

May 6, 1956

Third Annual
DJ Poll Results
(See Page 9)

DOWN BEAT

RECORDS
HIGH-FIDELITY
INSTRUMENTS
FILMLAND UP BEAT
RADIO • TV

Articles By:
Leonard Feather
Ralph J. Gleason
Nat Hentoff
George Hoefler
Mike Levin
Jack Mabley
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35 CENTS | CANADA 35c
FOREIGN 50c



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Tristano

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GOODBYE
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MAKE ME A PRESENT OF YOU
SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES
I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU
ACCENT ON YOUTH

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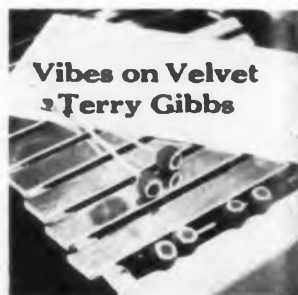
VIBES ON VELVET
featuring Terry Gibbs

AUTUMN NOCTURNE
LONESOME STREETS
ADIOS
FOR YOU, FOR ME, FOR
EVERMORE

LEAVING TOWN
THE MOON WAS YELLOW
SMOKE GETS IN YOURS
EYES
BOULEVARD OF
DREAMS

MOOD INDIGO
IT MIGHT AS WELL BE
SPRING
LULLABY OF SWING
TWO SPARKLING EYES

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COLD FIRE
songs by Kitty White

COLD FIRE
WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE
IF I WERE YOU
THE OTHER WOMAN
FRANTIC FEELING
PLAIN GOLD RING
AS CHILDREN DO
LOW TIDE
POLYMON
THE CHINESE LADY
MEANING OF THE BLUES
LAND OF LOVE

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THE BLUE STARS

LULLABY OF BIRDLAND
TOUT BAS (Speak Low)
GINA
PLUS JE T'EMBRASSE (Heart of my Heart)
TOUTE MA JOIE (That's My Girl)
LES LAVANDIERES DU PORTUGAL
(The Portuguese Washwomen)
MISTER L'AMOUR (Mister Sandman)
EN 1920 (In 1920)
EMBRASSE-MOI BIEN (Hold Me Close)
LETTRE A VIRGINIE (Letter to Virginia)
LA DANSE DU BAISER (The Kissing Dance)
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**JULIAN
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Chords And Discords

(Ed. Note: The following letter was written to booking agency head Billy Shaw by Dizzy Gillespie and is printed here with permission.)

Rome, 3-27-56

Arrived in Rome Friday the 16th, 2,000 anniversary of Julius Caesar's death.

First night went to jam session organized in my honor by Roman Jazz club. There I played with Mussolini's son, Romano Mussolini, who is a good pianist, and a prince named Pepito. Can't remember his last name.

Went to see Madame Bricktop at the Club Bricktop; sat in with piano, bass, and guitar; had a wonderful time. She sent Lorraine a rosary blessed by his Most Holiness, which is very beautiful.

On Monday, I went to see the Pope. Used Gene Krupa's appointment. Jazz at the Philharmonic did not make Italy this trip. I said a prayer for Gene and everyone on the show. Am very grateful for Gene's kindness.

On Saturday, I met Lorraine and band at airport. Thought the 24th was Friday; didn't realize it was Saturday, until I got a wire from Billy Shaw saying that they, Lorraine, and band would be on flight 851. KLM 4:30 Saturday, March 24. The plane was an hour and a half late, though everyone loved the trip. KLM is just wonderful in every way.

We arrived here in Abadan on the 25th in the morning, rested and cleaned up. Then some of the band went for a short walk. We are staying at the guest house which is very nice.

The help consists of a group of men who are also wonderful. Monday was offday, so we rehearsed for a few hours. Today, which is Tuesday the 27th, we opened at the Tat Cinema theater. The Shah of Persia, who is the ruler of Iran, family was at the opening, which was a great honor.

The place was packed. Also happy to say it was a big success. Everyone loved the show and was crazy about the music. They want us for an extra day, as four days is not enough for everyone to see the show. Don't think we can make it without ANTA permission.

Had pictures made with Princess Shama. Will send some as soon as they are developed. Will get news to you as soon as possible each week.

Sincerely,
Dizzy Gillespie.

P.S. This is about all that has happened so far. Everything is going ok; everyone is fine.

Disturbed . . .

New Rochelle, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Ordinarily, I remain undisturbed by letters of opinion, for certainly everyone is entitled to his or her opinion. However, I feel strongly compelled to answer Dan Darras of Detroit, whose

letter, debasing Lester Young, appeared in *Down Beat* of April 18, 1956.

I don't object too strenuously to the letter itself, because anyone who can put Pres down so hard, in light of his magnificent contributions to jazz, is obviously unenlightened—and, consequently, his opinion is of little value, music-wise.

I must add, at this juncture, that I am confident that Hawkins does not share Darras' disdain for Lester's efforts. What I do find disconcerting is the fact that the letter is representative of an all too rapidly growing schism amongst jazz devotees.

After all, aren't all jazzmen endeavoring to emit the best way they know and feel? Like what you will, Darras, and praise it to the skies; that's good—that's constructive! But don't knock diverse expressions just because you can't make them. And why should jazz have to be reduced to the level of competition?

All we ever hear from the so-called crusader for jazz is that this form of musical expression deserves recognition as an art form. But letters and attitudes such as Darras' are the worst possible thing for jazz. It seems to me, that there is enough intolerance of jazz from its defamers; surely, there is no room for such defamation from within our own ranks.

So, instead of pulling against one another, let's work together toward the common end—cultural acceptance of jazz, be it Dixie, swing, bop, progressive, modern. You know—"A rose by any other name."

Mort Fega

Keep It Up . . .

Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editor:

Mr. Hentoff, keep up the superlative work. You, along with two others who also write for *Down Beat*—Ulanov and Feather, are the three top jazz critics in the world because you know what you are talking about. True, you don't all agree on everything, but such is jazz—no two greats alike except for heart, warmth, and a beat! And the three of you really swing!

This is being written for the square who called Pres a ham! (Dan Darras, *Chords and Discords*, April 18). Also, said he, ". . . It's like buying long-hair." What a real square he is! Did it ever occur to him that world is full of jazz fans? He is not included because he digs some musicians and not music.

As for feeling sorry for us who buy progressive, don't, square, because we feel sorry for you who dig only a small part of jazz in the very rich history from Bolden to the Modern Jazz quartet . . . You and your kind are like unwanted outside noise on hi-fi.


Gene Chrono

P.S. Mr. Darras should also study English composition.

ABC Adds R&R

New York—ABC-Paramount will join the rock and roll trend with the addition of Steve Gibson's Red Caps and Damito Jo, formerly with RCA Victor, and the Flairs. The latter is a new group from the west coast managed by Buck Ram.

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DOWN BEAT

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On the Cover

Lennie Tristano, whose recent Atlantic Records LP has caused a small tempest to brew among jazz musicians and listeners as to the "honesty" of multitaping records, answers those critics in a penetrating piece by Nat Hentoff that begins on page 11. Tristano has some comments to make upon the general jazz scene that should stir even further fires. (Tristano photo by Jay Maisel.)

EXECUTIVE AND PUBLICATION OFFICE

2001 Calumet Avenue, Chicago 16, Ill., Victory 2-0310

PUBLISHER: Charles Suber

EXECUTIVE EDITOR: Jack Tracy

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT: Les Brown, Ben Newman, Barbara Wormsbecher

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT: Gloria Baldwin, Jim Mulvey

CIRCULATION MANAGER: Robert Lynn

EASTERN DIVISION: 370 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. MUrray Hill 5-3552

Nat Hentoff, Associate Editor; Edith Schonberg, Editorial; Mel Mandel, Advertising Manager; Bob Piper, Advertising.

WEST COAST DIVISION: 6124 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

Hollywood 3-6005, Charles Emgo, Manager; John Tynan

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The First Chorus

Within the space of one week in New York last month, five musicians were arrested on narcotics charges: Ray Nance, Willie Cook, Dick Sherman, Shadow Wilson, and Tadd Dameron. This is aside from various reports coming back from Europe, on the conduct of a few American musicians there.

The New York newspapers as usual underlined the association with jazz of the musicians who were arrested. As one jazz musician said, "This sort of thing makes it so rough on the rest of us. I've sometimes hit a club where a junkie had been the week before. He hadn't made time, hadn't played at his best, and hadn't given the owner or the people their money's worth. So no matter what I did the week I was there, the owner was suspicious and afraid of being burned."

There is also the strongly harmful effect that newspaper stories linking narcotics with jazz do to the general public image of the jazzman—all jazzmen. Never has there been wider public interest in jazz than now, here and overseas, in colleges and in magazines never before open to jazz. A serious part of the current, growing prestige jazz has won can be destroyed by repeated events like these.

Musicians on narcotics are literally killing themselves, physically as well as spiritually. Perhaps it is true that every man has the right to go to hell in his own way. But he does not have the right to drag innocent fellow jazz musicians, who have devoted their lives to gaining individual stature on their instruments, to public disgrace with him.

There is obviously no easy solution. Those who advocate "running junkies out of the business" are forgetting that the addict is also a human being. He's sick and needs care. He should not return to the music field until he is cured, both because of the danger he is to himself and to other musicians, and the danger involved in the possibility that he can infect susceptible colleagues or friends.

The problem is where funds can be secured for the proper treatment and follow-up care for the addict. Lexington is not enough, as can be seen by its list of frequent returnees. Individual psychiatric attention is perhaps the best beginning of a solution.

But where's the money to come from? The only immediate answer that seems logical and feasible is the American Federation of Musicians. By setting aside funds for this therapeutic purpose, the AFM will not only aid the individual who is hooked, but can eventually do much to regain that measure of public respect for musicians that is diminished each time a newspaper headline announces another musician has been arrested.



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NEW YORK

ONSTAGE: Ethel Merman returns to Broadway in *Happy Hunting* in November or December, with book by *Lindsay and Crouse* and music by two young songwriters, *Harold Karr* and *Matt Dubey*, who have written material in the past for *Lena Horne*. . . *Jack Carter* has been promoted to top featured billing in *Mr. Wonderful*, along with a pay rise retroactive to opening night. Despite the adverse reviews, the musical has been doing well. . . Looks as if *Lawrence Tibbett* will take *Ezio Pinza's* place in *Fanny* June 2.

ENTERTAINMENT-IN-THE-ROUND: *Count Basie* and *Donald Stanford* have taken over the *Fleetwood*, 132nd St. and Seventh Ave., will rename it, and will probably have a trio-type music policy. . . *Dorsey Brothers* will remain at the *Statler* until June 23, then the room probably will close for the summer. . . *Danny Kaye* planning another tour for the United Nations before the end of the year. . . *Artie Shaw* reported to have bought a mountain top in Spain where he'll write another book. . . *Alan Freed* will be booked back into the *Brooklyn Paramount* Labor Day. His last 10-day Easter stand there broke his own house record for an approximated \$240,000 net. . . *Pearl Bailey* at the *Empire* room of the *Waldorf-Astoria* this month, the second Negro female singer to be booked there. *Dorothy Dandridge* was the first.

JAZZ: *Joe Glaser* reports three Hollywood studios are bidding for rights to *Louis Armstrong's* biography, and that a picture on *Louis* will definitely be made. . . The *Modern Jazz Quartet's* Hunter college concert May 13 has been canceled. . . While *Duke Ellington* was at *Basin Street*, *Jessie Drakes* and *Phil Edmunds* took the place of *Ray Nance* and *Willie Cook*, who were due in court. . . Belgian-born tenor *Bobby Jaspar*, considered one of the best men on his horn in Europe is here to stay. *Joe Glaser* will book him. . . *Gunther Schuller's* *Cooper Union Jazz Concert* with works by *John Lewis*, *Teddy Charles*, *George Russell*, *Bill Russo*, and *Gigi Gryce*, was among the most warmly received of any in *David Broekman's* important *Music in the Making* series. . . Los Angeles jazzman *Marty Paich* accompanied *Dorothy Dandridge* to England. He's doing some arranging for her as well as providing the piano background. . . *Detroit's Pepper Adams* working on the same bill with *Lee Konitz* at the *Cork N'Bib* on the *Island* Saturdays. . . *Jimmy DePriest*, nephew of *Marian Anderson* and leader of a modern jazz unit at the *University of Pennsylvania*, is putting on a concert there May 26 with big bands and small combos from within the campus. *Paul Quinichette* is again leading a combo on the road. . . *Don Elliott* quartet and the *George Wallington* trio are at the *Composer* for a long stay. *Wallington* is working with *Teddy Kojick* and *Nick Stabulas*. . . June 1 *Basin Street* bill has *Ellis Fitzgerald*, *Hampton Hawes*, and the *Australian Jazz Quartet*. . . *Joe Roland* will be at the *Hawaiian Room* of the *Hotel Lexington* until the end of May, with *Doc Murphy* and guitarist *Howard Collins*. . . *Bobby Shud* may put out some English jazz LPs on *EmArcy*. He also cut *Sarah Vaughan* on the coast in big band arrangements by *Harold Mooney*. . . *Atlantic* is likely to record more *Jess Stacy*. . . *Joe Morello* does his first LP for *Keynote* when he gets back to town. . . *Jon Hendricks* has been giving high school kids a chance to learn more about Jazz in a series of weekly lecture-demonstrations. *Gigi Gryce* and *Duke Jordan* played a recent meeting. . . *Oscar Peterson* trio played for *John Mehegan's* class in improvisation at *Juilliard*. . . *Dave Pell's* *Victor* contract is for two years and at least two albums a year. . . *Bob Reiser's* book on *Charlie Parker* may run to 600 pages. . . *Jazzbo Collins* brought *Manny Albani*. *Hal McKusick*, *Mundell Love*, and *Larry Sonn* to *Yale* in April for the *Ivy League College Radio Network* dinner.

RECORDS, RADIO, TV: *Elvis Presley's Heartbreak Hotel* has gone over the million mark. . . *Sammy Davis Jr.* and the cast of *Mr. Wonderful* recorded the show for *Decca*. . . *Sylvia Syms* breaking for her first pop hit in *I Could Have Danced All Night* on *Decca*. . . *Herbie Mann* will do music for another major TV show June 5 in the *Playwrights '56* series. . . *Eddie Fisher's* summer TV replacement.

(Turn to Page 32)

O, Kai!

Chicago—In case you haven't heard this one yet, some musicians recently were discussing some of the boners pulled on theater and ballroom marquees, and one remarked:

"The funniest one I ever saw was when I was with Kenton a few years ago. We pulled into this town, and there on the marquee, big as life, was the sign:

"The Stan Kenton Orchestra, Featuring the Lovely Kai Winding."

Louis Opens In London May 4

London—Louis Armstrong's All-Stars start the second Anglo-American musical exchange this year with 10 days at Empress hall starting May 4. The combo then plays dates at Manchester, Glasgow, Newcastle, Leicester, Birmingham, Dublin, and Liverpool.

According to the *New Musical Express*, "at the Empress hall, the Armstrong band will be presented in the center of the arena, playing on a stage which will revolve slowly—almost a complete circle—to enable all patrons at the concerts to have a unique view of the presentation."

At presstime, it was uncertain whether Gary Crosby, who toured Australia with Louis in April, also would appear with him in England. Jack Lesberg replaced bassist Arvell Shaw, who has been released, for Australia and England. Lesberg, however, will return to New York studio work after the English trek.

Anti-Petrillo Rumblings Heard In New York 802

By Nat Hentoff

New York—The anti-Petrillo brushfire that has swept through Los Angeles Local 47 has spread to the AFM's largest local, 802 of New York. The rebellion here is proceeding at a considerably slower, more cautious tempo than on the west coast, but its roots in dissatisfaction appear to be deep.

More than 200 musicians met on April 9, in Nola's studios to form what one of the dissident leaders termed "a unanimous steering committee of 200." A temporary chairman was selected by unanimous voice vote.

Despite strong statements from several musicians in the audience who demanded the immediate formation of a formal opposition faction, the chairman recommended no immediate action along those lines. He said a lawyer had been consulted and that the lawyer had advised caution for the time being so that there would be no basis for punitive action against the dissidents by Local 802's administration.

THE STEERING committee's lawyer is Elias Lieberman, a prominent labor attorney, who is counsel for the International Ladies Garment Workers union. Lieberman had asked for two weeks to study the by-laws of Local 802 before making more specific recommendations as to how the opposition forces should function.

The steering committee chairman said at the meeting that "We are not rebels. We are a study group to examine the constitution, by-laws of the AFM and Local 802 and our rights within those laws."

After the meeting, the chairman said, "There are no political aspects to our meetings as yet, but this movement will probably have to assume political proportions eventually in view of the many

problems that have been coming up."

The general feeling of the meeting was reflected in the assertion of one speaker from the floor: "We will eventually have to reach the situation at the top of the AFM."

ALTHOUGH THERE was much support for the Local 47 anti-Petrillo forces among the members of the New York steering committee, the matter of formalizing that support into a resolution was not brought up at the meeting, again on advice of counsel.

A visiting member of the Cecil Read forces in Local 47 (who also holds an 802 card) told the New York dissidents to "cool it . . . if that's also an east coast jazz expression."

He explained the situation could best be handled by following competent legal advice from the beginning. "You won't be helping us in the least," he told the audience, "by making martyrs of yourselves."

The one resolution passed by the steering committee was "a unanimous voice protest . . . made against the completely unparliamentary manner in which President Al Manuti of New York Local 802, AFM, conducted a special membership meeting on April 2, 1956, which was called to act on the report of President Manuti on the protest made by Los Angeles Local 47, AFM, against the interference with local autonomy by Federation President James C. Petrillo of the AFM."

IT WAS THAT April 2 meeting in the Palm Gardens ballroom that touched off the active revolt within Local 802. Manuti had been sent to the west coast by 802 members to observe the situation in Local 47 and report back to the membership.

On April 2, at a stormy special membership meeting, Manuti delivered his report. It did not recommend that 802 give moral support to 47 and recommended instead that the decision be left to him. Read of 47 was present and spoke for 1½ hours.

In the noisy aftermath, as several supporters of 47 tried to get the floor, a prepared resolution in behalf of the performance trust fund began to be read from the floor. Manuti asked for a voice vote on the resolution, declared it had passed, and immediately adjourned the meeting.

A number of angry 802 members declared that in his handling of the closing stages of the meeting, Manuti had violated parliamentary procedure, had not allowed a resolution in support of 47 to be heard, and had refused to recognize members opposed to the resolution that was passed.

The resolution that was passed called for more action to promote live music and supported the handling of the trust fund, a target of the Local 47 rebels.



Roman Jazz Fans bid goodbye to Dizzy Gillespie, his wife Lorraine, and band members as they depart for Iran on the first leg of a 10-week tour of the Middle East for the state department. (See Dizzy's letter from overseas on page 4).

Caught In The Act

**Ray McKinley Sextet, Pia Beck Trio;
Blue Note, Chicago**

While there is nothing woolly or especially momentous about this bill at the Blue Note, it is nevertheless capable of attracting two kinds of audiences—the foot-tappers for McKinley and the cool and curious for Miss Beck. Between the two units there is more than ample music, all of happy humor, even if it isn't always exciting.

The most sterling moments of the McKinley sets occur when the sure and swinging clarinet of Peanuts Hucko is in the fore. McKinley's drum solos and vocalizing of tunes like *Cow Cow Boogie* and *Down the Road Apiece* are a lift, and Deane Kincaid's baritone sax is an occasional fillip.

Otherwise, the crew of bassist Jim Thorpe, trumpeter Johnny Glasell, and pianist Mickey Crane is workmanlike, integrated, and showmanly, if not always inspired. Their repertory inclines to the old days, Dixieland mainly (with Kincaid's bary taking the trombone parts); and always it is Hucko's clarinet, riding through, that makes the chief impact.

The more modern musical effects are turned out by Miss Beck and her sidemen, Paul Palmieri on guitar and Lloyd Thompson, bass.

Most the arrangements are pretty, spirited in an intime sort of way, and nicely rendered. A wag dubbed Miss Beck "the Berlitz of the piano," and she very nearly is, singing in French, German, lightly accented English, and boogie style of scat. Never soul-searching, the singing and playing are all times attractive and cocktailly.

—les

Billy Eckstine; Crescendo, Hollywood

In 45 triumphal minutes, Billy Eckstine crowned his years in the business with the biggest one-man show to hit this town in a long time. His act was a preview of the new routine with which he is currently belting European audiences and, coupled with his new Victor records, should go far to re-establish him at the top of the record lists and make him very big-time in the niteries again.

With compatible and spirited support from veteran pianist Bobby Tucker and drummer Sid Bulkin, Eckstine does tender ballads like the oldie *More Than You Know* or the lively pop, *Send My Baby Back to Me*, and a soft-shoe routine that gassed the packed house.

The climax of the act is a series of better-than-average impressions of Vaughn Monroe, Perry Como, and Sammy Davis Jr., and topped by a hilarious take-off on Louis Armstrong complete with handkerchief and high-blown trumpet.

His whole act succeeds admirably in conveying what must be a most urgent audience feeling for Billy today: here is a new Eckstine.

His singing is less highly styled and showy than before. The emphasis is placed on the rich, warm voice, the intimate rapport established by his casual comments to the audience, and downright good showmanship.

While the feeling of almost total spontaneity is maintained throughout, one can imagine the amount of hard work invested in the creation of this

new Mister B. There can be little doubt that the result will prove highly profitable.

Dance music is provided by Reuben Leon's unusually hip (for the Crescendo) octet which features such top-notch jazz soloists as tenor men Bill Green and Ernie Chavez and trombonist Murray McEachern.

—tynan

Morgana King; Basin Street, New York

Morgana King, 25, cuts most her young singing contemporaries in several basic qualities such as intonation, phrasing, and beat.

Beginning the set under review with "S Wonderful," Morgana indicated first that she sings consistently in tune, a habit several jazz singers could profitably develop. She phrases instrumentally, but not so instrumentally that the lyrics are lost.

She has the rewarding ability to extend long, curving lines, all the while pulsating rhythmically. She illuminates rather than shatters the songs she sings.

In her second number, *Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe*, Morgana sounded in places like a modernized Ethel Waters, and that's a high compliment. She has some of Ethel's ability to dramatize a song by underplaying a little and by creating and taking advantage of slight but significant nuances.

She also has apparently absorbed some of Sarah and Ella, but actually no one influence is overwhelmingly audible, and it can be said that Morgana King sings Morgana King.

Another number was *Can't Help Loving That Man* which illustrated further her control over her voice, her ability to hit pretty much anything she aims at and her corollary ability to sustain tones while bending and reshaping them.

In her own *Moe's Blues* (recorded by Beverly Kenney on Roost without composer credit), Morgana does some muscularly effective modern scat singing that shows her rhythmic strength as well as her humor and imagination. The song is a kind of anthology from *I Love My Man to Every Day* with some stanzas contributed by Morgana herself.

There is one reservation that kept sliding into consciousness through all of her numbers, including the blues. Morgana at present is somewhat inhibited, a little too calculated in places and too concerned with fragmentary effects rather than with the whole, flowing impact of a song. She is sometimes too deliberate. Once she unwinds and releases more, she can light even larger fires than she does now. Some of this mild inhibition, it should be noted, may well have been the result of opening night nervousness.

Her repertoire could stand more medium and un-tempo material, and her work, in general, could be more "down." But the girl is worth hearing and certainly has the qualities essential for growing into a jazz singer of stature.

—nat

Calvin Jackson Quartet; London House, Chicago

Probably the most driving, vitaminized music to be served up at the London House since the room adopted jazz is that purveyed by the Calvin Jackson quartet, a vibes-dominated

In The Know

Kankakee, Ill.—Liz Mount, reporter for the *Kankakee Daily Journal*, reports the following illustration of how deeply disc jockeys have become part of our daily life—and unlife.

"Marge Brown, one of the reporters," Liz recounts, "was taking info from an undertaker on an obit and stumbled on the spelling of the deceased's name. She asked again for the troublesome letter.

"That's D," said the undertaker. 'D as in Daddy-O.'"

A passing tribute to Chicago's widely-heard jazz disc jockey, Daddy-O Darling.

Gerry, Chet Return To U.S.

New York—Gerry Mulligan and Chet Baker have returned from European jaunts. Baker had been overseas since last September, while Mulligan's tour had been for some seven weeks. Baker is on the club circuit again with drummer Pete Littman, bassist Jimmy Bond, and a pianist not named at presstime. Chet had been rehearsing with John Williams. He intends to work his way west and may go to Japan this summer. While on the west coast, Baker intends to record extensively for Pacific Jazz.

Mulligan is retaining the sextet that traveled to Europe with him and said he intends to play Basin Street and some concerts before taking the summer off.

RIAA Names Clark

New York—Sam Clark, president of ABC-Paramount Records, has been elected a director of the Record Industry Association of America, filling the post vacated by Archie Bleyer of Cadence Records. Crowell-Collier has been added to the association's roster of 46 member companies.

Canadian group making its first Chicago appearance after a date at the New York Embers.

Jackson's music romps hard and relentlessly from the first number of the first set, and the group is unobnoxiously showmanly without dividing from a devotion to the music. Vibrant and forceful—sometimes too much so—the music may not help digestion, but it is very welcome here where an unobtrusive sound has become stylish for the early hours.

The eloquently swinging vibes of Peter Appleyard share the fore with Jackson's happy, meandering piano; and the rhythms of Howard Reay, drums, and Johnny Elwood, bass, are capable and precise. The blending of the instruments is finished almost to a gloss. Not too far out for everyday tastes, but neither shallow, theirs is music that throbs with good feeling, and the euphoria is projected. Calvin Jackson's group is a crowd-pleaser in this town.

—les

Jockeys Name Frank, Freberg Repeat Winners In Annual Poll

As far as disc jockeys are concerned, it seems that there are only two things that remain stable in the ever-shifting fortunes of record artists—Frank Sinatra and Stan Freberg. For the second straight year, Sinatra was named the top recording personality of the last year by the more than 2,000 disc jockeys who cast their ballots in *Down Beat's* third annual deejay poll.

And for the third consecutive time, Freberg grabbed the honor of waxing the top novelty disc of the year—this time for *Yellow Rose of Texas*. His *Great Pretender* came in third, just behind Tennessee Ernie's *Sixteen Tons*, thus giving Capitol Records the first three spots.

Sinatra had a tougher time winning this year than he did last, however, as Perry Como, Pat Boone, and Nat Cole made a fight of it.

BOONE SUPPLANTED Sammy Davis Jr., last year's winner, as the best new male singer of the last year, followed closely by Elvis Presley, who has made a huge impact in the last couple of months.

Al Hibbler, no stranger to those who remember him as the singer for years with Duke Ellington, was regarded as a new talent by deejays to the extent that he wound up third.

Gale Storm, who became a surprise recording star after a successful career as an actress on television and in films, was adjudged the best new girl singer, with the lissome Julie London pulling a lot of votes for an easy second-place finish.

Dorseys On CBS Radio

New York—The Dorsey Brothers began a series April 15 on CBS radio on Sundays featuring their orchestra and singer Tommy Mercer. The program has been integrated into the early Sunday afternoon lineup of almost two hours of popular music, starting with the Dorseys and followed by Guy Lombardo and then *The Woolworth Hour*, with Percy Faith and the orchestra and guest stars.

HUGO WINTERHALTER was displaced as best studio conductor after two straight wins. He lost to Nelson Riddle, whose backgrounds for singers (Sinatra in particular) and his own pop hit, *Lisbon Antigua*, brought him to the fore.

Best vocal record of the year? The Four Aces' *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing*, according to the men who help to shape listeners' tastes. And they were close to unanimous in the opinion that there were only two instrumental records really worth voting for—Roger Williams' *Autumn Leaves*, which finished first, and Riddle's *Lisbon*.

Complete results below:

Split Personality

New York—An a&r executive for one of the more important jazz labels was praising a drummer. "He's my kind of drummer," said the executive. "His time is so steady I can splice anywhere."

Kenton Lops Nimitz, Sinatra

London—Baritone saxist Jack Nimitz and tenorist Spencer Sinatra were released from the Stan Kenton orchestra during Kenton's English tour and were sent back to the United States.

Sinatra's place was first taken by English tenorist Tommy Whittle, but Whittle soon had to leave because of previous booking commitments. Another high-ranking English tenor, Don Rendell, stepped in and probably will stay with Kenton throughout the rest of the British and European tour, as will English baritone saxist Harry Klein.

Kenton's official explanation for the departure of Nimitz and Sinatra was "excessive fatigue."

The Kenton band has continued to do well in England except for a spotty showing in Glasgow with only one sell-out in four concerts there. The band's itinerary calls for 62 concerts in 33 days in England, a pace that has led to rumors of dissatisfaction within the band.

Complete Results On Third Annual Deejay Poll

Top Recording Personality of the Last Year

1. Frank Sinatra
2. Perry Como
3. Pat Boone
4. Nat Cole
5. Bill Haley
6. Tennessee Ernie Ford
7. Sammy Davis Jr.
8. Eddie Fisher
9. Elvis Presley
10. Les Baxter

Best New Male Singer

1. Pat Boone
2. Elvis Presley
3. Al Hibbler
4. Bobby Scott
5. Len Dressler
6. Joe Williams
7. Nick Noble
8. Tony Travis
9. Don Cherry
10. Bob Manning

Best New Female Singer

1. Gale Storm
2. Julie London
3. Teddi King
4. Caterina Valente
5. Carmen McRae
6. Gogi Grant
7. Pat Kirby
8. Lurlean Hunter
9. Kit Carson
10. Kitty White

Best Conductor of Studio Orchestra

1. Nelson Riddle
2. Hugo Winterhalter
3. Les Baxter
4. David Carroll
5. Mitch Miller
6. Percy Faith
7. Don Costa
8. Paul Weston
9. Leroy Holmes
10. Buddy Bregman

Best Vocal Record of Last Year

1. Four Aces—*Love Is a Many Splendored Thing* (Decca)
2. Al Hibbler—*Unchained Melody* (Decca)
3. Tennessee Ernie Ford—*Sixteen Tons* (Capitol)
4. Frank Sinatra—*Learnin' the Blues* (Capitol)
5. Four Lads—*Moments to Remember* (Columbia)
6. Dean Martin—*Memories Are Made of This* (Capitol)
7. Frank Sinatra—*Tender Trap* (Capitol)
8. The Platters—*The Great Pretender* (Mercury)
9. Perry Como—*Tina Marie* (RCA Victor)
10. Kay Starr—*Rock and Roll Waltz* (RCA Victor)

Best Instrumental Record of Last Year

1. Roger Williams—*Autumn Leaves* (Kapp)

2. Nelson Riddle—*Lisbon Antigua* (Capitol)
3. Perez Prado—*Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White* (RCA Victor)
4. Les Baxter—*Poor People of Paris* (Capitol)
5. Count Basie—*April in Paris* (Clef)
6. Billy Vaughan—*Melody of Love* (Dot)
7. Dick Hyman—*Moritat* (MGM)
8. Mitch Miller—*Yellow Rose of Texas* (Columbia)
9. Richard Maltby—*Man with the Golden Arm* (Vik)
10. Elmer Bernstein—*Man with the Golden Arm* (Decca)

Best Novelty Record of Last Year

1. Stan Freberg—*Yellow Rose of Texas* (Capitol)
2. Tennessee Ernie Ford—*Sixteen Tons* (Capitol)
3. Stan Freberg—*The Great Pretender* (Capitol)
4. The Singing Dogs—*Jingle Bells* (RCA Victor)
5. Homer and Jethro—*Shifting, Whimpering Sands* (RCA Victor)
6. Alfie and Harry—*The Trouble with Harry* (Liberty)
7. Andy Griffith—*Make Yourself Comfortable* (Capitol)
8. Steve Allen—*What Is a Wife?* (Coral)
9. Bill Hayes—*Davy Crockett* (Cadence)
10. Cliffe Stone—*Popcorn Song* (Capitol)



Festival winners are members of the Westlake college Modern Music quintet (left to right) Glen DeWesse, bass; Fred Taggart, drums; Sam Firmature, tenor; Vic Messineo, piano, and Luther McDonald, valve trombone Howard Rumsey is at right.



John Dorman, bass trumpet, from El Camino college.



Dick Shoop, tenor, and Dan Rojas, bass, play with Long Beach City college group at festival.



John Guerin, 16, drums, from San Diego State college, was named most promising musician at festival.

College Jazz Groups In Lighthouse Festival

Last Easter Sunday marked the high point in a week of swinging activity at the Lighthouse jazz home at Hermosa Beach, Calif. During the week, bassist Howard Rumsey conducted his fourth annual Intercollegiate Jazz Festival at the Lighthouse. On Sunday the finals for contestant groups from a number of California colleges were held. On this page are photos of scenes taken on Sunday when the chips were down. The winner was the Westlake college combo (upper left). Runners-up were groups from Long Beach City college and San Diego State college. All photos by Stan Levey.



Finalists at festival are (left to right) Don Lewallen, bass; Don Sleet, trumpet, and Barry Farrar, alto, of San Diego State college.

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Multitaping Isn't Phony: Tristano

By Nat Hentoff

AFTER HE MADE COFFEE, Lennie Tristano sat and talked in his studio late one afternoon. Except for a small lamp that gave a bare minimum of light by which to scrawl notes, the studio was dark. The room was also curiously peaceful as if it were used to long periods of silence as well as music, and relatively unused to loud, hurried anxiety.

Usually after an interview, I piece together a mosaic of quotes into a monologue that has more continuity than any real conversation short of a visiting clergyman's can really have. This time I decided not to splice the talk as much as usual, and to record instead what an actual conversation with Tristano is like.

I've talked with many people in line of assignments and after hours, and I am rarely as stimulated as by a talk with Tristano. Like the writings of Andre Hodeir, the ideas of Tristano awaken the kind of attention that moves a mind to think for itself. Whether one agrees with all of Lennie's points or not, one is always aware that unusually probing points are being made.

LENNIE'S ATLANTIC LP had recently been released, his first recording in some four years. It had immediately detonated controversy, a phenomenon hardly new to Tristano activities. While there was nearly unanimous agreement that the music was absorbing, there were strong objections in some quarters to Lennie's use of multiple taping on several of the tracks, and some suspected that in two of the numbers, the piano tape had also been speeded up. A similar multi-track controversy had been ignited by a Tristano single record a few years before.

"I remember," said Lennie, "that around 1952, when that last record came out—*Juju* and *Pass-Time*—there wasn't one review out of the five or so that the record received that mentioned that those two sides could possibly have been a result of multiple track recording. It was only six months or a year later that somebody got the idea it might be, and then the talk started. I never really told anybody whether it was or not.

"One of the people who got so hung up on the subject," Lennie continued with amused calm, "was Leonard Bernstein. He and Willie Kapell were over here one night, and Bernstein finally decided it was a multiple track recording. He couldn't stand to believe it wasn't. And then Kapell sat down at the piano and started playing Mozart 16 times faster than normal. Lee Konitz tried to save the situation earlier by telling them it was multi-track. But he didn't know for sure either.

"THE REASON I MENTION this background for the present controversy," Lennie became more animated, "is to illustrate one of the most surprising things prevalent in music today—the element of competition. It's true of musicians and non-musicians. They can't just listen to the music. They have to compete with it. If it's not in terms of speed—whether they can play as fast as the record—then it's in terms of finding out what the tune is. It's ridiculous. You can't hear music if you're not able to sit back and listen a few times, just listen. Then, if you can do that, maybe the fourth or the tenth time, you can figure out what the tune is if you want to. It doesn't really matter anyway. The music does.

"Getting back to an example of competition by speed," Lennie said, "there was a night I was playing at Birdland, and I was playing something pretty frantic. A boy was standing at the bar—he was a pianist—and as he watched me, his hand got paralyzed. He dropped the glass he was holding, and his hand was still paralyzed a half-hour later. That's kinesthetic competition, and it's a pitiful commentary on this urge to compete. Some people are affected physically another way. I've seen them get sick and have to leave the room. It gets them in the stomach. They actually get scared and have to cut out. They can't just enjoy the music; they listen to see if they can do it.

"It's not just me that some people react to that way," Tristano emphasized. "Many piano players, when Bud was playing great, couldn't stand to listen. They gave up, some of them, and became like slaves, like worshippers. That's why the worshipper has to elevate the artist he worships to such a height. If they remove this particular artist from any type of human contact, they feel they no longer have to compete with him. You don't have to compare yourself

with God. It's not as if they had kept him on earth, which is where he belongs.

"ANOTHER ASPECT of this whole thing," Lennie reflected, "is the reaction of a lot of people who have played with me. They can't stand to have me pause in my line. The longer I pause, the tenser they get. Once at a concert in Toronto, I'd stopped for 16 bars. The time was going on and I could feel the drummer get tenser and tenser. Finally I hit one chord, and it was as if I'd set off an explosion. He hit everything on that drum set he could, all at once. The drums were all over the stage. It's like he was waiting for me to pounce on him.

"My audience sometimes reacts the same way when I pause. They get tense. What's Lennie going to do now? What's Lennie going to hit us with next? Instead of listening, they're worrying.

The conversation returned to the new LP. According to Barry Ulanov's notes on the set, "Lennie has fooled with the tapes of *East Thirty-Second* and *Line Up*, adjusting the bass lines Peter Ind (on bass) and Jeff Morton (on drums) prepared for him to the piano lines he has superimposed on them." Barry went on to mention the paired piano lines in *Requiem* and "the three lines played—and recorded—one on top of the other in the *Turkish Mambo* . . . one track proceeds from $\frac{7}{8}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$, another from $\frac{6}{8}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$, the last from $\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$."

"If I do multiple-tape," Lennie said slowly and with determination, "I don't feel I'm a phony thereby. Take the *Turkish Mambo*. There is no other way I could do it so that I could get the rhythms to go together the way I feel them. And as for playing on top of a tape of a rhythm section, that is only second best admittedly. I'd rather do it 'live,' but this was the best substitute for what I wanted.

"If people want to think I speeded up the piano on *East Thirty-Second* and *Line Up*, I don't care. What I care about is that the result sounded good to me. I can't otherwise get that kind of balance on my piano because the section of the piano I was playing on is too similar to the bass sound. That's especially so on the piano I use because it's a big piano and the bass sound is very heavy. But again my point is that it's the music that matters."

ONE OF THE OBJECTIONS voiced to these particular tracks was that whatever Lennie did to the tape made his playing very fast. "It's really not that fast, though," said Lennie. "There are lots of recordings out that are much faster. I understand some people say that making a record like the one I made isn't fair because I couldn't play the numbers that fast in a club. Well, I'll learn the record so I can play it at that tempo 'live.' But even as is, it's not that fast. Some people are being misled by the nature of what it feels and sounds like rather than by the tempo itself. The tempo, in most jazz joints, in fact, is faster than on the record. And the record was a little above A flat. That may account for a little of the speed, too.

"Actually," Lennie said, "we manipulated other things electronically. Am I to be put down for adding a tape echo on the blues and adding a tremolo on the last chorus of that number? In essence, I feel exactly this. When I sit down to do something, I can hear and feel what I want. Instead of trying to have three or four people on hand so I don't have the 'stigma' of multi-track recording, there are some things I'd rather do myself because there are some things I want to do that others are not capable of doing with me.

"If someone objects," Lennie pointed out, "to, let's say, the sound on *Line Up*, that's a matter of taste. But why not hear what's happening in the line to see if that's of any value, and why not hear what kind of feeling the performance has? I have absolutely no qualms about multi-tracking. This kind of thing happens all the time in the recording of classical music, for one example. Are we supposed to give up the typewriter because we've had the pencil so long? Or am I not to use the Telefunken mike and rely instead on a dirty old crystal mike? I'm sure other people have done a lot more multi-tracking than I have. There's nothing at all wrong, for another example, in a pianist recording both parts of a two-piano classical work. Why is it wrong when I do it?"

I mentioned at this point that a recorded case in point is the Heifetz recording of both parts of the *Bach Con-*

certo in D Minor for Two Violins (Victor LM 1051).

"Anyway," said Lennie, "I will continue to do anything that will produce on a record what I hear and feel."

THE CONVERSATION THEN VEERED to the problem of recording itself. "Right now in jazz," Tristano came on strongly, "everything is being recorded with a lot of echo, with the illusion of a big room. Even if the recording is done close, the full impact doesn't come through. It may be that people don't want that direct an impact, maybe they prefer to have everything softened by the added echo and want to hear their music in a sweet, mushy context like Muzak. I'm not against reverberation as such but this excess use of echo points to the fact that a lot of people can't really take jazz in its straight, natural form.

"For example," Lennie underlined, "there are the horrible things they've done to some of Bird's records in the remastering process by adding echo to them. Yet the greatest records he made were made with almost no echo. You could feel all the notes.

"A little echo is all right, but now it's no longer being used as an effect," Lennie went on. "Now it's the whole thing."

"As for the Atlantic LP, except for the tracks made at the Confucius where you really couldn't get a good balance—the engineers did a good job considering everything—the rest of the LP I made here at the studio without an engineer. And those tracks came out pretty good.

"I used a Telefunken, a great mike, maybe a foot or a foot and a half over the strings. On the blues I added a little tape echo. There was no echo, I think, on the others here. I was trying to get a kind of cathedral sound and I think I made it. There's quite a difference, incidentally, between a tape echo and echo chambers or reverberation generators. Tape echo, I feel, is a little more pronounced and more natural. With tape echo you can actually hear the echo coming through the second time instead of a big hollow, open sound as with an echo chamber."

Since various aspects of recording had dominated the talk up to this point, I asked Lennie why he had waited so long to record again, even though he had received offers from almost every label in the field. "For one thing," Lennie explained, "I wasn't able to find a rhythm section. I don't mean, let me make clear, that there aren't good rhythm sections or good rhythm section men. I just couldn't find one for myself, and I still can't."

ASKED WHAT HE WANTED in a rhythm section, Lennie detailed his requirements: "I want time that flows. I want people who don't break the rhythm with figures that are really out of context. What figures are used should be in the context of what's happening, so as not to break continuity. A lot of drummers interpolate figures that break the line. All of a sudden, the line stops, and he plays a cute figure on the snare drum or tom-tom. Some bass players do that, too. They break time to play a figure that doesn't fit with what's already happened and is happening. With rhythm sections I've played with, I

don't have the feeling of a constantly flowing pulse no matter what happens. As soon as I feel the pulse being interrupted, my flow is interrupted whether I'm playing or resting, because it's all the same thing.

"I also need in a rhythm section people with feeling for simultaneous combinations of time—people who are able to perceive $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{4}{4}$ at the same. I'll probably be doing more and more of that. Working with $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{4}{4}$ and the double times of those— $\frac{5}{4}$, $\frac{6}{4}$, $\frac{7}{4}$, and maybe sometimes $\frac{8}{4}$. Occasionally, I've played something and tried to figure it out afterwards, and have maybe done some $\frac{13}{8}$."

Lennie continued his description of the rhythm section he's seeking: "I'd like to have a rhythm section with a feeling for dynamics. One of the faults of most jazz today is that it proceeds at one dynamic level. There are pretty sharp accents at times, but generally one dynamic level.

What I'm after is not an up and down kind of thing but something pretty subtle. Parenthetically, I think that drummers today are doing too much. They play the bass drums, sock cymbal, snare drum, top cymbal—four basic instruments right there. Add to that tom-toms, other accessories, and funny noises like tapping on top of the snare, and it's all much more than one man should be doing.

"THEN THERE'S the matter of tempo," Lennie said. "Rhythm sections today like to play a real fast tempo—'cooking' as some people call it. A real fast $\frac{4}{4}$. As a result, everything is pat and things go by so fast with generally a good feeling that they don't miss the subtleties, subtleties that ought to be there. Another thing is the ridiculous ballad tempo that's prevalent. They try to get it just right so they can play double time on that, too, so they really wind up in the same place. And the in-between tempos are generally very crude.

"I want to play a lot of different tempos and more of the in-between. For example, many of the early Bird records and the early Pres sides with Basie were played at these in-between tempos. A couple of the Pres records—like *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie*—were fast, but he made it. Now *Ko-Ko* was one of Bird's fastest records and it wasn't as good as the more in-between *Warming Up a Riff*, also based on *Cherokee*, which had more creative Bird.

"Another thing I've missed," said Lennie, "is that people don't seem to have a feeling of playing together. That's a general comment, of course. Some people play together better than others. But a lot of people give the impression of everybody manning his particular gun and shooting wherever he wants to. Remember the old Billie records with Teddy Wilson, Roy, and sometimes Pres? The rhythm section on those is sort of old-fashioned now, but they really played together. This is probably true of jazz in general right now. You don't hear the kind of togetherness in the groups that are playing. There's either a neat, commercial jazz sound or they're trying to improvise and it's a little ragged."

Lennie came back to his specific problems with rhythm sections. "I have trouble with bass players and chord

progressions. I've pointed out to them that instead of trying to find out where I'm going, they'd do a lot better and get a better sound by playing the foundation chord instead of trying to get where I am at the moment. If they're on the fundamental chord, they'll get to relate to what I'm doing and eventually get to where I am sometimes.

"TO MAKE another general statement," said Lennie, "everybody's a soloist now. There are no more sidemen in the world. Everybody is a star. I can't imagine anything more monotonous, for example, than a bass playing two or three choruses on a ballad unless it's a good bass player like Oscar Pettiford who can solo."

"What about the charge," I interjected, "concerning the long time you didn't record, the charge that you didn't want to set down your ideas so people could have them that accessible for copying?"

"I don't think anyone would want to copy me to start with," Lennie answered. "And what I do isn't that pat or that perfect anyway. Now the way Bird played his ideas, they were perfect the way they were. Changing some of the notes would have spoiled them. What you can do is mix them up or play them in different sequences but the essential idea was perfect. Another thing you can do with Bird's ideas is play them on a different part of the bar. Instead of one, start the idea on two. Or you can stretch a $\frac{4}{4}$ idea into $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{5}{4}$, lengthen the phrase. I feel that if Bird's situation had been conducive to this sort of thing, he would have done that kind of thing himself. I remember doing a concert with him and we were warming up without a rhythm section. I was playing some chords and he was really stretching out.

ANOTHER FACTOR in my not having recorded in so long a time is that I'm not ambitious. If I don't think I have something to record that means something to me, I don't feel the necessity to release it. At least half the records of mine that are out are rejects from my point of view. A couple of the Capitol sides, for instance, and most of the Prestige, a couple on Disc, and the four on Royale. It's really pretty silly because it means part of my audience likes me because of my bad records. That's why I've felt that as soon as I learned how to play I'd lose a big part of my audience, and audience that's not too big to start with.

"I don't think, by the way," Lennie said, "that I'm the next jazz messiah. The way some people have spoken or written of me pro and con may have created the impression I thought that, but that isn't what I think, and I've never said it. Maybe that impression is also due to the antagonism against me in some quarters. If enough people put somebody down, he assumes a large proportion in some eyes.

"What I am doing is trying within the limits of my ability to develop my capacity to improvise so that I'm really improvising as much of the time as I can. I think I've done a few things that haven't been done, at least to the extent that I'm doing them, but I don't feel there's anything 'great' about them. It took me a long time for example, to feel $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{13}{8}$ on top of $\frac{4}{4}$. It's something that can't be done

(Turn to Page 42)

Unpredictable . . .

Is The Word Atlantic Records Exec Uses To Describe Recording Of Jazz

(Ed. Note: Another in *Down Beat's* running series of articles on the independent jazz companies is the following one written by Nesuhi Ertegun of Atlantic Records. A recognized and much-published jazz critic before he became director of Atlantic's jazz program, Ertegun here discusses some of the problems and satisfactions that accrue from such a job.)

By Nesuhi Ertegun

JAZZ has never moved in so many directions all at once as it is now. From basic blues to atonality, from rediscoveries of traditional roots—for some this means Basie, for others Jelly Roll Morton, for others still Bach—to experiments so daring they might shock the most confirmed modernists, from total improvisation to fully arranged compositions which leave no open spaces for improvising, jazz has never before been so thoroughly adventurous.

At the same time, this searching and probing is accompanied by endless discussions, re-evaluations, and often irritations; one dismisses as worthless what the other has just discovered as the greatest. What is too way-out to one listener is pleasantly old-hat to another; what swings like crazy to some ears impresses others as being alarmingly stiff.

"Interesting, perhaps, but certainly not jazz" is a comment all of us must have heard at the precise moment we were marveling at a performance which seemed to represent the very essence of jazz. All this, of course, indicates that jazz is in a healthier state than it has ever been.

WITH SO MUCH going on, I can frankly think of nothing more fascinating than to be in the business of making jazz records. (Purely a personal opinion. It is not relevant, here, to try to describe the complexities and imponderables that invariably come up when you are putting together a jazz record-

ing session. As it happens, I enjoy this kind of work.)

Let me now utter a violently self-evident remark: a jazz record company is only as good as the musicians who record for it. There are a certain number of things the company can and should do: provide good distribution for the records, put out decent pressings, only invest a recording with the "high fidelity" label when it is really high fidelity.

The so-called jazz A&R man (by now, grammar school students seem to know more about the functions of artist & repertoire men than these do themselves) should attempt as faithful a reproduction as possible of the sounds jazzmen make by insuring a balance that is natural and setup in the recording studio that enables the musicians to play well.

This, by the way, is difficult with certain sound engineers, who, convinced they are electronic geniuses, insist in their fight for "presence" on spreading a small jazz band all over the area of a vast recording studio, thereby making it impossible for the musicians to hear one another. It is vitally important not to be intimidated by these well-meaning scientists.

Once all this has been said, however, we come back to the platitude stated at the beginning of this paragraph: A&R men can take various precautions and exercise to the fullest whatever skills they may possess, but the success or failure of a jazz record is finally the responsibility of the men who make the music. It is said that, in popular music, the brains of a&r men have more to do with the merits of a record than the talents of singers or instrumentalists. Whether this is true or not, it is emphatically not so in jazz.

AS FAR as Atlantic's jazz program is concerned, what we are trying to achieve is very simple (whether we are achieving it or not is for others to decide). We are attempting to preserve on records as much as possible of all the forms of jazz that can be heard today, performed by musicians who are, in our opinion, of great significance.

It is completely unnecessary for me—aside from the fact that it would be extremely corny—to praise the musicians and singers who record for Atlantic. All I can say is that if I didn't like them, I wouldn't record them. During the last 15 months, I made record dates on the west coast with Jimmy Giuffre, Jack Montrose, Shorty Rogers, Jess Stacy, and Betty Bennett; in Chicago with Bill Russo; in New York with the Modern Jazz Quartet, Lennie Tristano, Lee Konitz, Charlie Mingus, Milt Jackson, Wilbur de Paris, Tony Fruscella, Teddy Charles, and Chris Connor. This listing is incomplete; it normally takes three recording sessions to complete one 12" LP, and some of our artists made more than one album.

From all this, I learned essentially



Shorty Rogers, left, looking spectral at the end of a rough record session, discusses matters of finance with Atlantic's Nesuhi Ertegun, writer of the accompanying article.

one thing: there is nothing quite as unpredictable as recording a jazz musician. After days or weeks or months of preparation, discussions about instrumentation, the choosing of the material, etc., you think you are completely familiar with all the elements involved and can tell pretty well what is about to happen.

Then the moment arrives when you sit in the control room and the session begins.

ANT THEN, because of the peculiar nature of jazz, the unexpected invariably takes place: you hear a musician say something during a solo you never heard him say before; you hear a rhythm section suddenly take on fire; as the session progresses, an infinite amount of things come into being that nobody could foresee.

It is this element of surprise which is the greatest fascination of jazz, and when it occurs, the a&r man sitting in the booth forgets sometimes he is a record producer and becomes a fervent jazz listener.



Two of the most valuable properties recently signed by Atlantic were Chris Connor and the Modern Jazz Quartet. The group's music director, John Lewis, looks on as Chris points out a change in score for her just-released album.



Jimmy Giuffre

You Have To Be A Psychologist: Carlton

By Edith Schonberg

AN A&R MAN has to be a combination psychologist, fortuneteller, and musical expert. Joe Carlton, RCA Victor's director of artist and repertoire, has found that these attributes are important weapons when dealing with his performers.

At Jaye P. Morgan's first session for RCA Victor, Carlton realized that the young singer wasn't giving as much and as well as she could. "Jaye," he roared in mock exasperation, "if you don't start singing, you'll blow it before you start."

The reaction Carlton hoped for set in, and Jaye, in utter fright, started to belt.

"NOW," HE SMILES, "she's a seasoned performer, and a sweetheart to work with."

Joe Carlton feels that his forte is artist relations, and his ability to handle them. ("I dig the artists and they understand me.") And then he mused, "Artists can be made or murdered in a booth." He was referring to the engineer's booth in which the a&r man sits guiding a session.

"An a&r man must have emotional enthusiasm for his work and just plain guts." Joe then continued to expand on the multiple duties of his office. "An a&r man deals in talent and tunes. He makes a product and puts it in the groove. He must sign talent, and keep talent, sign arrangers, and make records. He must be a genius at artist relations, pick songs, handle disc jockey relations, and move like a thunderhead."

THEN THERE IS the problem of working with the arranger, and while Carlton emphasized that a good arranger can be depended on for his artistic capabilities, it is usually the decision of a&r as to what will sell. Also one of the important functions of the director is to learn how to handle, sell, and convince artists in terms of new material and to sell his ideas to the organization.

"The big problem," says Carlton "is lack of time."

This year, besides the usual roster of big names, Joe is enthusiastic about two newcomers to the label, Teddi King and Diahann Carroll. Of Miss King, who started as a jazz artist, Carlton says, "She's so good! She will be a pop commercial success. Teddi is about one of the finest musicians around."

Concerning Miss Carroll, Carlton pointed out, "Diahann is a great dramatic singer, a mixture of Ethel Waters and Lena Horne. She has a powerful set of pipes and a lot of the young Lena Horne about her."

THEN HE TURNED to Jaye P. Morgan, whose career he has been guiding since its inception. She'll have a tremendous year," he reported, "and will become an all-time great. Incidentally, she's a natural comedienne, but that talent hasn't been exploited yet."

Stars like Perry Como, Eddie Fisher, Julius La Rosa, Kay Starr ("she is the first woman at RCA Victor to get a gold record, and it was for her *Rock*

and Roll Waltz"), Lena Horne ("she never sold records before until she came to Victor; now we keep getting letters asking for more"), and also the recently acquired Billy Eckstine, will constitute the backbone of his program.

"Do I think rock and roll is a fad?" Joe echoed a question. "Definitely not. Rock and roll is not a trend or a fad—it's part of music. The good parts will be absorbed into our culture, and the rest will disappear.

"My theory is that rock and roll will advance to better jazz, to good improvisation. There's no substitute for spontaneous performance or naked feel, and you can't beat natural talent. That's what rock and roll proved."

SAID JOE WITH finality: "We're going to give the people what they want—when they want it. We'll be 80

percent commercial and 20 percent avant garde!"

And then Carlton turned briefly to the company's jazz picture. Since jazz has become steadily more important as a part of the music scene and also because acceptance of this art form has become widespread, he said he realized that this department, so long neglected at RCA, had to be reactivated.

He is cognizant of the fact that it will take years to build up the line, but even at this early date "the fruits are showing." The company's international program will continue and be broadened because worldwide enthusiasm in jazz is a very potent factor.

Carlton says all the label needs is one or two leaders and "the whole thing will assert itself."

"I just want it known," he declared, "that I dig jazz. What jazz needs is more affection and less aficionados."

My Biggest Thrill? When Duke Roared Back: Basie

By Don Freeman

COUNT BASIE was munching a sandwich and relaxing between sets of a one-ner at the San Diego Arena. Since Basie, through the years, has brought so much listening pleasure to so many it seemed pointed to ask the Count what listening pleasures he had received himself.

"My biggest thrill as a listener," Basie said, "came one night back in, I think it was, 1951.

"The so-called progressive jazz was going big then, and here comes Duke Ellington on opening night at Birdland. He had just revamped his band, and no one knew just what he'd have. We all dropped in to catch him—and what we heard! What a thrill that was!

"THE DUKE WAS swinging. All this 'progressive' talk, and the Duke played the old swing. He scared a lot of people that night. It was just wonderful. Of course, the Duke has always had the greatest band at all times. There's never been any other band for me, year in and year out.

"I'll tell you another listening thrill. Back in the '30s, no matter where we were every Saturday night, we'd have to hear Benny Goodman's band on the old *Camel Caravan*. That was a wonderful band.

"Anything that the 'Boss'—that's Art Tatum—would play anytime or anywhere was a thrill for me. And Pops, too—I can listen to Louis play or sing or talk or anything . . .

"I REMEMBER ONE night when I wandered over to Roseland to see Les Brown. I kind of sneaked in, and Les didn't know I was there. Oh, that's a fine dance band.

"And another is Tommy Dorsey's band. If I'm in town—and the Dorseys are there—I won't miss 'em because they got a fine, swinging band,



Count Basie

too. Tommy is a remarkable musician—remarkable.

"I was over to John Hammond's house one night and he brought out some old Fletcher Henderson records. We sat and listened most of the night. That was a thrill! I never had the chance to hear much of Fletcher's band in person in the old days.

"SAME WITH Lunceford. I was listening to some swinging Lunceford records a month or so ago—that was another thrill. That band had such a beat! I dig that beat. A band's got to have a beat. You can't put down a band that has a beat. Like Ellington—he has that beat always . . ."

The reporter had a question: "You said that the greatest band of all time was Duke Ellington's. Don't you mean—uh, er—with present company excepted?"

Basie shook his head. "No," he said firmly. "I do not. I mean that Duke Ellington is the greatest of them all."

Ellis In Wonderland

Herb Amazed At Guitarists Who Disregard Instrument's Potential

By Jack Tracy

NO INSTRUMENTAL CATEGORY in jazz is so dominated by players from one region of the country as is the guitar.

Proof? The first six spots in the '55 *Down Beat* Jazz Critics poll were filled by men who were born in the south. Jimmy Raney is from Kentucky, Tal Farlow hails from North Carolina, Barney Kessel was born in Oklahoma (as was the late and remarkable Charlie Christian), Johnny Smith calls Alabama home, Freddie Greene comes from South Carolina, and Mundell Lowe is a Mississippian.

And if the agile performances that Herb Ellis has been putting on with the Oscar Peterson trio of late are any indication, this Texan is going to start crowding all of them for honors.

FOR ELLIS IS a swinger—a stubby, redhaired, freckled guy with boundless energy and a consuming desire to utilize every bit of the instrument's capabilities.

He plays exceedingly able rhythm guitar, he uses various shades of sounds, he has speed, his solos are clean and imaginative, and he feeds soloists fat background chords but keeps well out of their way.

He is, in short, one of the most accomplished of the guitarists to grace today's scene, and he is only now coming into his own.

Just 34, he has been playing his instrument for 23 of those years yet doesn't have the slightest idea of how he drifted to jazz or where he picked it up.

"MY MOTHER TELLS me I always played blues," he says, "and I never worked with any groups until I went to school at North Texas state, Jimmy Giuffre was my roommate, and we both played with different bands there. Harry Babasin and Gene Roland were at the school at the same time.

"When I left State, I joined Charlie Fisk's band, then moved on to Glen Gray in 1942. And I'll tell you something—I had the greatest musical shock of my life one night I was on that band.

"We had a night off in Kansas City, and some guy asked me if I'd like to go to a session to sit and hear some cat with Jay McShann that was supposed to be a pretty good alto player—Charlie Parker.

"Well, I'd never heard of Bird before, and I guess not many people had, and when we got onstand at the session, Charlie was still fooling around in a corner, putting a reed on his horn. We played some, and then he walked over and the piano player called out *Cherokee*. I had never played the song before, so I just played the chords as the piano man called 'em out to me.

"THEN BIRD PLAYED, and I don't think I've ever heard anything like it in my life. He must have poured out about seven, eight choruses, and he was playing as good then as he ever did. I was shocked.

"And then when he quit, the piano looked at me and said, 'Take it, Red.' I said, 'No-o-o, thank you, man. I'm not going out in that water,' so Bird picked up his horn again and played about 10 more choruses, each one better than the last."

It is an experience Herb swears he will remember to his dying day, just as he also will recall the day he left the Jimmy Dorsey band. Jimmy had been the next stop after two years with Spike Gray, and the band's rhythm section—pianist Lou Carter, bassist Johnny Frigo, and Ellis—had grown so happily enamored of each other's work that they decided to form a trio of their own and hit the jazz routes.

BUT THEY DIDN'T know how to tell Dorsey. They liked him personally and as a leader and were unable to go to him and say that his rhythm section was pulling out.

Finally, Frigo was elected, and, according to Herb, decided to break the news at the Paramount theater in New York. "Johnny made a few false tries, then one day, right after a show, Jimmy was walking away from him across that huge backstage area there, so Johnny squared his shoulders, took a breath, and said, 'Jim?'

"It was a pretty weak and sick word, the way he said it, and Dorsey turned around and said, 'Yeah?'



Herb Ellis

I think old Frigo wished right then and there he was miles away. But he got it out, and Jim was very nice about it. Said he'd been planning to give the band a vacation anyway, and he'd find new men in that time."

AND THUS THE Soft Winds were born, and it was a group that held tenaciously together for some five years, despite "a manager who tried to make a comedy group out of us" and some disheartening setbacks recordwise.

They recorded for the now-defunct Majestic Records, and those who remember the group well from those days will tell you that what came out on wax was in no way to be compared to the swinging and subtle sounds the group was putting down.

Frigo left in 1952 to settle down in Chicago, where he has found a home in the studios and on occasional jazz dates. Carter and Ellis hired bassist Bonnie Wetzel and moved into the Darbury room in Boston, where Lou and Bonnie still play.

BUT IN '53, Barney Kessel told Herb he was leaving Oscar Peterson to resume the more placid life of a California studio man and that Herb should give Oscar a call. "Oscar used to come in and hear us a lot, so he knew how I played," remembers Ellis. "So I called him, he said come on, and that was it."

The work was rough for the first few months. "I had to learn all new arrangements with Oscar. And the group swung harder than the Soft Winds. I had to adjust to it.

"We rehearsed three and four times a week a first. But now we woodshed only about three days every two weeks, and that's so we can add new material without doing the first rehearsals onstand."

Herb says he feels he owes a lot to Peterson and bassist Ray Brown. "I credit much of my improvement to Oscar," he says. "He improved my fast playing, for example. One night he simply dropped out altogether when we were playing a fast tempo, and I had to keep up. Now we do that quite a bit. And Ray is a favorite, too. He's got great hands."

BUT THE THREE men in jazz who did the most to shape Ellis' musical thinking were Charlie Christian, Lester Young, and Bird. "And a lot of guitarist, too, I admire a whole lot. Barney Kessel is one. You know, sometimes young guitarists come up to me and say, 'Man, who do you like?'

"I start with Kessel, and they get that look on their face and they say, 'Man, isn't he like kind of . . . you know . . .'

"So I tell 'em, 'Look, if you ever go to a session where (Turn to Page 41)

Feather's Nest

By Leonard Feather

ELSEWHERE IN THIS issue, in Nat Hentoff's column, you can read about the recent novel *Sideman*, written by a professional musician about professional musicians.

It happened that not long before *Sideman* came out there was another novel dedicated to a related subject, entitled *Second Ending* (Simon and Schuster, 359 pp., \$3.95).

The author is Evan Hunter, best known for *The Blackboard Jungle*, which dealt with juvenile delinquency, a subject from which he has not strayed far in *Second Ending*. The latter deals with a full-grown man, true, but he is barely out of his teens and is the victim of another form of social delinquency.

MY FIRST REACTION to Hunter's latest offering was one of revulsion, for the dust jacket is about as unpleasant, tasteless, and uncalled for as any I have seen. It shows a trumpet crossed with a hypodermic needle. That this is a cheap and shoddy way to sell books can hardly be contested; that it serves further to identify jazz with narcotics in the minds of that small segment of the American public that still reads books is also indisputable.

But the prejudice that overwhelmed me when I saw the cover was considerably mitigated on an inspection of the contents.

Second Ending tells the story of a young student, Bud Donato, recently out of the navy and cramming for a college exam, who suddenly is forced to take in as a house guest an old friend named Andy Silvera.

Since they last met, Andy has punctured a career as a professional trumpeter with interludes of narcotic addiction and cure. He has been off the stuff for a week now, Bud is assured, and all he needs is someone to keep an eye on him and give him moral support.

THROUGHOUT THE rest of the book, in a series of long flashbacks, we are filled in on the relationship of the two men, and their involvement with two girls, Carol and Helen; we see how Andy started on the all-too-familiar path of strange pastimes to reach his present hapless state.

What is more important, and what makes the book relatively successful, is that the author penetrates deeper beneath the surface of his characters, making their motivations and confusions more vivid, than does the author of *Sideman*—though, ironically, the latter has been a full-time professional name band musician for years, while Hunter has had little or no experience beyond playing in college and navy bands.

Second Ending is a competently written story. In the last few pages Helen becomes an especially poignant figure, and the writing reaches an impressive climax. But the thought never escaped me that in *Sideman* drug addiction is at least an undercurrent, and in *Second Ending* it is the mainstream. I began to wonder whether it will ever occur to a writer, musician or not, to find for a novel the sort of basis that will tend to elevate,

Ted Heath Ork Shows Crispness, Precision In American Dates

TED HEATH'S initial plunge into the warm waters of American show business has been accomplished in the role of extra added attraction in a show called "Record Star Parade Of 1956," starring Nat Cole, June Christy and the Four Freshmen are the other features, with a dancer (Patty Thomas) and a comedian (Gary Morton) rounding out the show.

Originally scheduled to do only a couple of numbers altogether, the Heath band soon had its role enlarged to include five numbers at the start of the show and several others scattered through the rest of the program between the acts. This in itself is testimony to the band's ability as an entertaining unit. That the ensembles are clean, the arrangements ingenious (most of those heard in the show are the work of Johnny Keating), and the general atmosphere one of well-drilled precision, came as no surprise.

The band, with Heath amiably fronting and announcing and occasionally

rather than degrade, the members of the profession we love.

IT WAS INEVITABLE that the underworld aspects would form the framework for some of the fiction dedicated to jazz. For we must face it—narcotics have played a tragically large role in the lives of too many of our greatest musicians.

But there are other themes, other justifications for the writing of a jazz novel, and none that I have read yet—even including *Young Man with a Horn*, the first of them all managed to combine authenticity of treatment with complete validity of thesis.

Why, for instance, has there never been a novel dealing with the racial situations that confront a jazzman? Why can't some aspiring jazz writer mirror the complex problems that face a musician who has to contend with the infinite nuances of Jim Crow—and of the fight waged by those opposing it—among the men and women who make the music, among the agencies and personal managers, the publishers and the television and radio networks and the advertising agencies, the promoters on the one nite stands in the south?

WITHOUT ELIMINATING the essential love interest, surely a fiction expert could weave these elements into a dramatic story that would substitute inspiration for desperation heroes for heroin.

Even the growth of one name band or combo, from its accidental birth in a rehearsal studio to its first globally acclaimed overseas tour, could furnish the meat for a book that musicians would be proud to see displayed in their local bookshop, instead of having to turn away in disgust every time they see the cover of *Second Ending* vaunting their shame to the public.

A book like this is long overdue. If it comes, my gratitude will be so deep that I probably shall go overboard and give it a rave review even if its literary style is that of Nick Kenny.

playing section trombone, has most of the commercial qualities that were responsible for the success of the Glenn Miller orchestra, to which the Heath ensemble is perhaps the closest present day parallel.

VISUALLY, TOO, there is an attention to showmanship that sells the music just as it did with Miller. The use of such gimmicks as phosphorescent paint on the musicians' shirts and on the drumsticks, etc., has not been around in quite some years, and indeed, has rarely if ever been employed by a band catering partially to a jazz audience.

Musically, while never reaching any of the peaks of inspiration of which the top American bands such as Ellington's, Herman's and Basie's are capable, Heath offers plenty of action and color. After opening with *King's Cross Climax*, a swinging Kenny Graham original, he offers an unusual Keating treatment of *Memories of You*, featuring two trumpet soloists, Bobby Pratt and Bert Ezzard, the former showing great high register staying power. Perhaps the band's best soloist, however, is a third trumpeter, Duncan Campbell, heard briefly in *See You Later, Alligator*, which is mainly a comedy vocal duet with Red Price, the tenor man.

Don Lusher, an expert trombonist, is featured on a *Carioca* rich in colorful tempo and rhythm variations; Johnny Hawksworth, a very agile bassist with the personality and appearance of a youthful Alec Guinness, does *Fascinating Rhythm* and is also featured on *R J Boogie* together with Ronnie Verrell, the drummer. Verrell, featured extensively through the show in several numbers, is commercially the most valuable individual in the band and a highly capable performer.

MAN FOR MAN, section for section, the Ted Heath band reaches the general level of competence achieved in the Les Brown band. From the jazz standpoint there may be hidden virtues, which Ted promised to reveal in a more jazz-oriented program at Carnegie Hall May 1st.

The rest of the "Record Star Parade" went through its paces pleasantly, with Heath's men playing excellently for the acts throughout, and Lee Young sitting in for Verrell during Nat Cole's act. June Christy and the Freshmen were both well served by the arrangements of Pete Rugolo.

—Leonard Feather

8 Trams For J. J., Kai

New York—J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding have completed a new album that utilizes eight trombones. The trombonists included the co-leaders, Urbie Green, Jimmy Cleveland, Bob Alexander, Eddie Bert, Tommy Mitchell, and Bart Varsalona, with a rhythm section of Hank Jones, Milt Hinton, and Osie Johnson. All the writing was by J. J. and Kai. Two numbers featured the two on trombonium, a new instrument they are breaking in.

The Hot Box

By George Hoefler

FROM BOLDEN TO BOP, a phrase frequently used to represent the panoramic picture of jazz, has caused many of the more recent converts to look askance. Who was Bolden? Did he discover jazz or what? What did he sound like?

Bolden is the most legendary of all jazz pioneers. There are New Orleans jazz tunes using his name—*Buddy Bolden's Blues*, *I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say*—attesting to his importance as an early jazz figure of stature.

He never was recorded, although there has been a rumor that he made several old-fashioned cylinders. This is quite doubtful for no sign of them has been found. This type of rumor always seems to come up regarding old-timers. The same thing occurred when interest was focused on the legendary cornetist Emmett Hardy of New Orleans.

INFORMATION ON Bolden has been obtained from many of the older New Orleans musicians. The late Willie (Bunk) Johnson told jazz historians a great deal about Bolden, as did Albert Gleny, a bass drummer who played in Bolden's Ragtime jazz band, and Louis Armstrong, who heard Bolden as a child of 6, has commented on Bolden's playing.

The most valuable research into the life of Bolden has been done by Tom Sancton, a native of the Crescent City and a reporter on the New Orleans *Item*. His investigations were published by the New Orleans Jazz club in their publication *The Second Line* in 1951.

CHARLES BOLDEN was born in 1878, according to Sancton. The famed *Congo Dances* in Congo square were held until Bolden was in his teens. These ritualistic sessions, which in pre-Civil war days had been the chief recreation of the slaves, may have had considerable influence on young Buddy Bolden, and we have the word of several old-timers that Bolden derived his musical ideas from the hand-clapping congregations of the Holy Roller churches.

At any rate, Bolden became the first "name" in jazz music as the leader of a ragtime band and as an outstanding cornet player who was unable to read music.

Jazz goes much further back than the days of Bolden. Marshall Stearns, whose *History of Jazz* is scheduled for publication this spring, found that after a year's uninterrupted toil on a Guggenheim fellowship, he had been unable to get jazz music out of Africa because of its involved roots. Yet it has been established that Bolden's marching brass band and his dance aggregation were the first groups to play jazz as we know it today.

BUDDY'S WILD, unschooled playing caught on, and the band acquired a tremendous following in New Orleans. Personally, he became very popular, especially with his female following, and everyone called him Kid Bolden.

His music career started in 1893 when he was 15, and his activities

disclose that he also made a name for himself in other fields. His non-musical life included a period as a barrel-setter in a factory, owner and operator of a barbershop, and publisher of a journal called *The Cricket*. This was issued from his barbershop and amounted more or less to a "scandal sheet" supported by blackmail. There was a price for keeping one's name out of *The Cricket*.

As Bolden's musical fame spread, he became the first king of the New Orleans trumpet dynasty. His reign was followed by the regal days of Freddie Keppard, Joe Oliver, and finally Louis Armstrong.

KING BOLDEN played for all the typical music occasions in the Crescent City—parades, funerals, picnics in the parks, and dances in such halls as Funky Butt, Odd Fellows, Tin Type, and John the Greek's on Franklin St. It is reported that his horn was very loud and he played the blues in a truly "low-down dirty style" with much feeling. The tune *Make Me a Pallet on the Floor* has been reported as having been written by Bolden.

He was only 29 in 1907 when his musical life came to an end. It is said that liquor and women cut him down, while one character once averred, "He blew his brains out through his cornet."

At any rate, Bolden went berserk during a Labor day parade in 1906 and afterwards withdrew from music. On a night in April, 1907, he was arrested at his home on First St. because of complaints by neighbors. He was placed in the House of Detention on a drunk and disorderly charge and kept there a month.

HIS ACTIONS WHILE in the House of Detention brought him to the attention of doctors. He was diagnosed as

Little Jack Little, 55, Dies In Florida

Hollywood, Fla. — Little Jack Little, 55, the "Cheerful Little Earful" pianist, bandleader, and composer, died here April 9.

Little, whose real name was John Leonard, was born in London. He wrote *Jealous*, *Hold Me*, *A Shanty in Old Shanty Town*, and *I Promise You*, among other tunes.

He had come to the Miami area about seven years ago and since had made frequent appearances at theaters and night clubs.

In the 1930s he became a radio star on a nationwide hookup. He earned the title "Cheerful Little Earful" because of his soft, almost whispering introduction of songs accompanied by piano arpeggios. Prior to his radio career, he toured the country with his dance band.

He was a widower, and is survived by two children, Doris and John. Police said an autopsy showed that Little took his own life with poison and added that he left a dozen notes indicating he was depressed.

insane, a paranoid schizophrenic, and taken before a judge who committed him to the Louisiana Mental hospital located 100 miles up the Mississippi from New Orleans at Jackson, La.

Bolden spent the last 24 years of his life in a frame, unpainted dormitory without getting any better.

Charles Bolden died at 2 a.m. Nov. 4, 1931. The hospital listed his occupation as "barber."

Duke, Fiedler Discuss A Project

DUKE ELLINGTON GOT TOGETHER with Arthur Fiedler, conductor of the Boston Pops orchestra, recently to discuss long-range plans for the Duke to write something for the Boston organization.

"I'd like to do one," Ellington said during his stay at Boston's Storyville, "but we've been talking about this for 20 years. Maybe we can get together some day and produce."

"The New Haven Symphony orchestra is going to do a work I wrote for them this summer, and the Cleveland Symphony orchestra is going to do another work of mine this year."

"I'D LIKE TO DO something for the Boston Pops."

Duke said he had completed his latest full-length work, *The Four-Sided Man* but drew the line at attempting to describe it.

"When you ask for a category," he said, "you run right into me. I don't like categories."

"It's not like anything I've ever done before. It's a sort of dramatic hybrid."

He looked at the ceiling and then said with a smile, "It's a dramatic hybrid with offstage counter melody in the foreground."

ELLINGTON SAID HE COMPOSED the music and wrote the lyrics last year.

"I just hope it's a work that will provide two hours of entertainment for the people out front," he said.

Ellington said he had no plans for taking his band overseas this year. "I'm hung up with enough American ambitions to last me a couple of years on this side of the ocean," he said.

"**WHEN WE WERE ACROSS** right after World War II, the fans there hadn't had a chance to hear any of our new things. They asked mostly for the older things in the book."

"Ten years makes a lot of difference. They felt what they were hearing wasn't Ellington. But that was because they hadn't had a chance to hear anything new. I guess things have changed by now."

—dom cerulli

Popular Records

DOWN
BEAT

The following single releases were the best received for review for this issue. Titles in bold face indicate the ranking side. LPs and EPs received for reviews are discussed at length.

Five Star Discs

- Les Baxter Ork.—**Sinner Man/Tanco** of the Drums (Capitol F3404)
Rosemary Clooney.—**I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face/I Could Have Danced All Night** (Columbia 4-40676)
Doris Day.—**Somebody Somewhere/We'll Love Again** (Columbia 4-40673)
Merv Griffin.—**Joey, Joey, Joey/Ginny** (Columbia 4-40685)
Pat Kirby.—**Somebody Somewhere/What a Heavenly Night for Love** (Decca 9-29884)
The Lameters.—**Joey, Joey, Joey/When You're in Love** (Coral 9-61614)
Peggy Lee.—**Joey, Joey, Joey/They Can't Take That Away from Me** (Decca 9-29877)
Mitch Miller.—**Madeira/Bolero Gaucho** (Columbia 4-40655)

Four Star Discs

- Ames Brothers.—**If You Wanna See Mamie Tonight/It Only Hurts for a Little While** (Victor 47-6481)
George Barnes.—**Boston Town/Bill Carey and George Barnes—Goin' to Chicago Blues** (Coral 9-61622)
Eddie Calver.—**Taking a Chance on Love/Serenade** (Capitol F3407)
The Four Coins.—**All My Tomorrows/Cherry Lips** (Epic 5-9164)
Joe Maize.—**Lonely Lovers Rhapsody/The Donkey Serenade** (Decca 9-29848)
Janis Martin.—**Drugstore Rock & Roll/Will You Willium** (Victor 47-6491)
Robert Maxwell.—**Midnight Breeze/The Nearness of You** (MGM K12215)
Paul Weston.—**Infatuation/My Foolish Heart** (Columbia 4-40675)

Packaged Goods

CHRIS CONNOR

A striking photo of Miss Connor decorates the cover of her newest album (Atlantic 12" 1228), one which undoubtedly will find wide favor among her growing fan coterie. The warm backgrounds for a sterling collection of tunes (*Anything Goes, Something to Live For, When the Wind Was Green, Ev'rytime*, etc.) came from the pens of Ralph Burns and John Lewis. Chris could well take some lessons, however, in the interpretation of lyrics from such as Lucy Reed, Jo Ann Miller, Betty Bennett, and other contemporaries. Too often she doesn't get a song's story across. But her husky, mannered delivery is not without a certain, distinctive charm. Topflight recording job.

PERCY FAITH-MITCHELL MILLER

It's So Peaceful in the Country (Columbia 12" CL-779) presents Mitch Miller on oboe and English horn accompanied by Percy Faith and orchestra in songs by Jimmy Van Heusen and the uniquely estimable Alec Wilder. Among the titles are *While We're Young, I'll Be Around, Love Among the Young, It Could Happen to You, and Imagination*.

Miller is characteristically fluent, and the set is a restful one. It would have been more tasteful, however, if the lush strings had been reduced to a quartet or octet.

DICK HAYMES

One of the great ballad singers and stylists of our time is back in a carefully planned and beautifully executed package that could do for him what Frank Sinatra's *Songs for Young Lovers* did for him on the same label.

True, Haymes is just a little too careful and cautious here, as if he senses this might be his last chance to prove his record selling ability, but he still stands head and shoulders above 95 percent of today's singers. Listen, for example, to *Love Walked In*, where his remarkably resonant bottom sounds fairly glisten, and his virilely sensitive phrasing makes listening a warm pleasure.

The album is finely paced, with such Haymes standards as *Come Rain or Come Shine, Little White Lies, and You'll Never Know* blending with *Our Love Is Here to Stay* and others to make up one of the best vocal collections of the year. Capitol is to be commended for bringing back a great talent (Capitol 12" T-713).

TED HEATH

Ted Heath at the London Palladium Vol. 4 (London 12" LL-1379) was recorded in August, 1955, at the 109th and last of Heath's concerts at that hall. The band is clean, efficient, eclectic, and does not swing.

Most of the arrangements on this LP are by Johnny Keating. Other writing is by Frank Horrox, Alan Roper, Johnny Hawksworth, and Reg Owen. None is distinguished or distinctive. The best two tracks are the guest appearances of Don Rendell (the only outstanding soloist on the record) in *My Funny Valentine* and *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*. Least interesting tracks are drummer Ronnie Verrell's dull work in the tasteless *Prelude to Percussion*; Horrox' cocktail piano in *Nearness of You*; the overrated bassist Johnny Hawksworth in his solo vehicle, *Nola*.

The rest of the solos are competent but highly derivative. A small combo from within the band plays *Hallelujah* slickly.

AL HIBBLER

Al Hibbler Sings Love Songs (Verve 12" MG V-4000) is Al's first 12" LP although the sides were made for Norman Granz some time ago before Al signed with Decca. Hibbler is backed by Johnny Hodges on four, by the Basie band on one, and by Leroy Lovett on the others. Six of the tunes are by Ellington (*Solitude, I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart, Don't You Know I Care*, etc.), one by Strayhorn, and the others are good ballads, mostly standards.

This album is a depressing object lesson in current popular taste. These tracks are among the best Hibbler has ever made, including his sides with Ellington. His singing during this period was far less gimmicked, far less up-and-down-sweet than it is now.

The blues background of his vocal approach is thus more directly effective on these tracks, and he really seems to feel these songs instead of doing card tricks with the material. Yet Al's current big-time success was made not on the basis of good singing but on *Unchained Melody* and *He*. So if you'd like the musical Hibbler, this is the set.

MY FAIR LADY

The original cast recording of the most unanimous Broadway musical hit of the season (Columbia 12" OL-5090). The musicalization of G. B. Shaw's *Pygmalion* has an intelligent series of lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner with music by Frederick Loewe that is apt if not especially distinguished.

The cast is headed by Rex Harrison, Julie Andrews, and Stanley Holloway. Harrison, who talks his lyrics, is nonetheless the "singing" star of the set. A charming show set, one that is already a remarkably large seller.

LUCY REED

If only for the remarkable collection of tunes included in this album, you should listen to Lucy Reed, a girl who has been charming listeners in various Chicago clubs for the best part of the last five years.

Because *We're Kids, Inchworm, My Time of Day, and My Love Is a Wanderer* are just a few of the out-of-the-way melodies that are done with distinction and fire and individuality by a singer who may possess too much innate feeling for lyrics, and honesty in delivery, ever to have a hit record, but who should be able to cultivate a flock of enthusiastic listeners with this one album, *The Singing Reed* (Fantasy 12" 3-212).

BOBBY SHORT

Bobby Short (Atlantic 12" 1230) a cafe singer who has attracted cults in Paris, California, and now New York (where he's been repeatedly held over at the Hotel Beverly) has an excellent repertoire. Among the songs he chooses to sing on this set are *The Most Beautiful Girl in the World, I've Got Five Dollars, Sand in My Shoes, I've Got the World on a String, and Down with Love*. There is also the dreadful *Hottentot Potentate*.

On three numbers, Short plays his own piano accompaniment; on the rest, he is aided by bassist Buddy Woodson and drummer Mauri Russell, with trumpeter Pete Candoli added on four.

BOB STEWART

Let's Talk About Love (Dawn 12" DLP-1103) is a better-than-average pop vocal LP by the former singer with Bill McCune, Henry Jerome, and MGM Records. Bob's tasty background has been arranged and played by accordionist Mat Mathews. Except for the acceptable Darwin-Al Cohn (*When the Blues Come On*) and Darwin-Mathews (*It's Mine after All*) ballads, the rest of the program consists of standards.

Stewart sings with good sound, clear diction. Sinatra-influenced phrasing, and a better-than-average sense of time for a pop vocalist. It's a very pleasant recital of its kind. Stewart makes it both on ballads and medium-tempo swingers.

MEL TORME-MARTY PAICH

Mel Torme and the Marty Paich Dek-tette (Bethlehem 12" BCP-52) is one of the outstanding vocal albums of the year. Using the instrumentation of the Gerry Mulligan Capitol Ten-Tette sides, Paich accompanies

Torme in continually fresh, apposite arrangements.

The program is enjoyably varied with, among other delicacies, *Lulu's Back in Town*; the neglected *When the Sun Comes Out* (recorded by Helen O'Connell with Jimmy Dorsey years ago); Ellington's simple, stark *The Blues*; the witty and seldom heard Rodgers-Hart *I Like to Recognize the Tune*, and an imaginatively wailing version of *Lullaby of Birdland*.

Torme, as usual lately, is a masterfully musical singer with flawless intonation, instrumentalized phrasing of constant taste, a warm sound that has become clearer in the last couple of years, pulsating rhythmic flexibility, and welcome idiomatic humor. Paich, too, deserves much credit for his range of arranging skills that makes each track a separate, successful adventure.

ART VAN DAMME

Manhattan Time (Columbia 12" CL-801) is another glossy collection from the accordion and quintet of Van Damme, generally regarded as the most skilled of the jazz-influenced accordionists. Eleven standards, such as *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, *Hallelujah*, *Talk of the Town*, and *Lover, Come Back to Me*, plus vibist Chuck Calzaretta's original, *Turnabout*, slide easily by here, and it all comes up to the high level of easy listening that Van Damme has been setting for the group for nearly a decade. Well worth a listen.

HARRY ZIMMERMAN

Band with a Beat (Hi-Fi Record 12" R-602) is led by Harry Zimmerman, who has directed the orchestra on the Dinah Shore show for some time. His 24 bandmen here include such crack Hollywood musicians as Conrad Gozzo, Ray Linn, Joe Howard, Herbie Harper, Willie Schwartz, Ted Nash, and Irv Cottler.

Instrumentation includes two baritone horns and two tubas, plus field drums and glockenspiel. The music is in sort of a concert-marching band style with repertoire like *Sentimental Journey*, *I Love a Parade*, *St. Louis Blues*, and Zimmerman's *Bugle Boy March*.

Except for a few trombone solos, this is mostly ensemble playing and may interest especially members of high school and college concert bands in view of the impressive precision of the collective musicianship here. It's also a good display record for a hi-fi rig. The "beat" in the title is more military than swinging.

Tatum On Concert Bill At Buffalo

New York—Art Tatum will appear on a concert bill with the Buffalo, N.Y., Philharmonic orchestra, Aug. 7. On Aug. 8 and 10, he will participate in the music season of the Stratford Shakespearean festival in Stratford, Canada, on the same bill with the Modern Jazz Quartet.

In both sets of appearances, Tatum probably will play half his program with his trio and half by himself.

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Jazz Reviews

DOWN BEAT

All jazz records are reviewed by Nat Hentoff except those initiated by Jack Tracy. Rating: ★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor.

Jimmy Cleveland

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!; You Don't Know What Love Is; Vixen; My One and Only Love; Little Beaver; Our Love Is Here to Stay; Count 'Em; Bone Brother; I Hadn't Anyone 'Til You; See Minor

Rating: ★★★★★

Jimmy Cleveland's first LP as a leader is made up of three different sessions. Among the musicians (the notes break the personnel down) are Ernie Royal, Jerome Richardson, Cecil Payne, Wade Legge, Barry Galbraith, Joe Harris, Paul Chambers, Lucky Thompson, John Williams, Max Roach, Hank Jones, Osie Johnson, and Oscar Pettiford. Royal, Payne, and Galbraith were on all.

Jimmy re-emphasizes his strong position among the better modern jazz trombonists throughout this set. He is as impressive and personally expressive on up-tempo as on ballads. His technique is extensive and under firm, functional control. His ideas are logically constructed and maturely developed for the most part and his tone is warm.

Cleveland's various rhythm sections on the dates are swingingly expert and his horn solo support is able, though he has the largest share of solo space. If more of the writing had been more distinctive, the rating would go all the way. As it is, the set is close to five for a debut album, and it is recommended. Originals are by Cleveland, Quincy Jones, and one by Leonard Feather. Quincy wrote the relaxed, outspoken blues, *Count 'Em*. (EmArcy 12" LP 36066)

Al Cohn

Rosetta; The Song Is Ended; Linger Achile; Every Time; Haroosh; Just Plain Sam; I'm Coming, Virginia; Cohn, Not Cohn; A Little Song; Foggy Water; Sugar Cohn; Alone Together

Rating: ★★★★★

This is the better though the less ambitious of the first two LPs released in Victor's Jazz Workshop series, a project instituted by Jack Lewis. Against a background of four brass and rhythm, Al Cohn is heard in some of his best blowing on record, and his full tone and big beat are vivaciously complemented by Joe Newman, Bart Valve (Thad Jones), Nick Travis, and the alternating horns of Bernie Glow, Joe Wilder, and Phil Sunkel. On several numbers, Travis doubled on valve trombone.

The equally tall rhythm section is composed of Freddie Greene, Osie Johnson, Buddy Jones, and Dick Katz. Newman takes most of the trumpet solos, but there are choruses by the others, too, (including four-trumpet chases on two tracks). There are full solo identifications in Leonard Feather's exact notes, which should serve as a model to Victor liner writers.

Manny Albam and Cohn arranged

six apiece and contributed three agreeable originals each. The writing is just right for this context—clean, uncluttered, swinging. The brass team, as a result, shouts bitingly alongside Al when the mood is up and is appropriately gentler on other tracks. The excellent engineering, as on almost all Victor jazz LPs, is by Ray Hall, who should be given liner credit. Recommended. (Victor 12" LP LPM-1161)

Carter-Gillespie-Harris

Just One of Those Things; Marriage Blues; Angel Eyes; That Old Black Magic; The Song Is You; This Can't Be Love; Frenesi

Rating: ★★★½

New Jazz Sounds, as purveyed by Benny Carter, Dizzy Gillespie, and Bill Harris, backed by a rhythm section of Oscar Peterson, Herb Ellis, Ray Brown, and Buddy Rich, turns out to be some old and heartening jazz sounds, sounds made up of swinging rhythm, full and bristling tones, and mature jazz conceptions.

Particularly impressive are the horns, with Carter coming through strongly on *Marriage Blues*, where Harris also contributes one of his typically brusque and pulsing solos and Dizzy shows moments of the greatness that can be his when he's serious.

Gillespie appears only on the first two titles, Harris is also on the next three, and Carter goes it with only rhythm section on the last brace. Good, sturdy fare, this. (J.T.) (Norgran 12" LP MGN-1044)

Jerry Coker

Limehouse Blues; Old Crinkletoes; Opus No. 1; Red Kelly's Blues; Nancy; Kigeria; You Gotta Show Me; It's You or No One; Jack's Acts; This Is Always; Lost April; Clarity

Rating: ★★

Coker is the former Woody Herman tenorist who here leads a band made up evidently (the notes are not explicit) of students at Indiana university, for which he did the arrangements and contributed solo horn.

Unfortunately the chief point Jerry makes in the notes about the current state of recorded jazz applies accusingly to this album, too.

Says he: "I've watched the quality of recorded jazz decline even as the quantity has increased to an unprecedented degree of sales and production. So much of the music has been overrated and much has been repetitious to the point of auditory fatigue . . ."

Coker's arrangements turn out to be little more than unimaginative imitations of Al Cohn, the band is at best mediocre, and save for Coker's own good tenor work, the sometimes interesting piano of his brother Jack, and Fred Fox, baritone, the solo work is deadly dull.

Fantasy's stated objective, to "feature musicians from different parts of the country who have something to say in the field of modern music, yet for some reason, usually geographical, are not being recorded," is a good one. But the result has to be better than this if the company expects to find any response to the venture. (J.T.) (Fantasy 12" LP 3-214)

Duke Ellington

In a Sentimental Mood; Things Ain't What They Used To Be; Reflections in D; Who Knows?; Melancholia; All Too Soon; Prelude to a Kiss; B Sharp Blues; Passion Flower; Janet; Retrospection; Dancers in Love

Rating: ★★★★★

Four titles—*Melancholia*, *All Too Soon*, *Dancers in Love*, and *Retrospection*—have been added to the 10" LP, *The Duke Plays Ellington*, that was issued a couple of years ago (*Passion Flower*, by the way, is Billy Strayhorn's). The album merits attention being called to it again, since it is one of the few examples in Duke's prolific recording career of Ellington-the-pianist accompanied just by bass and drums. In this case, his able associates are Wendell Marshall and Butch Ballard. According to the notes, these solos "were recorded long after midnight . . . without any sort of rehearsal or plan." As a result, there is a fragmentary, stream-of-musical-consciousness quality to some of the proceedings, but the set as a whole is an important document in Ellingtonia, both musically and historically.

The rating for the expanded set is higher than for the 10" LP because of increased recognition of the historic value of these performances and also because of the now growing realization that although Duke's major instrument has always been his orchestra, he is also a pianist of unique quality. (Capitol 12" LPT-447)

Don Elliott

Soon; Catana; Rough Ridin'; Straits of McLellan; Cry Me a River; It's You or No One; Our Love; Jazz Me Blues; Azure Te; Miss Waw-Key; Mood Indigo; Don't You Know I Care

Rating: ★★

The musicians on *A Musical Offering* (the label's use of the Bach title for this album is in the most dubious taste) are Don on mellophone and vibes; Herbie Mann on flute and tenor; Sol Schlinger and Al Cohn alternating on baritone; a good rhythm section of Joe Puma, Vinnie Burke, and Osie Johnson. All the arrangements are by Quincy Jones. I don't know whether producer Creed Taylor or Don bears primary blame for the rather bland, unexciting nature of this set, but the same thing is wrong with it that has marred several of Elliott's previous LPs. (His two EPs for Savoy are still among his best.) In an obvious reaching for a "wider" audience, all the tracks (and there are too many for a 12" jazz LP) have been patted into easy-to-take frameworks with too short solos and almost no collective wailing.

The result, as Quincy says all too accurately in an interview within the notes, is "polite, nonchalant, pleasing music." Quincy bears no blame. He has executed his assignment with his customary taste and economical skill. Nor is there anything less than complete professionalism from the musicians. They do what they have to do cleanly and well. The fault lies in the way this album was conceived. It may be a very good set to entice Mantovani-Percy Faith admirers into jazz, and as such, I wish Creed luck with it. But as a jazz LP, though it's gently tasteful, the album is too inhibited for today's vigorously competitive scene when so many other LPs contain so

many more basic kicks than this does. Elliott is highly capable within the limitations imposed on him here, but he has much more to say than this LP indicates. (ABC-Paramount 12" LP ABC-106)

Bobby Hackett

Big Butter and Egg Man; New Orleans; That's a Plenty; Basin Street Blues; Muskrat Ramble; I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan; Royal Garden Blues; Struttin' with Some Barbecue; Fidgety Feet

Rating: ★★★½

I must confess to bias in the review of this or any other Bobby Hackett record. He is, to my mind, one of the greats—one whose lyrical conception and small, but singing and intimate tone make listening to him a sheer delight, whether it be with Jackie Gleason or in a more suitable context, such as this one turns out to be.

On *Coast Concert* he is joined by trombonists Jack Teagarden (another reason for bias to enter) and Abe Lincoln; Matty Matlock, clarinet; Don Owens, piano; Nappy Lamare, guitar; Phil Stephens, bass and tuba, and Nick Fatool, drums. The results add up to a jazz that knows no idiomatic boundaries, but is simply swinging and cleanly played music.

Teagarden hasn't sounded as good in years on record, as he here comes up beautifully to the challenge offered by crack musicianship. His warm suppleness sets off well the harder and more driving solos put down by Lincoln. Matlock, a clarinetist who always unfortunately seems to be taken for granted, is a bulwark of good taste and impeccability. The rhythm section is solidly competent if lacking somewhat in imagination and fire.

Hackett is Hackett, and it would behoove jazz listeners of all ages and bents to cock an ear in his direction. His penchant for playing only the choice notes, and his impeccable sense of what is right is quite amazing indeed. (J.T.) (Capitol 12" LP T-692)

Jazz City Workshop

Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart; Autumn Leaves; Blues in the Closet; That Old Black Magic; The Natives Are Restless Tonight; Serenade in Blue; Laura; Them There Eyes

Rating: ★★★½

A session cut by several musicians who have worked at Los Angeles' Jazz City night club. The men are pianist Marty Paich, who also did all the arrangements and the one original; trombonist Herbie Harper; vibist Larry Bunker; Jack Costanzo on bongos; drummer Frankie Capp; bassist Curtis Counce. First, third, and fifth tracks are crisply heated with good solo work by Paich, Harper, and Bunker. Second and fourth are strange a&R goofs. *Leaves* is treated tepidly in quasi-cocktail lounge fashion, and on *Magic*, a girl named Mickey Lynne sings. Miss Lynne has no place on a jazz LP and at this stage of her development, has little place on any LP.

Second side opens with a long, well-swung *Serenade* followed by an effectively lyrical evocation of *Laura* that also has rhythmic conviction. A happy *Eyes* ends the scene buoyantly. The title of the LP, by the way, is misleading. "Workshop" connotes something experimental or at least some-

what adventurous, and there is little of either here, except for Miss Lynne's rather daring appearance. Despite the two wasted tracks, the LP is recommended, because Harper, Paich, and Bunker have never, to my remembrance, sounded as stimulating solo-wise on record before. Bunker is quite a gas on vibes. (Bethlehem 12" LP BCP-44)

Shelly Manne, Vol. 4

The Dart Game; Bea's Flat; Parthenia; Un Poco Loco; Bernie's Tune; Doxie; Stan; A Gem from Tiffany

Rating: ★★★

Shelly's driving combo includes Stu Williamson, Charlie Mariano, Russ Freeman, and Leroy Vinnegar. The music is lean, angular, rhythmically

probing, and emotionally striking in a hard, un sentimental way. Williamson, who has improved steadily in the past couple of years, shows further growth here. Mariano, now forging his own identifiable style, has seemed more relaxed in other sessions, but it is encouraging to hear this sharply talented altoist evolve in his own direction. Freeman, as usual, is craggedly individual and forcefully convincing in conception and beat. Vinnegar is valuably full and firm throughout.

Shelly is swinging and sympathetic to the needs of soloists and sections all the way. His theme-and-variations solo in *Loco* is an excellent demonstration of the difference between a musical drum solo and the often mechanical pyrotechnics many other drummers



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call solos. The main accent in this well-programmed set is on blowing. There are, however, generally energizing lines and arrangements that support the blowing. Among the writing contributors are Mariano; Freeman; Manne (*Parthenia* is his lovely ballad); Sonny Rollins; Bill Holman (*A Gem* is not one of his fresher ideas); and Jack Montrose (who arranged *Bernie's Tune* intriguingly). Recorded sound is up to Contemporary's elevated and elevating standards. Best track is *Loco*. (Contemporary 12" LP C 3516)

Jack Millman

Thinking of Ruax; Along About F; Butterfingers; Pulka Dots and Moonbeams; There Will Never Be Another You; The Great Lie; Da Bloosiest Blues; Mother's Whistler; Gone With the Wind; Skylark; It Could Happen To You; That Old Feeling

Rating: ★★

Shades of Things To Come, as this is titled, is a consistently attractive, immediately assimilable album by flugelhornist Millman. It's considerably more relaxed and generally imaginative than his recent *Decca Jazz Studio 2* set. Everyone blows warmly and with a fine collective, cohesive swing. The musicians include Buddy Collette, flute, alto, and tenor; Jimmy Giuffre, baritone sax and clarinet; Bob Harrington, piano; Harry Babasin, bass and producer of the date; Larry Bunker and Fred Capp, alternating on drums.

The writing throughout is unpretentious, tinged with wit, and quite fresh in places. The notes provide composition and arranging details. The writers involved are Millman, Carson Smith and Jimmy Hall, Don Peterson, Bunker, Harrington, Charles Demmo, and Collette.

It's too bad that 12 tracks are jammed swiftly into this one LP. When will a&r men realize that the chief virtue of the 12" LP (aside from added sales) is the breathing space it's capable of providing writers and blowers? Anyway, the set is certainly recommended as an unusually friendly one, a word that really fits this particular context.

Millman on flugelhorn is, by the way, one of the hotter, unabashedly emotional hornmen on the coast. As a writer, Harrington has a commendably easeful touch. This is another good engineering job by John Neal. (*Liberty* 12" LP L.J.H. 6007)

The Modern Jazz Quartet

Versailles; Angel Eyes; Fontessa; Over the Rainbow; Bluesology; Willow Weep for Me; Woody'n You

Rating: ★★★★★

John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, and Connie Kay in their first album for Atlantic. The recorded sound is excellent, and since John had access during this date to a seven-foot Steinway grand, his own piano sound is heard to better advantage than on any previous MJQ recording. This is a particular virtue in view of the fact that John's "touch" is matched by very few of his jazz contemporaries. The opening *Versailles*, cut in one take, is a heady example of swirling interplay. *Angel Eyes* is sensitive without being sentimental. Most of the first side is taken by the suite, *Fontessa*,

which is also the title of the album. The flowing virtues of this gently imaginative work have been detailed in these pages before during a review of the Modern Jazz Society Town Hall concert.

Rainbow, as do several other tracks here, features Milt extensively, and there is no one in jazz today on his instrument equal to Milt in his mastery of ballads, in his depth, concentration, and personalization of feeling. On *Bluesology*, dig Lewis' entrance and in Lewis' solo—as in all of his work—note the economy of his playing, the absence of extraneous material. Note, too, on all tracks, the remarkably compact strength of Lewis' rhythmic pulsation, and also what he does behind Milt's solos, as on *Willow*. This is one of the few LPs in the past year that I'd be willing to bet will be as enjoyably durable five years from now as it is now.

The MJQ will quite probably have evolved considerably by then, but their quality is indicated by how well they fashion their intermediary steps. (*Atlantic* 12" LP 1231)

Modern Music from San Francisco

Ginza; Miss Jackie's Dish; The Night We Called It a Day; The Groove; Calling Dr. Funk; The Masquerade Is Over; Between 8th and 10th on Mission St.

Rating: ★★

Another in Fantasy's "Modern Music From . . ." series, this LP features three groups—bassist Ron Crotty's trio and the quartets of pianist Vince Guaraldi (now with Woody Herman) and alto saxist Jerry Dodgian.

Chief musical honors must go to the pianists—Guaraldi, who is on keys both with Crotty and his own unit, and Sonny Clark, the ex-Buddy DeFranco who is heard with Dodgian—and bassist Eugene Wright, also with Dodgian and also a former member of the DeFranco quartet.

Guaraldi is a swinging two-hander who plays with firm touch and good command; Clark is of the Bud Powell-Horace Silver school and utilizes a lightning-like right hand to construct probing solos while stabbing out chordal accompaniment with the left.

Dodgian's thin-toned but persuasive horn ingratiates itself especially on *Dr. Funk*, and, all in all, there is some invigorating music to be found in these tracks. Good recording. (J.T.) (Fantasy 12" LP 3-213)

Paul Nero

Scherzo-Phrenia; Street of Dreams; Just a Minute; I Cover the Waterfront; That's Plenty; Flew the Coop; Yes, We Have No Vibrato; Love Is for the Very Young; Lullaby of the Leaves; Midnight Sun; A Foggy Day; Bridie Murphy. Won't You Please Come Home?

Rating: ★★½

Paul Nero and His Hi-Fiddles tries ambitiously to elicit jazz from a string quartet plus rhythm section. The various tracks are successful, however, only in direct ratio to the ability of the various composers and arrangers to fool fiddles and write for them.

Nero's own jazz background is not nearly as extensive as some of the other writers', yet his composition, *Scherzo-Phrenia*, turns out to be the best side here. It swings, something

most of the others fail to do, and it feels right—there is no self-consciousness or hokum evident.

Nero also wrote *Vibrato*, *Lullaby*, and *Bridie*, but with less over-all impact. Most successful of the other writers were Shorty Rogers, whose *Musket* is a rather charming outing for the two violins, cello, viola, and rhythm (Rolly Bundock, bass; Bobby Gibbons, guitar, and Milt Holland and Iv Cottler splitting drums chores); Roby Raksin, who neatly achieves his stated goal of "bop Dixieland" on *Tot's Aplenty*, and Jack Montrose, who turns *Midnight Sun* into a hauntingly Bartokian exercise. Jack, who is steadily developing into a writer of real stature, faces a great future.

Jim Giuffre's *Waterfront* has moments of real merit, but it is the rhythm section that provides them, not the strings. Marty Paich makes *Street of Dreams* sound too much like Muzak, and Bob Cooper's *Flew* is dull and unimaginative.

This is a courageous try by Nero to explore the jazz possibilities of the string quartet, however, and succeeding albums would seem to be in order. Suggestion: for the next LP, retain two or three of the writers from this one and ask other men like Russo, Mulligan, Lewis, Ellington, Burns, etc., to submit works. Strings represent a challenging medium to the jazz composer, and precious few have ever shown they can work well in it. (J.T.) (Sunset 12" LP 303)

Oscar Pettiford

Another One; Minor; Seventh Heaven; Stardust; Bohemia After Dark; Oscalyppo; Scorpio; Titoro; Don't Squawk; Kamman's Acomin'

Rating: ★★★★★

Bass major leaguer Pettiford's third LP for Bethlehem is a good one. His skilled associates are Donald Byrd; Ernie Royal; Bob Brookmeyer; Gigi Gryce, alto and clarinet; Jerome Richardson, tenor and flute; Don Abney; Osie Johnson. The variegated program consists of originals by Oscar, Quincy Jones, Mary Lou Williams, and Billy Taylor, with arrangements also by Gigi Gryce, Tom Whaley, Tommy Talbert, and Ernie Wilkins.

Most distinctive track on the agreeable first side is a melodically supple and swinging solo framework for Oscar in *Stardust*, slightly marred by engineering that picked up too much extraneous noise involved in the mechanics of playing. Particularly distinctive on the second side is Mary Lou's reflective *Scorpio* (some company should do an album with horns of Mary Lou originals and arrangements). Also warming is the blues, *Don't Squawk*.

The other tracks are enjoyable except for a too-score-constricted *Oscalyppo* and *Titoro*. The set could have gone the full distance if the writing had been more adventurous where writing was chiefly depended upon, or if there had been more and longer blowing spaces in some sections. Why don't Oscar and some hornmen just blow on the next LP and let the scores go for one time around? Label incorrectly switches *Another One* with *Kamman's Acomin'*. The former opens and the latter closes the LP. Is the latter *Blacksmith's Blues*? Best soloist

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Rouse-Watkins-Quill-Sherman

Dancing on the Ceiling; Legend; Temptation; Episode; Dancing in the Dark; Goodbye; Blues for the Camels; Achilles Heel; Everything Happens to Me

Rating: ★★★★★

Secco's new jazz subsidiary, Dawn, begins happily under Chuck Darwin's direction with volume one of *Jazzville '56*. The first half (six titles) are performed by a unit co-led by French horn Julius Watkins and tenor Charlie Rouse with pianist Gildo Mahones (who has worked frequently with Lester Young), drummer Art Taylor, and bassist Paul West. The arrangements are all by Watkins, who wrote *Episode*. *Legend* is by Mahones. The accent on these tracks is on group cohesion with short solos interwoven into the tastily unpretentious and toothsome Watkins scores. Rouse's tenor is strong and swinging with a hard but not harsh tone. The French horn is very much a flexible jazz instrument in Watkins' hands. The rhythm section cooks well. I would have wished only for longer solos and fewer numbers. *Goodbye* has several arresting moments though the ending is too fussy.

The other side (four numbers) is more of a blowing date. Dick Katz arranged his own rolling *Blues* while Dick Sherman scored his own rather routine *Achilles*. The other two are heads. Co-leaders are altoist Gene Quill (Goodman, Shaw, Dorsey, DeFranco and several recent Victor jazz dates) and trumpeter Dick Sherman (Goodman, Thornhill, Lawrence, Barnett, Krupa, Kenton, Herman). The excellent rhythm section is composed of Teddy Kotick, Dick Katz, and Osie Johnson. Quill's Parkerized solos, his most extensive on record, are heatedly impressive, including the challenging *Love Me* which he has all to himself. Gene has a good beat, communicates emotion directly, and has a fluent if not yet especially fresh flow of ideas. Except for his solo on *Blues for the Camels*, Sherman is not as effective. His tone could be rounder and as of here, he lacks the sustained drive, the dynamism that Quill does have. Good notes by Bill Simon except for the omission of arranging credits. (*Dawn 12" DLP 1101*)

Billy Taylor

Cheek to Cheek; It's Too Late Now; I Only Have Eyes for You; Then I'll Be Tired of You; All the Things You Are; But Not for Me; You Don't Know What Love Is; Satin Doll; More Than You Know; Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea

Rating: ★★★★★

Billy Taylor's first set for ABC-Paramount is titled, for obvious reasons, *Evergreens*. On hand are Billy's polished colleagues, bassist Earl May and Percy Brice. Taylor, finally beginning to achieve some of the wider recognition long due him, is in his customary mature and mellow form here. Among his considerable assets are his unflinching taste and avoidance of cliches; superb touch; clear articulation; diversity of mood-setting; capacities for fresh invention as with his use of separate simultaneous melodic lines in *All the Things You Are*;

two-handed rhythmic firmness; and succulent harmonic sense.

On this set, however, Billy seems to be holding back a little, to be aiming a bit too directly at a "wider audience." Let me make clear that aside from a rather brittle *But Not for Me*, everything here is a pleasure to dig. But there is little wailing as such. The session is just a little too consistently well-mannered. This is the one key ingredient Billy's otherwise wholly agreeable playing on occasion lacks—a lusty shout. The set is certainly recommended, however, as is the recorded sound engineered by Rudy Van Gelder. (ABC-Paramount 12" LP ABC-112)

Steve White

Liberty in White; Mister Thing; Musin'; I Only Have Eyes for You; Rushin' the Blues; Beside a Sea; Stopped-You Sea; Lazy Lady Blues; What Makes Me Blue Today? Paper Moon; Don't Worry 'Bout Me; April Showers

Rating: ★★½

Jazz Mad: The Unpredictable Steve White is the LP debut of the 30-year-old Los Angeles tenor who has worked with Butch Stone, Jimmy Dorsey, Alvin Rey, and in L.A. clubs. He is accompanied by a competent rhythm section of pianist Bob Harrington, bassist Harry Babasin, and drummer Boone Stines. On the first and better side, White just plays. He sings the last five titles, and his decision to vocalize is extremely ill-advised for just about every reason in the book. His own lyrics on *What Makes Me Blue Today?* are the most alarmingly mediocre in my experience.

As for his playing on both sides, White is a modern, Pres-derived tenor with frequent touches of Getz. He does not, however, have the flow of invention and the constant good taste of Getz. His taste, in fact, sometimes lapses and while there are pleasant moments in his work due to a generally good tone, frequent vigor, and fluent technique, he is not especially individual nor is his conception usually fresh.

Other negative aspects of this LP are several too-short tracks and the inexplicable fading at the end of three of the numbers. The writing, moderately attractive for the most part, is, however, also not distinctive. It's all by White or by White and Harrington. Hardly recommended for anyone on a record budget since the "singing" ruins almost all of the second side. (*Liberty 12" LP L.JH 6006*)

John Williams

Haubles, Bangles, and Beads; Shiloh; Good Morning, Heartache; Flamingo; A Sleeping Bee; How Strange; Manteca; Someday My Prince Will Come; Like Someone in Love; Good Morning Blues; Okefenokee Holiday; The Girl Next Door

Rating: ★★★½

Pianist Williams, best known for his work with Stan Getz in clubs and with various combos on recent recordings (including one of his own) is heard here with drummers Frank Isola (8) and Dick Edie (4) and alternating bassists Ernie Farrow (7), Bill Anthony (4), and Chuck Andrus (1). Edie is too heavy on *Manteca*. Williams' first LP for EmArcy, a 10" set, was given the full rating because,

as Williams' debut as a leader, it indicated unusually forceful, personal promise. This second, longer album, however, underlines several of Williams' liabilities as well as strong points. Although there is no lessening of potential, Williams spread over 12" indicates considerable growing has to occur. One thing, to begin with, may not be his fault, and that's the programming of 12 titles on one LP. To repeat a frequent rhetorical question in this space, why waste the challenge of extended time by treating an LP as a collection of 78s?

More to the playing point is the narrowness of Williams' interpretive range as indicated here. With few exceptions, like the deeply tender *Heartache*, there is a surfeit of pounding, chopping, short-lined blowing that becomes overbearing after a time. *A Sleeping Bee*, a fine choice, does not flow nearly as gently as it should. And Williams' admittedly dynamic treatment of *Someday My Prince Will Come* nonetheless sounds like the prince is Rocky Marciano. Williams certainly swings, and hard. He also comes close in places to his aim (as quoted in the notes) of making the piano do what the horns of Al Cohn and Zoot Sims accomplish.

But to limit the piano to largely this function is to miss so many of the resources the piano alone contains. Williams needs to broaden his range of tone colorations, lengthen his lines, and soften his touch when the music requires more than horn-like wailing. He says, again in the notes, that he admires Hank Jones because Hank "gets a flying flow in his phrasing." It is this kind of airborne flow that Williams very often lacks. Once he tempers his impressive vitality with lyricism, Williams can become a major jazzman. (*EmArcy 12" LP MG 36061*)

Music Fraternity Honors Ellington

Boston—Duke Ellington became the first jazz personage and the first native American to be placed in line for membership in the national music fraternity Kappa Gamma Psi by the New England Conservatory of Music's Alpha chapter.

Duke was initiated formally as an honorary member of the exclusive music fraternity during his recent appearance here at Storyville.

Ellington's predecessors as honorary members of the Alpha chapter generally have been elevated to full national fraternity membership a year later. They include Bruno Walter, Ignaz Paderewski, Jesus Maria Sarmora, Eric Leinsdorf, and Egon Petri, all of whom were born abroad.

Indignation

New York—Credit this one to Duke Niles, of Ray Ventura's music publishing firm.

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Perspectives

By Ralph J. Gleason

ON APRIL 12, 13, and 14, the San Francisco Symphony, Enrique Jorda conducting, presented *Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra* by Rolf Liebermann, the Swiss composer.

It was the first performance of this work in San Francisco. Original plans called for the Sauter-Finegan orchestra, which recorded Liebermann's composition for RCA Victor, to perform it in San Francisco, but this was not possible, and eventually the Symphony association arranged for Bob Scobey's band to play.

It is indicative of the extremely liberal musical atmosphere of San

Francisco that the audience, which consisted less of possible jazz fans than of regular symphony patrons, accepted this in good spirits and gave the symphony, Jorda, and Scobey what *Variety* would term a "heavy mitt" at the conclusion of the performance.

Alfred Frankenstein, writing in the *Chronicle*, said that Liebermann "brings off a remarkable stunt on this score," and that "he manages to preserve some feeling of freedom and improvisation in the jazz band part, which most efforts of that kind signally fail to do," and he termed the performance "skillfully, energetically, and loudly" done.

Alexander Fried of the *Examiner* referred to jazz' "barbaric yawp" and said that "the effect was literally sensational." He added that Jorda's "excitingly brilliant performance made fascinating shades of contrast between vulgar jazz violence and mystical

B Flat, E Flat, F

New York — Several musicians were rehearsing a far out modern jazz composition in preparation for a Cooper Union concert. Some of the men were complaining that their parts didn't lie within the comfortable ranges of their instruments, and the rehearsal was getting tense. The pianist finally said, "Look, I can't make these chords."

"That's all right," said the harried composer-director, "just play the blues. That's what this is underneath."

atonal atmospheres." To hear it, Fried said, "was a worthwhile, terrifically stimulating 1956 concert experience."

Marie Hick Davidson of the *Call-Bulletin* called the jazz part "so brazen that the ears could scarcely believe themselves . . . if it had merit, it was in the fact that it represented the very last minute of the present . . . that it is folk music integrated into the orchestral fabric as did the giges and minuets of older symphonies." The symphony orchestra, she concluded, "took the count to the brasses of Scobey's group."

In the *News*, Marjory M. Fisher, felt "it is apt to be more appreciated by jazz addicts than regular symphony patrons," and that "the whole thing was good fun—at least once!"

Now, actually, a "jazz addict" would immediately recognize that the Liebermann composition reflects fully the composer's own lack of understanding of the jazz idiom as plainly stated in his own notes to the composition where he says "the jazz orchestra practices a very free style of improvisation, the written music being no more than a rhythmic and harmonic framework" and refers to three "classical jazz forms . . . the jump, the blues, and the boogie-woogie."

Frankenstein alone saw that "a 12 tone blues . . . is a contradiction in terms, and Liebermann's blues is a fake."

The Scobey band, which as all "jazz addicts" know, is a seven-piece Dixieland organization, was not featured at all. In fact one of the members, clarinetist Bill Napier, merely crouched alongside the piano and never blew note one; Clancy Hayes was idle until the mambo movement when he played the cowbell, and pianist Tiny Crump played only occasionally, with most of the piano work done by an anonymous female.


Trombonist Jack Buck sat in the trombone section, but the solo was played by someone else and Scobey was merely one of the trumpets. The only really functioning member of the Scobey group was drummer Freddie Hieguerra, who shone, as did Lloyd Davis, once Brubeck's drummer, now regular tympanist with the symphony.

What we really heard, was a pickup band of local professional musicians with a saxophone, trombone, trumpet, and rhythm section. To have presented it as the Scobey orchestra was stretching it a bit. And, frankly, to consider the whole production as indicative of any part of jazz was really reaching. I am afraid the two worlds are still far apart for most people.

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Why Fidelity?

By Michael Levin

Ed. Note: Back in the pages of *Down Beat* is a name familiar to faithful readers of this publication. It is that of Mike Levin, who served until 1949 as New York editor of *Down Beat* and for some time after that as columnist and record reviewer. He returns as a commentator on high fidelity—not the technical aspects, but the listening aspects, those that have to do with quality of music, and taste, as well as decibel- and amp. His column will be a regular feature—or at least as often as Levin's sometimes hesitant adherence to deadline schedules permits.

YOU ARE breaking up with your boy friend because he is a high fidelity nut? Virginia, let me tell you about label collectors . . .

Many, many years ago before World War II, some of us misunderstood boys who felt that *Sing, Sing, Sing* didn't swing, swing, swing, used to buy records, shellac records, the kind your girl could and did break when she got mad. That's what's wrong with women these days: frustration. Nothing left to break or get broken.



Levin

In any event, never shall I forget the day when I found a practically mint version of Duke Ellington's *East St. Louis Toddle-O* on Brunswick, only to be ostracized by my label-collecting friends because it was a Brunswick all right, but a reissue, not the pristine, precious original at all!

Horrors, Virginia! Imagine! Not the original!

The music was the same. A little better, in fact, because the shellac mixture was better than on the original, but the number, that ever-loving number, was different, and that, as any derivative idiot can see, made all the difference.

What difference?

How conspicuous can the consumption get when you buy a record just to have a label number that someone else doesn't have and then go merrily on your way paying no mind about the music?

FORTUNATELY, the advent of reissues, long-playing records, time, and too much bad whisky have gently effaced most of the label collectors.

Their flaming torch, however, has been picked up by the high fidelity hound. This, of course, is the man who rumbles about folded horn drivers and intermodulation constants, where his departed counterpart used to talk of Gennett masters and Red Label Odeon second reissues.

However, he really is the same—he doesn't give a cotton-picking hoot about the music.

At the risk of sounding like Pinky Lee, my feelings after almost 20 years in this business as a critic are slightly different. I happen to love music, all kinds of music from Palestrina to Parker, except Hawaiian guitars.

It is my quaint theory that records, hi-fi, FM, or any other technical devices have only one function: to serve as a vehicle to the music, to make sure that you get the greatest possible pleasure from the music itself.

One classic definition of perversion

High Fidelity

DOWN BEAT

By Robert Oakes Jordan

IT LOOKS AS though 1956 will be a year for magnetic tape recording. Perhaps it might be wise to review the subject of tape.

Looking back over the recent history of magnetic recording and its plastic tape medium, it is easy to see the progress in both.

Factors, more often than not overlooked, which are concerned with the use and storage of tape should be known and used by every person having a tape recorder.

During the last year, one of the long-term projects at our laboratory in Highland Park, Ill., has been the independent study of magnetic recording tape. We are interested in finding out just which practises in its use must be observed and how the user can best assure the safekeeping of his recorded tapes.

SEVERAL HUNDRED reels of magnetic tape from all the tape manufacturers were studied. Not more than 5 percent of this tape was submitted by manufacturers as samples. The bulk was bought by the laboratory.

states that you are being perverse when you concentrate on the means instead of on the ends.

MY WHOLE CONCERN with high fidelity is, does it make the music sound better? Do I get more enjoyment from it?

If you are looking for descriptions of the best possible equipment to excite dogs, reproduce fire sirens, or seven Wurlitzer organs playing circus overtures, then this is not the column for you. I still make faint noises like a musician, and that does not include romping with excitement because my sound system can reproduce the authentic crunch of a building falling down.

I admit that in his haleyon days, my friend, querulous Kenton, did make me occasionally feel the need of equipment such as this, but I think both of us have learned better since then.

The effort of this column will be to make it easier for you to find good music on records and play that music to better effect in your home.

THE DISCOURSE will not be highly technical too often. I am not a sound engineer, though I have spent a good share of time pattering with the equipment. There will be questions of musical taste and esthetics of sound included because, after all, these fields are in finality concerned with personal choice.

At least I'll try to keep the choices definite, the reasons simple, and the background cogently stated.

In future columns I'd like to take up such matters as the atrocious LP dubbing of old 78s some of the major companies have been doing, some samples of good jazz recording, the differences involved in listening to low and hi fi, some stories about what happened when critics were tested on their hi-fied ears, and similar trivia.

My intentions good, my temper bad, my interest high, my patience low. I trust we shall both enjoy it.

In this a nontechnical report, we will tell of those factors considered most important for the tape user. It is our opinion that output consistency is the single most important factor governing the choice of any recording tape. Output consistency means that the tape must produce the same quality of sound as it is played back, month after month, year after year.

If the manufacturer has complete control of his tape production processes, then serious variation should not occur. If there are variations in the thickness of the oxide, its composition, or its method of application to the plastic base, then there will be a variation in the performance of the tape. If the user gets too little signal in playback or too much, either is a serious tape fault.

IT IS SELDOM possible for the tape user to judge the quality of the tape he uses because faults and inconsistencies identical to tape failures may be caused by poorly adjusted or maintained tape recorders. Virtually any brand of tape will provide adequate results from the majority of nonprofessional recorders now on the market. However, if you want professional results, then reel-to-reel, batch-to-batch output consistency is important.

In the tests, we found some remarkable variations in marketed tapes for consumer use. Among those faults found most often are these:

- **Nonuniformity of oxide coating**, causing signal-level variations or "dropouts" in which little or no signal was recorded.

- **Pits or pocket voids**, where air bubbles or dirt have caused very small pits in the oxide coating. In some cases the ring magnetization of the rim of these pits or holes will cause playback signal variation.

- **Nonuniformity of plastic base surface**, in which, if the plastic base has microscopic hills or valleys in its surface, the oxide coating, though perfectly smooth at the playing surface will vary in depth along the tape. This can cause that noise-behind-the-signal, perplexing to professional recording engineers as well as amateurs.

- **Uneven slitting**, in which the magnetic tape is processed and coated in wide rolls and must be slit to whatever marketable width is desired. Large roller knives must be employed in the slitting process. If these knives get dull or exhibit any heat change one to another, the tension of one slit edge of the tape varies from that of its other edge. This change of edge tension over the length of a reel of tape will cause erratic travel of the tape over the recording and playback heads.

- **Poor oxide adhesion to the plastic base**. While this fault is becoming more and more rare, it is still a factor to consider when buying "bargain" or used bulk tape. The drawbacks to good recordings are evident in the clogging effect of the loosened oxide powder.

After the tests, we chose Audio Tape Type 51, made by Audio Devices, which through two years of tests and use, proved to be the most consistent of all the major tapes.

The Devil's Advocate

By Mason Sargent

THE LATEST OF the Russian virtuosi to tour this country is a relative youngster, at 29, named Mstislav Rostropovich. His impact on our audiences perhaps has been dulled by the visits of David Oistrakh and Emil Gilels; still—excepting the goliaths like Casals and Feuerman, who are no longer active—the cellists are rare who have greater articulateness or brilliance of tone than does Rostropovich.

In the wake of his tour, Rostropovich has left behind at least one superb album. Entitled *Rostropovich Plays Bach*, it contains the *Suite No. 2* and the *Suite No. 5*, both for cello solo, and two shorter pieces for cello and orchestra (Vanguard VRS-6026).

ALL ARE PLAYED with passionate eloquence and exceptional technique. Probably the most that can be said for Mr. R. in this performance is that he did nothing presumptuous to make the recording after the suites had previously been recorded for all time by the great Casals. The Vanguard engineering, incidentally, is very good.

Other recordings of uncommon excellence were left by Oistrakh and Gilels. The latter revitalizes the rather shopworn *Piano Concerto No. 1* by Tchaikovsky with commanding force and elegant cascades of notes (Victor LM-1969). Fritz Reiner conducts the Chicago Symphony orchestra pointedly and unobtrusively to the soloist's display of bravura.

Oistrakh works with Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony orchestra on three opuses which present the gamut of challenges to a violin virtuoso: *Chausson's Poeme*, *Saint Saens' Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso*, and excerpts from *Romeo and Juliet* by Berlioz (Victor LM-1988). Perhaps the most dazzling of the three Russians, Oistrakh plays all three pieces impeccably, with depth, precision, and great beauty of feeling.

JOSEF HOFMANN, the famous child prodigy just before the turn of the century, returned to the concert hall at a mature age and then disappeared again mysteriously. In his day, he had been called the greatest pianist of all time.

On Nov. 28, 1937, he celebrated his 50th professional year with a return concert at the Metropolitan Opera House. Portions of that concert are available now on a Columbia LP (ML 4929) in low fidelity, of course; but the shortcomings in sound reproduction are more than compensated for by the wonder of the performance. On the disc, six bands are of Chopin and the rest are of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, and Moszkowski.

The playing is sensitive, compassionate, delicately fluent, and marvelously restrained.

RECOMMENDED: Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony orchestra; Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No. 4* (Victor LM-1953). Read in good taste with excellent control over the score, and very well engineered for sound.

Nathan Milstein with William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony orchestra; Beethoven's *Violin*

Books: Although Samuel Chotzinoff's memoir on Toscanini has commandeered primary attention in the book reviews, musicians and those listeners who are more concerned with music than gossip will find Robert Charles Marsh's *Toscanini and the Art of Orchestral Performance* (Lippincott, \$4.50, 252 pp.) a much more important book. In analyzing Toscanini's technique, Marsh provides a general blueprint on the art of conducting even if one does not agree with all of Marsh's praise of Toscanini. I do not.

A new primer for hi-fi beginners who are not engineers but want to know what they're paying for and why is Martin Mayer's *Hi-Fi* (Random House, \$2.50, 144 pp.) The pictorial illustrations are ample, the expository prose is lucid, and the basic ground of addiction is all covered.

Two Rarities: Richard Dyer-Bennet and Alfred Deller do not pretend to be folk singers. They make art songs of folk ballads and do so with extraordinary musicianship and taste. Dyer-Bennet, for the first time in his career, has been recorded with the right sound equipment, and I recommend your obtaining *Richard Dyer-Bennet 1*. If you'd like the address of his company, write me in care of *Down Beat*, 370 Lexington Ave., New York City 17.

Deller is heard, accompanied by Desmond Dupre on guitar and lute, in a pellucid collection, *The Three Ravens: Songs of Folk and Minstrelsy out of Elizabethan England* (Vanguard 12" LP VRS-479).

Two Feasts of Color: *Sinfonietta* and *Taras Bulba*, strongly orchestrated works by the late and increasingly appreciated Czech composer, Janacek, are sweepingly performed by Jascha Horenstein conducting the Pro Musica Symphony, Vienna (Vox 12" PL 9710) . . . Stravinsky's *Violin Concerto in D Major*, *Duo Concertant*, and *Card Game* are performed with the right neoclassic pungency of incisive spirit by violinist Ivry Gitlis, pianist Charlotte Zelka, and the Bamberg Symphony orchestra conducted by Heinrich Hollreiser (Vox 12" LP PL 9410). This is the only version of the *Violin Concerto* available on LP.

The Creative Performer: *The Art of Andres Segovia* (Decca 12" LP DL 9795) is another astonishingly sustained achievement by the Casals of

Concerto (Capitol P8313). Milstein cogent and deft, the orchestra eloquent.

Pierre Monteux and the Boston Symphony orchestra; Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No. 6* ("Pathétique") (Victor LM 1901). Monteux' reading is penetrating, tasteful.

Antal Dorati and Minneapolis Symphony orchestra; Brahms' *Symphony No. 3*, *Tragic Overture*, *Academic Festival Overture* (Mercury MG 500-72). Very substantial performance and excellent recording fidelity.

—les

the guitar in works by Bach, Caselluovo-Tedesco, Ponce, and others . . . Guitar playing of a different but equally illuminating quality is the music composed and performed by the sensitive Vicente Gomez for Artemis Productions' short film on Goya. Decca fortunately has released this searching, graphic music on *Goya* (Decca 12" LP DL 8236) . . . Recommended to all who would become mesmerized for life in the moon-struck land of Mozart opera is a new and gloriously flowing performance of *The Magic Flute* with Maria Stader as Pamina and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as Papageno (Decca three 12" LPs DX-134).

Masters of Early English Keyboard Music (London Oiseau-Lyre, two 12" LPs, OL 50075/6) include in the first volume four centuries of music for organ, harpsichord, and clavichord by such "singing" writers of the springtime of English music as Tallis, Orlando Gibbons, John Bull, John Blow, and Giles Farnaby.

The second volume is devoted to William Byrd and Thomas Tomkins. The performer, Thurston Dart, is a skilled musician with luminous ability to transport his spirit back to this age when English music was being made in constant delight at its increasing self-discoveries.

Also simultaneously soothing and refreshing are the six concertos of the 18th century Venetian *Albinoni* (London Oiseau-Lyre 12" LP OL 50041), played flawlessly by an orchestral ensemble conducted by Louis De Froment and featuring Pierre Pierlot on oboe.

Rostropovich Plays Bach (Vanguard 12" LP VRS-6026) presents the leading cellist of Russia in a program marked by passion and superb musicianship . . . One of the most beautifully recorded and packaged sets since the advent of LP is *Respighi: Homage to the Past*, containing *Ancient Airs and Dances for the Lute*, *The Birds*, and *Botticelli Triptych* in performances by the Vienna State Opera orchestra conducted by Franz Litschauer. The six-page illustrated insert is a model of its kind (Vanguard two 12" LPs VRS-466/7).

New to LP: Of considerable interest to music students will be Quincy Porter's *Symphony No. 1*, *Concerto Concertante for Two Pianos and Orchestra* and *Dance in Three Time* with the composer conducting L'Orchestre Des Concerts Colonne in a set with an unusually complete four-page analytical discussion that has copious musical illustrations (Overture 12" LP 10) Address of the company supplied on request.

Also for the first time in the LP catalog is *We Worship: Contemporary Hebrew Liturgical Music*, enthusiastically performed by Temple Emanuel choir, Dallas, Texas (Unicorn 12" LP 1026) . . . The same label has brought to LP two rarely heard, charming 18th century works, Rosetti's *Concertino in E-Flat for Bassoon and orchestra* and Michael Haydn's *Concerto in B-Flat for Violin and Orchestra*. Michael was a younger brother of Joseph. The interpretations are by F. Charles Adler and the Vienna Orchestral society (Unicorn 12" LP 1018).



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

Conte Lauds Miles, Gives Basie Ork 5

By Leonard Feather

NOT SO MANY years ago, when Woody Herman's first Herd was riding high and Pete Candoli was at the crest of the brass section's wild wave, Conte was known mainly as Pete's kid brother, a teen-ager who was filling in with Woody during a vacation from high school.

In the next few years, as Pete gradually settled into a comfortable career as a Hollywood studio musician, Conte usurped most of the jazz limelight.

Working as a sideman with Stan Kenton and Charlie Ventura, and off and on with Woody, he made a well-deserved name as one of the fleetest of modern jazz trumpet men. Living in California, he became one of Howard Rumsey's distinguished sidemen at the Lighthouse.

When Conte came east a few months ago, I seized the long-awaited opportunity to blindfold him. Conte was given no information whatever about the records either before or during the test.

The Records

1. **George Wallington. Snakes (Progressive).** Jackie McLean, comp. & arr.; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Art Taylor, drums; Paul Chambers, bass.

I like the arrangement real well—the first and the last chorus, and at that tempo you have to be very good to be able to play that fast. I think that was Jackie McLean on alto and Kenny Dorham on trumpet. I've heard Jackie once before, and I'm really impressed with his playing. Of course, I've liked Kenny very well for a long time; he's one of my favorite trumpet players.

I'm a little confused as far as the drumming is concerned. I don't know who the piano player is, but I'll take a wild guess and say it's Duke Jordan, but I doubt it. The bass player I won't even guess—I don't know who that is. I think it's a good record, and I'll give it three stars.

2. **Hal Schaefer. Isn't It Romantic? (Victor).** Jimmy Nottingham, Nick Travis, trumpets. Don Lamond, Ed Shaughnessy, drums; Hal Schaefer, harpsichord & arr.

It's a complete fooler. I think there are two trumpets on this side and harpsichord. I'm sure. I don't know any of the musicians. I like the arrangement—I think it's very good, and I like the tune; however, I think it could have been given a better treatment.

I'd have liked to hear the trumpet players play something—the only soloist on the record was the harpsichordist, so I'll give it two stars for the arrangement.

3. **Ray McKinley. Harold In Italy (Camden).** Eddie Sauter, comp. & arr.; Joe Ferrante, trumpet; Bill Ainsworth, clarinet.

I think this was recorded in New York. I'll take a wild guess and say Neal Hefti, but it's not his arranging.



(Dick Schaefer Photo)
Conte Candoli

I like the trumpet and the clarinet solos; the trumpet player was on sort of an Eldridge kick. The clarinet player plays real good, sort of similar to Benny, and the arrangement was played well, although I don't care for that type of writing. I'll give it two stars.

There were too many moving parts—it's similar to the Sauter-Finegan type. I like Sauter-Finegan-type work but with that type band. And, as I said, there were too many moving parts—I guess I'm used to hearing Basie!

4. **Top Brass. Dot's What (Savoy).** Trumpet solos (in order): Ernie Royal, Joe Wilder, Ray Copeland, Idrees Sulleman; Hank Jones, piano.

I like the little trumpet thing at the beginning; that was cute, and the cup mutes. The two soloists, I think, are Thad Jones and that cat with Duke—I can't think of his name offhand; it'll come to me in a second. The piano player I will take a wild guess on and say it's Wynton Kelly.

I like the recording very much; I like the swinging thing of the record. It's really swinging, and I would give it four stars. Clark Terry—that's the guy's name I was trying to think of. I like the trumpet work very much—it sounded like two trumpets. Wasn't it?

5. **Jazz in a Stable. Honey Bunny (Transition).** Herb Pomeroy, trumpet; Varty Haroutunian, tenor; Ray Santici, piano; John Neves, bass; Jimmy Zitano, drums; Byrd, comp.

The arrangement was nice, and I like the soloists. I didn't think the front line were together. I don't know who it is; I'll give it two stars for the arrangement. I like the bass player—he's very outstanding.

6. **Jess Stacy. When Buddha Smiles (Atlantic).** Ziggy Elman, trumpet; Babe Russin, tenor. Rec. 1955.

This must be an old recording, made back about eight or 10 years ago? The tenor man sounded fairly modern; I wouldn't know who the trumpet player is. It's sort of a swinging Dixieland thing, and the ensemble work was done well. I'd give it one star.

7. **Miles Davis. Denial (Prestige).** Sonny Rollins, tenor; Jackie McLean, alto; Art Blakey, drums.

It's Miles, of course, on trumpet,

Sonny Rollins on tenor. I like Sonny very much, but not on this particular record. Was that Gigi Gryce on alto? It was Art Blakey on drums, of course. I don't like the recording—the sound of it was very bad. The only soloist I liked was Miles—and Art, too, but Art was overrecorded (if it is Art!) I'll give it three stars for Miles.

8. **Tony Parenti. Frankie and Johnny (Jaztone).** Red Allen, trumpet; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Hank Duncan, piano. Rec. 1955.

It sounds like one of those early Louis recordings, but I know it isn't. This thing must have done about three or four years ago, and it was made to sound like it was recorded 20 years ago. I don't know who the trombone player is. I don't particularly care for the record because it's an imitation. I won't give it any stars at all.

9. **Conrad Gozzo. I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart (Victor).** Billy May, arr.

It sounds like a Billy May arrangement and also sounds similar to Duke. Could that be Gozzo on trumpet? If it is Goz, that's very good. Goz, not being a jazzman, got a very good feel on this record. It's also so close to Duke that I can't judge which it is. I like the effort very well; I'll give it two stars.

10. **Count Basie. Blues Backstage (Clef).** Frank Foster, comp. & tenor; Benny Powell, trombone; Joe Newman, trumpet.

That's "Base," all right—five stars right away! I'm confused—was that Frank Foster on tenor or Frank Wess? Well, either one, they're both great. I think that was Coker on trombone. Although this isn't one of my favorite Basie records, I'll still give it five stars because it's Joe Newman on trumpet. He's one of my very greatest—and don't leave out Freddie Greene!

Afterthoughts by Conte

First of all, I'd like to apologize to everyone I didn't mention that you played for me. Not being here on the scene for the past couple of years, I've kind of lost track, and the only way to actually determine who the musicians were on the sides was to listen to records, and I haven't had a chance to listen to records for quite some time.

Naturally, the records that I enjoyed the most that you played for me were the Miles record, for Miles himself, and, of course, Basie.

Since I've been in the east, I've had a chance to work with Kenny Dorham, who I think plays wonderful and I'd like to apologize to Kenny—that first record you played me showed quite an influence there; I thought it was Kenny, but it was Donald Byrd, eh?

Working with Al Cohn has been an experience, too. He's a wonderful musician. The east coast is very stimulating—things are being done here all the time, and it's great to be back.

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(Jumped from Page 6)

ment will be **Jaye P. Morgan** . . . ABC radio has expanded its Monday night **Rhythm on Parade** rock and roll series to include Saturday nights (9:05 to 9:30), too. **Willie Bryant** is MC, **Maurice King** heads the orchestra, and the show originates from the **Flame Show bar** in Detroit . . . **Eddy Arnold** show started on ABC-TV April 26.

Chicago

ON STAGE: The "Rock and Roll Show of 1956," a combination concert and dance, plays the International Amphitheatre May 11. **Bill Haley**, the **Teenagers**, the **Platters**, **LaVerne Baker**, **Big Joe Turner**, the **Teen Queens**, **Bo Diddley**, **Clyde McPhatter**, the **Drifters**, the **Colts**, the **Flamingos** and the **Red Prysock** ork all participate . . . **Danny Thomas** and **The Four Step Brothers** are at the **Chez Paree** currently. **Nat Cole** begins a month-long return date May 10 (his tow previous **Chez** engagements were enormously successful), and **Jimmy Durante** makes his annual visit June 10 . . . **Felicia Sanders** continues to headline the **Black Orchid**, with **Lucille Reed** and **Hadda Brooks** holding on at the **Orchid Jr.** . . . **Betty Madigan** is at the **Palmer House**, and **Luc Poret** and **Katie Lee** comprise the fare at the **Gate of Horn** . . . **Toni Arden** headlined the **Chez Paree** for one night recently, spelling **Tony Martin**. She may return for an engagement . . . The **Jimmy Konos** trio is at **Linn Burton's Steak House**, with **Eddie Paul** on piano and accordion, **Dave Po-konka** on bass, and **Konos** drums.

JAZZ, CHICAGO STYLE: **Shorty Rogers'** quintet and the **Modern Jazz quartet** are at the **Blue Note** through May 6. The **George Shearing** quintet follows on May 9 for a fortnight, **Count Basie** on May 23 for a week, **Sarah Vaughan** and **Johnny Smith** on May 29 for two weeks, and **Stan Kenton** on June 13 for a pair . . . **Marian McPartland's** trio is at the **London House** . . . The **Dukes of Dixieland** are back at the **Preview** for another lengthy stay . . . Veteran jazz trumpeter **Bill Tinkler** gave a jazz concert in **Mattoon, Ill.**, recently with **Georg Brunis** on trombone; **Art Hodes**, piano; **Danny Alvin**, drums, and **Ernie Gollner**, clarinet. **Tinkler's** regular group continues to play the **Copacabana** in **Chicago Heights** Saturdays.

HEREABOUTS: Dial 9 for Music. another attempt to present live entertainment on Chicago television, is slated on **WGN-TV** Wednesday nights, utilizing jazz and pop talent appearing in town. Regulars are **Bob Trender** and the studio ork and singers **Betty Bryan** and **Pat McCaffrie** . . . **The Hot Drunkard** an original musical comedy and an all-Chicago effort is being presented at the **Russell Wood Vocal Workshop** May 4-20.

Hollywood

JAZZ SCENE: **Georgie Auld** cut his second big band album for **EmArcy** with a two-beat, **Billy May** type of book April 11-12 . . . Drummer **Roy Hart** and bassman **Harry Babasin** formed an alliance to break into the jazz tape

held . . . Jess Stacy, the "forgotten man" of The B. G. Story, is plying his viceroy trade at Gra-Jo's on South La Brea.

WITERY NOTES: Les Brown's band is roaring through its romping repertoire at Zardi's . . . Howard Rumey's Lighthouse All-Stars are readying for big beach charity bash in Redondo late this month . . . Lloyd Glen, ex-Ory piano man, is holding forth with Bob Harvey's combo at the Mel-o-Dee in Glendale . . . Liveliest two-beat house in town continues to be Happy Boomer's 400 club, with Teddy Buckner's blasting horn very much in the fore . . . The trombone team of J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding still is sending forth the "east coast" gospel in the name of good jazz at Jazz City.

Joyce Collins and trio play for dancing and show at the Holiday room of Hotel Knickerbocker . . . Possible L.A. witory date is in the offing for Eddie Heywood after his stint at the Las Vegas New Frontier . . . Conley Graves' trio has quit the Saratoga and moved to restaurant row's Encore . . . Johnny Lucas' Blueblowers are now in their sixth month at the Knotty Pine in North Hollywood.

Elliott Brothers' ork, complete with the Hollywood Saxophone quartet, is playing weekends at the Rainbow Gardens in Pomona . . . The Pete Jolly trio followed the Chico Hamilton quintet into the Tiffany . . . Goldie Goldstein is in a new berth at the Flame room playing one of the liveliest 88s in town.

WAXED NOTES: Johnny Graus wants it made clear that all but two of the numbers on his new Decca Jazz-lab album are his very own; the two exceptions belong to Shorty Rogers and Ed Lowe . . . Heinie Heni clefled arrangement of Red Nichols' newest Capitol record, a bolero version of the oldie, *Speak Easy* . . . Buddy Bregman isn't through with Ella Fitzgerald yet; with 35 tunes in the Verve bank, he's planning yet another five . . . Filipino actor-singer Manolo Valdes got a Liberty recording contract within hours of disembarking.

ADDED NOTES: Vicki Kay is the lass who handles the vocals with the Claude Gordon crew . . . Charlie Barnett is on the big band warpath again, whooping currently through the northwest with more than 16 braves in tow . . . Buddy DeFranco is planning college dates around Chicago this month . . . Herb Jeffries is a new member of ASCAP . . . A "jazz bagpiper," Scotty McLean, literally wailed on Red Rowe's KNST television show recently.

—Gymn

San Francisco

Tommy Alexander played a one-riter at the El Patio in April . . . Count Basie did excellent business at the Macamba the first week in April. Roy Milton opened there April 13, followed by Sarah Vaughan on April 17, the Tremiers, May 4, Roy Hamilton, May 25, Duke Ellington, June 8, Teddy Wilson, June 22; Carmen McRae, July 6, and a possible Benny Goodman date July 27 . . . Joe Loco opened at the Zanzibar April 10.

Shorty Rogers' new band, with Walt Norris, piano; Gary Frommer, drums, and Ralph Penna, bass (plus Shorty and

Jimmy Giuffre, of course) opened at the Black Hawk April 3, followed by Sylvia Syms April 17, Earl Bostic, May 9, and Erroll Garner in June. Stan Getz is probably coming in July . . . Perez Prado did big business at the El Patio in an Easter Sunday afternoon dance—more than 2,500 paid . . . Henry Starr now at the Fallen Angel accompanying Beverly Hudson . . . George Lewis' band, without their ailing leader, opened at the Tin Angel April 9 . . . Vince Guaraldi's first LP for Fantasy has some sides with Eddie Duran playing the Soanish guitar. Guaraldi has signed with Fantasy, incidentally.

Lawrence Welk will give a concert the first week in June in the Civic auditorium . . . Brew Moore's first Fantasy LP, due out this month, features trumpeter Dirk Mills (since off to Europe), drummer Gus Gustafson, bassist Max Hartstine, and pianist Johnny Marabuto.

—ralph j. gleason

Las Vegas

Liberace in tights yet! A song-and-dance number for his Riviera first anniversary show not only found Lee in such wardrobe, but had the weird femme, Vampira, dueting with him for an encore . . . Joan Weber takes a headline stand at the El Cortez . . . Bill Randle winged in from Cleveland for Margaret Whiting's Flamingo opening. Barbara Whiting couldn't do the month with her sis, a fillum chore . . . Johnnie Ray did a switch during his Desert Inn act—dropped in a laughing song, *Such a Night*, for pace-changer . . . Linda Lawson, cute production chirp and dancer in the Sands line, excites to vocalize with Ralph Marterie ork.

Red Nichols tootling great in the Riviera's Starlight lounge . . . And Pee Wee Hunt is being paged to take over the Dukes & Duchess of Dixieland slot at the Thunderbird during their eastern junket . . . Combination of Lillian Roth and Katherine Dunham Dancers packing 'em in at the Sahara . . . Freddy Martin at the New Frontier, with Janis Page on deck.

Eddie Fisher is out for the Tropica-na opening near June 1, but Judy Garland is being wooed for the big splash tape-snipping . . . Jewel Neal, who snarked the Stan Kenton couple of months ago at the Flamingo, is setting sights for at least two Duke Ellington after-hour bashes during his May-June stay. Jewel is the hotel's praise agent . . . Eartha Kitt gave way at El Rancho Vegas for Joe E. Lewis and Lili St. Cyr, but after her European trek, will headline again in late October . . . Rusty Draper's session in Cloud 9 lounge of the New Frontier gassed the gamblers. Could have been his blowing of Gambler's Guitar.

—bill willard

Philadelphia

Tuesday night Swing club sessions now are on an every-other-week basis. Recent name headliners at the Music City-sponsored sessions have been Johnny Smith, Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, Herb Ellis, Richie Kamuca, Don Elliott, and Conte Candoli . . . WDAS disc jockey Hill Mercer's concert featuring the Modern Jazz Quartet drew well for two shows in the Adelphi auditorium . . . Duke Ellington's band

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appeared in Doylestown last week in a concert . . . Sunday Jazz in Jersey sessions proved so successful at the Red Hill inn that the room is now running top name jazz attractions Friday, Saturday, and Sunday each week, with plans under way for full-week presentations soon. Recent attractions were Terry Gibbs, the Jazz Messengers, Sonny Stitt, Kenny Dorham, Johnny Smith, and Beverly Kenney. Upcoming weeks will find Lee Konitz, Billy Taylor, and Erroll Garner showcased. The success of this operation prompted Jack Downie's across the street to start a jazz policy. Teddy Charles, Benny Green, Art Farmer, and Roy Eldridge have been featured.

The Showboat is continuing to lean heavily on name jazz units with Calvin Jackson, J. J. and Kai, Marian McPartland, and Stan Getz the recent bookings . . . Shelly Manne currently is at the Blue Note following Hamp Hawes, Oscar Peterson, and Chris Connor. The Chico Hamilton Quintet is set for May.

—harvey husten

Miami

One of the most striking successes of the season was Victor Borge's solo flight at the Coconut Grove theater . . . Don Ippolito's arranging and conducting talents were amply apparent when he unveiled an 11-piece crew at a recent Jazz Association of Miami meeting. The writing was in the Hefti-Basie groove and was well executed by reeds and rhythm but demonstrated again that there's an acute shortage of top-notch brass men in the area. Tenor standouts were Gus Maas, Don Pettigrew, and Eddie Galka, who's working with a small crew at the Dream bar of the Johnina hotel.

Preacher Rollo's group is keeping the two-beaters happy at the Parisian room . . . Herbie Brock, Freddie Sisk, and myriad sitters-in make the latter's Onyx room the ideal late spot for modernists, who, of course, also include the Joe Mooney restaurant and lounge, the Grate, on the itinerary. Buddy Lewis left the Mooney quartet to resume with his own trio . . . Theater executives in southern Florida report one of the hottest screen attractions in this area in many a moon was Rock Around the Clock, which had the local picture houses jammed with the young, and not so young, honk and stomp aficionados . . . The Dante trio is back at the Gold Key . . . Georgia Gibbs and Lenny Kent enjoyed a successful return run at the Cafe Pompeii of the Eden Roc hotel.

—bob marshall

Cleveland

At Kornman's Back room, Jean Warren did a quick sub for sore-throated Andre Phillippe. Her selections were off-beat, her tempo very much "on" same. Dick Mone, as usual, did the accompaniment. Dick's talent is so consistent that most listeners tend to take it for granted; yet his pickup with Jean was another witness to his mastery of the subtle touch . . . The Theatrical had Marian McPartland through April 23. Miss McPartland's hip coterie filled the place nightly. Her group is swinging and tasteful. Jonah Jones comes in on April 30, and will be around for a month. Joe Sullivan was the attraction starting April 16. Rose Murphy is due

for late May. The Ellie Frankel trio still shares the stand, and Ellie's sound makes the Theatrical a good bet for good listening.

A local gal, Kaye Ballard, has been promised at the Alpine Village in May . . . Billie Holiday, recently at the Look lounge, was followed by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers . . . At the Cotton club, the Sunday afternoon sessions for teenagers continue. Wild Bill Davis followed Hampton Hawes onto this stand.

—m. k. mangano

Cincinnati

With live jazz so difficult to find in the Queen City, Cholly's tavern stands out as the leading spot where promising young musicians can be heard . . . Andres Segovia became the first guitarist to solo with the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra, and his performance was hailed by all present. The symphony's 61st season then closed with an appearance by Leonard Pennario.

Comedian Buddy Hackett completed a hilarious two-week stay at Beverly Hills and was followed by singer Denise Darcel . . . Castle Farm ballroom, usually noted for one-night engagements, established some sort of a first when it brought in the band of Turk Murphy for two days . . . Moonlite Gardens' spring dance season opened April 28 with the orchestra of Tommy Alexander.

—dick schaefer

Montreal

Vaughn Monroe, Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, and Mel Torme all are due at the El Morocco this spring . . . Stanley Gain's Hurricane group has been added to the list of r&b attractions at the Esquire Showbar . . . Blake Sewell's band, featuring Paul Beauregard and Gerry Hanson, played the "Spring Fling" in the Arthur Currie gym. More than 2,000 teen-agers attended.

Joan Eden is at the Hotel Plaza after a booking at the Bal Tabarin in New York . . . Danny Berman, local drummer, currently is leading a group at the Chez Paree. Lynne Roberts, ex-Spivak and Dorsey singer, is there, along with localite Laura Berkeley . . . Vicki Benet is singing at the Ritz cafe . . . Bob Howard is at the Bellevue Casino . . . Bill Haley's Comets headlined "The Biggest R&B Show of '56" at the Forum April 29 . . . Lord Carless' calypso group currently is at the Venus de Milo room.

—henry f. whiston

Toronto

Beverly Kenney was followed at the Town tavern by Teddy Wilson's trio, with Jo Jones and Gene Ramey. Miss Kenney was backed by Norm Amadio, who takes his quartet into New York's Birdland for a week beginning Aug. 16. Amadio is now a sort of house pianist at the Town . . . The touring r&b show headed by Ruth Brown and Fats Domino played a one-nighter at Mutual arena to a fair crowd . . . The road company of Can-Can worked two weeks at the Royal Alexandra.

Cab Calloway moved into the Colonial as a vocalist after the Roach-Brown group left.

—bob fulford

Counterpoint

By Nat Hentoff

Jazz Novels, Continued: After the hollow daydreams of Stanford Whitmore's *Solo*, Osborn Duke's new novel, *Saleman* (Criterion Books, 448 pp., \$1.50) is a relief.

Not that it's an especially penetrating evocation of its title. It isn't. It isn't even well written. But *Saleman* is written knowledgeably out of Duke's own experience in that vocation, and some of the persons in the book could be alive—unlike almost all the bodiless names in *Solo*.

The story concerns a young trombonist who joins a fairly successful name band on a location job. He is primarily interested in composing classical music and begins to study with a renowned master soon after joining the band. He gets caught up, however, in his own awakening to the essential liberating force of feeling first ("singing hallelujah" is his term for it in living or in any of the arts) and celebrating after. In the process of growing some, he goofs the gig by falling for the wife of a colleague.

As you can see, plot structure is not this novel's most memorable asset.

DUKE UNFORTUNATELY has a remarkably tin ear in this book for the rhythms of speech, and that failing combined with the unswinging plot makes for a heaviness of texture that is not likely to drive you on to 6 a.m. in the need to finish the volume once you've started.

But it is a book musicians may well dig since the author is doing some appraising from the inside. He doesn't fight far enough inside, however, to make this more than a passing diversion. Oddly, the same writer is responsible for the excellent short story, *Struttin' with Some Barbecue*, first printed in *New World Writing* and now available in a Ballantine pocketbook edition of *The Best American Short Stories 1955*.

Now that's the kind of story that leaves a fresh and freshening mark on your memory. It shows the kind of multiple perception in pulsating time that the first man to write a good novel on jazz will have to have. I recommend you read the short story. I'm less compelled to talk you into the novel. But if Duke could do *Struttin'*, he might be back again and stay a lot longer.

Various Recommendations and Reservations: The purpose, manner of research, and formidable virtues of Fred Ramsey Jr.'s *Music from the South* series for Folkways Records were detailed in this column some months ago.

Volumes 2 to 5 in the projected set of 10 are now available. The set contains extensive, fascinating, and completely un pompous notes; several quite wonderful photographs, and an unforgettably unprecedented mixture of rural Negro songs, reminiscences, and—especially in Volume 5—dances that indicate again how valuable, a searching citizen Ramsey is.

WITH BILL GRAUER JR. recovered from his illness, *The Record Changer* is doughtily with us again, and I am very glad of it. Here at last Turk Mur-

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phy once more has a band of knight to joust for him; and more to my own reading pleasure, here is a new and drily astute addition to the column: bowling alley, low fidelity by Orrin Keepnews.

Among several other nutritious pieces of reading in Vol. 14, No. 7, there is the best discographical article I've seen in a long while—Bill Martin's *The Missing Moderns*. (Where are the Manor sides with Dizzy Gillespie and Oscar Pettiford?)

Martin is also known in the magazine as the flavorsome Benny Frenchie, who cannot (?) be serious in writing that Duke Ellington's *Night Creature* is the best "extended" jazz work ever written. Enough of pseudonyms. Bill Martin-Benny Frenchie's real name is Martin Williams.

Also recommendable in large parts is *Metronome's Jazz 1956 Yearbook*, which has a good but somewhat overly moist appraisal of Bird by Bill Coss (Charlie Parker really deserves better than to be made into a legend); a valuable and unusually alive technical analysis of four Bird bars by Tony Scott; a number of Burt Goldblatt photographs including a one-shot autobiography of Paul Desmond, and several other generally attractive features.

I balk—that's the politest word immediately at hand—at the poetry, however. The only way these fluttering stones might seem presentable would be in translation into French, or preferably Persian. "There was syrup on the summer night," for example, is line one of a portrait of Gerry Mulligan. I'd demand equal space were I he-

I AGREE WITH Leonard Feather's recent straightening of the record concerning George Gershwin's alleged contributions to jazz as a man who helped make it "respectable." Gershwin's chief assistance to jazz was as an unusually gifted conjurer of popular songs for later generations of jazzmen to improvise on.

I long have regretted the overrating of several of his more ambitious but less flowing and increasingly dated "concert" works. And I'm particularly dragged at the uncritical chorus of hosannas at the lengthy world tour of *Porgy and Bess*. Look at this "folk opera" again. It contains a serious number of false stereotypes of the Negro and it is, in general, as one-dimensionally false a picture of Negro life as has found public favor since Uncle Remus.

IF THE CURRENT Teddy Wilson trio with Gene Ramey and Jo Jones should be playing within your environs, I strongly advise your reserving at least a night to hear them.

Teddy never has played with so vigorous and joyful a sound and beat. Ramey is a long underestimated foundation, and Jo Jones is almost beyond description. As Matt Dennis said the other night, "The man makes love to the drums."

Why has no record company signed Mary Lou Williams, who will apparently only be fully marveled at after her death? . . . Why hasn't Davey Schildkraut been given an LP of his own yet? . . . Why aren't there more works by Roger Sessions available on LP?

Barry Ulanov

SEEMS LIKE old times seeing ads, side by side, in the New York newspapers for Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey and their orchestra at the Statler and for Benny Goodman and his band at the Waldorf-Astoria. Add to that all the incidental splendor accompanying the motion picture called *The Benny Goodman Story*—particularly the incredible numbers of Goodman LPs issued in recent months—and you'll know what I mean.

It happens every 20 years or so, in the 1940s the catch phrase was "the roaring '20s" and a very real effort was made to recapture the catch-as-catch-can humors of that decade, in musical comedy and film, in novel and literary study, and after a fashion in the sporadic revivals of Dixieland.

BIX BEIDERBECKE was seen to be the opposite number in music of F. Scott Fitzgerald in the literary life, and for a little while anyway, there were quite a few serious and sensitive persons who thought that the novel *Young Man with a Horn* had added a myth of heroic proportions to that curious grab bag of the vast and the trivial, the majestic and the minuscule which is called Americana.

What about the '30s? What shall we call them? The trembling '30s? The neurotic '30s? The tumbling '30s?

Assuming we find a descriptive phrase that satisfies, what about the music to go with that era—trembling, neurotic, or tumbling? Inescapably, it must be Benny. Though he didn't arrive, really, until 1936, and the contributions to jazz of Count Basie and Duke Ellington and perhaps Jimmie Lunceford were greater in those years, it is Goodman's decade musically. No one can take it away from him, not even the producers of that fanciful version of his "story."

WHAT MAKES IT Benny's epoch? Well, for one thing the hold he had on the imagination, the glands, and the nervous systems of thousands, maybe millions, of Americans. If you swung, it was Benny who pushed the hammock. If you didn't, weren't even interested, you knew who he was anyway, as you knew the names of Bing Crosby and Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, and Jean Harlow. Why, he was as well known as Guy Lombardo and Wayne King. So Benny was box office, and jazz came riding in on his enthusiastic last choruses.

It wasn't all a question of box office, however. Benny was art, too. It doesn't matter just how good; it isn't important how much or how often Goodman thought of his work as art. In a couple of years he accomplished for jazz a metamorphosis in critical taste and academic rank:

Where jazz previously had been something to rank with bathtub gin and other minor indoor sports, it was now considered an American phenomenon of that peculiarly satisfying sort that goes by the name of culture.

And Benny, without making a single overt move in the direction of the pun-

Earl Goner?

New York—Sign at Basin Street announcing Erroll Garner's Town Hall concert: "Erroll Garner—The Debussy of Jazz."

ditions, accomplished this almost all by himself.

MORE IMPORTANT than all this, however—the big name with the big crowds and the high rank among the higher brows—was what Benny achieved for jazz. More than all the others who fronted bands, he made the sideman a major part of jazz.

It had to be, Benny was—still is—a sideman himself. It makes no difference what his qualifications for leadership were or are. It couldn't matter less that he had a reputation as a demonic dictator who frightened the boys in the back row with that stare called "the ray."

It was Benny Goodman with clarinet in mouth, taking his solo in turn with a lot of other solos—it was *that* Benny who mattered to the public and to the admirer of his music who had some idea of what it was all about. It was that Benny who, once again, has interested many youngsters in jazz and reminded a massive number of oldsters of its existence.

IT WOULD HAVE been unthinkable to make the movie without a fair brace of the sidemen whose names were nearly as well known as Benny's in the tumultuous '30s and frightened '40s—and still are that well known. Just as silly as it would have been for Benny to show up on a one-nighter, way back then, without any of his soloists.

That is the missing link with the '30s. That's what has been missing for much too long now in big bands: the sidemen, whose work is directly, unmistakably, delightfully associated with a playing leader.

When, in the early '40s, it became the fashion to pick up a band wherever one (meaning one famous, financially independent leader) settled down long enough, the end of the big band of distinction was assured. And for all the assiduous efforts of a handful, men such as Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, Duke, and Count, to maintain, for short spells anyway, a fixed personnel, we have never returned to the star-studded, collectively distinguished organizations of the past we associate with Benny.

UNTIL WE DO, we won't have big bands that capture the imagination the way his did, that all at once appeal to the kid and the adult, the spender, the dancer, and the informed listener. No matter what the exigencies dictating the wandering personnels of present-day big bands, a change in procedure must be wrought.

For until a change of sidemen represent in the minds of thousands a switch of mighty proportions—as such a change once did we won't have big bands of real quality. Until it is so important again for jazz that a Raymond Scott can write a special work to record for history his sensations *When Cootie Left the Duke*.

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Radio And Video

By Jack Mabley

AS WE WERE SAYING two weeks ago, things are looking up. *Omnibus* is switching from Sunday afternoon to Sunday evening, making it possible for two or three times as many citizens to watch it. This is the best television news I've heard in four years, or since it was announced that *Omnibus* was coming on the air.

If I could watch only one program in all TV, it would be *Omnibus*. But Sunday afternoon is an awful time for a program. There are so many good things to do on a Sunday afternoon, and sitting in the house watching TV—even *Omnibus* on TV—is not one of them.

A few years ago NBC produced one of its finest series of programs—*Victory at Sea*—and threw it on the air you know when.

A flock of viewers in our city squawked their heads off because they were having to give up part of their Sunday afternoon ball game or gardening or boat ride or gabbing in order to see this wonderful movie. So the show was moved, with great misgivings by the station, to 9:30 Sunday night. In that spot it measurably increased its rating and was solidly sponsored.

WE HAD ONE OTHER small editorial campaign before this one. Not many years back the networks were virtually empty of entertainment Saturday nights. They even gave an hour or so to Eddie Condon to play jazz. The thinkers in New York decided that nobody is home Saturday nights, so why waste good talent on empty living rooms. I doubt if my beefs had much to do with it, but the nets finally awoke to the fact that Saturday is one of their best nights, and started programming it. Some of us stay home Saturday nights, by craxy.

Considering how much money they get, some of the network operators can be awfully wrong. I think somebody is extremely right in moving *Omnibus* to a civilized time. Also noted is the fact that the ABC net is taking it over. They're the bunch that put Disney on while their competitors were braying about culture and broadcasting Howdy Doodly.

Dinah Shore is probably the best of the lady pros in the singing-emcee dodge, and she thinks she might like to do an hour show next year instead of her present 15-minute bit. One of Miss Shore's secrets of success is surrounding herself with capable directors and arrangers. An hour show she did for Chevrolet this month provided in a few spots the finest production for a variety show I've yet seen.

THE FIRST ATTRACTION was the absence of color. It was produced for black and white only, and instead of the fussy, busy background we usually get with color, we saw clean, sweeping black and white lines that gave the illusion of an immense stage. Production was at its finest in the flow of the program from one act to another, as the camera followed Miss Shore around what seemed to be the biggest set in Hollywood.

Dean Martin, without Lewis, was likened to Perry Como in the script, but as Dean Martin, pop singer, he doesn't belong in Como's league. Just a nice guy who is relaxed and can't sing very well. Marge and Gower Champion made one of their infrequent appearances. Years back—well, four or five maybe—the Champions starred in the show in which NBC discovered somebody was home Saturday nights.

Physically they are attractive, and they dance wonderfully. They were probably smart to get off that once a week exposure. We were beginning to take them for granted then, and today it's a big treat when they show. I'm corny enough to enjoy a dance that tells a story I can understand.

MISS SHORE continues to belt out her songs in a manner that isn't quite commercial enough to get her into the top record sales and is just a bit too commercial to win her artistic recognition. Maybe she should listen to Julie London for a study in restraint.

Miss Shore's hour had some sour comedy and a lot of ordinary singing, but it still was better than 90 percent of the variety programs.



Mabley

Filmland Up Beat

DOWN BEAT

By Hal Holly

WHATEVER MODERN JAZZ may or may not mean in other musical circles, it is a growing influence on composers of film scores, particularly for pictures in which the stories deal with emotional tensions. As of this writing, Buddy Bregman was completing his underscore for *Step Down to Terror*, a forthcoming movie we have mentioned previously in this department because jazzman Buddy DeFranco and his quartet are featured in several nitery sequences.

Format of the recording orchestra assembled by Bregman sounds more like something out of the Stan Kenton story than the typical Hollywood studio ensemble. We give you the lineup in entirety because of its unusual interest.

Rhythm—Claude Williamson, Barney Kessel, Alvin Stoller, Milt Holland, Ralph Pena; saxes—Georgie Auld, Bob Cooper, Bud Shank, Dave Pell, Jack Dumont; trumpets—Pete Candoli, Ray Linn, Maury Harris, Maynard Ferguson; trombones—Lloyd Ulyate, Frank Rosolino, Marshall Cram, George Roberts.

DeFranco, in addition to visual-audio work with his quartet, is also featured in clarinet passages in the underscore.

Along the same line, Herschel Gilbert, who originally planned to do his underscore for *Nightmare*, another jazz-interest picture to be released soon, with the eight-piece band Billy May heads in his role of bandleader in the picture, put together a recording unit similar to that above to soundtrack his *Nightmare* theme music. His comment: "For creating the feel of terror in motion picture mood music, nothing can equal that screaming Kenton effect."

We're not sure just how he meant it, either.

ON AND OFF THE BEAT: Charlie Barnet, reassembling his full-size band for a June 20 opening at the Hollywood Palladium, went before the cameras at Universal-International Studios in late April for a Will Cowan musical featurette. Others featured in same short are the King Sisters, the Sportsmen, and Romo Vincent. (So we've gone back 15 years, and what's wrong with that?) . . . We didn't think too much of *Serenade*, and neither did a lot of other reviewers, but they like Mario Lanza at Warner Brothers, and have signed him for two more pictures. However, his next will not be quite so heavy with heavy music. He'll sing more standards from the pop field.

Audrey Hepburn will be doing her own singing in *Funny Face* (the original George and Ira Gershwin songs, but a new story), in which she will co-star, and dance, with Fred Astaire . . . But the voice of Leslie Caron in *Gaby* is that of Gloria Wood . . . Yes, in answer to many queries, Grace Kelly does sing in *High Society*, an August release.

Having typed our share of goofs in our time, we hesitate to call attention to a fellow-scribbler's slip, but we can't pass this item from Sheila Graham's column, re *The Wrong Man*, the Henry Fonda-Vera Miles starrer. Said Sheila: "It's the *New Yorker* story of the Stork club waiter who was wrongfully convicted and jailed . . ."

It was *Life* mag, not *New Yorker*, and the man was a musician (Manny Balestrero, string bass), not a waiter. And it can be one of the best real-life stories to make the screen in a long time, especially with Alfred Hitchcock about due for something really good . . . Yma Sumac, at Paramount for her first film role (in *The Loves of Omar Khayam* with Cornel Wilde, Michael Rennie, Raymond Massey), will sing in English for the first time. In all her previous work on records, or in TV and nitery dates, she has sung in Spanish, French, or Peruvian.

ABC-Paramount Inks Whitey

New York—Bassist Whitey Mitchell, whose brother Red (also a bassist) records as a leader for Bethlehem, has signed with ABC-Paramount. Whitey's first 12" LP will have arrangements by Neal Hefti, and will include Joe Puma guitar; Dick Sherman trumpet; soprano saxist Steve Lacey; tenor horn Tom Stewart; either Osie Johnson or Gus Johnson, drums, and no piano.

Whitey's contract is for six months with options for another year.



(Hollywood Citizen-News Photo)

Cecil F. Read (left), leader of Local 47's anti-Petrillo revolt, looks on as deposed Local 47 president John te Groen (right), greets attorney Arthur J. Goldberg, the referee at trial of Read and other Local 47 members described at right.

Little Personal Venom In Read And te Groen Fight

By Charles Emge

ONE OF THE interesting aspects of the torrid intraunion strife that has rocked AFM's Local 47 in Los Angeles for the last several months is the lack of personal bitterness between the two protagonists, ousted president John te Groen, and his rival, acting-president Cecil F. Read.

Read, elected vice president on an anti-Petrillo platform after the resignation of Phil Fischer, took over the presidency when te Groen was removed from office by vote at a general meeting.

AT NO TIME, even during the most heated debates, has either te Groen or Read spoken an intemperate word of the other in public; nor, for that matter, probably in private.

Considering the verbal brawling that usually marks an intraunion struggle for power, this is extraordinary. But this is not an ordinary political hassle. The issues are deep and deadly; both Read and te Groen are intelligent men who know and respect each other's strength. They are also almost exact opposites in personality.

Te Groen was born in South Africa—the family name indicates his Boer descent—but came to the U.S. with his family while very young.

HE ENTERED the music profession in Los Angeles and, like Read, had acquired a reputation as a musician (drummer) by the time he was in his teens.

He entered Local 47 politics as vice presidential running mate with the late, redoubtable J. K. (Spike) Wallace, who, in 1940, wrested the presidency of Local 47 from California's politician-songwriter, Jack B. Tenney.

Te Groen inherited the Wallace administration—or "machine," as it was called by detractors—when Wallace died in 1950. Te Groen was re-elected in 1952 and '54.

STILL CALLED Johnny by virtually all and all, te Groen is credited with many improvements accomplished, un-

der both the Wallace administration and his own, in Local 47 affairs—particularly in the dance field, though this may be news to those who don't remember how bad conditions were in Los Angeles for dance musicians in the late '20s and through the '30s.

It was during te Groen's administration that the Jim Crow union for Negro musicians in Los Angeles was abolished.

There is still argument as to where te Groen stood on the amalgamation of the white and colored unions—but there is little chance it could have been accomplished when it was in 1952 if he had strongly opposed the movement. Once accomplished, he did much to make the amalgamation work smoothly.

IN PERSON, te Groen is easygoing, gregarious, convivial by nature. But he took his job seriously enough, and few doubt he honestly believes that James Petrillo's plan for operation of the AFM's performance trust fund is the best for Local 47 and its members.

Like te Groen, Read was working up a reputation as a musician (trumpet) when he was 16, and his home then was Petrillo's own stamping grounds, Chicago.

Though never a jazz trumpet man, as such is generally regarded, he recalls playing some early dance dates around that age with Gene Krupa, Benny Goodman, and other Chicago jazzmen. He also worked in the "early days" with such bands as Isham Jones' and Frankie Masters'.

HE WAS ONE of the U. S. musicians selected by Britain's Jack Hylton to fill out the band he brought to this country for a tour in the early '30s.

But like most good solid lead trumpet men, he found himself a more prosperous berth and a long run with the WGN staff band in Chicago. During World War II he was with the air force band stationed at Washington, D. C., but went overseas with the same band on its tours of European bases.

Read, with his wife, Dorothy, came

Local 47 'Trial' Ends; Guilty Verdict Seen

Hollywood — The "trial" of AFM Local 47's acting-president, Cecil F. Read, and 12 officers and members of the local union on charges of "dual-unionism" and conspiracy to seize control of Local 47, wound up after a week of hearings.

At deadline, an ominous quiet had settled over the embattled musicians as they settled back to await the expected verdict—guilty.

On trial with Read, who, as duly elected vice president, took over the presidency when John te Groen was removed from office by overwhelming vote at a general meeting of Local 47, were board members Uan Rasey, Ray Toland, Warren Baker, John Clyman, Vince DeRosa, Jack Dumont, and William Atkinson, plus musicians George Wald, Marshall Cram, Sarl Evans, William Ulyate, and Martin Berman.

OF SIGNIFICANCE is the fact that virtually every official position in Local 47 is held by a top-bracket career musician. In past years many, if not all such posts, had been held by musicians unable to compete as such with A-1 professionals of their day.

The hearings took place April 9-14 in Hollywood's Plaza hotel. In charge was Arthur J. Goldberg, prominent labor attorney designated by AFM president James C. Petrillo to conduct the trial as referee.

According to the defendants, Goldberg's sole function was to hear testimony and report back to Petrillo. For the record, Read and fellow defendants made formal protest to Goldberg that they did not recognize the right of Petrillo or the AFM's international board to make the final judgment.

THE HEARINGS were conducted in an orderly and mainly dispassionate manner. All concerned were represented by legal counsel.

Reporters for both daily and trade papers were barred from the sessions, but no attempt was made to prevent principals on both sides from discussing each day's testimony with reporters.

to Los Angeles in 1948 and has generally earned far more money as a musician (up to \$15,000 and \$20,000 a year) than the \$12,500 he receives as president of Local 47.

A NONDRINKING, nonsmoking Christian Scientist, Read, virtually unknown six months ago, but now something of a national figure, is more of a solid citizen than the usual conception most persons have of a professional musician.

He is a calm, soft-spoken man who probably never expected to find himself leading a "rebellion" against Petrillo or any other union boss. He is also a dedicated, determined man now that he is Local 47 president.

Before the battle ends, one way or another, Petrillo will have had the scrap of his life.

Band Routes

DOWN
BEAT

EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS: b—ballroom; h—hotel; nc—night club; cl—cocktail lounge; r—restaurant; h—heater; cc—country club; rh—roadhouse; pc—private club; NYC—New York City; ABC—Associated Booking Corp. (Joe Glaser), 745 Fifth Ave., NYC; AF—Allbrook-Pumphrey, Richmond, Va.; AT—Abe Turchen, 309 W. 57th St., NYC; GAC—General Artists Corp., RKO Bldg., NYC; JKA—Jack Kurtze Agency, 214 N. Canon Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.; McC—McConkey Artists, 1780 Broadway, NYC; MCA—Music Corp. of America, 598 Madison Ave., NYC; GG—Gale-Gale Agency, 48 W. 48th St., NYC; OI—Orchestras, Inc., c/o Bill Black, 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.; RMA—Reg Marshall Agency, 6671 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.; SAC—Shaw Artists Corp., 565 Fifth Ave., NYC; UA—Universal Attractions, 2 Park Ave., NYC; WA—Willard Alexander, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC; WMA—William Morris Agency, 1740 Broadway, NYC; NOS—National Orchestra Service, 1611 City National Bank Building, Omaha, Neb.

Albert, Abbey (Shamrock Hilton) Houston, Texas, 5/24-7/4, h
Alexander, Tommy (On Tour—West Coast) GAC
Anthony, Ray (On Tour—West Coast) GAC
Autry, Bill (A&B Babu) Oakland, Calif., b
Back, Will (Sheraton-Jefferson) St. Louis, Mo., h
Bair, Buddy (Officers' Club) Ft. Rensselaer, Ga., pc
Barlow, Dick (Drake) Chicago, h
Barron, Blue (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA
Basie, Count (Blue Note) Chicago, 5/23-27, no
Beneke, Tex (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA
Berr, Misha (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, b
Brandwyme, Nat (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, b
Butterfield, Billy (On Tour—East Coast) MCA
Carle, Frankie (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Cartier, Tony (Stardust) NYC, b
Commanders (On Tour—Midwest) WA
Cummins, Bernie (On Tour—South) MCA
Davis, Johnny (Officers' Club) Chateau Lamotte, France, pc
De Hants, Al (Plantation) Greensboro, N. C., nc
Dunham, Sonny (On Tour—East) GAC
Dorsey, Tommy and **Jimmy** (Statter) NYC, h
Eberle, Ray (On Tour—New York State) MCA
Elgart, Les (On Tour—New York Territory) MCA
Ellington, Duke (Flamingo) Las Vegas, Nev., 5/10-5/6, h
Ennis, Dave (Alpine Village) Cleveland, Ohio, nc
Faith, Larry (New Horizon) Pittsburgh, Pa., nc
Featherstone, Jimmy (On Tour—Midwest) M
Ferguson, Danny (Athletic Club) Dallas, Texas, cl
Flannagan, Ralph (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Foster, Chick (Aragon) Chicago, out 7/17, h
Galente, Al (On Tour—Texas) Associated Talent
Harris, Ken (Shamrock Hilton) Houston, Texas, 5-24/7-4, MCA
Howard, Eddy (Elliott's Garden) Denver, Colo., 5/30-6/18, b
James, Harry (Palladium) Hollywood, Calif., 5/23-6/17, h
Jerome, Henry (Edison) NYC, h
Kenton, Stan (On Tour—East) GAC
King, Wayne (On Tour—Chicago) MCA
Kisley, Steve (Statter) Washington, D. C., h
Lewis, Ted (Beverly Hills) Cincinnati, Ohio, 5/11-24, rh; (Horizon) Pittsburgh, Pa., 5/28-6/9, no
Lombardo, Guy (Roosevelt) NYC, h
Long, Johnny (On Tour—West Coast) MCA
Luire, Dick (Pin-Wheel) Cleveland, Ohio, rh
Maltby, Richard (On Tour—East) ABC
Mango, Dick (On Tour—Midwest) Associated Talent
Martico, Ralph (On Tour—East) GAC
Masters, Frankie (Conrad Hilton) Chicago, h
McGrane, Don (Radisson) Minneapolis, h
McIntyre, Hal (On Tour—South, Midwest) GAC
Mercer, Jerry (On Tour—South) GAC
Mooney, Art (On Tour—East) GAC
Morgan, Russ (Canaan Grove) Los Angeles, out 5/5, no
Morrow, Buddy (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Mozian, Roger King (On Tour—East) GAC
Munro, Hal (Milford) Chicago, b
Neighbors, Paul (Elliott's Gardens) Denver, Colo., 5/10-28, h
Peeper, Leo (On Tour—Southwest) GAC
Phillips, Teddy (Melody Mill) Chicago, 5/28-5/2, b
Price, Lloyd (On Tour—California) GG
Ragon, Don (Mack Carpet) San Bernardino, Calif., out 5/6
Itaugh, Harry (Harran's) Lake Tahoe, Nev., 4-20/5-20, rh
Rank, George (Roosevelt) New Orleans, La., 5-24/6-20, h

Reed, Tommy (Muehlebach) Kansas City, Mo., h
Reis, Billy (On Tour—West Coast) MCA
Reichman, Joe (On Tour—East) GAC
Rudy, Ernie (Shamrock Hilton) Houston, Texas, 1-12/5-23, h
Sauter-Finegan (On Tour—East) WA
Sedlar, Jimmy (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA
Sonn, Larry (On Tour—East) GAC
Spivak, Charlie (On Tour—New York State) MCA
Sudy, Joseph (Pierre) NYC, h
Terry, Dan (On Tour—East) GAC
Thorhill, Claude (On Tour—East) WA
Waples, Buddy (SL Anthony) San Antonio, Texas, h
Watkins, Sammy (Statter) Cleveland, Ohio, h
Williams, George (On Tour—East) GAC

Combos

Adlerley, Julian "Cannonball" (Blue Note) Philadelphia, Pa., out 5/5, no
Airline Trio (Piedmont) NYC, h
Arden, Ben (Stater) Detroit, Mich., out 6/5, h
Albert, Bob (Tony Pastor's) NYC, no
Alfred, Chaz (Torrone) East St. Louis, Ill., cl
Allen, Henry "Red" (Metropole) NYC, cl
Armstrong, Louis (On Tour—England) ABC
August, Jan (PAC Sheraton) NYC, h
Austin, Sid (Dark Club) Upper Derby, Pa., out 5/6, no
Australian Jazz Quartet (Blue Note) Philadelphia, Pa., out 5/10, no
Bel-Aires (Elkhart) Elkhart, Ind., h
Bell, Freddy (Stander) Las Vegas, Nev., out 5/5, h
Brubeck, Dave (On Tour—West Coast) ABC
Cadillacs (On Tour—Rhythm and Blues Show) SAC
Carroll, Barbara (Madison) NYC, out 5/27, cl
Cavallaro, Carmen (Congress) St. Louis, Mo., out 5/20, h
Cavallo, Jimmy (Loe Cabin) Staten Island, N. Y., no
Clovers (On Tour—Rhythm and Blues Show) SAC
Cole, Cozy (Metropole) NYC, cl
Condon, Eddie (Condon's) NYC, no
Davis, Eddie (Flamingo) Pittsburgh, Pa., out 5/20, no
Deo, Johnny (Rainbow) New Brunswick, N. J., cl
Domino, Pete (On Tour—Rhythm and Blues Show) SAC
Duke, Billy and the Dukes (Riviera) Las Vegas, Nev., out 5/8, h
Four Freshmen (Crescendo) Hollywood, Calif., 5/18-21, no
Garner, Errol (Hush Street) NYC, out 5/13, no; (Cotton Club) Cleveland, Ohio, 5/21-27, no
Gibbs, Terry (Birdland) NYC, 5/2-14, no
Green, Buddy (Crest) Detroit, Mich., out 5/11, cl
Grillo, Keith (Flamingo) Carlton Cliff, Ill., rh
Hamilton, Chico (Hush Street) NYC, out 5/9, no; (Storyville) Boston, Mass., 5/10-20, no; (Blue Note) Philadelphia, Pa., 5/21-29, no; (Colonial Tavern) Toronto, Canada, 5/28-6/3, no
Hawkins, Erskine (Brass Rail) London, Canada, 5/7-14, no; (Crosen Propeller) Chicago, 5/10-20, no
Herman, Lemmy (On Tour—Midwest and East) ABC
Hoswald, Eddy (New Frontier) Las Vegas, Nev., 5/7-6/1, h
Hunt, Pee Wee (On Tour—Midwest, Southwest) GAC
Jackson, Bill Moose (Zanzibar) Buffalo, N. Y., out 5/5, no

Getz Back In U. S., Slates Club Dates

New York—Stan Getz, after a long stay in Europe and some time in East Africa, is back on the American club circuit. He already has played Olivia's Patio lounge in Washington as well as Basin Street and returns to the latter club May 15. He's due at Zardi's in Hollywood June 22-July 12, and moves to the Black Hawk in San Francisco July 17-29. Getz will be at Peacock Alley in St. Louis Aug. 10-19.

Getz also hopes to sponsor Swedish modern jazz pianist Bengt Halberg's entry into the United States in June. Film producer Tony Owen, may bring Getz' life story to the screen. Stan and Owen met in Africa. Getz, who made several recordings in Sweden, also disclosed that a forthcoming session for Norman Granz will feature him in a large orchestral context in arrangements by John Lewis.

Jaguars (Harmon Air Force Base) Newfoundland, out 6/9, no
Johnson, Buddy (Pep's) Philadelphia, Pa., out 5/6, no
Johnson, J. J.—Kal Winding (Jazz City) Los Angeles, out 5/6, no
Jordan, Louis (Riviera) St. Louis, Mo., out 5/12, no; (Orchid) Kansas City, Mo., 5/14-19, no
Land, Sonny (Cactus) Victoria, Texas, out 4/16, no; (Como) Houston, Texas, 1/21-6/2, no
Little Walkin' Willie (Mandy's) Buffalo, N. Y., out 5/8, no
Manne, Shelly (Band Box) Rochester, N. Y., out 5/13, no; (Loop) Cleveland, Ohio, 5/14-20, no; (Rouge) Detroit, Mich., 5/23-27, no
Mason, Vivian (Blue and Gold) San Francisco, Calif., cl
Masters, Freddie (Riviera) Lake Geneva, Wis., in 6/19, h
McCune, Bill (Ivanhoe) Miami Beach, Fla., h
McKinley, Ray (On Tour—East) WA
McLaurie, Sarah (Strage) Chicago, out 5/27, cl
McPartland, Marian (London House) Chicago, out 5/24, no; (Raker's Keyboard) Detroit, Mich., 5/28-6/17, no
McPhatter, Clyde (On Tour—Rhythm and Blues Show) GG
Monte, Mark (Plaza) NYC, h
Morgan, Al (Steak House) Chicago, out 7/9, h
Mulligan, Gerry (On Tour—European Art) h
Murphy, Turk (Crest) Detroit, Mich., 5/14-6/5, cl
Orioles (Brass Rail) London, Canada, out 5/6, no
Parasetters, (Marine Base) Paris Island, S. C., out 5/12, no
Powell, Bud (Birdland) NYC, out 5/17, no
Prysock, Red (On Tour—Rhythm and Blues Show) GG
Rico, George (El Mirador) Palm Springs, Calif., h
Ronch Max-Clifford Brown (Patio) Washington, D. C., 5/22-27, cl; (Cotton Club) Cleveland, Ohio, 5/28-6/3, no
Rosen, Buddy (Neptune) Washington, D. C., rh
Rogers, Shorty (Blue Note) Chicago, out 5/8, no; (Rouge) Detroit, Mich., 5/8-12, no; (Jazz City) Hollywood, Calif., 5/25-6/7, no
Roth, Don (Kansas City Club) Kansas City, Mo., out 7/7, no
Shearing, George (Orchid) Kansas City, Mo., out 5/8, no; (Blue Note) Chicago, 5/9-22, no; (Hush Street) NYC, 5/24-6/6, no
Shirley and Lee (On Tour—South) GG
Smith, Johnny (Raker's Keyboard) Detroit, Mich., out 5/13, no
Snyder, Benny (On Tour—Midwest and East) Lou Reda Musical Attractions
Smith, Something (On Tour—South) GAC
Stanton, Bill (Brass Rail) Chicago, cl
Three Jucks (Wheel) Colmar Manor, Md., cl
Three Sparks (Esquire) Rapid City, S. D., cl; (Antlers) Colorado Springs, Colo., in 6/25, h
Three Suns (Henry Hudson) NYC, h
Tramp, Bobby (Castle Rest) Los Angeles, out 5/3, rh
Walter, Little (On Tour—South) SAC
Walter, Cy (Wexler) NYC, cl
Wilson, Teddy (Loop) Cleveland, Ohio, out 5/6, no
Yazed, Sal (Metropole) NYC, cl
Young, Lester (Roosevelt) Detroit, Mich., out 5/10, cl

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Herb Ellis

(Jumped from Page 15)

Barney is onstand, and you have a chance to go up there and tangle with him . . . DON'T!

"Barney is a terrible man to fool with in a session."

TAL FARLOW AND Jimmy Raney are two more who open Ellis' eyes, plus Johnny Gray, playing in Chicago studios, and Oscar Moore, ("for his backgrounds").

"And don't forget Freddie Greene. He is the greatest rhythm section man I've ever heard. He just sits there and feeds that section, and the beat doesn't waver one bit.

"You know, I dig the 'new style' of playing guitar, where the guy does a lot of comping (Ed. Note: Feeding clusters of chords to the soloists as the mood strikes, as against playing a steady, four-four beat).

"But to give up playing rhythm entirely is childish and stupid. I think a lot of guys don't do it now because, first of all, it's hard to do well, especially on an electric guitar. You can get a clumpy, thick, dead sound. It's very easy to make rhythm guitar sound bad and hard to make it sound good. Listen to Freddie sometime, or Remo Palmieri, and you find out how it should be done.

"If I've hurt a lot of feelings by saying this about the guys who do nothing but comp, I hope so."

THE TRAVELING Ellis has done with the Peterson trio in the last three years, including trips to Europe and the Orient, has convinced him of one thing: jazz is gaining wider audience by the day.

"A much different class of people comes into the clubs nowadays," he says. "It's heartening to see people who consider jazz to be a normal way of making a living. And there's also been a change in the intellectual viewpoint of musicians. They don't seem to be trying to shut people out so much, and they have learned that there is nothing wrong with speaking articulately to listeners.

"Jazz is on the upgrade. And we all have got to work to keep it that way." Amen.

Wurlitzer Sponsors College Jazz Contest

New York--The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co. is sponsoring a nationwide college jazz combo contest. A college may enter as many groups as it wants, but there must be no more than six men to a group.

To enter, a group tape-records two or three selections of its choice and sends the tapes to the Wurlitzer firm here. Wurlitzer Music workshop personnel will select the top six groups to compete in the final judging, which will be done by such musicians as Duke Ellington, the Dorsey Brothers, Ralph Flanagan, Don Elliott, and Dave Brubeck.

The winning groups gets an appearance on Steve Allen's *Tonight* television show and a record company audition. May 12 is the deadline.

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Shah 'Nuff

New York—On his recent opening night at Basin Street Sonny Stitt received a best wishes cable from Iran signed by all the members of the touring Dizzy Gillespie band. At the bottom was Dizzy's name with the subheading, The Sheik of Araby.

Lennie Tristano

(Jumped from Page 12)

intellectually. It's something you have to get the feel. I am *not* running some kind of weird laboratory and manipulating scientific gadgets. It's been hard learning how to play what I feel on the piano because the piano is a difficult instrument. There are fingering problems we all have. Other instrumentalists, for example, generally can make the same note with the same finger. With the piano, there are spatial problems . . ."

There was a visitor downstairs, and this next turn in the conversation had to be postponed. As I was leaving, Lennie said, "There is one other thing I'm looking for, and perhaps the magazine's readers can help. We'll have to be leaving this building soon since they're tearing it down. I haven't found a new location yet. Anybody with an idea can write me at the studio, 317 E. 32nd St.

"I also am thinking of starting a club again. As for working in other clubs, I have offers, but I'm not sure yet what I'll be doing in that regard. Jazz musicians are expected to be entertainers. I'm not. Although I feel I can be very entertaining some times among friends."

15 Two Beat Bands Due On GTJ Label

Hollywood—A total of 15 New Orleans bands soon will be represented on Good Time Jazz label. The addition of 12 more two-beat groups to the three already waxed on an initial album is to be in accord with an existing agreement between GTJ and the New Orleans Jazz society.

Under terms of the pact, NOJS will record its concerts and festivals, the sides to be released on the Good Time label on a royalty basis.

Bands already included on the first album are Santo Pecora and his Tailgaters, Sharky Bonano's Jazz band, and the Eddie Pearson Creole Stompers.

Jazz Photos

Another in the series of outstanding examples of jazz photography to appear in *Down Beat* is Aram Avakian's candid portrait of Miles Davis, taken at a recent recording session. Davis, co-winner with Dizzy Gillespie of the 1955 critics poll award as jazz' best trumpeter, is heard on Prestige Records.

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