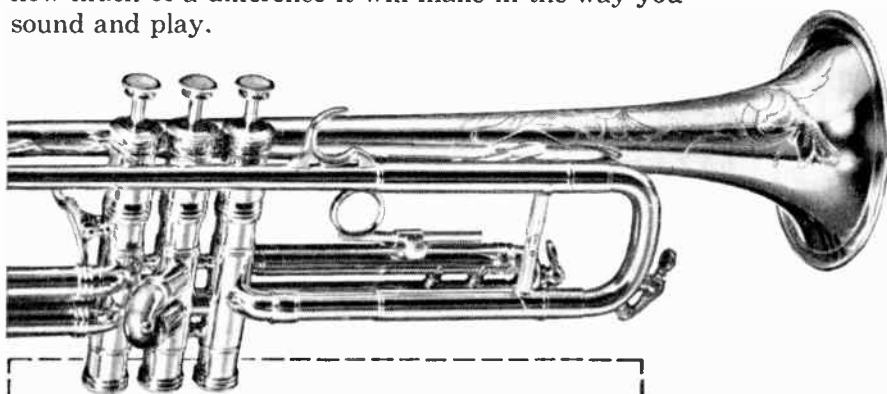
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