

Aug 1st 22, 1956  
8

# DOWN BEAT

RECORDS  
HIGH-FIDELITY  
INSTRUMENTS  
FILMLAND UP BEAT  
RADIO • TV

Sinatra I Know,  
By Sammy Davis  
(See Page 11)

A Tribute To  
Clifford Brown  
(See Page 10)

Articles By:  
Leonard Feather  
Ralph J. Gleason  
Nat Hentoff  
John Tynan  
Barry Ulanov

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August 22, 1956

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## Chords And Discords

Digs Sam . . .

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the Editor:

I should like to put in a word of praise to one of the greatest guys in the business, Sam Donahue, who fronts the Billy Mays band.

This band recently did a one-ner at a local dance hall this past week, and although the ballroom wasn't very crowded (it was a rainy night, and an off night for the regular dancers), the band didn't take one of those "oh well, the place isn't too crowded; we'll play the way we feel" attitudes, but blew that night like any other night it would blow for a large crowd.

Mr. Donahue's personality projected over the bandstand, his smile, conversing with the kids standing in front of the stand, and most of all, his playing was the utmost in perfection.

I have long been an admirer of the Billy Mays band when May fronted the group, but I'm a staunch fan now with the leadership of Mr. Donahue.

He did a production number titled *Suicide Leap* in which the band socks him on eight to 10 choruses, while he took off on sax. I'll wager you any amount that if he were put up against Jimmy Dorsey or any other guy in the business, Mr. Donahue would blow the guy right off the stand, musically!

So I say here's to Sam Donahue, a man of perfect diction, who doesn't use slang or cat language, but has a su-

perb vocabulary! May he long reign as the greatest in personality, musicianship, and leadership!

Thomas M. Reilly

(Ed. Note: Crazy!!!)

More Brothers . . .

Chicago

To the Editor:

I don't wish to make a hassle out of this, but in your *Chords and Discords* column of the July 11 issue there was a letter regarding the original *Four Brothers*. Your note in reply stated that Sims, Getz, Steward, and Chaloff were the originals. For two reasons I doubt this—(1) in Barry Ulanov's book *A History of Jazz in America* (Page 318) he states that Jimmy Giuffre along with Getz, Sims, and Steward were the original *Brothers*; (2) on the record label of the original pressing Giuffre is given the composer's credit.

However, upon hearing the record, it sure sounds as though the second sax solo is a baritone.

I would appreciate a comment on this.

Ramon Bonardi

(Ed. Note: It wasn't until Woody's *Four Brothers* recording had been out for some time that the sax section started being called the *Four Brothers* and the orchestra "Woody's *Four Brothers* band." The composition was Giuffre's, the saxmen on the disc were Sims, Getz, Steward, and Chaloff.)

A Loss . . .

San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editor:

The world and I mourn the loss of the music world's brightest, rising star—the talents of guitarist-composer Bill Dillard who perished in a fire on June

17 in Hollywood. He had been working with the great Red Norvo the last year and had acquired sincere popularity among his fellow musicians all over the world. His talents are about to be given to us on record by Liberty with Red Norvo and Gene Wright.

What more is there to say about this wonderful man? He gave the world his hands.

Ree Brunell

Shut The Door . . .

New York City

To the Editor:

I have never been an "American Firster" and feel that American opportunities should be extended to everyone deserving of them; however, when it comes to American jazz, I do feel that we are being unfair to our own jazz artists by opening the doors to less talented foreign instrumentalists. Technique-wise they may even be superior, but it is difficult to absorb conception of something as traditionally American in a foreign country.

The roster of the Newport Jazz festival excludes many top American artists in favor of foreigners whose only appeal is the publicity they may garner by coming from overseas. *Down Beat* award winners, such as Tony Scott and Don Elliott, to name just a couple, are not among those represented at Newport. After all, if the public voted them as favorites, why is it that public opinion is not taken into consideration?

I would appreciate it if you would remind the Newport sponsors that they, themselves, have named this the *American Jazz* festival.

Adele Baylinson

A Ghost . . .

Calgary, Canada

To the Editor:

I note that in the July 11 *Down Beat* you had a query about—who did the vocal ghosting for Lynn Bari in *Sun Valley Serenade* and *Orchestra Wives*?

I have a clipping from the Oct. 1, 1942, issue of *Down Beat*, concerning who did what doubling in *Orchestra Wives*, and the item is headed "Pat Friday Ghosts for Lynn Bari in Film." I don't know what page of that issue the item was on, but Miss Friday was credited for doing the vocalizing in both films.

Hope the foregoing will be of help to you.

Ken Brand

A Question . . .

Hollywood, Calif.

To the Editor:

Modern jazz is just like every other facet of middle-class life in America 1956: neurotic, tense, uncomfortable, and contrived.

I would rather at any time see a bunch of happy Negroes, garbed in pastel suits, playing rhythm and blues, and having a good time, than see a group of oddly gened college boys striving desperately to produce an intellectual renaissance from a saxophone.

The merits of an intellectual renaissance are dubious at best; when sought with a tootling horn, they are non-existent.

Modern jazz appeals to women in their early 30s afraid of getting old, (Turn to Page 18)

## HOLTON Revelation Trumpets



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# DOWN BEAT

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## On the Cover

In bow ties and tuxes, they're still two of the top entertainers in the music business—and both have a long association with jazz. The cover photo of Bing Crosby and Louis Armstrong is from a scene in the movie *High Society*, in which they appear with Frank Sinatra and Grace Kelly. For other stories and pictures, see Pages 39, 40, and 41 in this issue.

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## From The Publisher

Down Beat is going to have its face lifted.

The next (Sept. 5) issue of this magazine will come to you cloaked in a new, streamlined, easy-to-spot cover designed by a leading commercial artist, Mal Ahlgren.

It will contain new headline type faces, departmental headings, and feature layouts—changes that have been in the works for more than three months in order to bring you a magazine as fresh and up to date as the music we write about.

Stories will be easier to read, more pictures will be used, and we think you're going to like it.

But new look or no, our basic concern still will be to bring you the latest news, most authoritative writers, and the most helpful service features on jazz offered anywhere.

You will continue to enjoy reporting by a staff that includes such men as Jack Tracy, Nat Hentoff, Leonard Feather, Barry Ulanov, Mike Levin, Ralph Gleason, George Hoefer, Charles Emgo, Jack Mabley, and many others. Articles by leading musicians such as Gerry Mulligan, Bill Russo, Billy Taylor, Jack Montrose, et al. explaining and underlining what they think about the music they are a part of, will remain an integral part of Down Beat.

The Sept. 5 issue, for example, will include Dom Cerulli's cover feature on the resurgence of Anita O'Day; a piercing analysis of jazz criticism and its functions by pianist John Mehegan; another in our series of articles outlining the story behind the leading jazz record labels and their long-range future plans; all the regular departments such as Jazz Record Reviews, The Blindfold Test, Caught in the Act, Strictly Ad Lib, Band Routes, and Jazz Best-Sellers; another full-page photographic portrait of a top jazz instrumentalist, and a complete Up Beat section that will offer annotated solos and instruction by well-known musicians.

Now being planned and readied are new columns and additions that will further increase our broad music coverage. New equipment has been purchased to speed up the physical processes of printing and shipping Down Beat. In the coming months, the average number of pages in each issue will be higher than at any time in our history. More newsstands and record stores will handle Down Beat; more persons will read it.

Remember, with the next issue, on sale Aug. 22, Down Beat will change to a new fall wardrobe. Look for it on your newsstand . . . or why not subscribe and be assured of getting every issue?





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## Strictly Ad Lib

### NEW YORK

**JAZZ:** John (Dizzy) Gillespie's Latin American itinerary at presstime was to include Ecuador, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, at least. They'll be back by Aug. 27. Only change in the personnel that made the near eastern tour was Bennie Golson in place of Ernie Wilkins . . . Duke Ellington recorded his Yale Bowl performance of *New World A'Comin'* with the New Haven symphony . . . Dutch pianist Pia Beck is playing the season at her Flying Dutchman club in Holland with American drummer Al Levitt and Canadian bassist Lloyd Thompson. After September, there's a German film pending, after which the trio may tour Europe . . . Charlie Mingus hopes to bring altoist Sonny Criss east for his Jazz Workshop unit . . . Max Roach's unit gave a memorial concert for Clifford Brown and Richard Powell at the Berkshire Music Barn. English critic Mike Butcher will be in charge of a Clifford Brown EmArcy memorial LP to be issued in England . . . Andre Hodeir may have a new book ready for Grove Press in October. He's also recorded a second LP of his compositions played by le Jazz Groupe . . . Capitol should have a small combo Woody Herman LP ready in August and a big band set in September.

Cafe Bohemia started its Saturday night participation on Mutual's Bandstand pickups with Zoot Sims. Gerry Mulligan guested the second week . . . Benny Carter is in town to write and conduct the music for a Storyboard film short for the Guggenheim Museum. Picture is about "the human spirit and the ability to see things in a new way" . . . Tony Fruscella recording an ABC-Paramount set with Don Elliott and also is cutting with Johnny Williams (EmArcy) and Red Mitchell (Bethlehem) . . . Creations Unlimited, an independent production outfit, is making LPs of Joe Castro and of George Handy's *Concerto for Flute and Piano* as well as eight Handy songs interpreted by Flo Handy. Company may sell the masters to a label or issue the sides themselves . . . Next jazz novel is Random House's *It's Always Four O'Clock*, by James Updyke, about a trio with a female singer . . . Lionel Hampton's back from his tour of Europe . . . Found: Spaulding Givens, pianist heard on Debut LP, is writing; trumpeter Joe Thomas playing Saturdays at Childs Parampunt; bassist Dick Carter, heard on John LaPorta's Debut set, is in Staten Island . . . New jazz pianist Cecil Taylor will record for Transition this month with bassist Bill Niles and drummer Dennis Charles . . . Bassist Jimmy Gannon leaving the Australian Jazz quintet . . . Atlantic will record the Modern Jazz quartet at the Music Barn in Lenox at their Sept. 2 concert.

French pianist Andre Persiani opened at the Embers with Arvell Shaw and Cozy Cole . . . Mexican pianist Mario Patron, who made his American big league debut at the Newport Festival, is starting a series of jazz concerts at Bellasartes, a cultural center of Mexico City . . . Cannonball Adderly's group now includes Sam Jones, formerly of Kenny Dorham's Jazz Prophets . . . Eddie Hubble and Charlie Hoyt now with Stan Rubin. Johnny Windhurst may join Rubin also . . . Roy Eldridge at Cafe Bohemia until Aug. 16. Phineas Newborn moves in from Aug. 17-30, and Miles Davis takes over Aug. 31 for four weeks . . . Jack Lewis of Vik may do an Idrees Sulieman album . . . Writer Tommy Talbert preparing a Bix, Duke, Fats album that will utilize Joe Wilder, Nick Travis, Eddie Bert, Barry Galbraith, among others . . . Dave McKenna back with Charlie Ventura . . . Lester Young and Bud Powell at Birdland until Aug. 15, to be followed by Count Basie and the Norm Amadio trio.

**ENTERTAINMENT - IN - THE - ROUND:** Frank Sinatra will sing at the Democratic convention in Chicago Aug. 13 . . . Lena Horne continues her European triumphs with dates in Rome and the south of France this month and a farewell three weeks at the Olympia theater in Paris before coming home . . . Julius Monk will produce a new "integrated cabaret" show at the Downstairs in September. *Take Five* . . . June Ericson will play the lead in Alec Wilder's new opera, *The Long Way* . . . Roseland ballroom, in the same quarters since 1919, goes into its own \$2,000,000 building by the end of the year at Broadway and 52nd St. . . . Guy Lombardo is finally making money out of his Jones Beach Show Boat production. Next summer's musical will have an original script involving Louis Armstrong. Guy

(Jump to Page 35)

## Notice

Chicago—*Down Beat* will publish in its Sept. 19 issue as complete a list of jazz clubs and societies as we can compile. All organized groups that wish to be listed are asked to send the following information to Jazz Societies, *Down Beat*, 2001 Calumet, Chicago 16, Ill.: Name of organization, address, and person to whom inquiries and mail should be addressed. Deadline is Aug. 15.

## First N.Y. Jazz Festival Lineup

New York—At presstime, this was the scheduled programming for the first annual New York jazz festival at Randall's Island Aug. 24-25.

Aug. 24: Count Basie and Joe Williams, Lester Young, Erroll Garner, Gene Krupa, Roy Eldridge, Zoot Sims, Modern Jazz quarter, Bob Brookmeyer, Bud Shank, Bobby Hackett, Don Elliott, and Anita O'Day.

Aug. 25: Lionel Hampton, Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, Chet Baker, Chris Connor, Chico Hamilton, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, Lee Konitz, Coleman Hawkins, Buck Clayton, Billy Taylor, Wild Bill Davison, and Billie Holiday.

Ticket scale each night is \$4.50, \$3.60, \$2.75, and \$2. The New York Jazz festival office is at 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

## James A Nonplaying Movie Gun Slinger

Hollywood—Harry James will play the lead, a gun-fighting hero, in a western being turned out by Ashcroft Productions entitled *The Outlaw Queen*, with Andrea King and Robert Clark. The film will have a conventional underscore, but the trumpet player will not play or have any connection with the musical side.

Producer Ashcroft said, "I watched him the last time he played the Palladium and decided he looked right for the role. I left the script with him and after reading it he said, 'Okay, I'll do it'."

The picture is now in the editing stage.

## Lee Wiley, Scobey-Hayes, Montrose Signed By RCA

New York—RCA Victor has signed singer Lee Wiley, saxophonist Jack Montrose and trumpeter Bob Scobey's jazz band, including singer-banjoist Clancy Hayes.

Miss Wiley, backed by Ralph Burns' orchestra, will cut her first Victor album soon. The Scobey organization will record on the west coast next month, and Montrose will record on the coast with his quintet next fall.

## Local 802 Dissenter Club Boasts 400 Membership

New York—The Unison Social club, a forum for dissenting views of 802 members, now has a membership of 400. A by-law change recently was voted, declaring that any member of the board of directors of the club who runs for office in Local 802 of the AFM must resign from the club. The reason for the move according to the club's board of directors, is to prevent the 802 administration from charging the club with having political ambitions and also to preclude the possibility of a politician or political group taking over the club.

The Unison group, meanwhile, stirred up considerable comment among 802 members by distributing a leaflet attacking Al Manuti, 802 president, and his executive board.

Some points made by the broadside which was titled *What Are They Afraid of?* were: "Why did our Local 802 delegates to the AFM convention allow all our union funds, finances, and property, to be placed in danger of seizure by Petrillo? This is the result of the new constitution change passed at the convention last week with the approval of our delegates.

"WHY DID PRESIDENT Manuti and the other two delegates vote their consent to the worst threat to local autonomy in the history of the federation? This new 'trusteeship' law can take our local away from us merely by Petrillo signing a piece of paper. "It makes his Article 1, Section 1 pale by comparison."

The leaflet covered other protests against actions by the official 802 delegates to the AFM convention and also to several matters within 802.

Manuti, asked his reaction to the charges, told *Down Beat*:

"This is an election year, and these boys are rushing the season. It's a little early for active campaigning at this point. I'm busy with active contract negotiations and with preparing for negotiations—like with Radio City Music hall—that will soon be coming up, so I have no time to answer this sort of thing now. At the proper time, I shall be happy to lay my entire record fully and frankly on the line for the examination of the membership."

THE UNISON SOCIAL club, meanwhile, formulated a statement of aims and purposes for prospective members. Describing itself as a social and educational organization, it described its goals as:

"Increasing general membership participation in the affairs of our profession and our union; to prevent the 'taking over' of our union and its affairs by professional politicians who seek to advance their own interests or special groups instead of the interests

of the whole membership; to combat the membership apathy that leads to lack of quorums, to lack of clear expression of membership opinion, and to lack of checks on union officers; to unite all branches of the music profession; to explore all phases of the music industry, to examine the present depressed state of the music business, and to make the findings available to all 802 members; to operate within the rules and regulations of 802 and the American Federation of Musicians, and to make all decisions by democratic decision of the membership."

## Dixie Trumpeter Cunningham Killed

Chicago—James D. Cunningham Jr., 21, a promising Dixieland trumpeter, was killed July 12 when his German-made sports car plunged off an expressway.

He was driving home to Northfield, a Chicago suburb, from work at the Red Arrow night club in Berwyn when the accident occurred.

Cunningham had played with clarinetist Johnny Lane's and trombonist Sid Dawson's band at the Red Arrow for the last two years.

He played what was described as a style similar to Wild Bill Davison's and had one record date before his death. That was a Jubilee LP called *Chicago Jazz Reborn* with Dave Remington and His Chicago Jazz Band. Long-time Chicago cornetist Jack Ivett replaced Cunningham with the Dawson band.

The trumpeter is survived by the widow, Cynthia, 21, whom he married last December; his mother, Josephine, and a sister, Barbara, of Winnetka.

## Zoot Breaks In New Five-Piecer

New York—Zoot Sims, playing both tenor and alto, broke in his new band at Cafe Bohemia during July. His personnel included drummer Karl Kiffe, bassist Kenny O'Brien, pianist John Williams, and trumpeter Jerry Lloyd (known as Jerry Horowitz in the early days of modern jazz).

## Fio Rito Sues To Force Ex-Wife To Sell Ranch

Hollywood — Bandleader Ted Fio Rito has filed suit here to compel his former wife, Madelyn, to sell their 30-acre ranch near Northridge, Calif.

## Caught In The Act

### Big Bill Broonzy: The Gate of Horn, Chicago

Big Bill Broonzy is a travelin' man, but even when he settles down, his night club appearances are few. Except for his part in Studs Terkel's peripatetic *I Come for to Sing* package a few years ago, Bill most often has been seen locally in small and occasional one-night concerts.

Now, on his return from Europe, he has a lengthy engagement at the Gate of Horn—a club that was unborn when Bill last left this city and one that has done remarkably well as a nitery which purveys, of all things, folk music and broiled bratwurst.

Big Bill opened before a crammed house, a midweek rarity, of old admirers among the newly curious who had read or heard about the man and his new book, *Big Bill's Blues*. Broonzy, evidently unused to so much attention, seemed a bit nervous.

Alone on the stage, dressed as usual in an ordinary open-collar shirt with unplunging neckline, he essayed a short, formal speech, muffed it, and saved himself by going into one of his most typical blues, *Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad*. In quick order followed a varied selection of other blues and gospel songs, each introduced self-consciously and performed almost perfunctorily. It was clear that Bill was trying to do a night club act.

But happily the Gate is not an orthodox room: the devices of a night club act are held superfluous. When familiar voices from the audience began to call for requests, family-style, Bill loosened up and immersed himself warmly in the crudely poetical, tragically comical Broonzy compositions, *Just a Dream* and *Willie Mae*, and the pointed *Black, Brown, and White*. And nobody, not even Helen Traubel, can wail *Bill Bailey* like Big Bill Broonzy.

As Bill found himself, his voice concurrently found the rich spontaneous emotional expression that comes from the deep well of his own experience. It found, too, the virile shadings, the delicious musical innuendos, and the ironic restraint that characterizes the true Broonzy, one of the last of the great authentic blues singers. He is also a natural, if ingenuous, showman when he isn't trying to be a showman.

Apparently, Broonzy's deep well can only be tapped when Bill is comfortable. A return visit to the club a few nights later found him at last very comfortable indeed.

—les

### Julian (Cannonball) Adderly: Basin Street, New York

This is a short review of a short set, but it represents a cumulative impression from several months of intermittent listening to the brothers Adderly and their changing accompaniment. When Cannonball first exploded onto the scene, he blew with undeniable intensity of communicable feeling and a pulsating beat.

His conception, however, was often apt to lack cohesion and a machine-gun run of notes sometimes substituted for logical construction. His tone, too, tended to be too acrid too often.

But Cannonball, after making the road scene for some time, has found

himself. His tone is rounder, and his conception is more of a building whole, sometimes a very exciting architecture in flight. His idiom is strongly in the Bird and post-Bird mainstream of modern jazz alto with, to my ear, a touch too of curving Benny Carter, but Cannonball is also developing his own voice. And as an emphatically head-nodding George Shearing said while listening, "This man has tremendous command of his horn."

Younger brother Nat, the cornetist, has been underrated ever since he came up north with Julian. Nat, whose personality is somewhat less assertive than Cannonball's, is an equally developing jazzman. Both muted and open, he plays with individual imagination, heart, first-rate time, and with steadily maturing structural skill.

The rhythm section is the best the Adderlys have yet had. Bassist Sam Jones, who was enthusiastically acclimated here when he was with Kenny Dorham's Prophets, is a valuable addition. Philadelphian Specs Wright is a sound, steady drummer, and Junior Mance from Chicago is a hard-swinger whose language may not be especially expansive and variegated thus far but whose constant wailing keeps the rhythm section leaping and who comps with firm functional assurance.

The set under review began with Julian's relatively new piece, *Sermonette for Cornet*, featuring his brother in a singing, simmering performance. There followed an invigoratingly fused, 100-proof version of Horace Silver's capsule history of jazz, *The Preacher*. The final number, conceived by both Adderlys, was *Hoppin' John*, dedicated to theirs and George Shearing's manager, John Levy, once a superb bassist and now an urbane, skillful guiding liaison man.

This too swung from the floor. A large part of the book is composed of works by the Adderlys, written singly or in collaboration, and while neither has shown so far a pronounced gift for memorable melodic creation, their num-

bers are loosely conducive to free-flowing solos.

A final positive credit is the Churchillian, always astute announcing of Cannonball. One of the best rhetoricians on the jazz club circuit, Cannonball never forgets to identify the numbers and the players. Therefore, unlike those many jazz leaders who fail to announce their sets, Cannonball has an audience rapport going for him from in front.

This is a combo both to watch and to enjoy now.

## Freed Plans To Hit London With Show

New York—After the favorable reaction to his Radio Luxembourg rock and roll show, especially in England, Alan Freed is preparing to hit London with an all-star rock-and-roll show at Albert hall in late October or early November.

Freed's lawyer, Warren Troob, is now in London negotiating for the appearance and trying to arrange for Freed to take his rock-and-roll band with him through an artist exchange deal much like the recent Ted Heath-Stan Kenton setup.

While Freed will appear only in England this fall, he is planning an extensive European tour for his rock-and-roll troupe next summer.

## Hammond Plans To Cut Night At Basie's Bar

New York—John Hammond is about to record *A Night at Count Basie's* for Vanguard Records. The session is to take place at Basie's new uptown bar. Resident organist Marlowe Morris will be anchor man, and it's hoped that such guests as Buck Clayton, Jimmy Rushing, Jo Jones, Dicky Wells, and other Basie alumni will sit in.

## Elvis Is Awful, But I Love Him

By Don Freeman

WHEN ELVIS PRESLEY RETURNED to San Diego's Arena—drawing 5,000 customers at \$1.50 each—the police and shore patrol were on hand in full force. But it was an uneventful session compared with the last one—almost quiet save for the screaming teenagers.

But in the lobby, while Presley carried on, there was a lone girl, a teenager, sitting morosely, a frown on her pretty face.

Her thumbs were pressed tightly in her ears.

This was news!

The moment I strolled by, the girl fell to muttering, "He's ghastly," she said. "Just ghastly."

"I BEG your pardon," I said in injured tones.

"I mean Elvis," she explained. "I despise him." Then, smiling unscrutably, she added, "The doll!"

Later, I told Presley about the incident. He shrugged. He said he was getting used to odd responses of affection.

Within the last year, Presley said he had five watches and four rings ripped from him by fans. "But they was only cheap \$50 watches," said Elvis.

In the face of such mass affection, confusion often results. In Tulsa, Presley was saying, he tore through a wild-eyed crowd surrounding his hotel and bounded with relief into a car he presumed was a taxicab.

"To the auditorium, driver," Presley said, "and rush it, please. I got to sing there in 10 minutes."

A blue shirt, clearly revealing a gun, whirled around. Presley, fearing a holdup, froze. "This is a police car, bud," said the man in the blue shirt. "You want a cab, don't you?"

"The thing is, he didn't recognize me at all," Presley concluded. "But then he was an older guy—about 30."



## You Got Rhythm?

Chicago—Tony Scott, concerned at the lack of attention paid to amateur rhythm sections in the current abundance of do-it-yourself jazz LPs for hornmen, has come up with an idea. He suggests issuing a series of solo, unaccompanied horn LPs for home rhythm sections to play with.

## Here's Your Scorecard

London—Here is the latest road map for prospective Anglo-American-French exchanges:

Lionel Hampton will begin his first British concert tour Sept. 30 for some 30 days. In exchange, the English, Kenton-like Vic Lewis orchestra will come to America sometime later in the season for 30 concert dates.

Leading British tenor Tommy Whittle will play 15 dates as guest soloist with Lionel Hampton's orchestra in America, probably beginning Aug. 15. In exchange for soloist Whittle, American citizen Sidney Bechet will play Britain in September with the French band of Andre Rewelliotty. Whittle and his band will then play Paris for 15 days starting Sept. 15 in a Franco-English exchange agreement.

Duke Ellington, meanwhile, may play England starting Jan. 20 in a possible exchange for Ted Heath.

## Chess Waxes Chicago Jazz

Chicago—Chess Records has cut its first of what is promised to be a series of LPs devoted to young Chicago jazzmen. Tenormen Sandy Mosse and Ira Shulman cut a 12" set in July, playing singly with their own rhythm sections and jointly with a combined group that included Dave Mulholland, trumpet; Jimmy Gourley, guitar; Eddie Baker, piano; Leroy Jackson, bass, and Dorrell Anderson, drums.

Mosse, who recently disbanded his quartet, has joined Ralph Marterie's band for its current tour.

## Jersey City Bans Rock-And-Roll Show

Jersey City—For the second time this year, the city fathers of this community rebuked rock-and-roll music by banning an in-person show. Mayor Bernard J. Berry and City Commissioner Lawrence A. Whipple and Joshua Ringle refused to allow a rock-and-roll concert to be presented in the municipally owned Roosevelt stadium.

Despite the pleas of Ed Otto Jr., promoter of the event, and Paul White-man, who was to have been scheduled as master of ceremonies, city officials remained adamant in their decision. They cited recent rock-and-roll riots in other cities as their argument.

# Long Court Action Seen; Read Asks Penalty Stay

Hollywood—The probability of a long court action in the Local 47 "rebellion" against AFM president James C. Petrillo became more of a certainty at the conclusion of several days of hearings on rebel-leader Cecil F. Read's request that his one-year expulsion be stayed by a permanent injunction pending his own suit against the AFM. Read charges that he was expelled without a fair trial and solely because he refused to bow to the will of Petrillo.

The biggest surprise during the hearings was the contention by AFM attorney Michael Luddy that the federation would make no attempts to interfere with employment of Read on musical engagements during the period of his expulsion because such interference would be illegal under the Taft-Hartley act.

READ'S ATTORNEY, Harold Fendler, countered by pointing to the fact that the union has strict rules barring musicians from working with expelled members and that leaders and contractors would be afraid to hire Read for fear of reprisals unless the court ordered his reinstatement. Read has been one of Hollywood's highest-paid trumpeters.

At deadline Superior Court Judge Clarence Hamison was considering Read's plea.

Meanwhile another court action against Petrillo and the federation was in preparation. This one, to be filed in behalf of a number of Local 47 musicians and widows of Local 47 musicians, will challenge Petrillo's handling of re-use payments for the release to television of films scored by Local 47 musicians.

ORIGINALLY THE musicians who did the soundtracks each received a fee of \$50. Later Petrillo split the fee, diverting \$25 of it into the AFM's music performance trust fund.

For the last year or so, the entire amount has been going to the trust fund, now believed to total about \$14,000,000. When set up some years ago, the fund was supported solely by royalties on the sale of phonograph records.

The suit to be filed here will contend that recording musicians have an inherent property right in a soundtrack recorded for theatrical films and that the federation has recognized that right since 1946, when the first no-television clause was inserted in the AFM's overall agreement with film producers.

## Over The Dam

New York—There's a belated story going the rounds about a Sauter-Finegan record session some time ago. The first 1½ hours of the three-hour date were devoted to filling glasses with water so that each could be tuned to the proper pitch.

The guitarist in the band was late for the date. He also came in thirsty. And he blew the whole session.

## Lewisohn All-Jazz Event A Turnaway

New York—The first all-jazz night in the 39-year history of Lewisohn stadium July 14 drew 21,000, and several thousand more were turned away. Harry Belafonte had broken the Lewisohn attendance record with 25,000 several days before, but new fire department regulations barred what would have been a sure outdrawing of Belafonte by Louis Armstrong and Dave Brubeck.

Added excitement at the stadium was caused by the presence of CBS camera crews to film the evening's finale, Leonard Bernstein conducting the stadium symphony orchestra, in a swollen Alfredo Antonini arrangement of *St. Louis Blues* featuring Louis and his all-stars.

Edward R. Murrow and Fred Friendly, co-producers of what will eventually be a full-length film for theaters on Louis' national and international jaunts, also were present. The guest of honor was W. C. Handy.

## Boston Ork To Tour Europe—And Russia

Boston—The Boston Symphony orchestra will play 27 concerts in 13 countries—including Russia—on a five-and-a-half-week tour starting Aug. 12.

The orchestra will be the first American musical organization to perform in the U.S.S.R. since the 1917 Revolution.

Music director Charles Munch and Pierre Monteux will share the conducting. The 106 members of the orchestra, some wives, a staff of 10, and some newspaper critics will leave for Europe immediately after the close of the Berkshire festival at Tanglewood.

## Jaspar, Jones, Little In J. J.'s New Combo

New York—J. J. Johnson's new combo includes tenorist Bobby Jaspar, drummer Elvin Jones, and Washington bassist Wilbur Little. The piano chair wasn't set at presstime.

The unit made its debut in Camden, N. J., July 27-29; played Washington for a week, and has a week at Cleveland's Cotton club Aug. 13, plus 10 days in St. Louis starting Aug. 24. The group will play a Manhattan Center date here Sept. 14.

# A Tribute To Brownie

By Quincy Jones

TO ME, the name of Clifford Brown will always remain synonymous with the very essence of musical and moral maturity. This name will stand as a symbol of the ideals every young jazz musician should strive to attain.

This name also represents a musician who had intelligent understanding and awareness of social, moral, and economic problems which constantly confuse the jazz musician, sometimes to the point of hopeless rebellion.

In the summer of 1953, while I was working with the Lionel Hampton band in Wildwood, New Jersey, I begged Hamp to hire three of the musicians from Tadd Dameron's band, which was nearing the end of its Atlantic City engagement—Gigi Gryce, Benny Golson, and Clifford Brown. They were all hired and then began an association that I'll always be grateful to Lionel for.

Brownie stayed on to go to Europe with this band and became closely associated with several other young musicians who were of growing importance in the jazz world, such as Art Farmer, Anthony Ortega, Jimmy Cleveland, Alan Dawson, and George Wallington. Although this band never played in the states together, I think it was one of the best Hamp ever had.

**BY MEANS OF** an extensive recording schedule abroad, Brownie came first to the eyes and ears of the French and Swedish jazzmen and they were immediately aware that a new thoroughbred was on the jazz scene. The uniting of Clifford Brown with the trumpet must have been declared from above. For seldom does a musical vehicular prove to be so completely gratifying as the trumpet was to Clifford.

Here was the perfect amalgamation of natural creative ability, and the proper amount of technical training, enabling him to contribute precious moments of musical and emotional expression. This inventiveness placed him in a class far beyond that of most of his poll-winning contemporaries. Clifford's self-assuredness in his playing reflected the mind and soul of a blossoming young artist who would have rightfully taken his place next to Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, and other leaders in jazz.

Coming from a wonderful family in Wilmington, Del., he was quiet, yet the most humble of persons, never displaying arrogance or animosity even when the situation would have demanded it. His loving and understanding wife, Larue, and his baby son, Clifford Jr., made up a team keeping Clifford as happy as a man could possibly be, as he stated in his last letter to her.

**I IMAGINE** Clifford must have recorded about 25 albums in his short-lived career. I'm sure there will be the usual amount of memorial albums re-



Possibly the last picture ever taken of Clifford Brown and pianist Richie Powell is this one, on the closing night of their last appearance before the car accident that took their lives. Max Roach is on drums. Photo was taken at the Continental restaurant in Norfolk, Va.

leased, but this time the record companies owe it to the future of jazz to make available every possible fragment of the beautiful musical gifts Clifford gave the world with unbounded love.

In this generation where some well-respected and important pioneers condemn the young for going ahead, Brownie had a very hard job. He constantly struggled to associate jazz, it's shepherds, and it's sheep, with a cleaner element, and held no room in his heart for bitterness about the publicity-made popularity and success of some of his pseudo-jazz giant brothers, who were sometimes very misleading morally and musically. As a man and a musician, he stood for a perfect example and the rewards of self-discipline.

It is really a shame that in this day of such modern techniques of publicity, booking, promoting, and what have you, a properly-backed chimpanzee can be a success after the big treatment. Why can't just one-tenth of these efforts be placed on something that is well-respected, loved, and supported in every country in the world but it's own?

Except for a very chosen few, the American music business man and the majority of the public (the Elvis Depressley followers specifically) have made an orphan out of jazz, banishing its creators and true followers and adopting idiots that could be popular no place else in the universe. I'll go so far as to bet that the salaries of Liberace, Cheeta, and Lassie alone

could pay the yearly cost of booking every jazzman in the country.

**THIS IS WHY** it's such a shame that Clifford Brown, Charlie Parker, Fats Navarro, and others have to leave the world so unappreciated except for a small jazz circle. I hope some of us live to see a drastic change.

In June, 1950, Clifford Brown's career was threatened by an auto accident while he was with the Chris Powell band, which kept him from his horn for a whole year. Exactly six years later, by the same means of an auto accident, death took its toll of Clifford Brown, along with his pianist Richard Powell (brother of Bud Powell), and Richard's wife.

Clifford, at 25, was at the beginning of showing capabilities parallel only to those of Charlie Parker. There was nothing he would stop at to make each performance sound as if it were his last. But there will never be an ending performance for him, because his constant desire was to make every musical moment one of sincere warmth and beauty; this lives on forever. This would be a better world today if we had more people who believed in what Clifford Brown stood for as a man and a musician. Jazz will always be grateful for his few precious moments; I know I will.

By Horace Silver

Brownie without a doubt was the greatest jazz trumpeter to hit the scene in the last five years. He should be rated with Diz, Miles, and Fats. He had a big, beautiful sound as well as  
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# The Frank Sinatra I Know

by  
Sammy Davis Jr.



I FIRST MET FRANK in the early '40s, about three months before he left Tommy Dorsey to go out as a single. The band was playing Detroit, and a unit called Tip, Tap, and Toe was to open with them, but the unit was hung up in Canada. So they put us in for three days on the same bill as the band.

My first impressions of him were that he was a very nice warm guy, but I was close to Buddy Rich then because I wanted to learn drums. One thing I do remember is that Frank had the lapels taken off one of his jackets because he couldn't afford a cardigan.

We next met in 1945. I'd just gotten out of the army. He was doing the *Old Gold* and *The Hit Parade* shows from Hollywood at the time. I stood for tickets in the servicemen's line with my uniform on. I went backstage. He came out the stage door, and they rushed him to a car, and I yelled, "Hi, Frank."

I WENT TWO WEEKS in a row, and one day I caught him going into a rehearsal and asked him to sign my book. "You've been here a couple of weeks," he said. Seeing my discharge emblem, he asked why I wore the uniform in line, and I told him it was because I couldn't get tickets otherwise. Frank turned to one of his men and said, "See that there are tickets there for Sam from now on."

My dad, uncle, and I were laying off around this time so I used to go to both of his shows every week. I came to be known as the kid who hung around Frank. Frank was an inquisitive guy if he liked you, and he'd do little considerate things like once at the beginning of a rehearsal asking me if I wanted some coffee. I said, "Yuh," shaking a little and with my palms sweating.

"You're in show business?" he asked. "Yeah."  
"You work with your uncle and father?" And he asked about our act and what we were doing.

I didn't see him for a year and when we met, he said he was going into the Capitol theater. I told him it would be great for us to get that kind of date. He said "Yuh." Without our knowing it, he went on to pitch us to Sid Piermont, head of Loew's booking agency.

Sidney didn't know who we were, and by this time, we'd left town. All he knew was that I was a kid named Sam with a father and an uncle. He finally found us through AGVA.

WE WERE A \$300-a-week act then. "We can save on the budget," Sid told Frank.

"No," said Sinatra. "give them \$1,000."

"But we can get the Nicholas Brothers for that."

"No," said Frank. "I want the kid." That was our first major break. At that time I was doing just a six-minute hoofing act. Frank had a Thanksgiving party at the Capitol where I got up and sang. He told me I had a good voice and should sing. "You sound too much like me, but you should sing," is what he said.

After that, we became very close. I used to go to his home in California, and he'd ask how my career was going. I'd see him about once in every six months. This was in the late '40s and early '50s. I was getting a hold in the business. Every time I saw him it was a real breath of spring. No matter which of his own troubles and problems he was involved with then, he always had time to talk to me about my career. He'd advise me what to do and whom to watch out for.

Frank next saw our act in 1952, the act with the impressions, etc., in it, and he flipped. "This is it," he said. "Now why don't you make records?"

"I have no style of my own," I said. "Find one."

"Well, they tell me I sound too much like you."

"Well," said Frank, "that's not the worst thing in the world. You could sound like Dick Todd. But sing more of yourself and go for yourself. One day you'll get your future together."

OUR FRIENDSHIP has progressed beautifully since then as we've become more and more close. After my accident, for example, he had me at his home in Palm Springs recuperating for two weeks. Our friendship now is at the point where we expect nothing of each other except the friendship itself. He's likely to call up in the middle of the night, as he did once, and claim to be the house detective.

Frank is also the man for whom I'm starting my film career. My first picture will be *The Jazz Train* for his own company. It'll start in the spring. The show has been a very popular one in England. Frank will play an army captain, and I'll be his buddy. Don Maguire, who directed Frank's *Johnny Concho*, will direct *The Jazz Train*, too.

Another film project Frank has asked me to do with him is *The Harold Arlen Story*, to be produced by Sol Siegel for MGM. The title probably will be changed to one of Arlen's hits. I'll be the guy, a college friend of Arlen, who first takes him to the Cotton club in Harlem and introduces him to the blues and blues-influenced music. My role then calls for me to go to work at the Cotton club as a sort of composite of Cab Calloway and Bill Robinson, and Arlen will be depicted as writing material for me.

About *The Jazz Train*, Sinatra got me a lot of loot for the film, plus 25 percent of the picture. He personally made the deal for me, and that's just another indication of his generosity.

ANOTHER SIGN OF the kind of guy Frank is that he didn't send a wire on our Broadway opening night of *Mr. Wonderful*. Instead he had sent a wire from Spain on the night we had the run-through. And two days after the opening, he called me.

"How did it go?" he asked. "I didn't send an opening-night wire. I knew it was going to be great." Frank was disturbed at the way the critics had reacted, but he was glad I was going

to stick with it. "If the people like it, you're in business," he said.

Frank is the type of man every guy from a truck driver to a Hollywood producer would be proud to call "my friend" And it's not because of his position. It would be the same thing if he were a cabbie. The man stands for everything that is good in a human being and like a human being, he makes mistakes. But he never really hurt anyone else, only himself. Sure, he's made a lot of mistakes. But there's only been one perfect being. Frank oughtn't to be condemned for having made mistakes.

I'm very proud to be considered a friend of this man. He has ways of doing things that are unbelievable. Like when *Confidential* came out with its story on me. Disneyland opened about the same time. I went to the Disneyland opening with Frank and his three kids. Millions of people saw it on television. That was his way of refuting *Confidential* without ever mentioning it.

**SINATRA THE SINGER:** His is the essence of vocal style. This man has an innate quality of knowing what is good musically. I guess you can sum that up best by saying that he has musical integrity. If you remember, even in the Columbia days, Frank has always surrounded himself with guys whose musical taste were great. Like Axel Stordahl. Even when he did a bad song, there was a particularly good quality in the presentation.

Frank is now in an enviable position—he can record whatever he wants, and he makes a lot of records. As for being influenced by him, as one guy said, "It's good sense to sound like Sinatra because he sounds better than any other singer."

Another thing about Frank is that you can listen to him all night, and he never tires your ears. That's why he's so successful an album seller.

I have a complete collection of Sinatra. On the coast when we get together, I take a Dorsey record from the '40s and contrast it with one of his current releases. Even then you can see the beginning of what he has now.

**HE'S PAINSTAKING** about his recordings. Nelson Riddle doesn't write a note that Frank doesn't eventually change one way or another. He'll do 20 takes if he feels it isn't the way he wants it. He'll stay all day to get one ready. There was a session for *Wee Small Hours*. It was 3 a.m., and he was still going over certain things, listening to the playback, and shaking his head, saying, "No."

He was there until dawn until he got what he wanted. He hears the smallest detail. It's not that he doesn't trust Riddle, but there are certain things he wants done his way. It was Frank, incidentally, who selected Nelson for his dates. Riddle had always been sort of a free-lance artist. Nelson started doing things for Nat Cole, and Frank heard them. That's the way I think it happened.

Frank very rarely discusses his own singing, but he's ready, willing, and able to tell you about other singers.

As for whether Frank is a jazz singer, he certainly has a feeling for jazz. Remember the swinging thing he did for Dorsey, *Oh, Look at Me Now* and all the others since? Look, if I were to be around Laurence Olivier and John Gielgud for 30 years, some

## Clifford Brown

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wonderful technique, and he sure could run through those changes. It was exciting to hear him play.

I'm glad I had a chance to work with him. It's a shame he didn't win more polls and gain more recognition while he was alive. I can't think of anyone who was more deserving as a musician and as a person. Tribute should be given to the ones so deserving while they are still here to appreciate the fruits of their labors.

By John (Dizzy) Gillespie

Jazz was dealt a lethal blow by the death of Clifford Brown. A blow that it will take a long time to recover from. There can be no replacement for his artistry, and I can only hope that jazz will produce in the future some compensation for this great loss to our cause.

## Harry Link, 60, Composer, Dies

New York—Harry Link, 60, composer of *I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling*, *These Foolish Things Remind Me of You*, *The Miracle of the Bells*, and *Tell Me While We're Dancing*, among others, died on July 5.

Educated at the Wharton School and the University of Pennsylvania, Link spent most of his life in the music business. He became a member of ASCAP in 1930, and during his career was general professional manager of the Wattison, Berlin & Snyder Music Co. and was with such publishing companies as Irving Berlin, Leo Feist, the Santly Brothers, and E. B. Marks.

He is survived by the widow, Dorothy, and a daughter, Mrs. Peter Gordon Brown.

Shakespearean knowledge would have to rub off on me if I were a good student and listener. Now Frank was with James and Dorsey in the years when they had bands that had jazz soloists and a jazz feel, and it would be impossible for a lot of that not to have rubbed off.

**BUDDY RICH**, for example, was an influence. Of course, he was also a target once, too. Frank didn't like the way Buddy would beat the drums sometimes when he was singing. Once in Detroit Frank was singing *This Love of Mine*, and Buddy was talking in the back of the bandstand. "Sh-sh-sh," went Frank.

"What did he go 'sh' about?" asked Rich.

Dorsey said at this point, "Keep it quiet, Buddy."

So Rich paradiddled instead. Frank went into the wings and from there on to the back of the stand, and he knocked Buddy off the drums. But they're very good friends now, and it was Frank who financed Buddy's first band.

So to sum up Frank as a singer, I would say Frank has the musical integrity to do what he feels like doing, and he does it all so very well that he's the musical end.

## DOLA Arranges Chicago Convention

Chicago—The Dance Orchestra Leaders of America will hold its second annual convention in the LaSalle hotel in Chicago Sept. 24 in connection with the annual meeting of the National Ballroom Operators association.

Bandleader Les Brown, DOLA president, said he hopes definite plans for DOLA can be made at the coming convention. So far DOLA, which held its first meeting last year at the NBOA convention, has had difficulty in getting its program under way mostly because it has been unable to get the group together for meetings.

Several separate meetings have been held in the last year, but only a small number of bandleaders were able to attend.

Plans for the convention call for an afternoon session and a dinner with the ballroom operators in the evening. It is possible the operators and bandleaders may hold a joint meeting.

## NBOA Schedules U. S. Dance Contest

Des Moines, Iowa—Plans for holding a national dance contest have been announced by the National Ballroom Operators association with the finals to take place at Chicago's Aragon ballroom on Sept. 25 during the annual NBOA convention in Chicago.

Otto Weber, NBOA managing secretary, announced that first prize for the grand champions will be \$1,000 in cash and a free trip to Hollywood.

The finals will include four dance categories—waltz, fox trot, polka, and a latin dance. Individual winners will be named, and the grand champion will be picked on the basis of scoring in three of the four dances.

Member ballrooms of the NBOA will hold local and regional contests to select contestants for the finals.

## Disc Firms To Give 10 Apollo Awards

New York—The music-recording industry announced the award of Apollo statuettes to 10 singers, instrumentalists, and bandleaders. Presentations will be made during the Diamond Jubilee of the Record Industry, a trade show and exposition to be held in New York's Coliseum 10 days starting Sept. 7.

Winners of the first Apollo awards are Kate Smith, Bing Crosby, Benny Goodman, Ella Fitzgerald, Perry Como, Frank Sinatra, Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, the late Al Jolson, and the late Glenn Miller.

Richard Himber, orchestra leader, is co-ordinator of jubilee events, and it is being sponsored by the American Society of Disc Jockeys, the National Association of Radio and TV Broadcasters, and the Music Operators of New York, Inc.



# Johnny Green . . .

## . . . Tells Duties, Functions, And Details Of Motion Picture Musical Director

By Johnny Green

"WHAT'S A MUSICAL director—exactly?" This question is frequently asked. For those of us who practice the art of musical direction it is hard to understand that, at this late date, there are still those who don't know, but since there are, we'll try to clarify.

First, we must differentiate between the *administrative* musical director and the (if you will) *artistic* musical director. For example, as *general* musical directors of our respective motion picture studios, Alfred Newman, Ray Heindorf, and I are administrators.

We guide and supervise generally the work of our colleagues on specific projects and are responsible to the companies for which we work for the general conduct of musical affairs within our studios.

On *High Society*, as so frequently happens in the cases of my colleagues in other studios, quite apart from my duties as general musical director of MGM, I was the *artistic* musical director (in collaboration with Saul Chaplin) of this film.

Why in collaboration? For a variety of reasons, but let us say that it is for the same reason that any two or more persons collaborate on a single project—because they are effective, happy and comfortable working together and because certain exigencies of the situation make it necessary or practical. In my case, the pressure of my administrative duties would make it very difficult for me to go it alone on a picture of the size and musical complication of *High Society* without an expert partner. Such is Saul Chaplin, in spades! We were a team on both *Summer Stock* and on *An American in Paris* (for which we were most happy to get the Academy Award).

AT THE INCEPTION of *High Society* there was the necessity of conferring with the producer, Sol Siegel, the author of the script, John Patrick, and the composer-lyricist, Cole Porter, regarding the whole problem of the songs, what kind of score it would be in style, how many songs, what each of the songs should say both lyrically and musically, where the songs would go in the scenes, which of the principals would sing which song, how many duets there would be. Would Crosby and Sinatra sing together? Would either or both of them work in musical numbers with Louis Armstrong? Would the Grace Kelly character have to sing and, if so, would Grace do her own singing? And so on and so on.

These questions and many more faced the staff at the outset, and the musical director takes a vital part in the discussions concerning them.

Now Cole Porter goes to work and starts writing. During the writing, questions arise within his mind as to the ranges of the singers who will perform his songs. He desires fresh ears on which to try out his ideas.

Now Charles Walters, who will direct and stage the picture, has been added to the staff, and he joins the producer and musical director(s) as they listen to the slowly but surely blossoming score flowing from Porter's pen. The manuscripts start to come in from Porter, and there arises the need for practical, simple piano parts, faithful to Porter's intent. These are prepared under the musical director's supervision.

NOW, JUST AS IN the case of a New York show, we go into rehearsal. There are conferences as to the "setting" of the numbers. *How* will they be done? Long sessions around the piano ensue. Presently, Crosby and Sinatra are on the payroll and are available.

Under the supervision of the musical director, rehearsal pianists go to work teaching the principals the tunes. They must learn the basic tunes and lyrics first in order to be able to work with them in terms of the special treatment and arrangement they will ultimately get for the picture.

Now we're in the rehearsal hall. We're actually nutting the numbers "on their feet." The stage business is figured out, the vocal tricks are devised, the tempi (sometimes called tempos) are set and questions of orchestral color come up and are discussed.

The musical director has decided on who the orchestrator(s) shall be and engages him (them). In our case we picked two of the leading artists in this field today, Conrad Salinger and Nelson Riddle.

Now, Saul Chaplin and I get the ideas we've worked out with Bing and Frank and Grace down on paper in sketch form, and in come Salinger and Riddle. They watch the numbers being worked in the rehearsal hall, they go over our sketches carefully with us at the piano and they take down the pattern of the orchestration. Their notes indicate for them what the orchestral color will be, what pieces of stage business are to be caught in the sounds of the orchestra and so on. The orchestrators then retire to their own desks and soon they start to turn in pages of completed orchestral score.

At this point, the musical director becomes an editor and carefully goes over the orchestral score pages with the orchestrator to make sure that what's on paper corresponds with the rehearsal hall intent. Rude awakenings on the recording stage, with a large orchestra sitting there at very fancy dough, are meticulously to be avoided.

IN THE CASE OF Green and Chaplin, I am the "man with the stick" (Saul is not an orchestra conductor). Come the recordings, you will find me on the podium in front of the orchestra and Chaplin either behind the glass in the control room, doing the all-important job of supervising the sound mixer to make sure that what we want



gets on the track, or running among me, the soloists, and the mixer with suggestions, corrections, and important comment.

In a movie the numbers are recorded before photography and are called either prerecordings or playbacks. After recording the tracks under ideal recording conditions, the numbers are photographed under ideal photographic conditions and the performers mime or mouth to the sound of the playback as it reaches their ears while they deliver their performance before the cameras.

The musical director is in charge on the recording stage, exactly as he is in a musical show or in the opera, subject, of course, to the approval of producer and director and, may I say, to the not-always-predictable moods, feelings, and emotions of the artists. With Crosby and Sinatra, of course, we were working with two terrific pros who know what they want, how they want it, and how to get it. This makes everything easier for everybody. Louis Armstrong is also a most co-operative and understanding cat, and the best-natured guy in the world.

Grace Kelly was a revelation. She is such a trouper and a recording with her turned out to be a large pleasure!

ON THE SHOOTING stage, the musical director and/or his representative works closely with the picture director in the shooting of the numbers to make sure that the synchronization of the mounting and action is as perfect as possible and also to be sure, where musical values are involved, that the visual impact is as effective as the sound on the track.

When the picture is first put together in a so-called rough cut, the musical director takes it over and starts to plan where the dramatic or background music will go, how it will tie into the prerecorded numbers and to solve innumerable other technical problems that are part and parcel of the highly involved technique of music-on-film. Once these notions are all correlated, they are presented to the producer for his approval.

Now starts the most complicated process of all. The scenes involving music must be meticulously timed and timing sheets giving every item of dialog and action prepared. These are

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# Mann

## Herbie Blows One Flute In The Grave Manner Of A Man Who Knows His Way

By Barbara Hodgkins

"MAYBE I'M coming on too strong, but I'd like to become as synonymous with the flute as Benny Goodman is with the clarinet."

That's Herbie Mann's hope for his future place in jazz, and he's typical of the current crop of young musicians, neither crusaders nor goofs, who want to live normal lives, study, write, and play.

Sure of what they can accomplish, they have no grandiose schemes or dreams; they can laugh at themselves even when they talk about what's most important to them. For Herb, it's the flute.

"Some guys may be playing it as a novelty," he says, "but I really think it can be a jazz instrument. Its qualities match me. It can be very funny; it can be very sad. I have no halfways."

"WHEN I STARTED playing, there was nobody to listen to. At first I played it like a sax, then went through stages—playing like Miles, for instance. Basically it's the same kind of instrument. Now I think I'm playing flute jazz."

Bethlehem Records agrees. It's released his jazz flute as part of a 10" LP, which was re-released in 12" form, plus a Herbie Mann quartet LP and a two-flute LP with Sam Most. In the last year, Herb's also recorded with everyone from Don Elliott to Ethel Smith, including his old boss, Mat Mathews.

Until Mat came along, Herb was a tenorman. He started playing in high school in Brooklyn, where he was born in 1930. Herb says if you asked the principal about him, the answer will be, "I remember him—he's the one who used to go to the Paramount." As explained by Herb: "I'd walk to school with my friends, walk right by, get on the train, and go to the Paramount."

"MY WHOLE HIGH school career was very frustrating. There was a clique of musicians who put me down, wouldn't let me play because they'd started listening earlier than I did. They were already listening to Diz and Pres and I was listening to Hawk. Then I went through the rhythm and blues stage when my favorite was Jacquet."

"That's the whole story of jazz musicians—they go through so many phases. Look at all the alto players hung up on Charlie Parker. Zoot, Stan, and Al all sounded like Lester; it took them a while to find themselves. Only when they play themselves is it really jazz."

Herb says he really found himself in the army. He enlisted in a band, he says, right after high school and took no basic training. "I was stationed at Governor's island, went to work at the same time as my father and came home two hours earlier."

Then for three years he played jazz tenor in Trieste, where he had a band and a radio show and also became a comedy star.

"THEY HADN'T HAD any replacements," he says in accounting for his



Herbie Mann

prominence, "and I came over playing a new kind of bop. I met a lot of wonderful Italian and Yugoslav musicians there who couldn't even pronounce the word but who were playing it. I asked one Yugoslav pianist about bop and he said: 'Bebop? I not play bebop.' And then he sat down and wailed."

When he was discharged in July, 1952, Herb was "more or less adopted" by union delegate Boris Gilman, who got him a Saturday night gig with a bandleader in Brooklyn. The band's drummer recommended Herb as a jazz flutist to Mat, who was working next door.

"I'd never played jazz flute in my life!" says Herb.

Although he feels he was "just walking" with Mat, Herb brought a fresh voice to jazz, a lightly swinging touch to up-tempo tunes, a soft, sweet, wistful one to ballads. "Tenderness" is a word often used to describe the effect of his playing. On alto flute, which he blows more often these days, Herb achieves more of the sensuous quality of which he says the flute is capable.

"EVENTUALLY," he admits, "I have to play jazz tenor. I don't think I could do it forever, but I have to get it out of my system. Maybe I'll go with a band and disappear for a while."

"The best move I ever made was to go out with Pete Rugolo. More people got to know me. I did records with Pete, got more recording dates, and signed with Bethlehem."

Since the beginning of 1955, Herb has had his own group. At first it included drummer Lee Rocky, guitarist Benny Weeks, and bassist Keith Hodgson. They didn't work at all.

Then with guitarist Joe Puma, drummer Harold Granowsky, and bassist Chuck Andrus, Herb worked Monday nights at New York's Birdland, in Baltimore; Buffalo, N. Y., and Cleveland. He did a single with local rhythm sections, went on a concert tour with the MJQ, Chris Connor, and Don Shirley.

But it's record dates that have kept him going financially and have made

## Birks' Quirk

New York—A press conference was held recently in the Overseas Press club mainly to publicize the then forthcoming Connecticut Jazz festival benefit for the Connecticut Symphony orchestra. Part of the ceremony was a presentation by Leo Cherne, chairman of the International Rescue Committee, of a written tribute to Dizzy Gillespie for his recent ambassadorial success.

The cameras began to roll, NBC sound was on, Cherne started to read his speech. He had only said a few words when Dizzy put up his hand, stopped the cameras, borrowed a pencil, and quickly penciled an insertion into Cherne's speech.

After the conference was over, a reporter found the amended address. Originally, Cherne was to have read: "We are pleased to present to you, Dizzy Gillespie . . ." As changed by Gillespie, Cherne finally read: "We are pleased to present to you, John (Dizzy) Gillespie . . ."

## Local 47 Reduces Size Of 'Overture'

Hollywood—Local 47's new, anti-Petrillo administration, facing a depleted treasury which might necessitate an increase in the local's dues and assessments, is making an economy move by scrapping the costly, slick magazine format of the union's monthly publication, *Overture*.

Vice President Max Herman, in charge of the operation, said that by turning *Overture* into a tabloid, printing bills can be cut by as much as \$45,000 a year.

## R.L. Carleton, Composer Of 'Ja Da,' Dies At 59

Hollywood—Robert L. (Bob) Carleton, writer of the music for the perennial 1918 song hit, *Ja Da*, died July 12 in a Burbank hospital after a long illness. Carleton, 59, is survived by the widow and two daughters.

Until his health failed, Carleton, a member of Local 47, worked as a solo pianist in local night clubs.

his name well known. It's about time, now Herb says, to concentrate on his own carefully planned LPs.

ALTHOUGH HIS Bethlehem contract is for seven albums in three years, Herb says, "If I don't think I have anything to say, that each time is an improvement, I won't record."

Herb and Puma form the basis of the current Mann quartet. Drummer and bassist vary.

"Joe is wonderful," Herb says. "He's not even a guitar player any more—he plays as if he's playing harp. We've got something between us, the feeling we should have among four musicians."

"It's the most beautiful thing in the world when you're really playing—not everybody's a genius like Charlie Parker! Right there that second you hear the soul of the person—it's worth everything you went through."

# Mandel

## Johnny Has Moved Into The Film Field, But He's Still Basically A Jazz Writer

By John Tynan

SLIGHT, CREWCUT Johnny Mandel, at 30, is one of the busiest, most valued orchestrators in Hollywood. He has worked on everything from movie scores for *You're Never Too Young* to Mae West's night club act. And he has contributed some of Count Basie's most jumping numbers.

When and where did all this creativeness begin?

"If you mean the *very* beginning," he grinned, "I guess when I was 2 years old. I started on piano then and at 3 gave my first recital at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York. Well, when I got to be 10, I tired of piano, and they tried to hang a violin on me. But that didn't last, because at 11 I was blowing trumpet."

The next 10 years, about half of which were spent at the New York Military Academy, saw Johnny begin arranging at 13, take up saxophone at 14, concentrate on trombone at 19 and, at 21, extend his talents to the bass trumpet. By this time he had been a professional musician for more than four years.

"MY FIRST JOB was at a summer camp in upstate New York when I was 16," he recalled. "Next year I went straight from the military academy into Joe Venuti's band, featured on trumpet."

"This was in '43, and during the next four years I made the big band scene, mainly on trumpet and trombone. I was with Boyd Raeburn's first band that he brought to New York from the coast, and others like Jimmy Dorsey, Georgie Auld, Buddy Rich, Alvino Rey . . ."

About this time, 1947, Mandel decided he'd had enough of being a sideman for a while and enrolled for a year at Manhattan School of Music to concentrate on composition and arranging.

"Remember when Chubby Jackson left Woody and formed his own band?" he inquired. "That was a balling outfit. I was with it till it folded. Pity it didn't last."

"IT WAS THEN I made up my mind to work at arranging full time. I loved to play, but band work was too uncertain. When Artie Shaw came back on the scene in 1949, I wrote his new book. Then I landed a job as staff arranger with WMGM in New York. This led to more work in broadcasting until I found myself working steadily with Max Liebman's *Show of Shows*. That lasted two years."

The conflict between the urge to play and the urge to write has been a dominant factor in Mandel's life. Playing on stand as a sideman, he always felt, he said, that he should be arranging, and sitting at the piano with manuscript and pen, he would long to be up there blowing.

"It was the old seesaw again in

1952," he remarked. "I couldn't resist the urge to play and joined the Elliot Lawrence band. This was a good band to play with, and I was happy to be with it."

"But one day when I was in my hotel room, the phone rang. It was Basie. He told me that Jimmy Wilkins was leaving and said he'd like me to come in and fill the trombone chair. Well, I'd done some scores for Basie when he formed the band that year, and, believe me, hearing those guys play 'em was too much. Naturally, I jumped at Basie's offer."

JOHNNY PLAYED WITH Basie more than six months. This meant road tours, one-niters, all the usual grind of a traveling band which, for him, made writing almost impossible.

"I was never able to write on the road, anyway," he said. "Once Basie even threatened to fire me if I didn't write something. But you know how it is—too much of a scramble, time for very little except playing the next date."

In August, 1953, Basie arrived on the west coast. There was a three-night booking at Los Angeles' Five-Four ballroom during which Johnny decided to investigate a lead he had at Warner Brothers studio for an orchestrating job.

The deal never jelled, however, but he fell in love with California and quit Basie anyway.

"The greatest decision of my life was having to leave Basie," Mandel said. "But it was the old bugaboo again: to write or not to write."

HE FREE-LANCED immediately, writing club acts, record dates for vocalists, arrangements for the Dave Pell octet among other groups, and run-of-the-mill scoring that the Hollywood arranger with a jazz background falls heir to.

Vic Damone was the first singer he worked with. Johnny wrote—and still does—the arranging for all Vic's night club acts and many of his record dates.

This was followed by similar jobs for Ann Sothern, Dick Haymes, Dinah Shore, Peggy Lee, Peter Lawford, and Mae West, to name a few. He also wrote several television production numbers for Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis and other performers.

In commenting on jazz arranging today, he said, "For a while everybody was trying to write as many notes as possible. This was due mainly to the bebop influence of the '40s when a great many jazz 'tunes' were really written-out solos—mostly Bird's. In jazz arranging I believe you should have a positive, clearly defined melody to work with. It's even good to have the lyrics, if any, in mind. It helps you orient yourself, I feel."

"FOR ME BASIE is the best medium for my work. He's the most negotiable,



Johnny Mandel

if you know what I mean, between musician and listener—or dancer.

"But even if I'm not writing for Basie, I try to achieve the same feeling of relaxed swing with smaller groups, like in the Cy Touff album we recorded a couple of months ago for Pacific Jazz."

And what about the old conflict between horn and pen?

"Oh, I miss the instrument sometimes," Johnny said smiling, "when I hear someone play who's really good. But I miss it most of all when Basie comes to town."

## Five Jazz LPs Set By Bally Records

Chicago—Bally Records enters the LP field in August with five albums of European jazz, one each from England, France, Sweden, Switzerland, and Belgium.

All except the Belgian set, which is in the Dixieland idiom, purport to represent modern jazz in their respective countries.

Johnny Keating, familiar here for his Ted Heath arrangements, conducted and arranged the English set, Gosta Theselius headed the Swedish sessions, Claude Bolling the French, and David Bee the Belgian. The Swiss set was recorded by the Hazy Osterwald sextet.

## Okeh Label To Come Rolling Out Again

New York—Okeh, Columbia's dormant rhythm and blues label, will be reactivated under the aegis of Marv Holtzman, Epic artist and repertoire director. Arnold Maxin, artist and repertoire executive for Epic, will be responsible for the rehabilitation program. He already has started getting up an artist roster for Okeh and has begun collecting material.

As part of a plan to extend Epic's activities to cover the entire record market, Holtzman soon will begin an extensive jazz program. The Columbia subsidiary label entered the show field with its recently released *The Littlest Revue*.

Presiding at the festival's only after-hours session, Saturday all night in a jammed hotel room, was Tony Scott. In between the blowing by Scott, Chico Hamilton, Buddy Collette, Jim Hall, Clark Terry and others, Scott conducted a parody history-of-jazz seminar with the audience joining in with revivalist-meeting fervor. Here musicologist Scott confirms his finding that jazz began in Alaska while Michigan disc jockey Ollie McLoughlin and Chico Hamilton (with clarinet) break up.



## Newport Jazz In Pictures

All Photos By Bob Parent



Climax of the three-day festival was a dramatic, emotion-releasing performance by the Duke Ellington orchestra on the last set of the last night. Tenor Paul Gonsalves detonated the explosion by leaping into and sustaining a rocking groove between *Diminuendo* and *Crescendo in Blue*.

For three nights, the festival audience had been intent, frequently enthusiastic and seldom bored. But when Duke and his men roared across the Sunday night horizon, the audience suddenly fused into a heatedly unified, pulsating congregation. Sporadic dancing broke out all over Freebody park and continued to spread in wide varieties of happily improvised choreography. Most of those who weren't dancing, stood on chairs, cheering or wide-mouthed in silent, graphic pleasure. Duke's men, catching the fever in turn from the audience, increased the emotional pitch of their playing as the set spiraled into full-scaled, rocking rapport between a participating audience and a blowing band. Duke, dominating the scene and the festival, appeared to grow in size as he dug into the piano, playing with a smile that grew wider and wider. The set lasted until 1 a.m. and left everyone satisfyingly spent.

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Through a dynamics-conscious set, Chico Hamilton and Buddy Collette plus Jim Hall, Fred Katz and Carson Smith magnetized the Sunday crowd.



The night the rains stayed, Bud Freeman, Peanuts Hucko, Wild Bill Davison and Lou McGarity brought coals. Eddie Condon reflected on the elements.



Japanese pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi, idiomatically attired, contrasted her shy off-piano charm with a blistering "bruce," as she called it.



Sarah Vaughan, unintimidated by the opening night deluge, soared through a long, silvery set that kept the audience's ears resilient and dry.

Making one of their last appearances as co-leaders, J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding exhibited their tromboniums-in-tandem as Columbia recorded.



Swinging, building high mark of the second night was Ella Fitzgerald, whose exuberance and taste made for a flowing, festive vocal bonfire.

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## Feather's Nest

By Leonard Feather

POLL RESULTS RARELY affect my blood pressure; I have learned to live with them and even to take a certain pleasure in seeing more and more of my own preferences acknowledged year by year.

I must, however, confess that a slight melancholy overwhelmed me when, on learning the results of this year's critics' poll, I found that two artists I had taken special pleasure in voting for were not elected by the jury of my peers. They were Helen Merrill, singer, and Bernard Peiffer, pianist.

I am less concerned with passing judgment on the results than in drawing attention to Miss Merrill and Monsieur Peiffer and in particular to Helen's very timely opinions, for she feels that the term "jazz singer" has been badly abused.

"I THINK YOU should expect the same thing from a jazz singer that you do from a jazz musician," she says, "with the exception, of course, of the fact that you have to deal with lyrics. Sometimes this makes it easier, sometimes more difficult.

"The minute you start thinking about being a jazz singer, you're not one. It should be something that's a natural part of you. . . . I don't think the ability to improvise, in itself, necessarily makes you a jazz singer. And it isn't a question of whether you're singing rhythm songs or ballads. You can have a jazz singer who sings strictly ballads and a non-jazz singer who prefers rhythm songs.

"Billie Holiday illustrates the point: she is much more famous for her ballads than for her up-tempo things, except for a couple of numbers such as *Them There Eyes*. And to my mind Billie was the greatest jazz singer of all time.

"YOU DON'T improvise," Helen points out, "simply because you want to improvise. You have to have a natural harmonic sense, and it has to make emotional, lyrical, and every other kind of sense. This is not something you think about and plan in advance. It's just something that comes to you through your natural instinct and environment.

"I think maturity has a great hand in shaping the final product. There's a period of time when you're spreading your wings, when you may do a lot of things that are experimental and that may turn out to be wrong.

"I think only time will tell us who is the great jazz singer of our day. So far, the only real contender that I can see is Carmen McRae—and probably Joe Williams." (Modesty prevents her from adding the name I'd like to insert here.)

"It really upsets me when people flip over one record, one showing of a new singer. In jazz, which is the hardest of all arts in which to establish oneself, it takes about 10 years to really determine whether or not a person is an important talent. I'm sure that Ella and Sarah didn't start out being patted on the back by everyone; I'm sure they had an awfully rough time of it in the beginning."

ALL OF WHICH demonstrates that Miss Merrill is a great deal more ma-

## Chords, Discords

(Jumped from Page 4)

young girls who want to have an intellectual love affair, and all badly sexed adolescents.

I would fear more for the modern jazz-loving juveniles of America if I had not already taken a look at youthful French Existentialists.

Question: Which is worse, murky stories from a naughty French mind, or murky noises from a naughty American mouth?

Margo Paige

Illumination

Hartford, Conn.

To the Editor:

I found Johnny Mehegan's piece, *The New Pianism in Down Beat* June 27 illuminating, principally perhaps because it answered clearly a question which has been troubling me of late: Why do so many of today's younger pianists sound alike?

As one who has loved jazz piano—my goodness, it must be well beyond 30 years now—I used to derive an egotistical pride from the ability to distinguish one pianist from another within no more than three turns of a 78 rpm.

Only the tinnest ear could fail to recognize the distinctly personal music of Hines, Jelly Roll, Sullivan, Tatum, Willie (The Lion), Basie, Hodes, Stacy, Mary Lou, Zurke, and even such boogie thumpers as Lewis, Johnson, Ammons, and Yancey. (Walker and James P. Johnson, because of their student-teacher kinship might cause uncertainty for a moment, but not much longer than a moment.)

In recent years, listening to the younger performers, I have been distressed by my inability to tell them apart. I had thought that senility was robbing me of a discerning ear. I enjoy much of what I hear, but I have no feeling of participation. Put it this way: What I hear I may like, but it sounds all alike.

The only younger pianists I can identify with any degree of certainty are Peterson, Tristano, Garner, Shearing, Brubeck, and perhaps (though I don't know why) Horace Silver. I might add, though not with certainty, John Lewis.

Jazz, it has always seemed to me, should be an expression of the individual. I am praying that one or two of the younger pianists will heed Johnny Mehegan's counsel, take wing, and

ture, mentally as well as vocally, than many of her contemporaries. I suspect that her views and her sounds will retain their authority long after the juvenile cries of the lesser voices have been relegated to limbo.

As for Peiffer, I can only echo Barry Ulanov's recent sentiments and urge you to stampede the stores for his *Wing LP*, which should be out about now. The man is not only a superlatively mature musician but has something of his own to say, one of the very few original piano stylists of recent years.

Until now his career in America has been a chaos of mismanagement, no-management, and sheer bad luck—a chaos out of which soon will arise, I trust, a dependable and rewarding order.

soar out of a nest in which one bird's chirping is quite indistinguishable from another's.

George Malcolm-Smith

Back To Lennie . . .

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I have just read your July 11 issue. After reading the letter to the editor by Warne Marsh, I, too, feel obligated to write you. The article by Lennie Tristano came out in your magazine over two months ago. The most important point, the point of whether or not multitaping is phony hasn't been answered yet by any of the letters, although John Mehegan's letter did have that implied in it.

This was a very literate, intelligent analysis of the actual records. If John is incorrect, he at least backed up his views with facts and figures. Now along comes Marsh, and he doesn't refute these arguments. He merely says that John is emotionally involved and can't judge and ipso facto wrong. No arguments, no facts, just a statement.

Well, I don't regard Tristano's music as a personal challenge, since I am more of a record buyer than a pianist, yet I consider not only multitaping a phony but Tristano, too. Lennie stated that Willie Kapell played Mozart 16 times faster than normal. As to his own abilities, he said, "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 (italics his) play it at that tempo live."

In other words, Tristano can't play it that fast, since if he could, he would have recorded it that way in the first place, without using mechanical aids. The difference between Kapell playing Mozart and Tristano multitaping is that Kapell can play Mozart 16 times faster than normal (and Tristano admits that he can't). Then why does Lennie insist on speeding up tapes when he can't play at speed?

Evidently, Lennie is guilty of a common human trait accusing others of having those faults you have yourself. Tristano is competing, or rather trying to compete, the alleged fault, he finds with other musicians, in his article. Why else the speed? Why play fast if you can't play fast? Not everyone has the hands for it. Lennie needs speed because he is trying to compete with other, faster musicians.

And Tristano isn't merely tampering with tapes. Just where in jazz does multitaping belong? Playing 129/711 over 71/33 is not jazz. Modern jazz is strictly 4/4 time. Dixieland was 2/4. These queer speeds and time changes are gimmicks, just as multitaping is. This is not legitimate attempts to create music. Tristano is attempting to cover up his present mediocrity as a pianist. Tristano has always been an original thinker, and an experimenter but certainly not a great pianist. Or why else the self-imposed exodus from jazz night clubs and record companies?

I write now only because no amount of musicians at all, not even Mr. Mehegan, have said outright that mechanical aids are unethical. Yet if used to do something which the artist is unable to do, they certainly are. Doesn't anyone care about what is done in the name of jazz?

Marty Shaw



CROSBY-SINATRA-ARMSTRONG

*High Society* (Capitol 12" LP W750) is a good-humored, alternately romantic and flip sound track set with Bing, Frank, Louis, and brief appearances by Celeste Holm and Princess Grimaldi (she duets tentatively with Bing in *True Love*). High points are the brash Crosby-Sinatra duet in *Well, Did You Evah*; Louis and Bing's graphic lecture, *Now You Has Jazz*, and the ballad singing by Sinatra and Crosby. Music and lyrics are by Cole Porter with orchestrations by Conrad Salinger, Nelson Riddle, and Skip Martin. Johnny Green and Saul Chaplin supervised. An attractive memento.

BILL DOGGETT

*Moondust* (King 12" LP 395-502) is a pleasant, restful mood set with organist Doggett, the big-toned tenor of Percy France, guitarist Billy Butler, and drummer Shep Shepherd. The program consists of such standards as *The Nearness of You*, *My Reverie*, *Tara's Theme*, and *Street Scene*. Doggett doesn't abuse the instrument or soak it in tears as so many organists do on ballads, and his colleagues display equal close-to-the-melody taste.

FRANCES FAYE

*Relaxin' With Frances Faye* (Bethlehem 12" LP BCP-62) is another husky lieder recital by the hip, rockingly un-sentimental Miss Faye—a performer unique unto her punching self. Not a jazz singer but jazz-flavored, she doesn't have a particularly wide range either of voice or imagination, but within her life-is-just-a-bowl-of-kicks province, she's fun to hear and has a good beat.

Frank Hunter has scored a series of aptly brassy and warm arrangements, excellently played with verve and skill by Leon Cohen, Herbie Mann, Allen Eager, Hy Mandell, Nick Travis, Bernie Glow, Al Derisi, Don Leight, Harry Di Vito, Phil Giacobbe, Donn Trenner, Sal Salvador, Oscar Pettiford, and Shadow Wilson. There are brief solos by some of the hornmen. This is a mood music album, all right, but it's the kind of mood that generally comes after three or four jiggers.

STAN FREEMAN

*Stan Freeman* (Epic 12" LP LN 3224) devotes its first side to Freeman's sharply satirical, several-faceted night club act in a performance apparently recorded at the Blue Angel. Disc jockeys are advised to audition this side first, for a couple of moments are apt to bring notes from the FCC if played.

Freeman's self-wrought act material is sophistication of an imaginative order and is well complemented by pianistic foils. The second side has four tracks of Freeman heading a quartet and four with an orchestra led by Dave Terry. These numbers present the polished, fluent, "smart" piano of Freeman (*Sunny Side Up*, for one example); his romantic style (*Intermezzo* and *Speak Low*); and four vocals that are not up to the professional sheen

of his pianistic and satirical talents. Worth getting mainly for the first side.

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA

*The Most Happy Fella* (Columbia three 12" LPs, 03L-240) is Columbia's second original-cast home run this season (the first, of course, having been *My Fair Lady*.) Frank Loesser's extraordinary adaptation of Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted* has not been termed by him an opera so as not to scare prospective seat-holders, but it certainly rates as music drama of serious intent and largely successful accomplishment.

The music is heady, rich, and passionate with an earthiness of singing melody that is unique in Broadway shows. The cast, particularly the powerful feeling Robert Weede, is excellent with especial notices due Susan Johnson, Jo Sullivan, Shorty Long, and Art Lund. Several songs like *The Most Happy Fella* and *Standing on the Corner* are well known to you, but the best and most stirring numbers are those like the shouting fertility celebration, *Abbondanza*; the touchingly bumbling *Happy to Make Your Acquaintance* and the deeply moving, love-full *How Beautiful the Days* and *My Heart Is So Full of You*. There's also one 12" LP of highlights, but if you can, get the whole harvest.

PETER LIND HAYES and MARY HEALY

*Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy* (Kapp 12" LP KL-1021) is divided into *Songs and Snappy Patter* and *Radio and TV Tidbits* (taken from broadcasts and telecasts). The impregnably cute and sentimental material used by this husband-and-wife team makes for a recital that may well appeal to housewives as postludes to Arthur Godfrey and soap operas but should have little interest for most readers of this magazine. Sample titles are *Gee, I'm Glad I Married You*; *The Pussy Cat Song*; *I Never Harmed an Onion* (*So Why Should They Make Me Cry*). Why indeed?

THE SWAN

Johnny Green conducts the MGM studio orchestra in music recorded from the sound track of the Kelly-Guinness-Jourdain film, *The Swan*. The score is by Bronislau Kaper. A college of waltzes, languorous love themes, and general courtly froth, the music is gentle, innocuous and fine for reading by. Although she's not inside, this is apt music for daydreaming her if you are thus inclined.

DAVID WHITEHALL

*Portraits of Italy* (Camden 12" LP CAL 298) is a superior programmatic mood music collection. The song-rich portraits are by Domenico Savino and are beautifully performed by Whitehall conducting the Symphony Orchestra of Rome. The tone poems cover such diversely colored subjects as *The Lakes*, *Venetian Lagoon*, *Rome at Dawn*, *Sunset on the Adriatic*, *Sorrento Folk Dance*, *The Mediterranean*. For light semiclassical music, played with brio and taste, this collection has had few if any peer this year. Firstrate sound engineering.

The one and only sound track album...



BING AND FRANK together for the first time... with GRACE KELLY, too... plus LOUIS ARMSTRONG and his Band!

It's COLE PORTER'S first new film score in ten years... and all recorded in thrilling HIGH FIDELITY!

Album 750

Exclusively on



## Jazz Best-Sellers

Here are the 20 best-selling jazz record albums in the country. This biweekly survey is conducted among 150 retail record outlets across the country, and represents a cross section of shops, not just those which specialize in jazz.

**1** Ella Fitzgerald  
Cole Porter Song Book  
Verve MGV 4001-2



**2** The Modern Jazz Quartet  
Fontessa  
Atlantic 1231



**3** Stan Kenton  
In Hi-Fi  
Capitol T 724



**4** Oscar Peterson  
Plays Count Basie  
Clef MGC 708



**5** Gene Krupa-Buddy Rich  
Krupa and Rich  
Clef MGC 684



**6** Sarah Vaughan  
In The Land of Hi-Fi  
EmArcy 60058



**7** Anita O'Day  
Anita  
Verve MGV-2000



**8** Gerry Mulligan  
Mulligan Plays Paris  
Concert  
Pacific Jazz 1210



**9** Chris Connor  
Chris Connor  
Atlantic 1228



**10** The Jazz Messengers  
Volume 2  
Blue Note 1508



**11** Shelly Manne Swinging Sounds  
Contemporary C 3516

**12** Louis Armstrong Ambassador Satch  
Columbia CL 840

**13** Chico Hamilton In Hi-Fi  
Pacific Jazz PJ 1216

**14** Milt Jackson Opus de Jazz  
Savoy MG 12036

**15** Shelly Manne And His Friends  
Contemporary 3525

**16** Billy Taylor Evergreens  
ABC-Paramount 112

**17** Count Basie Swings Count Basie  
Clef MGC 678

**18** Dinah Washington Dinah  
EmArcy 36065

**19** West Coast Jazz Volume 2  
Pacific Jazz PJ 501

**20** Gene Krupa Drummer Man  
Verve 2000

All records reviewed by Nat Hentoff unless initialed by Jack Tracy or Ralph J. Gleason. Ratings: ★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor.

**Gene Ammons**

*Happy Blues; The Great Lie; Can't We Be Friends?; Madhouse*

Rating: ★★★★★

Participants in this *Hi Fidelity Jam Session* are Art Farmer, Jackie McLean, Duke Jordan, Addison Farmer, Art Taylor, and Candido on conga drums (Candido's only solo is on *Friends*). The rhythm section is a vigorous one, but I wish Taylor flowed more. In this latter connection, the sound of the conga makes the rhythm even heavier. Its beat is a hard, insistent one, lacking the feel for dynamics of, say, Jo Jones or Max Roach. Jordan comps well as usual and is unfailingly fluid, unpretentious, and tells his own story.

In the front line, the best horn is Farmer, who is rapidly maturing as his tone and conception fill out and his confidence grows. Farmer plays with warmth, logic, and a strong musical personality of his own. Hear especially *Happy* and *Friends*. McLean has also improved considerably in the last year and is also sharply effective in this set.

Ammons is unfortunately a classic example of a jazzman who has all the essential elements except the ability to be inventive over more than a few bars. He blows with a devouring beat; his tone is well nourished; he's bluntly effective on two- and four-bar breaks; but although he invariably commands attention at the start of his solos, his ideas dwindle in freshness the longer the solo lasts. (He is somewhat better on *Friends*, particularly his powerful, basic last solo, but even there, his conception is no match in freshness for the other two horns on the date.)

The last track, *Madhouse*, is a swift, impatient trialog. There are choruses of fours, single choruses by each, more fours, more full single choruses, a round of twos, and then, as Ira Gitler notes, "for one chorus the three blow simultaneously . . . in a wild climax."

That last burst of everyone making his kicking point at once is quite a listening charge. Rating might have been higher but for Ammons, but the album is recommended. The sound is very live, a little too live. Rudy Van Gelder really ought to re-examine his credo with regard to the use of echo. (Prestige 12" LP 7039)

**Buddy Collette**

*Cycle; Makin' Whoopee; Ruby; St. Andrew's Place Blues; Cheryl Ann; Sunset Drive; Jazz City Blues; Slappy's Tune; Frenesi; Santa Monica; Jungle Pipe; Zan*

Rating: ★★★★★

*Buddy Collette, Man of Many Parts*, is the first album devoted to the musical accomplishments of the man who is the best part of the Chico Hamilton quartet and one of the most sensible

and intelligent musicians on the west coast.

The sessions were done at three different dates this year and comprise four tunes each by a quartet, a quintet, and an octet. There are nine original tunes by Collette and two ballads plus the exotic *Frenesi*.

In his excellent notes, Lyle (Spud) Murphy says, "Buddy's writing has clarity, sonority, and . . . economy of means. As an instrumentalist he has solved the . . . problem (of) producing the natural tone one associates with certain woodwinds."

This is a complete statement of the case. On the flute, the alto, and the tenor sax, as well as in his writing, Collette displays simplicity, warmth, a firm grasp of what not to do and yet gives everything he does the moving, emotional coloring that is the soul of jazz. His playing and writing are ordered and planned but do not feel contrived. It is most moving.

*Zan*, his sprightly tune named for his son, is perhaps his most impressive effort on alto; *Ruby*, a great tune, his best flute playing, and *Jazz City Blues*, an attractive blues similar to his style with the Chico Hamilton group, his best tenor effort.

On the alto he has a slightly Getzian sound, does not fall into the pitfall of the Parker imitators, plays interesting and provocative lines, and is always moving. On flute it is his economical use of the language that impresses and the same is true of the tenor which he plays with a softness and warmth that is delightful. It is too bad that there is not more of his clarinet work on this album. In his one solo he has the soft Giuffre-like tone but with more strength and vitality. It could be that if Collette concentrates on this instrument, and concentration of his talent should be encouraged, he will emerge as the man to bring the clarinet up to its proper place in modern jazz.

He receives sympathetic support on various sides from pianists Ernie Freeman and Gerald Wiggins, trumpeter Gerald Wilson, bassists Joe Comfort and Gene Wright. Wiggins' solo on *Whoopie* and Freeman's on *Cheryl Ann* are particularly outstanding.

The album is attractively designed, the programming is excellent, and Collette, who amply fulfills Charlie Mingus' decade-long advance notices, emerges as a major talent in jazz with a delicate quality of taste rivaled only by Benny Carter and Teddy Wilson. (R.J.G.) (Contemporary 12" LP C-3522)

**Sonny Criss**

*Willow, Weep for Me; These Foolish Things; Blue Friday; Sunday; More Than You Know; Easy Living; Alabama Bound; Something's Gotta Give; West Coast Blues; Criss-Cross; Ham's Blues; Sweet Georgia Brown*

Rating: ★★★★★

Altoist Criss, 28, returns to records after a fairly long absence. Imperial inexplicably omits names of all accompanying personnel on record and envelope but informs us that the strong backing consists of Barney Kessel, Chuck Thompson, Bill Woodson, and Kenny Drew. They're a perfect section for this context. Criss is firmly in the

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Bird-vein of altoing. He plays with deeply stirring fire and a ferocious beat. Everything he blows is basted in the blues (his most eloquent track here is the unabashedly earthy *West Coast Blues*) and while his conception is still too much under Bird's wing to be as individual as it could and should be, Criss, as of this record, comes into strong contention in the ranks of the Stitt-led Bird acolytes.

Like almost all altoists on this full a Parker kick, Criss is often strident; Imperial should have added another—preferably somewhat more mellow—horn to relieve the unremitting tone intensity of Criss and also to challenge him to more sustainedly imaginative statements. Sometimes in this set, Sonny falls into the familiar licks of his school without extending himself to see how freshly he can reshape and develop them. It would have helped, too, had the "original" heads been more inventive and less standardized.

Best tracks besides the blues are the searing, rocking *Willow*; the piercingly emotional and, in this case, individualized *Foolish Things*; the ceaselessly rocking *Blue Friday* (for all the familiarity of its vocabulary), and the relaxed *Easy Living*. This is not a set to swallow hole. I'd suggest instead your absorbing a few tracks at a time. Next time out Imperial ought to give Sonny a front line. There are several good strong Kenny Drew solos, incidentally. Bass is somewhat over-recorded. (Imperial 12" LP-9006)

### Tadd Dameron

*Fontainebleu; Delerium; Clean Is the Scene; Flossie Lou; Bulla-Babe*

Rating: ★★★★★

Tadd Dameron, who can be one of the consistently distinguished jazz writers if he can keep himself straight, returns to records after too long a time with a largely impressive and characteristically personal LP. *Fontainebleau*, after which the album is titled, is a lovely three-part programmatic piece, played almost entirely in ensemble. It is a good case for those who feel that a piece can be jazz and still have no really improvised solos. I should like to hear the work played in a larger, more varied instrumentation since it cries for a full spread of timber colors.

Dameron has that rare ability to construct melodies of quality and durability (*Lady Bird*, for one). *Delerium* is a sizzling up-tempo experience with two blazing solos by new tenor Joe Alexander from Cleveland who plays with a Rollins-like hardness that is also full and has its own story to tell and who could become a major tenor.

In between Alexander, is a dazzling, building Kenny Dorham statement. *Scene* is largely a monologue by Dameron. It's an intriguing somewhat angular piece in which his solo is played in a rather unusual combination of dissonant, strongly rhythmized impressionism (something like a Monk with a lighter touch and more capacity to sustain a logical lyrical growth; it also has a marked Ellington influence.)

*Flossie* features Henry Coker of the Basic band (full personnel on all these is Coker, Alexander, Dorham, baritone Cecil Payne, altoist Sahib Shihab, Dameron, John Simmons, Shadow Wilson).

Coker plays the attractive theme and variations with warmth and strength.

The last track, a uniquely seasoned blues, includes an astringently thoughtful solo by Tadd; a striking statement by Alexander; moving, simmering Coker; Shihab proving again that he should concentrate on alto, which he plays cleanly and with intelligent conception, rather than on baritone; a virile Payne who has been maturing musically if not in other ways during the last year; the sturdy (musically) John Simmons, and some final firm, sharp-edged observations by Dameron before the satisfying ensemble close.

A most worthwhile LP, particularly for Tadd's writing (he did all the originals) and the important debut of Alexander. (Prestige 12" LP 7037)

### Wilbur DeParis

*I've Found a New Baby; The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise; Change of Key Boogie; In a Persian Market; Waiting for the Robert E. Lee; Bourbon Street Parade; Frankie and Johnny*

Rating: ★★★

In 1954, the now defunct A440 released six of these tracks on a 10" LP, but the distribution was so limited that it makes sense to treat this new packaging on this page. The unreleased track is *Frankie and Johnny*. The band then headed by trombonist DeParis included Sidney DeParis, Omer Simeon, the late Don Kirkpatrick, Zutty Singleton, bassist Nat Woodley, and banjoist Eddie Gibbs (who has a ringing specialty in *Sunrise*).

I like these better now than I did then. There is an odd kind of quasi-stiffness to the ensemble passages and a frequent rhythmic weightiness that still grate, but there is also the excellent liquid but virile clarinet of Simeon, and I can hear more of the warmth and assertive pungency of Sidney through the wire screen of the arrangements than I was able to appreciate in this context before.

Continuing liabilities are the fact that Wilbur is not a good hot improvising soloist; that Gibbs, while effectively flashy, does not play with the kind of delicacy and jazz inventiveness that Danny Barker, for example, can get out of a banjo, and that some of the arrangements have needless "baroque embroidery," as the complimentary notes put it.

In a *Persian Market*, a dubious choice for jazz building in the first place has touches of the unwittingly absurd at its close here. But Sidney and Omer enliven this set with a number of kicks, and it is one of the last chances to hear Kirkpatrick on record.

Heritage has cleaned up the original sound considerably. There is an excellent cover shot of New Orleans in the early 1900s. Two misspellings occur in the notes—it's Don Redman and Luis Russell. I'd certainly like to hear Sidney and Omer with a looser, more flowing rhythm section in a just-jamming date. (Heritage 12" LP SS-1207)

### Dizzy Gillespie

*The Champ, Parts I and II; Birks' Works; Caravan; Time on My Hands; On the Sunny Side of the Street; Tin Tin Dao; Stardust; They Can't Take That Away from Me; The Bluent Blues; Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac; Oo-Shoo-Be-Do-Be-Do*

Rating: ★★★★★

This LP is aptly named *The Champ*,

Down Beat



and the only reason that it doesn't rate five stars is that the recording is somewhat muddy and the rest of the soloists do not come up to the extraordinary level of Dizzy and Milt Jackson.

These sides were made by Dizzy, in the days immediately after the death of bebop, for the Dee Gee label, which he and Detroit jazz fan Dave Usher, operated. They have been available on 78 rpm, and some of them, if not all, on 10" LP on Dee Gee with terrible surfaces. They have been remastered for this Savoy reissue, and while the surface noise is eliminated, so are some other things.

From the start to the finish of the album, Dizzy turns in a remarkable performance, and Usher—and now Savoy—deserve thanks for making them available.

There is nothing cool about this album. Dizzy blows with humor, taste, and fire throughout. *The Champ*, already a classic tune, gives him room to roar while the band (Diz, Budd Johnson, J. J. Johnson, Jackson, Art Blakey, Percy Heath) set up a furious background. However, it disintegrates into a JATP ending with Johnson's tenor squeals. Milt is heard to good effect on this track and also on *Birk's Works* wherein Dizzy quotes *Rain on the Roof* in the course of a particularly lovely solo. *Caravan* and *Tin Tin* allow him to spoof Latin music delightfully. *Cadillac* is riotously funny but still has excellent Dizzy, and *Stardust* is simply beautiful; a tour de force for Gillespie.

Joe Carroll, the great local vocalist of jazz, is heard with Diz on *Oo-Shoo-Be-Doo-Bee* and *Sunny Side*. It is a shame he is not on records these days.

Despite the fact that these were made in 1950-51, they stand up well with present-day jazz efforts, and Dizzy and Milt in particular get off some of their best solos. Stuff Smith, of all persons, is present on a couple of the sides and sounds particularly good on *Caravan*, where he works up interesting effects with Dizzy. The rhythm section, which includes various drummers—Al Jones, Kansas Fields, and Blakey—and the solid bass of Heath, is fine.

It could hardly have lowered Savoy's margin of profit materially to have included full personnel in the skimpy liner notes. (R.J.G.) (Savoy 12" LP MG-12047)

### Clancy Hayes

*St. James Infirmary; Roll, Jordan, Roll; Frankie and Johnnie; My Little Bimbo Down on Bimbo Isle; I Wish I Was in Peoria; Alcoholic Blues; Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out; Auntie Skinner's Chicken Dinner; Sailing Down Chesapeake Bay; Silver Dollar; Ragtime Rufus; Alabama Bound*

Rating: ★★½

Evidently a set of sides made some years ago and just now being issued on Norman Granz' new Down Home label, these feature Clancy's singing, with accompaniment by two groups. One contains pianist Wally Rose, bassist Dick Lammi, clarinetist Bob Helm, and Lu Watters on washboard. Bill Dart, drums, Warren Smith and Don Noakes, trombones, and Pat Patton, banjo, plus Watters on trumpet are added for the others.

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often nowadays with Bob Scobey's band is somehow lacking here, though his natural charm is hard to suppress, especially on such as *Roll Jordan Roll* and *Frankie and Johnny*.

Dick Lammi's tuba is a bulwark when he deserts string bass to play it, occasional flashes of the spirited clarinet of Helm peep through, and the band sometimes gets an ensemble chorus rolling, but this one is pretty well limited to real Clancy Hayes devotees. (J.T.) (Down Home 12" LP MGD-3)

#### Billie Holiday

*I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues; Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone; A Fine Romance; What's New?; Nice Work if You Can Get it; When Your Lover Has Gone; Prelude to a Kiss; Gone with the Wind; Everything I Have Is Yours*

Rating: ★★★★★

Except for Tracks 3 and 8 (from the Clef 12" LP MG C-669, *Music for Torching*), these are previously unreleased numbers, so far as I can discover, from the Hollywood session in late summer of 1955 that was one of the most productive for Billie in recent years. The rest of that session is contained on the aforementioned *Torching* set which also received ★★★★★ here.

The excellent, relaxed accompaniment is by the hotly lyrical Harry Edison, Benny Carter, Barney Kessel (dig him on *Right to Sing*), Jimmy Rowles, John Simmons, and Larry Bunker. Billie sings with an assurance and hardened-but-still-soft-at-the-center wit and a control over her voice that she has sometimes lacked in the past decade.

This is one of the best Billie LPs ever issued and as a result, is one of the best of all jazz vocal LPs. Bill Simon's notes contain a short history of jazz singing, of Billie's career, and as a bonus, a glossary of jazz terms from Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz*. Unreservedly, shoutingly recommended.

If I weren't a fortunate, nonpaying reviewer, I'd pay \$10 just for *What's New?* One reservation: in programming, the tempos on the second side should have been more varied, although admittedly the effect this way is somewhat hypnotic. (American Record Society 12" LP G-409)

#### The Magic Horn

*The Magic Horn; Sugar; Struttin' with Some Barbecue; Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jellyroll; A Monday Date; Squeeze Me; On the Sunny Side of the Street; Loveless Love; Dippermouth Blues*

Rating: ★★★★★

This is not the soundtrack, but largely a re-creation of the music that was played on the Alcoa Hour's *Magic Horn* TV show last June. The band is led by George Wein and features Ruby Braff, Jimmy McPartland (on three tracks), Vic Dickenson, Peanuts Hucko (Bill Stegmeyer plays on bands 1, 3, 5, 6), Ernie Caceres, Milt Hinton, Danny Barker on banjo, and Buzzy Drootin.

The men evidently were all pretty relaxed, and some invigorating music resulted. Ensembles are played cheerfully and well, the tempos are all good ones, and the rhythm section swings

compactly without being obvious or noisy about it.

Vic Dickenson is everywhere. He solos on every track, and each one is a jewel-like capsule of warm sound, knowing wisdom, and whimsical humor. Braff, too, stands out. His is an ideal lead voice—singing, confident, and easy to follow, and of all his solos, the one on *Monday Date* is particularly searching.

Hucko also shows up strongly, with Stegmeyer slipping in a sensitive chorus on *Squeeze Me*. The last chorus of *Barbecue* really struts, and McPartland and Braff get into a cutting contest on *Dippermouth* that is for real.

It is the work of the irrepressible Mr. Dickenson that pushes this one out of the ordinary class, however. He is a man of never-ending sagacity and wit. (J.T.) (Victor 12" LP LPM-1332)

#### Henry (Hot Lips) Levine

*Who's Sorry Now?; Sunrise Symphony; Paddy's Day Parade; The Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gave to Me; Cleveland Press; Bugle Call Rag; Washington Post Dixie; Rockin' Chair; I'd Be Lost Without Your Love; Summertime; Indian Uprising; I Found a New Baby*

Rating: ★

Despite the extravagant praises devoted to the greatness of Levine in George Condon's liner notes, this is a generally messy and uninteresting collection of Dixie sides done by the vet studio trumpeter and an unnamed group of seven. Levine's tone is thin and nagging, his playing pedestrian, and the band a tearoom-type jazz group. An occasional perceptive solo by the clarinetist (e.g. *Rockin' Chair*) is the only relief in a thoroughly monotonous half hour or so of something that by no stretch of the imagination could appeal to the jazz market.

*I'd Be Lost Without Your Love*, with writer credits going to Levine is the note-for-note melody to *Loveless Love*. Isn't it about time somebody put a halt to this practice? (J.T.) (Victor 12" LP LPM-1283)

#### James Moody

*Flute 'n' the Blues; Birdland Story; It Could Happen to You; I Cover the Waterfront; Body and Soul; Breaking the Blues; Parker's Mood; Easy Living; Boo's Tune; Richard's Blues*

Rating: ★★

Moody plays flute, alto, and tenor on *Flute 'n' the Blues*, and Eddie Jefferson sings vocalese to *Waterfront*, *Birdland*, and *Parker's Mood*.

The only reason for the two stars is the excellent trumpet playing of Jimmy Coles on *Living* and the interesting trombone-like horn solo (it's credited to a peck horn, whatever that is) by pianist-arranger Jimmy Boyd on *It Could Happen to You*, a most movingly played ballad. Moody himself is not in good form on either the sax or the flute, although on the latter he gets a good blues feeling on *Boo's Tune*, the theme of which goes back to *Billie's Blues*.

There is soul here, as in everything Moody plays, but the execution is indifferent and the net effect is below his standard. Jefferson's vocalese simply does not make it on any of the three tunes. *Waterfront* is positively infantile while *Parker's Mood* has already had the definitive vocal treatment by

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King Pleasure. The notes are hopelessly inadequate, hippy, and badly arranged. (R.J.G.) (Argo 12" LP 603)

**Johnnie Pate**

**Danny Boy; Will You Still Be Mine?; Nancy; Jeff; Sometimes I'm Happy; Mood for Milt; The Real McCoy; I've Got a Crush on You; Things Ain't What They Used to Be; The Continental; I Was a Fool; Thou Swell**

Rating: ★★★

Gentle, easy, and intimate sounds have become the trademark of Pate's smart trio, one which has become a fixture at Chicago's London House. Since this *Subtle Sounds* set was cut, the group has changed complexion, with both talented pianist Ronnell Bright and drummer Charles Walton leaving. Pate's bass, plus guitar and piano are the present combine.

Here, however, he displays the tasteful combination of Billy Taylor, Nat Cole, and Page Cavanaugh that makes listening to the group always a pleasure and sometimes an exciting experience.

The real flavor of Pate pops out on *Mood for Milt*, in which the unit moves well at a fast tempo; *The Real McCoy*, a Pate composition, and *Things Ain't*, on which Johnny plays a walking, talking bass line and the trio lays down a moving beat. It's a highlight.

Newcomer Gwen Stevens sings *I Was a Fool* in most competent fashion. She could be a girl to watch. (J.T.) (Gig 12" LP GLP-100)

**Bob Scobey**

**Muskrat Ramble; Trouble in Mind; Copenhagen; Somebody Stole My Gal; Lorey Came Back; My Gal Sal; Fire Feet Two; Royal Garden Blues; Stumblin'; Ain't She Sweet?; Milneberg Joys; Getting My Boots**

Rating: ★★★½

This, the least compelling ARS set vet (except for devoted revivalists of the Scobey persuasion), includes trumpeter Scobey, pianist Jesse Crump (once accompanist for Ida Cox), clarinetist Bill Napier, trombonist Jack Buck, drummer Freddie Higuera, bassist Al McCormick, and Clancy Haves on banjo and vocals. The most durable virtue of the set are eight vocals in the Sunday-in-the-park manner of the relaxed Haves who projects a rare artful simplicity and casual charm.

For the rest, there is the unhappy fact that for all its festive intentions, the band collectively plods rather than swings. The rhythm section walks as if it carries the weight of several worlds on its shoulders. In the front line, the trombone is appropriately rugged but is also graceless and undistinctive. The clarinet, though derivative, is able if somewhat sharp at times, fluid, and sounds like the best musician in the group. Scobey is direct, raggedly emotional and sometimes moving, but the fact that he is wholly derivative with practically no stylistic voice of his own makes him into an anonymous school-blur after a time.

If you are collecting all Hayes vocals in sight, the set is recommended. Otherwise, I'd choose another if I belonged to the club. Bill Simon's folio of annotations provides a short history of New Orleans style, Dixieland and revival jazz. It's doubtful that New Orleans style all began with Buddy Bolden,



"Hey, Sam. This guy wants to know where's the nearest place he can find JENSEN NEEDLES."



**Harry Carney**

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unless Bill has a private ouija board to document his assertion; Kid Ory, not Picou, wrote *Muskrat Ramble*, and I deny that most revivalists play with "the true spirit of New Orleans jazz." (American Recording Society 12" LP G-408)

**Frank Wess**

*What D'Ya Say?; Dill Pickles; Dancing on the Ceiling; Hard Sock Dance; Salvation; Lazy Sal*

Rating: ★★

The sum of the Basie band is considerably greater than the sum of some of its parts, a thing which seems to escape the notice of the many practitioners of the let's-make-an-LP-with-the-Basie-boys school. *North, South, East . . . Wess* is a perfect example.

Neither Wess nor Foster are as yet soloists with any great amount of individuality, and on this album, though it's credited to Wess, there's actually more of Foster. Both are good tenor men but undistinguished. Here, the best sides are *Ceiling*, which is a nicely swinging ballad containing a long solo by Foster, his best to date, played with taste and a good, solid, jazz feel.

*Sock*, a catchy blues riff, provides blowing space for everyone on the date—Wess, Foster, trombonists Henry Coker and Bennie Powell, guitarist Kenny Burrell, and drummer Kenny Clarke. It's the best group side with tasty, moving solos. On the other tunes, the group, while always getting an emotional quality both in ensembles and solos, never quite jells. There is no piano, the notes say, out of deference to Basie; instead there is a guitar. It is unfair to Burrell to put him in the position of filling Basie's role.

The notes are skimpy and in places inaccurate, but the main trouble here is that, while producing a pleasant LP (which seems to rush a bit in places) there is not that group feeling which makes the Basie band so great. (R.J.G.) (Savoy 12" LP MG-12072)

**George Wallington**

*Our Delight; Our Love Is Here to Stay; Foster Dulles; Together We Wait; What's New; But George*

Rating: ★★★★★

*Jazz for the Carriage Trade*, another absurd title with an equally artificial and phony chi-chi cover, includes George Wallington, Phil Woods, Donald Byrd, Teddy Kotich and Arthur Taylor. *Delight* is the Tadd Dameron modern jazz standard, the song that swings much more than its namesake is by Frank Foster, and Woods wrote *Together* and *George*. All the originals are more likely to stay in mind than most. But in essence, this is an improvising session with everybody blowing with clean heat, mainstream modern (*What's New*). The rhythm section never lets down, and the solo freshness and incisiveness of Wallington, Byrd, and Woods have been detailed often in jazz that can also be deeply lyrical these pages. Very good recorded sound. Recommended. (Prestige 12" LP 7032)

**Grady Signs With GAC**

New York—Eddie Grady and the Commanders is the newest band signed by General Artist Corp. A string of one-niters in the east is being set up. This is to be followed by a tour of the midwest.

High Fidelity

DOWN  
BEAT

By Robert Oakes Jordan and  
James Cunningham

WE THOUGHT IT might prove interesting to tell how we watched the changing of a standard hi-fi set into a stereophonic system.

The V-M Corp. sent to our laboratory one of their new Model 711 monaural tape recorder and stereophonic playback machines. We took the machine apart and tested and inspected it for quality. As we previously found the V-M 700 a very good low-priced machine, we also found the new V-M 711 equally good. There have been quite a few circuit and design refinements in this new model.

The Model 711 will record and play back standard half-track monaural tape recordings, either the ones you make on the 711 or commercial prerecorded tapes.

**HOWEVER, THE unusual aspect of this machine is that it will play back prerecorded stereophonic tapes with reasonable quality.**

The booklet, prepared by the V-M Corp., suggests that all you need is your existing high fidelity system, and the V-M 711. The Model 711 is constructed with one power amplifier on Channel 1, and from the pickup head for Channel 2, a plug-in jack is provided. From this Channel 2 jack—the righthand loudspeaker connecting cable is run to your existing hi-fi system.

The self-contained speakers in the 711 will provide sound for Channel 1—the left speaker. But in the laboratory, we followed V-M's suggestion that an extension speaker be plugged into the output jack provided. This cuts off the smaller speakers in the 711.

**AN INEXPENSIVE** loudspeaker and enclosure provided the best answer for the complete system.

The next step was to try out the 711 on a nonprofessional, a home user of hi-fi equipment to see if he ran into any problems we had not. So we took the V-M Model 711 stereophonic playback device to a friend, Jory Nodland, who agreed to try to assimilate it with his hi-fi set.

We took with us an extra speaker, which Nodland installed about 15 feet to the left of his existing wall speaker.

Then Nodland followed the instructions supplied by the V-M booklet. No serious problems arose. The extra stereophonic output jack was connected to his Heath Kit preamplifier, and he connected the five-watt amplifier in the 711 to his new wall speaker. We then were ready to hear stereophonic sound.

Hence, we can conclude that for those who want to include stereophonic sound in their hi-fi setups, this is an inexpensive way to do it.

## Granz Cuts 'Funny Face'

Hollywood—Norman Granz will invade the soundtrack album field by releasing on his Verve label the Fred Astaire, Audrey Hepburn, and Kay Thompson songs from the Paramount picture, *Funny Face*, now being filmed in Paris.

# How Hi-Fi Is Jazz In Typical Niter? Writer Shows Picture

By Hsio Wen Shih

NOW THAT THE interest in hi-fi jazz recordings is becoming epidemic, it is perhaps to the point to ask, "How hi-fi is live jazz"? That is to say, in the typical night clubs where jazz is usually performed, how accurately can the audience hear the message the musicians are sending?

No one will be surprised that live jazz is often much less hi-fi than most good recordings, for there are distractions inherent to the night club—the clinking of glasses, the gabby couple at the next table, or the girl across the table who wants to play footsie.

In spite of these distractions, the dedicated listener cannot ignore the enormous difference between a good room which enhances the sound of the music and the poor room which distorts the music beyond ready recognition.

**TO TAKE AN** illustration from a peripheral field, there is the familiar sound of a ballroom as a dance is beginning. The dancers are slowly drifting in, the room sounds hollow and cavernous, and notes run into each other and blur until all subtleties of phrasing are lost. At the other extreme, some rooms are so soft and sound-absorbing that every note seems soaked up by the walls, every horn seems to be a separate voice, and a rich, full ensemble sound is impossible to achieve.

Or we find ourselves seated close to the bandstand beside the drummer and behind the horns. For the whole evening, the solos sound soft and dull while the drums are very clear and much too loud. Or the trumpeter doesn't quite have time to thread his way down to the microphone for a solo, and we don't hear anything but the fff passages. Or worse, he does get to the mike, and we are disturbed because we are looking at him face-on, and the sound of the horn is coming from somewhere behind our left ear.

The situations described are the results of the three most usual acoustical faults of jazz clubs:

● Most night clubs are either too "live" or too "dead."

● Practically all night clubs have a poor location for the bandstand in relation to the audience.

● Only rarely can one hear an adequate and well-dispersed system for amplifying music.

Back in the days when the double row of brownstone basements were in full swing along 52nd St. in New York City, these problems were much less common. Almost all of those long box-car-shaped rooms had bandstands at the far end, opposite the door.

This situation was almost ideal for jazz, because the whole audience sat straight in front of the musicians. And even the brasses, which tend to throw their high notes and all their overtones in a narrow beam, could be

heard with fidelity in almost every seat in the room.

**THESE 52ND ST.** rooms were too small to be overlive, and much too spartan in terms of decor to be too dead. And they were so small that the very poor amplifying systems were unnecessary and were seldom turned up high enough to distort seriously the wonderful direct sound of the music.

Today economic pressures have driven jazz from most of the smaller rooms, and in the larger rooms of the 1950s, the amplifying systems are much more necessary. Furthermore, as jazz has moved away from pure momentum to embrace shadings of dynamics and subtleties of voicing, good hearing conditions are even more important. Yet few of the jazz rooms across the country have improved their listening conditions intelligently.

Birdland is a typical example. The room is small by concert hall standards, but a Broadway cellar is no concert hall. The ceilings are so low that unamplified sound will not distribute itself evenly, and every available surface has been covered with acoustic tile until the room has no resonance or tone left.

The bandstand is in the middle of one of the long walls of the rectangular room, and because the audience sits on three sides of the musicians, more than half the audience never can hear directly the real tones produced by any horn.

**THE AMPLIFYING SYSTEM** has to correct all these faults of the room itself, for without the amplifying system the audience could not hear the music clearly, with good balance, good tone, and full frequency range.

But the microphones at Birdland are so poorly located that brass solos never can be heard clearly by most of the audience when any big band plays the room. The loudspeakers do not have good treble response, so that all overtones are lost, and the bass response is almost nonexistent.

Worst of all, the loudspeakers are so poorly located that sound in many seats seems to come from the opposite direction from the bandstand.

Such poor listening conditions are not unavoidable. Storyville, in Boston, is a good example of what can be done to improve a room. The basic shape of the room is much more promising, for the ceilings are high enough, in proportion to the size of the room, to make good natural sound distribution possible. Yet only a few years ago the room was much too reverberent for good sound definition.

Luckily, the owner was wise enough to call upon a very able architect and the country's best acoustical consultants when he redecorated last summer.

**ALTHOUGH THE LOCATION** of the bandstand is still not ideal at Storyville, and a few members of the audience still cannot hear good instrument-

(Turn to Page 34)



## Reel Music

By Jack Tracy

THE FUTURE of the prerecorded tape industry lies in stereophonic sound.

This is not, of course, the first time that statement has been made—Bob Jordan has been taking that tack in his columns in *Down Beat* for two years, to give one example.

But it is the first time I have really believed it.

I have often been exposed to stereophonic recordings in the normal course of attending several hi-fi shows and exhibits, hearing binaural setups at the movies, and listening to some simultaneous AM-FM broadcasts on NBC in Chicago awhile back.

**BUT NOT UNTIL** I recently came into possession of an Ampex 612 tape phonograph and a pair of Ampex 620 speakers and plunked them down into my living room, then lived with them for awhile, did I really discover what faithful reproduction of sound means.

You are literally plunged into the center of an orchestra, a singing group, a jazz band. The sound does not come at you from somewhere. You are a part of it. You're there.

To the average ear, monaural prerecorded tapes are not appreciably more impressive than the finest of high fidelity recordings on LP. Sure, tapes last longer than recordings and don't get scratched and don't have grooves in them to fill up with dust.

But they still basically are nothing more than phonograph records in a long strip, and I don't think the market for them is ever going to be a large one unless they can do something records can't.

Records have not proved to be effective or practical reproducers of stereophonic sound. Tape has. And herein lies its future.

**TAKE, AS AN EXAMPLE,** the stereo taping of *The Hi-Los in Hi-Fi* (Omegatape ST 7006). It's made up chiefly of tunes that appeared on their most recent Starlite LP—*Surrey with the Fringe on Top*, *Chinatown*, *Summertime*, *Long Ago and Far Away*, *Birth of the Blues*, and three others.

The LP was, first of all, excellent musically. And it was very well recorded. But just for kicks, make a comparison of the two if you have recourse to a shop that sells stereo equipment. Listen to the record, then to the tape. One is flat sound, the other is enveloping. One is a mechanical reproduction, the other is startlingly close to actually standing in front of the group as the recording is being made.

Few stereo tapes are yet being marketed. Concertapes has produced some splendid ones that will be covered in the next column; other firms are approaching with caution. There are not yet enough machines on the market to produce mass sales.

**BUT A LOT** of people are ready to step in quickly once the inevitable move to stereo gets underway. Atlantic and Contemporary Records, for example, have recorded almost every jazz date in their catalogs binaurally and are ready to go. The recent announcement that RCA Victor plans to market a stereo player that will sell

## The Devil's Advocate

By Mason Sargent

**Rarities:** For the first time, to my knowledge, there is available a graphic demonstration of some of the dramatically varied *World's Vocal Arts*, collated in one set with clear, illuminating notes by composer Henry Cowell. Examples range from bel canto to blues to Korean to Jewish cantorial to a gasser of a Pakistani basso (Track 16). The set is Folkways Album P510 . . . The same label has the strangest vocal LP ever recorded, *Vox Humana*, Alfred Wolfsohn's experiments in extension of human vocal range. Cowell again helps in the exposition. This one I won't try to describe, but if you're a singer, it'll hypnotize and maybe traumatize you. It's Folkways Album FPX 123.

No collector of operatic recordings ought to miss hearing a 10" LP of *Edison Originals*, released recently on the 78th anniversary of Thomas A. Edison's patent on the "Voicewriter." The music on these 1910-11 recordings is still adequately audible and sometimes surprisingly clear. The address for those interested is Thomas A. Edison, Inc., 51 Lakeside Ave., West Orange, N. J. . . . And I should like to second strongly Les Brown's recommendation of the magnificent, intense *The Madrigals of Gesualdo* with the singers of Ferrara conducted by Robert Craft and valuable notes by Aldous Huxley (Sunset 12" LP 600).

**Stravinsky:** Available previously on LP only on the defunct Dial label is Stravinsky's burlesque *Renard*, now on London 12" LP LL 1401 in a brisk, sharply rhythmized performance by the remarkable Ansermet and his L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. Coupling is a flawlessly shaped interpretation of the mesmeric *Apollo Musagetes* . . .

And the Stravinsky record of the year is a new Epic 12" LP LC 3231 that contains *Les Noces*, *Mass for Mixed Chorus and Double Wind Quintet*, *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*, clearly realized by The Netherlands Chamber choir conducted by Felix DeNobel with full texts and translations and extensive notes by the very able Klaus George Roy of Boston.

**Solo Art:** Recent recordings of unusual merit devoted to solo artistry include *Mario Escudero and His Flamenco Guitar* in a deeply authentic set of performances (Montilla 12" LP FM-57); Anatole Malukoff, Russian-trained classical guitarist in a revelatory program of *29 Original Guitar Compositions* by the legendary wizard, Paganini, who was a skilled guitarist as well as violinist (Spanish Music Center, New York City, 19, SMC-1019); Belgian-born Michel Podolski of Pro Musica Antiqua in a warm, gracious and rhythmically alive program of *Works for the Lute* by Bach (Period 12" LP SPL); Saul Goodman, the dis-

for less than \$200 is stimulating a great deal of action.

The basic point about stereo is the one that almost guarantees its success and acceptance—it is the best way yet invented to record music.

tinguished head of the percussion section of the New York Philharmonic orchestra, in *Bell, Drum & Cymbal* (Angel 12" LP 35269), a pellucidly engineered introduction to the instruments of the various percussion groupings along with two multiple-track recordings displaying Goodman's precision and versatility, and the rich, singing virtuosity of cellist Zara Nelsova in an engrossing coupling of Kodaly's *Sonata for Unaccompanied Cello*, plus a Reger sonata for the instrument alone (London 12" LP LL 1252).

Piano solo art includes an illuminating collection of Dmitri Shostakovich playing six of his *Preludes and Fugues* (Capitol 12" LP P18013); the extraordinary 26-year-old Russian pianist Eugene Malinin in a strongly colored interpretation of the original Moussorgsky piano cycle, *Pictures at an Exhibition* (Angel 12" LP 35317); the sensitive Spanish artist, Alicia de Larrocha, in a superb recital of piano works by Granados, Espla, and Rodrigo (Decca 12" LP DL 9831), and a refreshingly uninhibited program of "piano pyrotechnique" by the apparently three-handed Hungarian pianist, Stephen Kovacs, in *The Unabashed Virtuoso*, pieces by Liszt, Verdi-Liszt, and Dohnanyi, among others (Elektra 12" LP EKL-106).

**The Recorder:** Those of you who enjoy the quiet delights of playing the recorder will find endless pleasure in a series of Music Minus One Records for the Recorder issued by MMO, 710 10th Ave., New York City, 19. The sets, to cite just a few examples, range from American Folk Songs minus soprano, alto, or tenor recorder; Renaissance dances minus alto or soprano, and 16th century motets and hymns minus soprano, alto or tenor. Each LP contains the parts, of course, and this is a nonpareil way to have a session with accomplished musicians anytime you like. Your associates on these recordings are members of the Recorder Consort of the Musicians' Workshop. I'd suggest you write MMO for a catalog.

**Provocative Miscellany:** Surging, Russian-emotional program music by Gliere is available in his third symphony, the chronicle of the ancient hero, *Ilya Mourometz*, sweepingly performed by Ferenc Fricsay conducting the RIAS Symphony Orchestra of Berlin (Decca 12" LP DL 9819); two magnificently engineered, unusually voiced and uniquely expressive contemporary works are Elliott Carter's *The Minotaur* suite from the ballet and Colin McPhee's Balinese-influenced *Tabuh-Tabuhan, Tocatta for Orchestra*, performed by Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman-Rochester Symphony and recorded under the auspices of the American Composers alliance (Mercury 12" LP MG 50103); Vol. 2 of the entertaining, informative and crisply played *History of the Dance Form* with harpsichordist Erna Heiller in a program of bourrees and courantes from the 17th and 18th centuries (Unicorn 12" LP 1027), and the important documentary, *Arthur Honegger and his Music* (Period 12" LP PCS 11) on which the late composer talks in English of his music, with selections from nine of his works interpolated.





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

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

By Leonard Feather

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

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

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

## The Records

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Joe Williams

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

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

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

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

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

There's nothing that makes a soloist feel that you're listening to him like having the drummer accentuate things that spur him on. Sonny Payne, our drummer, is real fine at this. When the piano first started, I immediately

thought of Pete Johnson, but I don't know who this is at all. This is a good stomp-down jazz record. I'll give it three stars.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Kai Picks 3 More

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

# Classics

DOWN BEAT

THE UPSTART Byron Janis, only just beginning to record the more challenging opuses, doubtless never will outstrip the likes of Gieseking for a superlative balance of virtuoso grandeur and interpretive faithfulness; yet he may, when his gift matures fully, give us some of the richest piano performances we are likely to hear in coming years.

There is no gainsaying the facility, color, and power of his voluble hands, but he inclines at present, to be exhibitionistic.

The sparkling technique of the young pianist may be witnessed on a pair of lately recorded Beethoven sonatas, the effulgent *No. 21 in C Minor* ("Waldstein") and the more reflective *No. 30 in E* (Victor LM 1978).

The sonatas mirror two stages of Beethoven, early and late, and likewise the temperamental dichotomy of Janis, once dashing, once serene. The former, because it gives greater latitude for flurried notes, has more Janis than Beethoven; the latter vice versa.

WHILE THE LAST is preferred for its greater faithfulness to the composer, the *Waldstein* is decidedly the more thrilling to hear for the exuberance, sharp detail, and beautiful shadings of Janis' fireworks. The recording by the way, was made in England, and it is well engineered for piano reproduction.

Vladimir Horowitz, when he was younger, was also tempted by exhibi-

tionism. Today he performs with greater sobriety but with no less vividness, fluidity, or authority.

Recently, he lifted from obscurity three sonatas by Muzio Clementi, virtually the father of the piano sonata, who was snubbed by Mozart but admired by Beethoven. The particular sonatas represented in the set are the *G Minor*, the *F Minor*, and the *F-Sharp Minor* (Victor LM 1902). Horowitz performs them with delicate crispness and poetry.

Kurt Weill and Bert Brecht conceived their two-act opera, *Der Jasager*, as a "school opera," the term being their own for utilitarian music that could be performed by school children and that could educate them musically and morally.

Yet it was to be—and is—mature music and, therefore, is not of exclusive interest to the younger generation. Lovers of Weill will find in *Der Jasager* melodies of the character and charm of the *Three-Penny Opera* and the composer's distinctive scoring for economy orchestra. It is recorded handsomely by the Dusseldorf Children's Chorus and Soloists and the Chamber Orchestra of Dusseldorf (MGM E 3270).

ALSO RECOMMENDED: Edvard Grieg's folk-inspired *Lyric Suite* and *Old Norwegian Romance with Variations*, both performed penetratingly by Arthur Winograd and the Philharmonic Orchestra of Hamburg (MGM E 3368).

Josef Haydn's *The Last Seven Words of Christ*, a string quartet based on the last seven phrases spoken by Christ on the cross and intended as music for Good Friday, poignantly read by the

## Gulda Expected Back For Classics-Jazz Tour

New York—Austrian classical virtuoso Friedrich Gulda, who made his jazz debut at Birdland and the American Jazz festival at Newport this season, will return to America in February.

Present plans call for Gulda to embark on a 30-35-city tour in a program the first half of which will consist of his interpretations of Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart. In the second half, Gulda will work with a jazz combo. The tour is expected to last some seven weeks.

## Fulbright Music Awards

New York—Competition for the Fulbright awards will include music as one of the fields. Application forms, which can be obtained at the Institute of International Education, 1 E. 67th St., New York City, should be requested by Oct. 25. Competition will close on Nov. 1.

Boston Symphony String orchestra (Victor LM 1949).

Charles Ives' indigenously American *Symphony No. 3* by the Baltimore Little Symphony orchestra conducted by Reginald Stewart. Coupled with another stirring modern composition, the *Suite for String Orchestra and Oboe* of Richard Donovan. (Vanguard VRS 468).

—les brown

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## Counterpoint

By Nat Hentoff

THERE IS A KIND of smugness among a large number of jazz fans above and to the west of the Mason-Dixon line, a smugness involved in their fond fallacy that in jazz at least there are no integration problems, that jazzmen function in a context of full democracy wherein a man is judged for what he is and a man represents no one but himself in particular and the human race in general.

Let's look at some barbed facts, starting not in the clubs but between the clubs. The Basie men, for one example, relax in Birdland for two weeks, confident in the reciprocal warmth of their own blowing and the reaction of their audience.

But then they go on a bus for a one-nighter tour. A tour not in the South, mind you, but through New England and upper New York state. There are suddenly reservations that have not been "confirmed"; there are gas station owners who look at the bus and announce that there are no washroom facilities while they carefully lock the door to the men's room.

How many Basie admirers in towns like these are aware of this kind of reception not only to the Basie band but to the many Negroes of all vocations passing through? How many would protest audibly—or write letters to the town newspaper and chamber of commerce—if they did know about it?

AND EVERY time the Basie or any other Negro band comes to such northern—let alone southern cities—as Denver, Boston, Atlantic City, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Omaha, Chicago, Youngstown, Seattle, Des Moines, etc., they find themselves no longer just AFM musicians but Negro AFM musicians belonging to a separate and not always "equal" local.

Let's move into the jazz world itself. I've noted before the disgusting irony that there are rooms devoted to jazz—a music that at base has been the creation of the American Negro—that will hire neither Negro musicians nor admit Negro patrons. There is a club in Columbus, Ohio, that so far as I know, still goes by both misrules. There is a club in Allentown, Pa., that balks at booking mixed units. Yet there are musicians and booking agencies who go along with this. Only once in a while will a musician fight it.

That happened in Allentown when Tony Scott refused to break up his mixed unit in order to go into the room. The owner glowered, grumbled, and refused to speak to Scott for most of his engagement there. Of course, there were no incidents; of course, the customers dug the music.

THE OWNER told Tony his policy resulted from the fact that the townspeople were "prejudiced." There was another gig Scott fought through. Again the word came to him that it would be "preferable" if he brought in an all-white unit. Tony's reaction was "Nuts!" He held his ground and again, he and the human race won.

I'm told that I'm ingenuous or a fool when I maintain that no agency connected with jazz should book a room that demands all-anything units, that

tries to tell leaders whom to hire.

I don't believe there is any ground for compromise in this. If no booking agency with jazz acts were to book such rooms, the rooms would have to change policy or come under new—and presumably more awakened—ownership. For a booking agency to feed prejudice in any way is indefensible. For a musician to do it by knuckling under to racial demands from club owners or agencies is spiritual suicide. Sure, I know, there's little bread enough for many combos. But it can't be that bad; it can never be that bad to excuse selling part of yourself in the contract.

Let's go further and look at integration in bands and combos. A very illuminating article on this subject is Allan Morrison's *Democracy & Jazz* in

the *American Jazz Annual* that made its debut at Newport and that is available by sending \$1 to the name of the book at Riverside, Conn. Morrison says rightly that "jazz by its very nature, origin, and message tends to dissolve the artificial color barriers that exist between people."

"Over the years and in countless ways," he continued, "jazz music has, quietly, without preaching or politicking, wrought deep-going changes in the racial mores of the country. In odd little corners of the social fabric, jazz has often been an unconscious catalyst of social change for the better, an agent for the improvement of human relations."

But as Morrison strongly feels, much more remains to happen. In detailing

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the history of integration in jazz bands from New Orleans on, he points out that "within the last 10 years, integration in the jazz field has moved forward not too rapidly but perceptibly. Several of the Negro big-band leaders have used white men in their organizations, pointing up the two-way process that must take place if segregation is to be ended." (Italics mine). Both ends of that two-way street haven't been as active as they could and should have been.

Obviously neither Morrison nor I is making the absurd contention that a musician should be hired *because* he is a Negro or is white. The point is that a man should not be *not* hired because of his color if he is otherwise fully qualified musically.

TONY SCOTT is quoted in this same article as saying, "There has to be a conscious effort by both white and Negro musicians to use talent without regard to color. If musicians of different colors had more social contact, there would be less professional separation. The Negro musician suffers from the burden of having to prove that he is equal, which too often means he really has to be superior to succeed."

And Miles Davis, also quoted by Morrison, sums up everything: "Music has no color: It's a raceless art. I don't care if a musician is green as long as he's talented."

## Barry Ulanov

NOW THEY'RE AFTER jazz in Manila, all those thousands of miles away, at the University of the Philippines conservatory. I'm not sure who "they" are, "they," who are on the offensive against jazz in Manila, but the situation is familiar enough. And important enough and ugly enough to bear some comment.

It all started when the director of the university's conservatory of music, Prof. Ramon Tapales, announced the inauguration of "vocational music" courses for next semester. Not merely the inception of such courses but the introduction into the faculty of blowing musicians to teach them—jazzmen, mambomen, those who really know what they're talking and playing about. And then the mail came, mail of about the temperature of an ocean liner's furnace.

One squawk: "It's unthinkable—it would reduce the conservatory to the level of cabarets and night clubs."

Another: "Prostitution of the true and real music profession."

And another: "You cannot mix cha-cha and mambo with Haydn, Chopin, and Beethoven."

THE NEWSPAPERS weighed in with their solid and sedate opinions, too. The Manila *Chronicle* decided that

the decision of the director was in "bad taste." Why? "The conservatory was founded to introduce students to classical music. If Tapales wanted to depart from the conventional at all, he could have introduced the works of Roy Harris, Paul Hindemith, and Dimitri Shostakovich."

What specious arguments! Roy Harris, Hindemith, and Shostakovich departures from the conventional? That's like calling John Philip Sousa a dangerous radical in military music or Victor Herbert a wild and daring experimenter in light opera.

AS FOR THE conservatory being founded "to introduce students to classical music"—a line of reasoning well enough known in these contests—why then isn't the place called the Conservatory of Classical Music? Or better still, why do so few persons agree on the meaning of "classical music" while so many agree in principle and in detailed particular about the meaning of music as a whole?

This really is the point, in Manila or anywhere else jazz may be under attack: it's music, and that's what matters—at conservatories, colleges, high schools, or kindergartens; on the air, on the cathode-ray tube, on stage or in night clubs; in concert halls or ballrooms or back alleys.

Jazz has suffered too long and too hard from attacks of those sick with the creeping, crawling, devilishly debilitating disease of *categoryitis*, that terrible affliction which has beset so



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many in the modern world, the leading symptom of which is that one must find a pigeonhole, a slot, a category for everything. You always can recognize anyone suffering from categoryitis by the black and white spots with which he is covered.

**JAZZ IS MUSIC.** That's not an announcement calculated to stun readers. Most of them must be so convinced or they wouldn't be reading this column in this magazine. But what about our categorical friends with the monochrome vision? Is jazz acceptable, definable as music? Can it be placed in that general category?

No, jazz is not music to those who would banish it from the sacred groves of conservatory academe. Jazz is not music to those who would give it no place in the college curriculum. Jazz is not music to those who would forbid it the hallowed halls of our high schools. Jazz is not music to those who would proscribe its performance in our concert halls.

What is it then if it isn't music? Something "unthinkable," to quote those on the categorical warpath in Manila; "prostitution of the true and real music profession," and so on, *ad nauseum*. It's black to those who can only see white. It is to the tone deaf the staggering total of all that is offensive in sound. But it is never, curiously enough, something you make an attempt to understand, to explain, to appreciate, if only to make some sense of what others enjoy so much. No, all you do is to denounce it.

**THIS IS WHERE** the fight must still be waged—and won. On the educational front. The nonsense vocabulary, the adjectival jags, the sickly categories of those who attack jazz in this manner must be attacked, exposed for what they are at the same time that jazz is defended for what it is—a distinguished kind of music. Ramon Tapales, the conservatory director in Manila, puts it simply, correctly, and eloquently enough:

"We have to face it. The bulk of our musicians derive enjoyment by playing jazz and popular music. They contribute more to the cultural prestige of our country than those who specialize in the works of the great masters."

If that is true of the "bulk" of musicians in the Philippines, how much more is it true of musicians in the United States. Not that we don't do well in our performances of "the great masters." Not at all. But the cultural prestige that American musicians bring to their country obviously is in jazz—their own music, nobody else's—not in any expression inherited from other lands or other cultures.

Yes, it's simple enough, it's clear enough, and quite thoroughly demonstrable. As Prof. Tapales says, "We have to face it." What? Hold onto your seats. I'm going to say it again. *Jazz is music!*

### New Roach Men Named

New York—The Max Roach quintet now includes trumpeter Donald Byrd, most recently with the Jazz Messengers; Detroit pianist Barry Harris, and as before, tenorist Sonny Rollins and bassist George Morrow. The unit previously had included Clifford Brown and Richard Powell, both killed in a car crash.

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## Perspectives

By Ralph J. Gleason

ONE OF THE BEST things about the recent Buddy Collette Contemporary album is its utter saneness. There has been a terrible tendency in recent years for musicians, when faced with their own first crack at a full album, to turn somersaults, handsprings, and flip-flops and shoot off cannons, wave flags, and dance on tip toes to show how much they can do.

And, of course, the entire jazz scene reflects this constant striving for something new. There is, despite the creaky arguments about 1929 Fords and Cadillacs, no value in something just because it IS new, or IS different. Basie proves this one, if nothing else.

But, I suppose, we shall have to live with the opposite ends of any given pendulum swinging away. It has now become obvious that if you make LP

after LP of splinter groups from the Basie band, and groups openly imitating the Basie sound and style, you will sooner or later reach a point of no return where the musical net of the LP is absolutely nothing.

AS MUCH AS the so-called "cool" style infuriated a number of musicians, there was really nothing added to jazz by going all out in the other direction. Too many piano players today, on both coasts, seem to feel that funkiness can replace having something to say. And too many tenor men, in a revolt against the Getzian style, are determined to win by sheer power and straight-ahead swinging.

It won't stop and I wouldn't want it to, as long as it doesn't hurt jazz. But the LP situation will, as this space has remarked periodically over the last couple of years. If you continue to make LPs with no real reason to do so—musically, that is—you are going to prove there is no money in jazz. The Kenton Presents series on Capitol proved that and was dropped by the

company just as soon as the accounting department took a look at the statements. I suspect that the recent turnover at RCA Victor is, in its own way, the result of the same sort of thing.

THE ELEMENT OF HYPE is creeping into jazz entirely too much these days. The saving grace, of course, is that jazz' fundamental appeal is emotional on one level or another, and unless a soloist or an album has something to say, it simply doesn't sell. (What ever happened to Villegas, by the way?)

You can take out all the ads you want to in *The New Yorker* and other places, and if the album hasn't got it, it just hasn't got it. That's all. And the corollary, of course, is that if the album has something, the fans will find it even when it's distributed in utter secrecy.

No one has yet been able to devise a method of putting the emotional content of jazz down on paper, so no matter what you do, the ultimate test of a jazz record, whether it's completely improvised or partially or wholly arranged, is in the performer. Not that the arranger is not growing more and more important—he most certainly is—but at his best he is only the catalytic agent for the other elements.

You can, as Andre Previn has pointed out, put the score of a Beethoven composition on the stands in front of a high school orchestra and something comes through. The music is in the paper. You can't kill it completely, though God knows you can mangle it.

But you simply can't do it at all with jazz. It just won't work and nothing that any one has produced yet proves it will. Let's not forget that.

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(Jumped from Page 27)

al balance, the room now has close to perfect reverberation. Sounds are prolonged long enough by the room to permit good tone to build up but not so long that phrasing and definition become blurred.

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The necessity for intelligent planning for good listening conditions has not yet been impressed on night club owners, but inevitably, as the jazz listener's ear becomes trained to expect good sound from records, he will become more and more inclined to spend his money at the record shop counter, and hear his jazz without the discomfort of being squeezed in at 2-foot-square tables.

Then the club owners will have to learn that it is not necessary to sacrifice good listening conditions for spontaneity. And then perhaps live jazz will become as hi-fi as recorded jazz is becoming.

## Strictly Ad Lib

(Jumped from Page 6)

will also be on TV again in the fall . . . Jackie Paris in Honolulu . . . Billy Eckstine will star next year in an Italian film in a dramatic part . . . Mel Torme starred in a London concert July 29 accompanied by Vic Lewis' band and several leading British jazzmen . . . Ted Lewis held over at the Waldorf until Aug. 11 . . . Roberta Linn opens at the Copa Sept. 6 . . . Tin Pan Alley, the large dance hall with big name entertainment, has closed. It may reopen as a rock and roll room.

**ON STAGE:** Hollywood arranger-leader Buddy Bregman may produce a traveling version of Jack Kirkland's stage version of *The Man with the Golden Arm*. He and co-producer Jack Haley would open the play in September in Los Angeles and take it on tour . . . Jazz and classical writer-conductor Tommy Talbert is to do the music for the play version of *The Disenchanted* on Broadway. Script is by Budd Schulberg, who authored the novel, and Harvey Breit. Production will also be a TV spectacular . . . Louie Bellson is doing the music for Richard Ney's *Too Little Time for Love*, due on Broadway next season. Ney is producer, author, and lyricist.

**RECORDS, RADIO, TV:** Next Ella Fitzgerald song book will be a Rodgers and Hart package . . . Victor signed Eddie Heywood and Julie Andrews of *My Fair Lady*, and will also release a Mr. Magoo in Hi-Fi set . . . Boston singer Faith Winthrop, in San Francisco for the past year, has been signed by Epic . . . Lillian Roth's accompanist and arranger, Dick Weas, will do an MGM LP . . . Unique will issue LPs by Kaye Ballard, the Vagabonds, Leonard Sues, and NBC disc jockey-singer Johnny Andrews . . . On the basis of market surveys, Mercury announces it'll concentrate on instrumental rather than vocal LPs . . . Atlantic will release a Patti McGovern LP . . . Frank Sinatra may produce a TV series based on memorable opening nights on Broadway . . . Frankie Laine substituting Tuesdays for Dinah Shore through Sept. 11, with Snooky Lanson on Thursdays through Sept. 13 . . . Jaye P. Morgan has done so well substituting for Eddie Fisher this summer she may have her own NBC show in the fall.

### Washington

The Modern Jazz quartet followed Bobby Scott into the Patio lounge July 30 . . . The Barbara Carroll trio takes the stand Aug. 6-11 . . . Bud Shank plays his first Washington date Aug. 13-18 . . . Benny Goodman, bringing out young and old, packed the Carter Barron amphitheater for four days in late July . . . The Marina has J. J. Johnson's new group until Aug. 11 . . . A tribute to Clifford Brown was held at the Marina on July 4. Trumpeters Bobby Zottola, Claire Rockquemor, and Mousie Johnson performed the musical memorial.

The Wilson line's nightly Potomac river cruise offers a swinging group led by tenorman Frank Garner. Trumpeter John Payne and Phil Lester on bass trumpet round out the horns. The rhythm section consists of Eddie Diamond, piano; Norm Williams, bass, and Jim Lucht, drums . . . A new jazz policy at the Vineyard club is proving

successful. A rhythm section, headed by Dick Williams on drums, plays host to a different local soloist every week . . . The Bayou has Wild Bill Whelan for an indefinite period during the summer . . . Dixie sessions are a weekend attraction at the Charles Hotel.

—tom tomlinson

### Hollywood

**THE JAZZ BEAT:** Vocal event of the year: Billie Holiday's current two-week stand at Jazz City.

**NITERY NOTES:** The Claude Gordon band will definitely play the Palladium within a couple of moons . . . Howard Rumsey's All-Stars, resident at Hermosa's Lighthouse, are planning a six-week hegira east in October-November . . . Readers who noted the Teddy Buckner band listed under "Want to Buy A Combo" headline couple of issues back had better be advised the trumpet man's band is *not* for sale. He's under contract at the 400 club.


Regarding comment on Zardi's Jazzland in last issue: let it be noted the

management disagrees. Last time we heard from the spot Perez Prado was slated to open Aug. 3 . . . Lillian Roth opening at Statler's Terrace room Aug. 30 . . . Ray Anthony's crew returned to the Palladium Aug. 1—and dig that vocal act! . . . Rundown on top Jazz City attractions reads: Aug. 17, Anita O'Day and Dave Pell octet; then Chico Hamilton quintet for a month; Bud Shank quartet; new Hammond organ star Jimmy Smith and trio; the MJQ in February.

**WAXED NOTES:** Buddy DeFranco cut a new Verve album with strings, written and directed by arranger Russ Garcia . . . Shelly Manne plans a series of "Friends" albums for Contemporary, showcasing little-heard and rising jazz stars . . . The Louis Rivera trio, which can be dug at the Back Stage on Adams, is now pacted with Jazz: West.

**CORRECTION:** The new Lady Day album item referred to in the last issue should of course, have read: Wynton Kelly accompanied on piano . . . period.

**ADDED NOTES:** Claude Gordon's



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band plays Travis AFB the 17th and the Walla Walla Fair Aug. 23-26 . . . Blonde drummer Jill Swartz has organized a new combo including Sam Firmature, tenor, Forest Westbrook, piano, and John Semple, bass, to work the Club Rendezvous, Huntington Park, on weekends.

**TAILGATE:** Won't some smart jazz a&r man lend a lucky ear to one of the hippest trios in years: Gerry Wiggins, piano; Jackie Mills, drums; and Joe Comfort, bass, working weekends at the Club Cosmo on Adams? —tyson

### Cleveland

**J. J. Johnson**, with a new teammate, **Bobby Jaspas**, brings his new quintet to the Cotton club Aug. 13. The Hi-Los come in on Aug. 30 . . . **Cy Coleman's** tasteful sounds filtered through the Theatrical grill during the month of July. He alternated with the up-stylings of the **Ellie Frankel** trio and the vocals of **Hamish Menzies**. **Billy Taylor** is inked through Aug. 20 . . . **Bill DeArango's** new Down Beat room is serving the cool moods of DeArango's group in an equally cool cellar. The quartet gets better and better. The place is located in the basement of the Shaker Village tavern. Though it's a short drive from the downtown area, the decor and clean, bright sounds are worth the trip . . . At **Kornman's** Back room, **Mimi Kelly** is back to brighten up the summer lull. She's aided by **Dick Mone**. The result is delight. —m. k. mangan

### San Francisco

Bassist **Jerry Goode**, who had been playing bass with **Cal Tjader's** new group at the Palace hotel, left in mid-July to go with **Virgil Gonzales's** sextet to the Biltmore in Tahoe. **Gene Wright**, formerly with the **Red Norvo** trio, has joined Tjader . . . Columbia rushed advance copies of **Johnny Mathis's** new LP out to Frisco during his run at the **Fallen Angel** . . . **Herb Barman**, **Richard Wyans**, and **Jack Weeks**, whose trio has been at **Fack's** for some time, have a record date upcoming for **Allied**.

Pianist **Ralph Sutton** has joined the **Bob Scobey** band and moved to California. He and **Jesse Crump** are splitting the piano chores with **Scobey** at **Storyville** . . . **Bob Helm** has rejoined the **Turk Murphy** band at the **Tin Angel**, replacing **Ellis Horne** . . . **Pops Foster** has taken over on bass with the **Earl Hines** band, replacing **Ron Crofts**, who has joined **Johnny Marabuta** at the **Fallen Angel** . . . **Fantasy** has signed **Bill Harris** and will record him this summer when the **Woody Herman** small group is on the coast. —ralph j. gleason

### Boston

**Herb Pomeroy** and the wailing big band at the newly-renovated **Stable** on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Operations moved to the **Hotel Buckminster** following a two-alarm fire that swept through the spot . . . **Duke Ellington** and the band played a concert at **Gloucester** for the **Hadassah** Charitable Fund. Later this month **Duke** plays another at **Fairfield, Conn.**, for benefit of the **Connecticut** Symphony orchestra . . . **Jazz** comes to the summer theater loop. **Dave Brubeck** is inked to appear Aug. 5 at the **North Shore Music** thea-



ter, George Shearing signed for Aug. 29 . . . The Hampton Beach Casino featured Jerry Vale and Billy May's orchestra, led by Sam Donahue. Les Elgart brings the dancing sound in later in the month . . . Ray McKinley and the Glenn Miller orchestra set to debut in this area at the Totem Pole ballroom in mid-August.

—dom corulli

### Chicago

**JAZZ, CHICAGO-STYLE:** Growing interest in jazz here has brought about a renaissance of the small night club, which has been threatened with extinction since the end of the war. While the jazz rooms flourished in July, some of the bigger clubs closed down for short periods because of no business. The Chez Paree, for one, shut-tened July 6-Aug. 8; the Black Orchid for a few days during the same period. Meanwhile, new clubs were popping up in neighborhood sites with name attractions. Dinah Washington had a healthy engagement at Budland on the south side; Dorothy Donegan and the Johnny Rickett trio turned up at the Partners 204 Club after Billie Holiday; Bill Farrell has been playing the Crown Propeller, and the Johnnie Pate trio is doubling between the London House and the Pershing lounge.

Muggy Spanier and Helen Forrest are headlining at the Palmer House (Miss Forrest still being billed as "America's Foremost Vocalist"), and the Chez has Louis Armstrong tapped for a Nov. 2 opening . . . Stan Kenton is current at the Blue Note through Aug. 12, Les Brown following for one week, and Duke Ellington beginning a two-week stand on Aug. 22 . . . Teddy Wilson is at the London House, and Erroll Garner is set to follow on Sept. 12 for five weeks . . . The Australian Jazz quintet is at the Modern Jazz room, with the Jazz Messengers booked for Sept. 12, Stan Getz for Oct. 15, and Bud Shank on Oct. 29 . . . At presstime, it was virtually a cinch that the Black Orchid would be sold to Pat Fontecchio, Paul Raffles, and Bill Doherty, owners of the Cloister inn. Lurlene Hunter and Dick Marx are back at the Cloister, and the Pat Moran quartet continues . . . The only early evening jazz in town is at the Gate of Horn, where the Fred Kaz trio is working during the cocktail hours.

**ADDED NOTES:** Spike Jones and his melange are at the Chez Paree to Sept. 10, when the McGuire Sisters open. Sophie Tucker and Tony Bennett follow on Sept. 21, and Patti Page comes in on Oct. 12 . . . Harry Belafonte starts a four-week engagement at the Palmer House on Aug. 16, Dorothy Dandridge following . . . The Mighty Panther has returned to the Blue Angel on a bill with Rafael Ery, Betty Lewis, and Zoila D'San . . . Josephine Premice is headlining the Black Orchid . . . Al Morgan continues at the Steak House . . . Allan Jones, Gretchen Wyler, and Karen Shepard are here in Silk Stockings at the Schubert Theater . . . Tommy Reed's orchestra is appearing nightly at the Vogue ballroom.

### Miami

Pianist Herbie Brock is now at the Parisian, sharing the stand with Preacher Rollo and his five Saints . . . In the Onyx room, the quartet of Den-

nis (The Menace) Brault can be heard . . . Rudy Ferguson's servicin' the swing wing at the Flamingo Lounge of the Sir John hotel (ex Calvert) . . . Harry the Hipster and his Dixieland outfit have joined the Fletcher Peck trio at Ciro's . . . At the Ocean Ranch, clarinetist Ernie Goodson has replaced Jimmy Waugh with the George Fields trio . . . Terry Shand is back in town, at the Cork club.

—june gurrett

### Montreal

Eartha Kitt, Don Cornell, Edith Piaf, Will Jordan, Billy Eckstine, and Jeri Southern are booked into the El Morocco for the fall and winter . . . King Kolax, Frank Motley, and Rusty Bryant led r&b groups at the Esquire Showbar during July . . . Gaston Campeau is at the Faisan Bleu . . . Norma Stuart is singing and swinging at the Down Beat . . . The Lord Caresser calypso trio has been held over at the Venus De Milo room . . . Roland Legault, one of French Canada's best singers, is at the Monte Carlo here.

The CBC deviated from its long-hair Wednesday Night program format to broadcast the jazz concerts from the Stratford Music festival in Ontario. This was the first time such a concert has been broadcast on the trans-Canada network on Wednesday night, the time usually reserved for serious drama or classical music.

—henry f. whiston

## Ory To Appear In Paris With Six-Piece Combo

Paris—Kid Ory is due to open here Sept. 14 with a six-piece band. His engagements may include the Alhambra Music hall. French promoters have been trying to get Ory here for the last six years.

Count Basie's band will be here Oct. 6 and 7 for concerts at the 2,000-capacity Palais de Chaillot, and the Modern Jazz quartet will play in the city in November. There will be another New Orleans jazz festival in November with traditionalist bands from all over Europe, including possibly Russia and Poland this year.

## Rex Stewart To Teach

Albany, New York—Former Ellington cornetist and onetime bandleader Rex Stewart will teach a course on jazz at Bennington college starting in September. Last term, Rex lectured both at Bennington and Dartmouth. Rex also has a regular jazz program on WROW, Albany.

## Practice Makes...

Hollywood—A new electronic brain, Datatron, has been developed by the Electro Data Corp. of Pasadena, Calif., under the supervision of Dr. Martin Klein. The brain is supposed to be able to write popular songs at the rate of 1,000 an hour.

Certain persons in the music business say it's possible the machine has been making secret trial runs for several years now.



## Benny Powell

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## The Hot Box

By George Hoefler

IT HAS BEEN AN experience of major musical importance to me to have had the pleasure of hearing Bird play in person many times. Two of these occasions will never be forgotten, for they so vividly highlight Charlie Parker's great contributions to American jazz.

I first heard of Parker back in 1942 when Bob Locke was Chicago editor of Down Beat. Bob was from Kansas City,

Mo., and when he learned that Jay McShann's band was set to play a one-nighter at Chicago's Savoy ballroom, he started pestering me to accompany him.

Now, in those days I was quite deeply imbedded in a record collection composed mostly of jazz records made before 1930. I hadn't been paying too much heed to the current releases that Locke insisted "you'll be looking all over hell for in 10 years." But I rather reluctantly tagged along.

McShann's boys "tooted the roof" as bands were prone to do when they played the Savoy. I had heard Count Basie at the Grand Terrace in 1937

when he played his first date out of Kansas City, and the band had been so rough, loud, and wild that it had taken me a year to get with them. My first impression of McShann was a duplication of the Basie experience.

As the evening wore on, I became fascinated by the alto solos, as was Locke. We couldn't get enough because at that time McShann's blues records were selling like hotcakes, and both Walter Brown and Al Hibbler were on hand to sing the requests and there were too few instrumentals.

You can get a bit of an idea of what Locke and I were hearing that night (Turn to Page 41)

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# 'High Society' Producer Made Wild Dream Happen

WHEN PRODUCER Sol C. Siegel set up his offices at MGM to make *High Society*, he announced he was planning to have Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra, supported by Louis Armstrong and his band. It sounded like a wild dream except to those who know Siegel and even wilder when he also announced that he aimed to secure Cole Porter to do the songs.

Porter, with his impressive list of stage successes, never has been enthusiastic about writing for films, and has been completely uninterested since the lukewarm reception of his songs for *The Pirate*, a 1948 picture starring Gene Kelly and Judy Garland.

HE PREFERS TO see his stage shows transmitted into successful films, as has been the case with most.

"I think it was the prospect of writing for performers such as Crosby and Sinatra that sold him," says Siegel, a calm, gray-haired man who shows no signs of the pressures big-time film producers have to cope with.

Did he have any special problems with *High Society*?

"Well," he said, grinning, "Only a few that we don't encounter with any major production. I was particularly anxious to have Armstrong because of his close association over the years with Bing Crosby."

"Louis and his boys have been playing their own repertoire of memorized numbers for so long they were a bit leary when they learned they would have to read some music to do the two new numbers by Porter they do in *High Society*.

"THEY DID HAVE to do some 'woodshedding' such as they haven't done in a long time, but we never had to push them. Those boys are perfectionists as much as any musicians I have ever known.

"Speaking of jazz, it also presented something of a problem for Cole Porter, who in all his experience had never written anything especially for a jazz group. He has two such numbers in *High Society*, the *High Society Calypso*, and the *Now You Has Jazz* number they do with Bing.

"Before starting to work on the Armstrong numbers, Porter went to see and hear him in some concerts. Then to pick up some typical Armstrong jargon for his lyrics he got in touch with Norman Granz by long-distance telephone somewhere and 'learned to talk jive,' as he put it."

HOW DO YOU BECOME a producer? Siegel started as a reporter on the New York *Herald Tribune* and switched from that to selling real estate. He acquired his more-than-passing interest in music as sales manager for the old Brunswick-Columbia record company.

Among his outstanding musicals in recent years were two from the Irving Berlin list, *Call Me Madam* and *There's No Business Like Show Business*.

And he introduced the currently popular practice of using name singers for title songs when he engaged Frank Sinatra as the unseen title song singer in his *Three Coins in the Fountain*.



Old easy chair's got him, pipe in his mouth. Bing Crosby relaxes in a scene from *High Society* as he listens to Louis Armstrong's band. With Louis are drummer Barrett Deems, clarinetist Edmond Hall and pianist Billy Kyle. Not shown is trombonist Trummy Young.

August 22, 1956

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Bing Crosby and Louis Armstrong appear together in a scene from the movie *Pennies from Heaven*.

## Crosby Old Days With Bix, Tram, Wingy Retold

By Hal Holly

RELEASE OF *HIGH SOCIETY*, starring Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, and Frank Sinatra and featuring Louis Armstrong and his band in jazz sequences, serves to recall that Crosby, more than any other popular singer during his own long era, has had a close association with the jazz tradition.

The association begins with Bing's early days with Paul Whiteman when his career was closely linked, musically, with such jazz greats as the late Bix Beiderbecke, Frank Trumbauer, and Eddie Lang.

LANG, PIONEER JAZZMAN on his instrument, was Bing's favorite guitarist and accompanied him on many of his early records, several of which he made with the "jazz wing" of the Whiteman band of that day. And much of Bing's work with the Rhythm Boys vocal group was characterized by what passed for a jazz style of singing at the time.

In recent years Crosby has adhered mainly to a ballad style, but his most successful of recent records were his swinging treatments of *In a Little Spanish Town* and *Old Man River*, made with the small jazz combo headed by Buddy Cole he uses on his radio shows.

Armstrong made his first screen appearance in a Bing Crosby picture, *Pennies from Heaven*, a picture in which Armstrong's treatment of the title song has become a standard.

BING INTRODUCED WINGY MANONE, then a jazz figure of note, to the screen in the '30s in a film entitled *Rhythm on the River*, and they haven't forgotten the unpredictable Wingy yet at Paramount. They had to hold up production more than once because Wingy insisted on showing up in the wrong suit in the middle of a sequence.

In *St. Louis Blues*, in which Bing co-starred with Dorothy Lamour, Bing was backed by an all-star jazz combo headed by Matty Malneck and featuring trumpet ace Manny Klein. The band attracted so much attention in the film that it remained together for the following year and made a cross-country tour back to New York.

## Radio And Video

IN A CONSCIENTIOUS ATTEMPT to keep up with musical developments on network television, I have lately tuned in on Ina Ray Hutton, Russ Morgan, Stan Wolowic and his Polka Chips, and Louis Armstrong. If I'm a little more addled than usual this week, it's the strains of *Nola* and *The Baruska Polka* that keep getting in the way.



Mabley

Dealing first with Armstrong, he was on Ed Sullivan's show, and as usual in his handling of musical groups, Sullivan just let them play, in their own way. It was delightful stuff, and particularly pleasing to find it in Class A time. May Sullivan's ratings soar even higher if he continues this sort of business.

I am under the impression that Louis is playing pretty much the same today as he was 20 years ago, that he has just gone along and played what is right to him, and popular taste has finally caught up with him.

Well, he is a real old pro. So is Sullivan, and this was the kind of entertainment that keeps me from throwing away the TV set.

REGARDING STAN, INA RAY, AND RUSS, you must say in their favor there was a lot of music, or maybe a lot of musical notes. For this trend we have Lawrence Welk to thank. Innerduce the music and get out of da way, fellas.

Ina Ray is remarkably zippy considering the number of years she has been doing this sort of thing. She disbanded her first all-girl orchestra around 1935. "Men sound better," she announced, but she went back to Melo-Dears somewhere along the line. I never have been able to get accustomed to a lady playing a trombone, and I'd still just as soon see an all-seal band as an all-girl band.

Morgan won his audience by coming on the air for his first show and announcing he would allow no imitations of Ed Sullivan and was not going to sign Elvis Presley. Also no jokes about California dew. But he did have Hoagy (And Then I Wrote) Carmichael, whose performance is as hackneyed as California weather jokes. He embroidered this appearance by singing the flattest duet I've heard on television.

HELEN O'CONNELL WAS THE VICTIM, and this girl's a trouper. She smiled and kept right on singing as this awful sound beat into her right ear. This seems to be old-timers' week in this space, and I think Miss O'Connell won a *Down Beat* poll or two in the late '30s as best girl band vocalist. She's even prettier now than she was then. Her style, once so well suited to the backing of Jimmy Dorsey, now seems at home with Russ Morgan.

She is a permanent fixture on the Morgan show, and even with her commercial style is worth hearing.

The Chicago station of the ABC network got such a big audience with a local half-hour polka show that the thing has been expanded to an hour on the network. The station got its first polka band by putting Tyrolean hats on a half dozen staff musicians and calling them polka kings, but the present group looks like the McCoyski. This music is quite monotonous to one who is not a connoisseur of polkas, but it is very gay and could build a good rating. The dancers are graceful and pleasant.

WE ALSO HAVE BEEN WATCHING the Ernie Kovacs show, which took over Sid Caesar's spot on Monday nights on NBC. Two of my previous enthusiasms in the field of satire on television have been Bob and Ray and Johnny Carson. Both of these shows left the evening network time when I was most enjoying them.

Kovacs also has a lot of fun puncturing balloons, and I hesitate to add to his burdens with my kiss of death. Nevertheless it must be reported he has a fine, good-natured show, freshened up with some of the most imaginative camera work to be seen on the networks.

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## Film Review

# 'Society' Memorable For Crosby, Sinatra, Armstrong

High Society (Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, John Lund, Louis Armstrong and band).

By Charles Emge

The transfer of successful stage and film properties of the past into filmusicals has become something of a trend in Hollywood in recent years. Not always has it been a happy blending of music with the original.

This time producer Sol Siegel, director Charles Walters, and script writer John Patrick have made the most of their high-powered cast, and with some notable assistance from songwriter Cole Porter, music chief Johnny Green and his crack MGM music staff, have come up with a picture in which the music enhances without detracting an iota from the smartness and sophistication of the late Phillip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story*.

Even those with the fondest memories of the film version starring Katherine

Hepburn and Cary Grant should feel no disappointment in this treatment.

THE STORY, as many will recall, deals with a very, very socialite young woman (Grace Kelly) of unusual qualities whose first marriage (to dilettante songwriter Bing Crosby) has fallen through because husband No. 1 was prone to some human failings.

Wedding No. 2 is about to take place to a stern, upstanding young man (John Lund), who promises to be very dull. Reporter Frank Sinatra shows up to cover the planned fancy wedding. He inadvertently leads the bride-to-be into a hilarious binge in the course of which she discovers she is not without some human frailty herself, though the reporter gallantly declines to take advantage of the situation.

Out of it comes the realization that she is still very much in love with her first husband, and when the wedding finally comes off, it is a re-marriage.

A TOTAL OF 10 new songs by Cole Porter, each one neatly tied in with the situation in which it is used, are ingeniously woven into the continuity.

Crosby and Sinatra naturally carry the bulk of the vocal work, and as two of the leading characters—appearing together for the first time—achieve a kind of rapport that brings to the screen some of its most memorable moments in song and light comedy.

Armstrong and his band get into the story as house guests of Crosby—the scene is Newport, R. I.—and he has invited them to stay with him during their appearance at the jazz festival. Porter did an excellent job in providing two specialty numbers that give Armstrong and his bandmen opportunity to show to their best advantage.

ONE IS A jazz-flavored Latin piece, *High Society Calypso*; the other, in which Crosby also participates, is a number titled *Now You Has Jazz*. It's a kind of lyrical salute to jazz in general and the Newport festival. The festival itself does not figure directly in the story. Armstrong also appears from time to time as a bit player, and the band comes in again at the finale with a swinging version of the *Wedding March*.

Most importantly, Armstrong is himself in every appearance, the one and only Louis captured on the screen as rarely before.

The charm of *High Society* stems mainly from the fact that it is a screen play with music, rather than a filmusical—there are no stylized "production numbers"—but those with an ear for



Sinatra and Crosby, together for the first time in films, live it up in this scene from *High Society*.

such will delight in the orchestral song settings provided by Saul Chaplin, Conrad Salinger, and Nelson Riddle.

## George Hoefler

(Jumped from Page 38)

if you listen to Jay McShann's *Hootie Blues* (Decca 8559) or *Sepian Bounce* (Decca 4387). These sides feature alto solos so advanced that they seem to be completely out of context.

I'll admit I didn't know what Bird was playing or trying to play. I kept saying "I don't know" to Bob after we left. I seemed to be in a quandary, but deep down inside there was an instinctive feeling that I had just heard a great creative musician.

Some years later, around '47 or '48 my wife and I were "scanning the music scene" on Argyle Ave. in Chicago and making a night of it alternating between the two spots available. There was a place on the corner of Broadway and Argyle featuring Roy Eldridge. The Argyle lounge, a half-block away, had Bird, Max Roach, Miles Davis, Duke Jordan, and Tommy Potter.

About 4 a.m. we finished up with Roy and were wondering if there was still time to catch another set at the Argyle before closing. As we walked own the street we noticed a big red fire engine parked in front of the lounge. Firemen were dragging a hose through the door and on through the narrow room to a basement door from which smoke was pouring.

We gingerly walked in, for we could hear Bird blowing the blues. The band was lost in the throes of musical composition on the stand behind the bar while on the bar stools were listeners enthralled, "gone," their chins propped up by their elbows on the bar. The "senders" and the "sent" were oblivious to the fire in the house.

On the way home at dawn, I realized what an influence and teacher Parker had become because most of the listeners had been young Chicago jazz musicians of the modern school.

## Johnny Green

(Jumped from Page 13)

handed to the musical director who, with his associates, now prepares the actual music for the background score and "tie-ins." Once this has been orchestrated and the film properly cued and marked, back we go to the recording stage.

This time the film is projected on a screen, and the conductor accompanies the action with the orchestra as the scenes unfold. All kinds of interesting and clever devices have been developed to make this almost impossible task not only possible but, for a practiced and expert film conductor, quite simple.

NEXT COMES THE final process—the "heart of the picture." The so-called dubbing or re-recording process. In this step, all the sounds of the picture, the dialog, the sound effects, the music are poured through what amounts to an electronic funnel and come out the other end on the single sound track which will be printed on the film (or "striped" magnetically) that comes to your theater.

The musical director, the film editor, and usually the editorial supervisor of the studio (in our case the gifted Margaret Booth, trained in the school of the late genius Irving Thalberg), supervise the re-recording process in the sound department, subject, of course, to the final approval of the producer.

Now come the previews and, *heaven forbid*, the changes! But, herein lies another whole article. As one can see, the musical director on a big one like *High Society* is a truly busy fellow. Not only is he busy, but it helps a great deal if he is a man of long experience and *some* knowledge.

As I tackle each new picture, I'm sure that I fill both of these qualifications. As the project moves along, I find that while the experience is surely there, the new problems, temperaments, and imponderables make me seriously question the knowledge.

# Band Routes

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Albert, Abbey (Statler) Buffalo, N. Y., h  
Alexander, Tommy (On Tour—Midwest) GAC  
Anthony, Ray (On Tour—West Coast) GAC  
Austry, Bill (Ali Baba) Oakland, Calif., b  
Back, Will (Broadmoor) Colorado Springs,  
Colo., b  
Barnet, Charlie (Avalon Casino) Catalina,  
Calif., 7/2-9/2, b  
Barlow, Dick (Drake) Chicago, h  
Barron, Blue (On Tour—Chicago Territory)  
MCA  
Bartley, Ronnie (On Tour—Texas, Midwest)  
NOS  
Basie, Count (Birdland) 8/16-30, nc  
Beecher, Little John (On Tour—Texas) NOS  
Belloc, Dan (On Tour—Midwest) GAC  
Benake, Tex (On Tour—Chicago Territory)  
MCA  
Borr, Mischa (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, b  
Boyd, Eddie (On Tour—South) SAC  
Brown, Lea (Blue Note) Chicago, 8/15-21, nc  
Byers, Verne (On Tour—North, South Dakota)  
NOS  
Butterfield, Billy (On Tour—East Coast) MCA  
Cabot, Chuck (Pleasure Pier) Galveston,  
Texas, 7/27-8/9, nc  
Calame, Bob (On Tour—Midwest) NOS  
Carle, Frankie (On Tour—Far West) GAC  
Caylor, Joy (On Tour—Japan, Korea) GAC  
Clayton, Del (On Tour—Midwest) NOS  
Commanders (On Tour—Canada, Midwest) WA  
Cummins, Lennie (On Tour—Midwest) GAC  
Crosa, Bob (Statler) Dallas, Texas, h  
Cugat, Xavier (On Tour—West Coast) MCA  
Davis, Johnny (Casino) Etampes, France, pc  
Day, Richard (Harrah's State Line) Edg-  
wood, Nev., 7/16-8/16, nc  
De Hamis, Al (Seaside Park) Virginia Beach,  
Va., out 9/3/56, r  
Duke, Johnny (Town Club) Corpus Christie,  
Texas, pc  
Dunham, Sonny (On Tour—East) GAC  
Eberle, Ray (On Tour—South) MCA  
Ellington, Duke (Blue Note) Chicago, 8/22-  
9/3, nc  
Elgart, Les (On Tour—East Coast) MCA  
Engro, Johnny (Elmo) Billings, Mont., nc  
Ennis, Dave (Alpine Village) Cleveland, Ohio,  
nc  
Faith, Larry (New Horizon) Pittsburgh, Pa.,  
nc  
Fay, Ralph (Palisades Park) Palisades, N. J.,  
8/4-10, b  
Featherstone, Jimmy (On Tour—Midwest), OI  
Ferguson, Danny (Iroquois Gardens) Louis-  
ville, Ky., nc  
Fields, Shep (Shamrock Hilton) Houston,  
Texas, h  
Fina, Jack (Ballinese) Galveston, Texas, nc  
Flisk, Charlie (On Tour—Chicago Territory)  
MCA  
Flitzpatrick, Eddie (Manes) Reno, Nev., h  
Flanagan, Ralph (On Tour—Midwest, East)  
GAC  
Poster, Chuck (Peabody) Memphis, Tenn.,  
8/20-9/29, h  
Galante, Al (Lakeside Park) Denver, Colo., b  
Glasser, Don (Iroquois Gardens) Louisville,  
Kentucky, nc  
Gordon, Claude (On Tour—Northwest) GAC  
Harris, Ken (Town Club) Corpus Christie,  
Texas, 8/14-9/9, nc  
Herman, Woody (New Lagoon) Salt Lake  
City, Utah, 8/27-28, nc  
Howard, Eddy (Elitch's Gardens) Denver,  
Colo., 8/1-9/3, b  
Hummell, Roger (Ciro's) Columbus, Ohio, nc  
James, Harry (On Tour—West Coast) MCA  
Jerome, Henry (Edison) NYC, h  
Jones, Spike (On Tour—Midwest) MCA  
Kaye, Sammy (Steel Pier) Atlantic City, N. J.,  
8/10-16, nc; (Surf Beach Club) Virginia  
Beach, Va., 8/18-24, nc  
Kenton, Stan (Lakeside Park) Denver, Colo.,  
8/21-26, b  
King, Wayne (On Tour—Chicago Territory)  
MCA  
La Salle, Dick (Back Stage) Phoenix, Ariz., nc

Lane, Eddie (Roosevelt) NYC, h  
Love, Preston (On Tour—Texas, New Mexico)  
NOS  
Lurie, Dick (Pin Wheel) Cleveland, Ohio, nc  
McGinane, Don (Radison) Minneapolis, Minn.,  
h  
McIntyre, Hal (On Tour—Texas) GAC  
McKinley, Ray (On Tour—Midwest, East,  
Canada, New England) WA  
Malby, Richard (On Tour—East) ABC  
Marler, Ralph (Moonlight Gardens) Cin-  
cinnati, Ohio, 8/24-30, b  
Masters, Frankie (Conrad Hilton) Chicago, h  
Mercer, Jerry (Cavaller) Virginia Beach, Va.,  
8/17-23, h  
Mooney, Art (Moonlight Gardens) Cincinnati,  
Ohio, 8/17-23, nc  
Moreno, Buddy (On Tour—Chicago Territory)  
OI  
Morrow, Buddy (Coney Island Park) Cin-  
cinnati, Ohio, 8/10-16, b; (Palladium)  
Hollywood, Calif., 9/5-24, b  
Munro, Hal (Milford) Chicago, h  
Neighbors, Paul (Aragon) Chicago, 8/24-9/9,  
h  
Peepor, Leo (On Tour—Texas) GAC  
Price, Lloyd (Carr's Beach) Annapolis, Md.,  
8/24-26, r  
Purcell, Tommy (On Tour—New York State)  
MCA  
Ragon, Don (Wort) Jackson Hole, Wyo., out  
8/11, h  
Ranch, Harry (Golden Nugget) Las Vegas,  
Nev., out 9/5, nc  
Ray, Ernie (Skyline) Billings, Mont., nc  
Reed, Tommy (Muehlebach) Kansas City, Mo.,  
h  
Rudy, Ernie (On Tour—East) GAC  
Sauter-Finegan (On Tour—East, Midwest) WA  
Sonn, Larry (On Tour—East) GAC  
Spivak, Charlie (On Tour—Chicago Territory)  
MCA  
Still, Jack (Pleasure Beach Park) Bridgeport,  
Conn., out 9/3, b  
Sudy, Joseph (Pierre) NYC, h  
Thornhill, Claude (On Tour—Canada) WA  
Tucker, Tommy (On Tour—South) WA  
Watkins, Sammy (Statler) Detroit, Mich., h  
Weems, Ted (Roosevelt) New Orleans, La.,  
8/16-9/12, h  
Welk, Lawrence (Aragon) Ocean Park, Calif.,  
h

## Combos

Adderly, Julian "Cannonball" (Blue Note)  
Philadelphia, Pa., 8/27-9/4, nc  
Arden, Ben (Statler) Detroit, Mich., 9/3-  
10/28, h  
Alberti, Bob (Tony Pastor's) NYC, nc  
Alfred, Chus (Terrace) East St. Louis, Ill.,  
nc  
Allen, Henry "Red" (Metropole) NYC, cl  
Armstrong, Louis (Harrah's State Line)  
Edgewood, Nev., out 9/2, nc  
August, Jan (Park Sheraton) NYC, h  
Austin, Sid (El Rancho) Chester, Pa., out  
8/12, nc; (Week's) Atlantic City, N. J.,  
8/17-23, cl; (Esquire) Wildwood, N. J., 8/24-  
30, cl  
Australian Jazz Quintet (Modern Jazz Room)  
Chicago, out 8-12, nc; (Cotton) Cleveland,  
Ohio, 8/13-19, nc  
Bel-Aires (Walkiki Lau Yee Chal) Honolulu,  
Hawaii, nc  
Blockbusters (Surf) Wildwood, N. J., out  
8/26, nc  
Blue Chips (Platinum) East St. Louis, Ill.,  
out 8/13, b  
Bredice, Louis (Adolphus) Dallas, Texas, h  
Brubeck, Dave (Basin Street) NYC, out 8/28,  
nc  
Buckner, Milt (Harlem) Atlantic City, N. J.,  
nc

Caldiero, Ray (Thule Air Force Base) Thule,  
Greenland, out 8/9, pc  
Cell Block Seven (On Tour—West Coast) GAC  
Condon, Eddie (Condon's) NYC, nc  
Culley, Frank (Oyster Barrel) Quebec City,  
Canada, out 8/19, nc  
Dee, Johnny (Tropical Garden) South River,  
N. J., nc  
Dominos (Harrah's State Line) Edgewood,  
Nev., out 8/12, nc; (Pack's) San Francisco,  
Calif., 8/16-8/27, nc  
Duke, Billy (Golden) Reno, Nev., out 8/16, h  
Dukes of Dixieland (Preview) Chicago, cl  
Elliott, Don (Basin Street) NYC, out 8/18, nc  
Evans, Sticks (Wagon Wheel) NYC, nc  
Four Freshman (Lakeside Park) Denver,  
Colo., out 8/12, b  
Garner, Erroll (Cotton) Cleveland, Ohio, out  
8/12, nc; (Esquire) Trenton, N. J., 8/23-26,  
nc  
Gaylords (Thunderbird) Las Vegas, Nev.,  
8/16-30, h  
Hamilton, Chico (Blue Note) Philadelphia,  
Pa., out 8/11, nc  
Hawkins, Erskine (Herman's) Atlantic City,  
N. J., out 8/23, cl  
Herman, Lenny (Sahara) Las Vegas, Nev.,  
out 9/17, h  
Heywood, Eddie (Composer) NYC, out 8/16,  
nc  
Hiawatha's Musical Tribe (Top Hat) Louis-  
ville, Ky., nc  
Holmes, Alan (De Soto) Savannah, Ga., h  
Hunt, Pee Wee (Sands) Las Vegas, Nev., out  
9/5, h  
Hunter, Ivory Joe (On Tour—South) GG  
Jackson, Bull Moose (Palms) Hallandale, Fla.,  
out 8/12, nc  
Jacquet, Illinois (Rock and Roll) Pittsburgh,  
Pa., out 8/19, nc; (Loop) Cleveland, Ohio,  
8/20-26, cl  
Jaguars (Carousei) Detroit, Mich., 8/14-26, nc  
Jamal, Ahmed (Embers) NYC, cl  
Jordan, Louis (Mocambo) Hollywood, Calif.,  
out 8/12, nc  
Krupa, Gene (Steel Pier) Atlantic City, N. J.,  
8/17-23, nc  
Lange, Wild Bill (Anchorage) Atlanta, Ga.,  
out 8/19 rh  
Lee, Jackie (Charlie Johnson's) Wildwood,  
N. J., out 9/4, rh  
Little Walkin' Willie (Herman's) Atlantic  
City, N. J., out 8/10, cl; (Brass Tail)  
London, Canada, 8/13-25, nc  
Loco, Joe (Week's) Atlantic City, N. J., out  
8/9, cl  
McLawler, Sarah (Carr's Beach) Annapolis,  
Md., out 8/12, b; (Mandy's) Buffalo, N.Y.,  
8/11-19, nc; (Hiannah's) Cleveland, Ohio,  
8/20-9/1, nc  
Manne, Shelly (Black Hawk) San Francisco,  
Calif., 8/21-9/3, nc  
Mason, Vivian (Hutton's) Hollywood, Calif.,  
cl  
Mingus, Charles (Blue Note) Philadelphia,  
Pa., out 8/12; (Continental) Norfolk, Va.,  
9/1-6, nc  
Monte Mark (Piazza) NYC, h  
Morgan, Al (Steak House) Chicago, r  
Murphy, Rose with Siam Stewart (Palace)  
Edgewood, Nev., out 9/2, nc  
Newborn, Phineas (Crawford's) Pittsburgh,  
Pa., out 8/13, cl; (Bohemia) NYC, 8/17-25,  
nc  
Pacemeters (Brown Derby) Toronto, Canada,  
out 8/12, nc; (Brass Rail) Toronto, Canada,  
8/13-26, nc  
Pawell, Bud (Birdland) NYG, out 8/12, nc  
Prysock, Red (Esquire) Wildwood, N. J., out  
8/9, nc; (Rock and Roll) Pittsburgh, Pa.,  
8/20-26, nc  
Rico, George (Kentucky) Louisville, Ky., out  
9/8, h; (Bancroft) Saginaw, Mich., 9/10-  
12/21, h  
Rouge, Buddy (Hoffman Beach House) Point  
Pleasant, N. J., out 9/3, h  
Rogers, Shorty (On Tour—West Coast) MCA  
Rouse-Watkins (Crawford's) Pittsburgh, Pa.,  
8/14-26, cl  
Roth, Don (Athletic Country Club) Dallas,  
Texas, out 9/23, nc  
Salt City Five (Theatrical) Cleveland, Ohio,  
8/20-25, cl  
Scott, Tony (Rouge) River Rouge, Mich., out  
8/11, cl  
Shank, Bud (Patlo) Washington, D. C., out  
8/19, cl  
Shearing, George (Embers) NYC, out 8/30, nc  
Smith, Somethin' (Shawnee Country Club)  
Quebec City, Canada, out 8/12, nc  
Taylor, Billy (Theatrical) Cleveland, Ohio,  
out 8/18, cl  
Towles, Nat (On Tour—Midwest) OI  
Three Jacks (Wheel) Colmar, Md., nc  
Three Sparks (El Cortes) Las Vegas, Nev.,  
in 8/9, h  
Twin Tunes (Surf) Wildwood, N. J., cl  
Tyrones (Beachcomber) Wildwood, N. J., out  
9/3, cl  
Wilson, Teddy (London House) Chicago, out  
9/8, r  
Winding, Kai (Bohemia) NYC, out 8/16, nc;  
(Esquire) Trenton, N. J., 8/30-9/3, nc  
Yaged, Sul (Metropole) NYC, cl

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