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chords and discords

Naivete? . . .

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

Ted Hallock's report suggests a naive discouraging in anyone selected for surveying a nation as complex as Russia. Or perhaps his love for jazz blinds him to common sense. As one who has himself loved jazz for over 20 years, I am not on tenterhooks for the rest of the world to be "ready" for it. Jazz is, after all, purely American and best played by Americans. Then why expect other countries to produce it in comparable quality, if at all?

There are, happily, other and just as exciting forms of music, some of which most certainly emanate from the Slavic world. Or can Hallock believe that jazz is the only music to employ the principle of free improvisation? In this respect his myopia is symphonized by the confession of "my disbelief that any nation of 200,000,000 could exist long without some taste of extemporaneous, joyful, forceful jazz." This is about as rational as the despair of a Balinese upon hearing that a nation of 150,000,000 (i.e. America) exists without the joyful, forceful, and often extemporaneous gamelan music.

In his brief scan of the Soviet scene, Hallock found no jazz, though he did find plenty to criticize. This is proper and enlightening. Let us hope he searched as diligently for praiseworthy items. From the standpoint of music, surely there must be something to admire in a country which produces a Gilels and an Oistrakh just as there is much to deplore in one which breeds a Liberace or an Elvis Presley.

Len Guttidge

Appreciation . . .

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

To the Editor:

Just a word of appreciation to John Mehegan for contributing such a refreshingly absorbing article, *A Treatise on Jazz Criticism* (*Down Beat* Sept. 5). Mehegan is to me the most profound contributor to *Down Beat*, and I'm looking forward to seeing more of his work in future issues.

Also, thanks to Barry Ulanov for evaluating the Stratford Jazz Festival so fairly and flatteringly. I was lucky to have heard all the concerts via radio and I certainly was proud of our Canadian jazzmen, many of whom could certainly be ranked among jazz names in America and Europe.

It is a shame that such exciting Vancouver musicians such as tenor saxist Wally Snyder and pianist Chris Gage have not been recorded or heard anywhere outside of Canada.

Terry Lynch

Getting Weary . . .

Corona del Mar, Calif.

To the Editor:

I will be blunt: After seven years of informative, and for the most part agreeable reading, I find that I am growing weary of a certain attitude I have noticed in some of your articles

of late. This last article by Leonard Feather in the Oct. 3 issue, i.e., his melodrama entitled *Dear Stan* convinces me I've about had it. How much of this are we supposed to take?

I am not going to defend Stan insofar as his telegram was concerned. This was impulsive. Neither will I differ with those expressing opinions in your *Chords and Discords* column. But I find I am no longer able to contain the disgust I feel toward this attitude I mentioned. Namely, this constant splitting of hairs, this splintering of reputations!

Now that jazz is definitely attaining its rightful recognition, there seems little for you gentlemen to do but to hassle among yourselves.

I've watched you praise promising musicians to the skies, and then do an about face and cut them to ribbons. But this time it appears you've hit a new low.

For some years I've been in love with this thing called jazz. Like most fans, I don't believe that a musician's ability varies in any way according to the color of his skin. It will be difficult to convince me that a man of Kenton's stature does.

It will be equally difficult to convince me that Leonard's article was in the best of taste.

He is deliberately playing up the racial bit. Some of Kenton's more embittered critics have been awaiting such an opportunity for years. It seems some of the self-appointed prophets have never been able to accept the fact that Kenton made it in spite of them.

Having followed his career for some years, my husband and I have never seen, sensed, or heard a thing to indicate that this man is full of the "hatred that makes the world turn square." I clearly recall his stating that his one ambition was to contribute as much to jazz as Duke has.

I am appalled at the viciousness of this attack. You know as well as I do that Stan was referring to the rather ridiculous nature of the poll. Let us be realistic. There is something wrong with a poll that has such widely diversified schools of jazz competing. Louis and Diz, Mulligan and Carney, Trummy Young and J. J. Johnson! What obscure reasoning puts Anita O'Day, Sonny Stitt and Peanuts Hucko in the new stars category?

One of the real boo-boos of this alleged jazz poll was to ignore completely Woody Herman in the big band slot. I have no argument with the winners. It merely seems incredible that one of the greatest big bands of all time didn't receive a single vote.

Most of the winners would get my vote. Others, I felt, set jazz back at least 10 years. Though their talents are unquestionable, many in this poll were chosen on the basis of sentimentality rather than what they are actively contributing to jazz today.

Indisputable is your observation that "almost every major development in jazz has been the work of a Negro." But surely there is some tremendous white talent to be heard, too. A few of these were made conspicuous by their complete omission in your poll.

But getting back to Kenton and those "hundreds of white sidemen," ponder this before you bestow the kiss

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of death; how many big white bands consistently hire Negroes? On the other hand, how many big Negro bands have consistently had white sidemen? It strikes me as peculiar that you have singled out Kenton as the sole "offender."

Add to "a couple trumpeters white enough to pass," such fine musicians as Curtis Counce, Gus Chappel, Jimmy Nottingham, Ernie Royal, Karl George—to say nothing of the greats that Kenton has toured with—Tatum, Diz, and the incomparable Bird. His TV show was enhanced by the appearances of Diz, Ella, Count and others. I seem to recall that the first Kenton band took inspiration from the late Jimmie Lunceford.

Yes, Leonard, the matter of the telegram was bound to bring comment. But certainly it should not have brought on this almost fanatical "now or never" attempt to smear a man who has given so much of himself to jazz.

But despite your distortions, I am sure his reputation will come through in the end.

I am not so sure about yours.
Mrs. William Clancy

To the Editor: London, Ont.
Have just read Leonard Feather's

letter to Stan Kenton and the many letters sent in to *Chords* column.

We had a few members at the "Jazz Workshop" jump on the original letter until they read the point of origin which was Blenheim, Ont.

Now I don't suppose "The" Stan Kenton has any idea where Blenheim is located. You will no doubt find this crackpot with the like name of Kenton just trying to steal a little limelight.

I think it would have been wiser for Feather to clear this up with a phone call, but I guess he is much more anxious to show his literary capacity.

The magazine is better than ever according to everyone at the club. If I am right about this Kenton controversy I hope to see a few apologies in the column.

Frank Rogers

(Ed. Note: The telegram was dispatched at 6 p.m., July 21, the day Kenton's orchestra played in Crystal Beach, Ont., Canada.)

The Continental . . . Suffolk, Va.

To the Editor:
This sound called jazz has come upon me very personally in the past few months. I once heard of a restaurant called the Continental and of the jazz to be heard there. I went to the Con-

tinental for the first time to hear the Australian Jazz quintet. Since that first time and now I have become very fond of the Continental. The Aug. 22, 1956 issue of *Down Beat* paid a tribute to Clifford Brown. I was fortunate enough to see Clifford and Max Roach play together for the last time at the Continental. Ben Dobrinsky the owner of the Continental and a close friend of mine gave me a picture of the group on that last night. Ben and I thank you for your tribute. Ben has done a lot for jazz fans in Norfolk and the whole Tidewater area. At last this part of the south has fine jazz sounds.

Roy H. Roberts

Needs Help . . .

To the Editor: Chicago, Ill.

I'm urgently trying to locate a trumpet player by the name of Kenneth Switzer. This man last worked with the Carl Sands band. This man is a member of Local 10. Could you be of any help?

V. J. Farrell

(Ed. Note: Can any readers be of aid?)

Congrats . . .

To the Editor: Bronx, N. Y.

Congratulations! Without a doubt the issue of Oct. 3 was one of the finest *Down Beats* to hit the stands in a long, long time.

Particularly outstanding were the rebuttals to Stan Kenton's now-famous telegram, John Tynan's cover story on Maynard Ferguson, and the fine *Up Beat* section.

The New York Jazz Festival at Randall's Island review by Leonard Feather was most interesting and I'm looking forward to a review of the 1956 JATP concerts. I caught the show at Carnegie Hall and thought it was the swinging end.

If you keep putting out issues like the one mentioned above, you've got a reader for life.

Be sure and keep up the great work, and keep swingin'!!!

Ken Norwick

A Salute . . .

To the Editor: Philadelphia, Pa.

In regard to Roy Eldridge's story, Sept. 19 *Down Beat*, I would like to salute one disc jockey whom I feel does more than anyone to promote good music, and as a guess I would say that half of his airtime is devoted to playing jazz, especially the new releases. His name is Doug Arthur of WIBC in Philadelphia, and I commend him.

Anita Morgan

No Whirl . . .

To the Editor: Berwyn, Ill.

I have just received the Oct. 3, 1956, issue of *Down Beat* and I am very disappointed to find the *Record Whirl* section missing. Will you please make *Record Whirl* a regular part of *Down Beat*?

Wayne Reeve

(Ed. Note: *Record Whirl* will appear as a bonus portion of *Down Beat* in the second issue of each month.)

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the first chorus

By Jack Tracy

The appearance of Rev. Alvin Kershaw as a jazz quizee on the \$64,000 Question a year ago, and more recently on the \$64,000 Challenge, certainly was of great value in giving nationwide publicity and respectability to jazz. However, pardon us if we have some doubts concerning the manner in which these episodes were conducted.

Throughout the weeks in which Rev. Kershaw won \$32,000 on the Question in 1955, it was evident that his specialty was not jazz, but early jazz; that the questions seemingly had been carefully geared accordingly; and that had he been quizzed about comparatively intricate matters concerning the present or recent past in jazz he would have been completely at sea.

Recently Joan Friedman, a young fashion model, was chosen to challenge Rev. Kershaw. Quite naturally, her interest and knowledge lie in the contemporary jazz scene. After a few easy questions, the first week, the trend became obvious on the second week when she and Rev. Kershaw were asked to identify, by title and artist, an obscure record made in 1921 by Kid Ory. If the agency or sponsor had publicly announced their intention of bouncing Joan Friedman off the show, their aim could not have been more obvious. Oddly enough, the question boomeranged, for when Miss Friedman had missed it, Rev. Kershaw, after floundering awhile, stated that the tune was *Muskrat Ramble*. Any of the millions of teenagers or school children completely ignorant of jazz, who have heard *Muskrat Ramble* done as a pop song, complete with lyrics, during its last revival, could have informed the good Reverend that he was wrong.

The following week, sure enough, Joan was disposed of with a question about an obscure, long-dead New Orleans musician; however, this again backfired when, in his final chance to emerge victorious, it developed that the "expert" Rev. Kershaw did not even know that "Pres," a nickname famous for two decades among jazzmen, referred to Lester Young. So it was off with the jazz category and on with the baseball experts just in time for World Series week, just as the agency might want it.

These incidents served not only to point up the extent of Rev. Kershaw's ear for music, but also to emphasize that the entire American public has been hoodwinked into identifying jazz with 35-year-old recordings that sound as much like jazz today as a solo by Ted Lewis. It was quite clear by this time that there might be some truth to the trade rumors that nobody would be allowed, on a TV network to outwit a man of the cloth. We feel that in the interest of fair play, of presenting jazz properly to the public, and of giving the right impression of the phrase "jazz expert," even Rev. Kershaw would agree with us that something should have been done to equalize the contestant's chances. And they might choose contestants with some knowledge of the field.



down beat

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This issue contains *Down Beat's* annual roundup and look at high fidelity. In addition to regular columns by Robert Oakes Jordan and Michael Levin, and a unique *Blindfold Test* taken by recording engineer Rudy Van Gelder, we think you will be interested in the following articles.

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strictly ad lib

NEW YORK

JAZZ: Plans are being made for a jazz school at the Music Inn in Lenox for three intensive weeks next summer. Leading instrumentalists will make up the faculty, including **John Lewis** and **Milt Jackson**. . . . The **Gerry Mulligan** quartet will be part of an exchange package to tour Britain in February for some 15 days. . . . **Max Roach** quintet now consists of **Kenny Dorham** and **Wade Legge** in addition to **Sonny Rollins** and **George Morrow**. Unit just cut a new EmArcy LP. . . . Latest Mingus personnel includes trombonist **Willie Dennis**, altoist **Bunky Green**, and **Willie Jones**. . . . Bethlehem has signed **Willie Dennis** and is also likely to have a new singer, **Marilyn Moore**, **Al Cohn's** wife. . . . **Bobby Donaldson** is on drums with the **Teddy Wilson** trio along with **Al Lucas** on bass. . . . **Duke Ellington's** large, secret project for Columbia involves classical singer **Margaret Tynes**. . . . New York **Herald Tribune** has appointed **John Mehegan** as a regular reviewer of jazz concerts. Makes two New York dailies (the Times with **John Wilson**) that have jazz specialists. . . . New jazz club in the Village is **The Pad**. First bill combined **Art Blakey** and **Tony Scott** combos. **Bob Reisner** is the co-ordinator.

Moderne Jazz Studio, 1800 Longfellow Ave., Bronx, introduces new groups at its concerts as well as established jazzmen. Their recent sessions at Club 845 premiered trumpeter **Oliver Beener**. . . . **Dizzy Gillespie** big band due at Birdland Nov. 22. . . . **Thad Jones** will cut an LP for Riverside. . . . **Emmett Berry** and **Aaron Bell** (on piano) are playing at **Tony Pastor's** in the Village. . . . **Kenny Burrell** is working at **Bowman's** opposite the Polo Grounds. . . . **Herbie Nichols** is in the show band at the **Club Savannah** in the Village. . . . Trombonist **Steve Pulliam**, long with **Buddy Johnson**, heads the band at the 125 club uptown. He has a three-year contract there, and is also recording director of **Jaguar**. . . . **Randy Weston** at **Café Bohemia** Oct. 19 for two weeks with **Cecil Payne**. He'll record for Riverside at the club, the seventh LP to be cut on the premises. . . . **Max Roach** quintet will be at the **Bohemia** from Nov. 30 until just

after New Year's Day. . . . **Gerry Mulligan**, once he finishes his last album for EmArcy, may do a quartet set for Pacific Jazz and a big band album for Columbia. . . . **MJO** and **Lester Young** will concertize in Amsterdam Nov. 3. . . . **Dick Wellstood** has left **Condon's** to study law full-time at NYU. . . . Chicago tenor-trumpet **Ira Sullivan** in town.

Gene Krupa and **Cozy Cole** are presenting some 20 of their drum, piano, voice, and other students at **Town Hall** at 2:30 p.m. Oct. 27, a Saturday. . . . **Chris Connor**, **MJO**, **Helen Merrill**, **Tony Scott**, **Gerry Mulligan**, **Lee Becker** dance group set so far for Oct. 21 Jazz for Stevenson concert at **Coronet** theater. . . . Republicans were to run a jazz concert uptown early October with **Maynard Ferguson** and **Terry Gibbs** among the groups booked. . . . **Norm Symonds** is writing a piece of jazz quintet and symphony orchestra to be performed by the **Canadian Broadcasting Corp.** orchestra in February. . . . British tenor **Tommy Whittle**, considered one of the best modernists in Europe, is buried in a rock and roll show on the road with **Bill Haley** as the headliner. He and the **Vic Lewis** orchestra were stuck in the show as part of an exchange deal. . . . **Lionel Hampton's** augmented band will concentrate on rock and roll in Britain. . . . British tenor **Ronnie Scott** may join **Woody Herman** in January.

ENTERTAINMENT-IN-THE-ROUND: **Helen Merrill** has opened for a good-sized stay at **Max Gordon's Village Vanguard**. The room will begin to book more jazz. . . . **Russ Morgan** has brought bands back to the **Bowman** room of the **Biltmore** hotel. Opposite him are the **Emery Deutsch** strings. . . . Another trend-sign is the fact that **Lakewood, N. J.**, a fall and winter vacation area, is booking big bands for the coming season. . . . **Willie Bryant** is back from Detroit and has opened his own **Orchid** room in the **Red Mill** in the Bronx. . . . **Dick Haymes** plays the **Versailles** starting Nov. 28. . . . **Joe Derise** has been working at the **Beau Brummell** on the east side. . . . **Nat Cole** plays Britain for six weeks in April. **Judy Garland**, who won unanimous huzzas at the **Palace**, may take her act to the **Palladium**. **Palladium** also asking about **Pat Boone**, **Kay Starr**, and **Frankie Laine**.

RECORDS: **Danny Kaye** will record for Columbia. . . . **Jerry Lewis** has joined Decca and will reportedly cut as (Turn to Page 44)

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Reciprocity

New York—For a recent private party in Westchester, a pianist with jazz leanings was hired. For much of the night, the pianist quietly amused herself running changes and softly wailing. Toward midnight, an imposing matron hovered over and said with infinite condescension: "Do you think it all possible for you to find somewhere in your repertoire something to which we might dance?"

The pianist continued playing, and after a minute, looked up innocently: "Well—uh—how well do you dance?"

More Than 1,000 At Powell Benefit

Philadelphia—More than 1,000 persons attended a Richie Powell benefit concert at the Showboat here Sept. 26. The concert was for the benefit of Mrs. Powell, mother of the late Richie and Bud.

Musicians and friends traveled great distances to pay tribute to Powell, who last played piano for the Max Roach-Chifford Brown quintet. Among those who appeared were Roach, Oscar Pettiford, Kenny Dorham, Bernard Peiffer, Sonny Rollins, Sahib Shihab, Kenny Burrell, George Morrow, Willie Jones, Wade Legge, Babs Gonzales, David Amram, Roosevelt Waddell, and Cannonball Adderley's group.

Annual Dixie Jubilee Shows Two-Beat Still Draws Well

Hollywood—That the traditional jazz forms still have their loyally enthusiastic following was pointed up again as a near-capacity crowd assembled at L. A.'s 6,700-seat Shrine auditorium on the night of Sept. 29 for the 9th Annual Dixieland Jubilee, presented, as in former years, by its founders, Frank Bull and Gene Norman.

George Lewis again brought his crew of veteran jazzmen up from New Orleans. Also from New Orleans for the Jubilee came Al Hirt, trumpet; Pete Fountain, clarinet, and Warren Luening, trumpet. The latter is a 14-year-old youngster who built his reputation in the Crescent city and whose reception here indicated he was no disappointment to the west coast two-beat tribe.

However, for the more critical of those present, the real star and the performer with the most stature was again Bobby Hackett, who appeared with a band assembled for him here that contained, among others, Jack Teagarden, Nick Fatool, Abe Lincoln, and Matty Matlock.

Other combos appearing on the program, and all comprised of local musicians, were headed by Ben Pollack, making his first Jubilee appearance in several years; George Probert, last year's soprano sax surprise hit; Matty Matlock's All-Stars, with Jerry Colonna as guest star (he still plays very good trombone), and Teddy Buckner's unit from the 400 club, the only regularly organized unit on the program.

As in the past, all the bands were united for the finale to bring the show to a close with a mass attack.

Local 47 Approves Increase In Dues

Hollywood—Members of AFM's Local 47 have voted to increase dues from \$4.50 to \$6 a quarter (\$22 a year if paid in advance) in order to meet the admitted financial crisis the local's treasury is facing.

Supporters of Cecil F. Read, leader of the Local 47 revolt against AFM chief James C. Petrillo, deny that the increase was necessitated by expenditures incurred in the scrap with Petrillo, claiming the cost has been met by private donations.

The dues increase is the first in many years.

Read, now under a one-year expulsion, is waging a court battle against Petrillo and the AFM, demanding reinstatement. Meanwhile, the union is under court order not to interfere with his employment as a musician.

The date for trial of the suit, filed in Los Angeles superior court, had not been set at writing.

Sinatra Swinging At Home, Abroad

New York—Frank Sinatra will be swinging at home and winging abroad early next year.

He's booked to play the Christmas-New Year's Eve holiday season at the Sands hotel in Las Vegas, then play two weeks at the Copacabana here.

Following the Copa engagement, Sinatra will hop to London, Rome, and Karachi before going to Australia for a 10-day stay. He's also booked for five days in Manila, and may play several dates for American troops in Tokyo.

Stearns Starts New 15-Week Jazz Course

New York — Prof. Marshall W. Stearns began conducting a 15-week course in jazz, complete with field trips and guest lecturers, at the New School for Social Research here Sept. 27.

As part of the studies, field trips will be made to night clubs, rare recordings will be played, and musicians will be invited to lecture. The course began with definitions and a searching look at prehistory and the New Orleans period, and will continue through the jazz eras to the present, with the final session entitled *Things to Come*.



THIS IS OBVIOUSLY a publicity picture, but a pretty girl is a pretty girl. Lawrence Welk, who flew to Chicago last month to be honored at the annual convention of the National Ballroom Operators Association, paused to look over an advance copy of *Down Beat* with convention hostess Renee Lunney, who is also the singer with Dan Belloc's orchestra.

Large Expansion Of Jazz Recording Begins At Coral

New York—Coral Records, the largely autonomous Decca subsidiary, is beginning a major expansion of its jazz line. The program will be under the direction of Coral a&r head Bob Thiele and his new assistant, Sonny Lester. Lester expects to travel considerably to line up talent, and is already negotiating with a couple of name artists whose contracts will soon run out. A sizable budget has been set aside for Coral's jazz push.

Due shortly on the label are two sessions, independently produced by Lester, and then sold to Coral: *The Manhattan Jazz Septette* with Eddie Costa, Oscar Pettiford, Barry Galbraith, Osie Johnson, Hal McKusick, and Urbie Green, and a Nat Pierce date with Bill Harris, Joe Newman, Hal McKusick, Pettiford, Freddie Green, and Jo Jones. Lester will also cut Chicago trombonist Tommy Shepard with an all-star combo.

Larry Sonn will be an integral part of several Coral projects, including big band sessions and as accompaniment for other artists. Manny Albam and Nat Pierce are writing a new Sonn band date which will have soloists like Al Cohn and McKusick. Albam and Cohn are also writing a session for a new jazz vocal group Coral has signed. Also soon due is a set of never-previously-released Anita O'Day-with-big-band sides recorded around 1946-47 for Signature. Some were with a band headed by the late Tiny Kahn.

Much of Coral's forthcoming jazz product, Lester asserts, will not be termed jazz. "We'll just call it music," Lester adds, "and see what happens."

Lester has been a musician and trumpet teacher, and has been involved in publishing and personal management. He will continue to manage Sonn, McKusick, and Al (Jazzbo) Collins.

Thiele, once editor of the now defunct *Jazz* magazine and owner of also departed jazz label, Signature, has been a highly successful pop a&r head for some five years, and is credited with much of the record success of entertainers like Teresa Brewer and the McGuire Sisters. He has continued to be a jazz listener through the years and asserts that now, with the assistance of Lester, he will be able to start recording more of it again.

Three Firsts Ready For JCMC Concert

New York—First performances of J. J. Johnson's *Poem for Brass Ensemble*, Jimmy Giuffre's *Pharaoh*, and John Lewis' *Three Little Feelings* will be part of the program at the first Jazz and Classical Music Society concert Oct. 1 at Town Hall.

Dmitri Mitropoulos will conduct Gunther Schuller's *Symphony for Brass Instruments* and probably two brass pieces by Gabrieli. Miles Davis and J. J. Johnson will also be heard in an improvisatory set with Lewis, Connie Kay, and Percy Heath. Tickets are on sale at Town Hall.

Swap In Works For Heath, May

London—A Billy May-Ted Heath swap for tours in Britain and the United States in April and May next year is in the negotiation stage here. Heath said he has been corresponding with May regarding British dates. Impresario Harold Davison flew to the United States to continue the negotiations on that end.

Several American agencies were reported to be bidding for the Heath band, with GAC and Joe Glaser both reported ready to book the British band's tour.

Heath was not expected to make his final decision in the matter until Davison's return. It is expected that May himself would lead his band on the British tour if he is definitely set as the American half in the swap.

'Bandstand' Bookings Set Into December

New York—NBC's *Bandstand*, the two-hour morning radio program featuring live orchestra music, has announced bookings into December.

Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey and the Russ Morgan orchestra were scheduled for two weeks starting Oct. 8; Skinny Ennis was set for two weeks Oct. 26; Guy Lombardo inked to return for a week Nov. 5; Les Brown and Pee Wee Hunt share a week Nov. 12, and Tex Beneke has a two-week stand scheduled to start Nov. 19.

The show is broadcast from 10 a.m. to noon (EST) on the network, with the 10:30 to 11 segment telecast.

Jazz, Pops Featured On ABC Radio Show

New York—ABC radio launched *Sunday Music Hall*, a 2½-hour pop and jazz show, on Oct. 14.

Regulars on the program included trumpeters Bobby Hackett and Billy Butterfield; trombonist Vernon Brown; clarinetists Peanuts Hucko, Hank D'Amico, Al Gallodoro, and Jimmy Abata; tenors Joe Palmer and Art Rollinni; pianists Buddy Weed, Mel Powell, and Tommy Howard Jr.; drummers Morey Feld and Buddy Shawker.

*Glenn Osser and Ralph Hermann will conduct the ABC orchestra, and guest artists will be interviewed, along with authorities on types of modern pop and jazz recordings and presentations.

Chin Music

New York—Statesmen and political figures will be recorded in a series of interviews by Arnold Michaelis, formerly with Columbia Records and CBS.

The first long play record contained a long interview with Democratic presidential nominee Adlai Stevenson recorded at Stevenson's Libertyville, Ill., farm. Later releases will feature President Eisenhower, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia, Prime Minister Nehru of India, and former French Premier Mendès-France. The interviews will also be recorded on video tape for possible visual use.

Adler, Merrill Work On A New Musical

New York—Songwriters Richard Adler and Bob Merrill are collaborating on the book and music of a musical, based on an as yet unidentified best-selling novel of recent years, to be produced by them late next summer.

Adler, who with the late Jerry Ross wrote the music and lyrics for *Pajama Game* and *Damn Yankees*, reported that one act of the new show and 10 songs were completed.

Merrill, composer of dozens of pops including *Doggie in the Window* and *If I Knew You Were Coming, I'd Have Baked a Cake*, will make his Broadway debut when George Abbott's musical adaptation of *Anna Christie* opens here shortly.

Jimmy Giuffre Forms Experimental Trio

Hollywood—Jimmy Giuffre has formed an experimental jazz trio comprising Ralph Pena, bass; Jim Hall, guitar, and himself on saxes and clarinet. The reedman took the unit into Zardi's here for a month alternating with the main attractions. Billed as the Jimmy Giuffre Three, the group will follow the musical pattern initiated by his *Tangents in Jazz* quartet album released by Capitol last year, Giuffre said.

Scheduled to replace Hall with the Chico Hamilton quintet is John Pisano, a New Yorker recently discharged from service.

Jazz Goes To Quebec

Hull, Quebec—The first continuously operating "name" jazz room here has been opened by Henry Moreau, a recent graduate of St. Lawrence university. The site is the Circus lounge of the Ottawa House hotel. Ralph Sharon inaugurated the room in early September and was followed by Jutta Hipp. Alex Kallao opened Oct. 1 for a month, and he is likely to be succeeded by Sal Salvador, among other groups.

Leader Of Men

New York—Liberace termed Elvis Presley a possible "benign piper" in an interview before the pianist sailed for an European tour.

Liberace said Presley "could be a great leader of teenagers. Because of his great influence he could lead them away from delinquency . . . like a benign piper."

But Liberace chided Presley for being more concerned with striving to get "a new Cadillac every day than with the future of the youth of America."

Rock 'n' roll was dismissed with a shrug. "It's nothing really new," said Liberace. "It combines folk songs and the blues, that's all."

Camden Preparing Vault Jazz Series

New York—Camden Records, RCA's low-priced subsidiary, will start issuing a jazz series from the Victor vaults this month with the 12-inch record *Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street*, featuring Dinah Shore, Lena Horne, and the Henry Levine and Paul Laval groups.

Great Jazz Pianists, scheduled for November release, contains pieces by 12 pianists, including Oscar Peterson, Erroll Garner, Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, and Jelly Roll Morton. *Great Jazz Reeds*, to be released in January, contains sides by Charlie Parker, Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, Sidney Bechet, Chu Berry, and Pee Wee Russell.

Later releases include *Mutiny in the Parlor* by Gene Krupa and his orchestra, including four Fats Waller tunes, some pops and a few instrumentals. The Waller sides, and the Shore and Horne sides from the Chamber Music society album, also will be issued as four-tune EPs. *Swingin' Marches* by Tex Beneke will also be issued as an EP.

Camden recently issued collections of sides made in the '40s by the Claude Thornhill and Hal McIntyre bands.

Jazz Works Slated At Classical Recital

New York—Jazz compositions by Hal Schaeffer and David Grusin will be premiered by French hornist Joseph Eger and his ensemble in a recital combining classics and jazz Nov. 10 in Town hall.

Both Schaeffer's *Overture to the Blues* and Grusin's *Loosin' the Muse* were written for Eger and his ensemble players—violinist Charles Libove, pianist Nina Yugovoy and cellist Sterling Hunkins.

Also on the program is the world premiere of Benjamin Britten's *Canticle III* and Leonard Bernstein's *Elegy for Mippy I*.

Paramount Studios Return Of Bands, Stage Shows

New York—Theater stage shows featuring name bands may be on the way back at the Paramount in Times Square here. The theater, scene of triumphs by the bands of Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Harry James, and many others during the late '30s and through the '40s, dropped the stage show and movie policy for a straight film presentation several years ago.

However, theater officials said a return to stage shows "is under serious consideration." One spokesman said the reaction to NBC's two-hour radio orchestra show, *Bandstand*, would be a major factor in determining a return to the stage show policy.

Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's band and Frank Sinatra played a week on-stage at the theater in mid-August, and boxoffice response was huge.

The *Bandstand* show, which has featured Guy Lombardo, Wayne King, the Glenn Miller orchestra with Ray McKinley, Ralph Flanagan, and other dance bands, is also telecast for a half-hour during the 10 a.m. to noon airing.

Theater officials said *Bandstand's* ratings, mail, and requests for studio tickets would be studied to determine if bands were once again an attraction for the entertainment-seeking public.

Petrillo Intercedes In 802 Dispute

New York—James C. Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians, ordered suspension of a resolution passed by Local 802 here to prohibit members from investing in shows employing them as musicians.

The approved resolution was opposed by bandleader Meyer Davis, who appealed the decision to Petrillo. The union president's directive ordered the ban, which was to become effective Oct. 15, suspended.

A similar resolution was passed here and overturned by the AFM in 1953. At that time, it was declared unconstitutional.

At the nub of the issue were complaints from local members who charged favoritism in obtaining jobs with musical shows. They contended it would be easier to obtain employment if they owned a piece of the production.

Another Broekman Series

New York — Composer-conductor David Broekman will again direct a series of free *Music in the Making* concerts at the Cooper Union Forum, 8th St. at Fourth Ave. The dates are Oct. 19, Nov. 16, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, and March 8. The concerts frequently present first performances of new and seldom-heard modern classical works, and jazz.

Ellington 1st At Academy Jazz

New York—Duke Ellington and his orchestra are scheduled to open the Jazz at the Academy concert series at the Brooklyn Academy of Music Oct. 24.

The series will be the first to feature popular music in the Academy's history. Al (Jazzbo) Collins will MC the series.

An innovation is planned for the Nov. 22 concert, featuring Louis Armstrong and possibly Dizzy Gillespie. If the Gillespie band is set for the date, the concert will be presented in two auditoriums simultaneously, with the bands switching stages at intermission time.

The lineup of events: Nov. 3, Dave Brubeck; Nov. 11, the Tony Martin Show with Tex Beneke and his band; Nov. 17, Benny Goodman; Nov. 27, Count Basie; Dec. 12, the Glenn Miller orchestra directed by Ray McKinley; Dec. 29, Stan Rubin and the Tigertown Five; Jan. 16, the Sauter-Finegan orchestra.

Festival Production officials said they were contemplating additional concerts to feature stars of the west coast school, and possibly an international night.

New Anthony Show

Hollywood—The Ray Anthony show, starring the trumpeter and his orchestra, and with former Notre Dame football coach Frank Leahy as host, made its debut on the ABC-TV network Oct. 12. The Anthony band was scheduled to be the main feature of the show, with Leahy introducing guests from the sports and entertainment fields.

Oil Plug A Gas

New York—Who said John (Dizzy) Gillespie wasn't commercial?

In a recent issue of *Billboard*, a Super Permaube Oil television commercial was chosen as one of the five most interesting to be aired in recent months. The animated plug, prepared by Storyboard, features a soundtrack of jazz cut by Dizzy and an all-star group.

Music in the Morgan Manner

"DOWN TO EARTH

HEAVENLY MUSIC"



The famous Russ Morgan styling is a standard on the musical scene . . . his OLDS trombone is a standard, too. Whenever particular musicians select an instrument for its "custom built" qualities, they choose OLDS—long renowned as trombone experts, with the same wonderful features and careful craftsmanship incorporated into the entire OLDS line of band instruments.

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That Misty Miss Christy

By John Tynan

FOR A GAL who's spent more than a fair share of her young life on the road, June Christy finds satisfaction in a definite stay-at-home mood these days. She'd much rather luxuriate in the sun with husband Bob Cooper and 2-year-old daughter Shay, enjoying their new hilltop home and swimming pool in the Valley, than communicate with the family by phone from her Basin Street or Blue Note dressing room. In the blonde singer's scheme, domesticity has become the kick.

"From now on," she vows, "I'm going to keep these darn road tours short. Listen, not seeing enough of Shay and Bob was getting to be the big problem. Why, the last time I got back, my daughter had almost forgotten me."

The proverbial conflict between family and career that has sharpened for June through the last 12 months is a coincidental development with a growing maturation in the singer. Today she feels she's singing better than ever. Evidently, this feeling is shared by some 93,000 fans who have to date parted with hard cash for that many copies of her *Something Cool* Capitol album. And from the way her latest LP, *The Misty Miss Christy*, is rising on the charts, it's beginning to look like a repeat sales performance from her fans.

"My personal feeling on *Misty*," June confides, "is that it's the best I've done to date. At least Bill Miller at Capitol says so, and he a&r's all my dates."

IF *MISTY* is indeed June's best album to date, one of the primary reasons must be the four months that went into its preparation. Once the groundwork was complete and the interminable conferences were done with between June, Pete Rugolo, Miller, and company execs, the date itself, according to Miller, "went straight and easy—just like all June's sessions."

Last year's *Duet* album with Stan Kenton was another matter, however. "Frankly," states June, "I was not at all satisfied with *Duet* . . . and I don't think Stan was either. For one thing, there wasn't enough time allotted for the album's preparation. And I felt

before we made it—and still feel—that using solo accompaniment can result in a monotonous sound. It doesn't have to be that way, but in this particular case I think it's true."

June confides she would like very much to do another piano/voice album, but "next time to do it right."

THE SUBJECT of big band accompaniment invited one of June's winsome smiles. "For me there's nothing like it. And a band like Kenton's is just the right kind for the type backing I dig. When that brass section comes crashing in behind the vocal . . . It's just too much!"

On club dates June works with just a rhythm section. "I love working with a rhythm section in a small room. It seems to bring me much closer to the people. In an arrangement like that, naturally the piano man is your right hand. I've been using Benny Aronoff a lot the past year and I'd like to have him with me again. I guess the principal reason I dig him so much is that he's such a good jazz pianist. Sometimes I feel sorry for a jazz piano man in a situation like that: He seldom gets an opportunity to blow jazz. I like an accompanist to have a good jazz conception; it fits my style.

"But the chief problem," she continued, "is to find a jazz pianist who wants to be just an accompanist. Actually, I suppose it's almost an impossible quest—but I keep trying."

CHOICE OF SOME of the previous accompanists June has used bears testimony to her own basic jazz conception. Jimmy Lyon, Claude Williamson, and Gerry Wiggins served in the Christy camp at different times. Of Wiggins, for one: "He's too marvelous, that's all."

Conversation shifted to critics and criticism of the June Christy voice and style.

"One of my difficulties has always been intonation," she admitted. I know it's faulty. I've always known and haven't really minded when I've been criticized for it. I don't think I swing very good, either. The critics have let me have it on that score, too, and again I agree with them. Just listening to

one set of Ella's is enough to drive that point home. The one criticism I've never been able to agree with is that I sing coldly. Warmth is the one quality I do think I have. Gosh, if I don't have that, I might as well give up!

"ANOTHER KIND of criticism that really gets my goat," she stated "is the vicious, personal kind. For example, I recall one critic making particular note of my 'cold smile.' Now, I ask you! Criticize my work—yes; but the other kind of thing is malicious."

Making the club circuit has had its moments for June, as indeed for most entertainers. Recalling "the worst club I ever worked in," she says the place was "a prestige-type room—but the crowd went there to play bingo in the back room. Talk about a noisy audience . . . You never heard anything like it. The situation got so bad one night, I just stopped singing and mouthed the words for eight bars. Didn't sing a note. And you know something? Nobody, not even the band, noticed it! You wind up playing bingo yourself. That joint—it's near Cincinnati—is the worst club in the world!"

A sharp realization of her identification with the Stan Kenton band is still very much with June Christy. As a perceptive performer, she feels now that this can no longer help further her career.

"You know, I could go along with the Kenton tag for the rest of my professional days," she said animatedly, "but I intend to improve and grow in my singing. I'm not about to stagnate. If I can't learn to develop, then I might as well forget the whole deal and concentrate on singing lullabies to Shay."

Next item on the Christy agenda is the preparation of another album. With *Misty* setting a sprightly pace, it is Capitol business savvy to follow up tout de suite with possibly a better album. While June doesn't know as yet exactly what her next will be, her own idea of a real 'secret weapon' is to do one with Bob Cooper. "We could call it *Coop Writes for Christy*, she enthuses. "It would have to be great because Coop writes the end."



(Ken Vidor Photo)

Glenn Miller's Back!

With Ray McKinley At Helm, The Band Finds Biz Is Great

By Dom Cerulli

THERE'S A Glenn Miller band back in the ballrooms again.

At the helm is drummer Ray McKinley, who first met Miller when they played together from time to time in the old Ben Pollack band and who worked together in the Miller army air force band up to the time of Glenn's disappearance over the English Channel in December, 1944.

There have been several attempts in the past to recreate the Miller style, to a greater or lesser extent, with bands led by Tex Beneke, Ralph Flanagan, Ray Anthony, and Jerry Gray. But the elusive quality that made Miller's name a sweet and swing byword in the late '30s and early '40s never was entirely captured.

McKinley's Miller band uses the book penned by Glenn and his arranging staff, and many of the sheets on the stands today are those used by the Miller band before it broke up when Glenn entered the air force in October, 1942.

"THE ARRANGEMENTS don't need any updating," McKinley said when caught at an NBC *Bandstand* appearance. "I think that's where the others missed the boat.

"What we're doing is marketing a product that is familiar. The solos are a bit more modern, in the idiom of today, but the book hasn't been touched. We've got a good sound now, but it will be a while yet before I'm satisfied that we'll match up tonally to the original Miller band."

McKinley's orchestra has the familiar clarinet lead sound in the reed section, and the crisp, controlled brass sound that was one of Miller's trade marks.

The only detectable difference, perhaps an unconscious one by the musicians themselves, is that McKinley's Miller band displays a looser brass phrasing than the tight figures that were part of the music scene of Miller's era.

"There's a need for a Miller band today," McKinley said. "There must be a need for this band. People are telling me that all the time, every place we play.

"I WAS REALLY surprised to find lot of people comparing this band to the original Miller band they were familiar with on records and not to the Miller imitators who were around awhile back.

"Here's another thing . . . you'd expect that a good chunk of the dancers who come out for this band would be people who grew up dancing to Glenn's band. It turns out that about 80 per cent are kids. They're the teen-age kids who want a ballad played with a good sound and a nice tempo. They get it from this band."

McKinley credits considerable interest in his band to *The Glenn Miller Story*, the motion picture based on the band-leader's life.

"We get more requests for *Little*

Brown Jug than for any number in the book," he grinned. "Now that tune was never really one of Glenn's big records, at least not as big as *In the Mood* or *Chattanooga Choo Choo*. But it was a big part of the movie.

"We play it sometimes two, three times a night."

McKINLEY SAID other most-requested tunes in the Miller book included *In the Mood*, *String of Pearls*, *At Last*, *Pennsylvania 6-5000*, *Tuxedo Junction*, and *Moonlight Serenade*.

Occasionally, Ray receives a few requests during the course of an evening for some of the Eddie Sauter originals featured by his own postwar band. "We have played one or two," Ray smiled, "but generally we don't have time. We do some of the Miller standards, a couple of my Will Bradley things (*Down the Road Apiece*, *Celery Stalks at Midnight*) a couple of my things (*Arizona*, *You've Come a Long Way From St. Louis*), a couple of pieces by Lenny Hambro and the quintet, and the rest of the night is all requests out of the Miller book."

The band's book now contains about 60 original Miller manuscripts, 10 of McKinley's, several of Hambro's quintet pieces, and a constantly increasing number of pops in the Miller style arranged by Joe Cribari and Dean Kincaide.

Kincaide is also scoring some rock 'n' roll tunes for the band. "As far as I know, we're the only band that does this type of thing," Ray said. "Dean has even written some of the Miller style into his rock 'n' roll arrangements. I feel you've got to pay attention, too, to what the kids want today."

THE BAND GOT rolling early in June, and has been traveling pretty steadily since then. "Reception so far has been just great," Ray said. "Even when the crowds were small because of bad weather, they were enthusiastic."

In many locations the band has hit percentage, and in several spots it sold out completely before the ballroom doors opened. Appearances on NBC's *Bandstand* show, both on radio and television, have helped spread the sound. Another factor was the band's selection as Most Promising swing band of the year in *Down Beat's* fourth annual poll of the National Ballroom Operators' association.

"Here's how I gauge it," McKinley said. "We've had a lot of good things said by Miller fans, and I've yet to run into anyone who is not happy with the band or what we're playing.

"Another thing, I notice that when we play dances, the people who come are dancing. A lot of them are around the bandstand, watching, but most of them are dancing.

"AND WHAT'S MOST important to me, the band has been praised by some of the musicians who are regulars on the *Bandstand* show. I knew the people liked us, but it really helped out when I found these musicians did, too."

The band grew out of a conviction by manager Willard Alexander, based on the reception to *The Glenn Miller Story* movie and the RCA limited edition Miller albums, that a Miller-styled band had a valid spot in the current music scene. He got in touch with M.s. Miller and suggested another try at launching a Miller band.

She agreed, after affirming that the band would be led by McKinley. Ray took over the book and started out to fill the chairs.

"Personnel is the biggest problem a bandleader has to face today," McKinley said. "Lenny Hambro was invaluable when we were recruiting. He's the band's manager, too, and believe me, our books always match up. I don't think he gets much time to sleep, though."

RAY AUDITIONED up to 20 musicians for each chair in the band. Many, he discovered, came out of Texas. We've got five boys from Texas in the band now," he smiled. "They turn out some fine musicians at that North Texas State college. Four of our five Texans came from there."

After the chairs were filled, unique rehearsals began.

"We'd take an arrangement, and I'd have a phonograph there with the original Miller record. We'd hear how Glenn's band phrased and how they handled the arrangement, then we'd read it down."

McKinley, who fronted the air force Miller band after Glenn's disappearance, said he "knew how that band sounded and how Glenn got his results. The greatest tribute to him as a leader, I think, was the organization he set up. While I was fronting, new arrangements kept coming in, and they swept right down the line to the band through the organization Glenn had set up."

Ray said that if Miller had lived, "I think he would have come back with a band like the one he had in the air force. That band had 23 strings. I think Glenn would have kept about 14, and he's the only one who could have done it."

McKINLEY SAID HE is constantly approached in this country and in Canada by members of the Glenn Miller Appreciation society, an organization which began in England during the war and continues strongly today.

"They know more about my band than I do," he laughed. "A week doesn't go by without one of their members here asking me questions to fill out a form. I guess they review the band for the society.

"When we were in England during the war, there were kids there 10 and 11 years old who told me about records I'd made with Milt Shaw. They even knew what records I'd been on under assumed names. They're a loyal bunch."

The two biggest items facing McKinley right now are records and a European tour with his Miller band.

The band has not been signed to record for any label as yet. "Everywhere we go, the big question the disc jockeys and the kids ask us is when are you going to make records?"

"WE HOPE TO MAKE some records this winter and next spring," Ray said. "Naturally, we'll do pops in the Miller style, but I don't think we'll be record-

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THE GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA under the direction of Ray McKinley is quickly becoming just about the hottest ballroom attraction in the country, as the magic Miller name and arrangements again work their spell. Taken at the Totem Poll ballroom in Auburndale, Mass., these pictures show the hard-working McKinley in action as he plays bongos and leads the saxes. Below is a shot of the ballroom.



counterpoint

By Nat Hentoff

Notes Between Sets: Poet Kenneth H. Ford who has an impression of Bird in our forthcoming year-end annual *Music '57* also outlines Billie Holiday in his book, *The Clean Dying*: "...



voice like a ladder trying to climb itself." ... Add to the important nucleus of oriented regular writers on jazz on key newspapers: Robert C. Smith of *The Virginian-Pilot* (Norfolk) and Russ Wilson of the Oakland, Cal., *Tribune*. Wilson impresses me as one of the best

music reporters in any medium.

Gene Stuart, a casually astute disc jockey now at WAVZ in New Haven, Conn., has formed a jazz club there. Stuart had an excellent jazz show on WABC in New York some time ago but as has happened to Bob Garrity and Mitch Reed on WOR, he was fired. New York radio executives, as a species, are incredibly tone-deaf.

Public Service Department: A friend in Louis Armstrong's band wrote me from vacationland Lake Tahoe, Nev.: "We are way up here in the mountains and pines—a lovely place for plenty of fresh air, but that's all. We have no place to go—old man jim is at its worst." And that's Nevada, friend, not Clay or Sturgis. . . . A no-compromise leader of a mixed combo was in a painful dilemma for several days. He was booked into a Virginia club, the owner of which is apparently unprejudiced and is, besides, hopeful of breaking down some barriers in the town by importing jazz regularly. But by state law, no Negroes are admitted unless they're part of the "family" of the musicians. The leader finally called up NAACP officials for advice. They told him to go ahead on the principle that "if you can bring a mixed band in there, that's at least a step." I pass this on for the possible interest of anyone in a similar box.

Books: George Simon's honest, sensitive article on Glenn Miller in the new Eddie Condon *Treasury of Jazz* is the best I've ever read on the subject. Those of you who—unlike myself—were admirers of Miller's band may want an apparently exhaustive panerback compilation called *A Glenn Miller Discography*, assembled by Stephen F. Redwell and available through the Glenn Miller Appreciation Society, 3, Great Percv St., London, W.C. 1, England. The 102-page book also contains a short biography and pictures.

A new "jazz" novel, *It's Always Four O'Clock* (Random House, 178 pp., \$3.50) is written by one James Updyke, a name described by the publisher as "a pseudonym for a noted novelist working in another field." I can't prove it, but a man from the underground tells me Updyke is W. R. Burnett.

Anyway, the book is an oddly ingratiating, nearly innocuous experience. The story about an L.A. trio plus girl

vocalist, how it grew and how it exploded, is told largely in stereotypes of character and not especially authentic action, and all the characters but the narrator are one-dimensional or less. Yet if you don't expect more than a one-reading-through diversion, you might enjoy the author's own relaxed prose rhythm; and although his jazz knowledge and vocabulary is only quasi-hip, the feeling throughout is warm like a good intermission combo though certainly not an Ellington or Basie. What makes the book worth this much commentary is the portrait of the narrator, a good but somewhat too resilient guitarist who is more honest with and about himself than most of us. The last five paragraphs, by the way, are as bitterly resigned as anything in Simenon.

Two new books on hi-fi for laymen are recommended here, let me make clear, by just another layman. Both helped clarify for me several of the more basic aspects of the field and will probably cost me money by making me dissatisfied with parts of my set. The books are *High Fidelity: a Practical Guide* (McGraw-Hill, 310 pp., \$4.95) by Charles Fowler, publisher of *High Fidelity* magazine, and a second, newly revised and updated edition of the *Saturday Review Home Book of Recorded Music and Sound Reproduction* (Prentice Hall, 339 pp., \$4.95) by Edward Tatnall Canby, C. G. Burke, and Irving Kolodin.

A final bibliophilic note of appreciation to the effect that Oxford University Press has had available for some time a relatively inexpensive smaller edition of Dr. Percy Scholes' huge *Oxford Companion to Music*. The newer entry is *The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Music*, 655 double-column pages at \$6. The entries are historical, biographical, and technical; there are illustrations, and the unpretentiously informed, clear prose is by Scholes, whose far-ranging curiosity makes this a most browsable volume.

Sidney Finkels'tein, whose knowledge of jazz and classical music is disarmingly encyclopedic, points out in a recent communique that a new Vanguard LP, *The Banjo and Other Creole Ballads, Cuban Dances, Negro Songs, and Caprices*, composed for the piano by Louis Moreau Gottschalk (1829-1869) and played by Eugene List (VRS-485) is a rare opportunity to hear New Orleans music from around 1850.

It's worth auditing in order to acquire an acquaintance with some of the New Orleans musical strains that were to meld with blues, rags, work songs, spirituals, etc., into jazz. Such melding as occurs in New Orleans-born Gottschalk is still largely surface, and the final results are still almost wholly in the western European tradition, but he apparently was "the first American-born artist to become internationally famous as pianist and composer, the first to use in his compositions the indigenous folk melodies and rhythms that were growing in the 'New World,'" and he does provide a variegated example of what several areas of New Orleans music were like in the decades just before the brass bands and the rags.

perspectives

By Ralph J. Gleason

UNLESS I AM getting unbearably choleric, there seems to me to be a great danger that jazz is losing its sense of humor, and too many jazz men are treating it with all the deadpan, deathless devotion of a bank teller counting money.



When we get all humor out of jazz we have lost something that no amount of contrapuntal chicken pluckin' dexterity can replace.

Time after time today, you get a new album and it is a chore to sit

through it. Certainly it shows learning, effort, and sometimes even art, by the musicians involved, but it is all too frequently so unbearably serious that it results only in being boring.

Jazz, as it has been remarked before, doesn't need to associate itself with classical music in order to hold up its head. It may be that the situation is the other way around for contemporary classicists. But if jazz continues to be so deadpan serious about everything, so insecure that it answers every allegation with documentary proof, why pretty soon it's not going to be any fun any more, and when it isn't, look out! It could choke to death on lack of humor, you know.

This is all by way of commenting on Teddy Charles' remarks concerning Garrulous Gulda and expressing thanks to him (Charles) for at least livening the situation with a touch of humor here and there. Now the Gulda situation is a very good case in point. It is quite true that the publicity attendant on his appearances here and the critical comment have all been out of proportion to the actual importance of the guy as a jazz musician. On the basis of his album, which is the only basis most people have to go on, he doesn't make it, and I would like to bet that RCA doesn't sell as many of it as they thought they would. Bad jazz LPs don't sell, you know.

But when you stop to look at it a minute, Gulda doesn't represent any threat to anything. Nobody is being hurt by him. Let him alone. His album is funny, in the light of the propaganda concerning him, and what he had to say at Newport, if quoted correctly, is pretty funny, too. Nobody who has any sense about jazz (musician or fan) is going to be taken in by his posturing for a moment. The only ones who will be taken in by that, and by the propaganda, are those who don't know or don't feel jazz. We never had them anyway and if they stay with it after Gulda brings them in, they'll learn.

Jazz has a way of straightening things out. Maybe that's its attraction. Who would have thought 10 years ago that Stan Kenton would have ended up like this.

Even Mynheers Turn To Silver

By Nat Hentoff

IN HOLLYWOOD, Holland, Harlem, and less alliterative sites here and abroad, Horace Silver has become a key influence on a large segment of modern jazz pianists.

Silver emerged as one of the first of many pianists immersed in Bud Powell. But he was one who was able to forge so functionally individual a style of his own as to become, in turn, a major force on others traveling that main Bird-lined stream.

Horace, who was born in Norwalk, Conn., on Sept. 2, 1928, pecked away desultorily at piano lessons when a youngster but wasn't strongly attracted to the piano until he was 16.

At first, he memorized piano solos off records by ear, primarily boogie-woogie excursions. He recalls absorbing Eddie Heywood's *Begin the Beguine*, Avery Parish's solo on Erskine Hawkins' *After Hours*, and a lot of Jay McShann records. But he didn't know any changes.

He started becoming friendly with older musicians, and one of them recommended Frank Skinner's *Modern Arranging and Harmony*. From this book on, Horace continued to be an autodidact so far as theory was concerned.

HIS SECOND TRY at piano lessons lasted two years with a church organist and pianist who felt Horace had talent and gave him special rates as a measure of encouragement. When this teacher, died, Silver's formal training stopped. But his own jazz piano style, meanwhile, was developing under the primary influences of Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum. "Tatum was a little rough for me to copy off a record, but I copied a lot of Wilson," he recalled.

In high school, Horace also began to investigate the tenor, on which his basic influence soon was Lester Young. Gigs in the high school band and in combos followed with Horace taking some on piano and others on tenor. Soon when he was 18 or 19, he first heard Bud Powell.

"He shook me up," Silver says. "I started copying a lot of things he did. On the first records I heard, he wasn't recording with his own groups yet, so he often had only eight or 16-measure solos on sides with Dexter Gordon, J. J. Johnson, or Bird. But he said so much in such a short space of time, he had so much fire and drive, and his solos were so precise and clear they sounded like they were written. Sometimes I'd buy a record just for a 16-measure solo by Bud."

ONE NIGHT, Stan Getz appeared as a guest star at the Sundown where Horace was working. He was accompanied by Silver and Horace's sidekicks, drummer Walter Bolden and bassist Joe Calloway.

Getz enjoyed the experience and took the rhythm section with him to the

Club Harlem in Philadelphia. Horace stayed with Stan about a year and then dug for roots in New York. He began working with Art Blakey, an association that lasted intermittently until the recent changes in the Jazz Messengers, and also gained experience with Oscar Pettiford, Flip Phillips, Bill Harris, Terry Gibbs, Lester Young, and others.

He worked, too, at Birdland and at Minton's with Coleman Hawkins.

"It was a ball," he said, "I don't think people should classify between styles. If a guy blows, he blows. I don't know anything about Dixieland, for example, but I heard a Sidney Bechet record that gassed me. The man plays with such soul!

"And you know some of the best times I've had were around 1951 when there were sessions at the Paradise Club on 110th and 8th Ave. Big Nick Nicholas had the band there, and there was a conglomeration of all styles and ages and interpretations, and it always came up cooking. Bird, Sonny Stitt, Sonny Rollins would show up and also Harold Baker, Joe Newman, Gene Ammons, Hot Lips Page, and Ike Quebec were always there. It was really satisfying music.

"PERHAPS SOME OF the young musicians," Horace reflected, "who put down the older men only started listening to jazz when Bird came. But I was listening to jazz before I heard Bird and Diz. I've been a record collector since I was about 12 and would always buy at least two or three records a week.

"Lunceford was my favorite band when I was a kid, and I aspired to be a leader. I'd even conduct the band in front of the mirror while the record was playing. I liked Basie and Duke, but I was less interested in solos then and was listening to bands as a whole. In Lunceford, the sections, especially the reed section, sounded like one, and the band had such an original style. I used to live for the next time the Lunceford band came to town. In the summer, they'd play at Rotin Point park, and I'd stand for hours looking in through the slats that used to close off the dance pavilion.

"Now I feel sort of sorry I wasn't listening more in those days to Basie and Duke, too, because of the soloists. In later years, I had to go back and dig up a lot of the old Basie and Duke records."

SILVER RETURNED TO memories of his post-Connecticut career and spoke with particular warmth about the dates in clubs and in recording studios that he worked with Miles Davis.

"I learned the most from Miles," he says. "Especially harmony. Miles . . . has good taste, and he's never satisfied with the same thing all the time. He keeps changing an arrangement so it'll sound fresh. And he can voice chords



(Liz Mount Photo)

real nice. Miles doesn't play fluent piano, but I've heard him sit down to figure out some harmony, and he knows what he wants."

Now, for the first time, Horace is leader of his own quintet with Art Farmer, former Jazz Messengers Hank Mobley and Doug Watkins, and an 18-year-old Detroit drummer, Louis Hayes, who was recommended by Watkins.

Silver, who started writing in Norwalk, is also much respected on the jazz scene for his originals, some of which are candidates for stardom.

"Monk was kind of an influence on my writing—and a lot of Bud, too," Silver says. Among better-known statements are *Doodlin'*, *Opus De Funk*, *The Preacher*, *Split Kick*, *Room 608*, and *Creepin' In*.

He is as self-critical about his writing as about his playing. He allows, however, that he still likes *Ecaroh* (Blue Note 5018) of his earlier works but in general, feels he has matured somewhat since that period.

SINCE, AS AN influence, Horace is most often depicted as a prime mover of funky playing in modern jazz, his own views on that singular word with so sociological a history, are pertinent:

"I don't think a person should deliberately play funky. You should play how you feel. If it's in you to be funky, then it's in you. But you should play how you feel at the particular time. Some guys are real funky—take Milt Jackson, he's as funky as you can get.

He plays with so much soul. Yet he doesn't play funky deliberately. Some are a little less funky, and others still less. What is funky? Oh, a sort of low-down blues feeling.

"But," he continued, "some people put too much emphasis on being funky. It's not a thing you try to do. It's just part of jazz, like the blues, and it's only one part of jazz. Even if you play a slow blues, you're not going to be funky all the time. You also have to play some hip lines, some snake changes. I mean criss-crossing, weaving your way through the chords with hip lines. It's all mixed in there together—funk and everything else.

"NOW THE Modern Jazz Quartet," Silver went on, "is one of the funkier

groups I've ever heard. I like them very much. To me they're the only group playing a semiclassical type of stuff but still playing it with a lot of soul and so that it still sounds like jazz.

"Most other people who attempt that sort of thing sound like chamber music. As for those who say the MJQ setup doesn't give Bags a chance to get loose, they ought to listen. He gets his chances."

"I also like Miles' group. He's one of my favorite musicians anyway. He and Sonny Rollins. Miles has that certain something that sparks a group. He knows how to pick the right guys, the right tunes, the right arrangements, and he's always inventive. He'll never play the same solo twice."

In answer to general criticism aimed at many modern jazz pianists concerning their alleged lack of a sufficiently strong and inventive left hand, Horace's feelings is "to each his own."

"IT DEPENDS ON what a man's trying to do," he added. "That determines the way he plays. Like a woman at Birdland once asked me why I played so low, so much in the middle register, and not on the top keys. Well, I play where I want to. I can't help it if noody digs it. I'm going to play the way I feel. Certainly a musician should have training and should be able to play the whole piano, but once he has that ability, there may be something else he's trying to prove. Of course, it is true there are some who are limited to what they do because they don't have the technical ability to do more."

"In general, I've always been sort of scared of analysis, of panels, and things like that. I never really stop much to analyze things. I just do them. It's all right to be analytical to a certain point, but sometimes you can be too analytical."

"I hope jazz doesn't go too far in a lot of directions it has been going. I can't stand the faggot-type jazz—the jazz with no . . . no guts. There's too much of that on the present scene. And the discouraging part is that the faggot-type jazz is getting more popularity than the jazz with real soul. The groups that play with a lot of guts are not making as much loot."

"The youngsters who dig the faggot-type groups may grow up to play like that. I hope they dig more of the right things, the masters like Bird, Bud, Tatum, Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Miles, Sonny Rollins—the guys with depth."

IN RUMINATING ABOUT being "an influence," Silver said:

"Certainly it makes you feel wonderful when a guy copies you. What's the saying—imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. But a man has to find himself. If a kid were to ask me what I thought about his copying me, I'd just encourage him because everybody more or less starts out imitating somebody before he finds himself."

Silver noted that when he came to New York, he sounded a lot like Bud Powell "because most of what I had to go by was records." He said that he then was trying to find himself, too. Now "I think I sound more like myself. But I'm not satisfied. There's so much more to do. I don't want to look back

barry ulanov

By Barry Ulanov

THE BOPPERS are still very much with us. That is fairly clear even to the tinniest of ears, the least comprehending of listeners to jazz.

On the east coast, they still dominate the jazz scene, the serious jazz scene anyway, making most of the key spots some time in the course of any playing season, blowing through piles of vinyl on record dates. For the average aficionado, the sound of modern jazz is the sound the boppers make.

Well, what's wrong with that? Much, very much. Not because it isn't a good sound, for it's a rich and handsomely turned one, after all; the present generation of boppers knows its instruments remarkably well, blows its lines deftly, rests or darts ahead through a solo with consummate ease. No, not because of surface effects, but because of the near emptiness below, is the identification of bop as modernity in jazz so unfortunate.

THERE IS a disastrous sameness to solo after solo in the bop school of playing today.

A calculated symmetry makes a present-day bop performance a tedious exercise in repeats for my ears, as chorus musician after chorus musician gets up and puts together his neatly manufactured, completely empty boxes.

Monotony has replaced inspiration; precision has taken the place of the tumultuous, tumbling power of the early boppers, and the only consistently positive quality in these performances is the glitter of technical proficiency.

IT'S NO WONDER that Bud Powell engages, captivates, bemuses, bewilders, taunts, challenges, worries, delights—fill in the verb that best describes your own experience—so many listeners.

He is light years away from the perfectly balanced chorus musician that the run-of-the-mill bopper has become. He plays by starts and stops. He stutters and stammers all over the keyboard. There is often an ungraceful incompleteness about his improvisations. Occasionally, he falls into banal counter melodies.

Much that has been commonplace for years and years in the classical tradition can be found in his music side by side with the altogether fresh and imaginative. But nonetheless it rarely comes out in sterile phrases squared off into a series of hollow symmetries.

IN OTHER WORDS, he doesn't sit there repeating himself by the hour, repeating last night's music, or last week's, or last hour's; he has preserved, at whatever odds, with however much difficulty, a personality all his own.

A more moving example still of the same sort of achievement was Charlie Parker's. There was in his playing always a flow forward, a great stretch away from meaningless detail and the unreasonable reiteration of the obvious. Bird expressed himself, a rich self to



Somebody Up There...

London—Mel Torme, breaking it up in Britain, received another engagement by royal intercession. Princess Margaret, on a recent visit to the posh Cafe de Paris in London, asked the management if Mel had been booked there. He hadn't been, but negotiations were quickly started for his appearance next spring, before Mel starts his return tour of the British Isles.

express in music, and one not half so tortured, I think, as is popularly supposed, for all the torture to which he was submitted and to which he submitted himself.

Somehow, within, he managed to maintain a calm, a speculative calm, one that was conducive to meditation in notes. That was what he made again and again the matter of his solos. To me, at least, that made great sense, because I always found him a man of abundant tenderness, one gifted far beyond the ordinary with what is best called gentility, that is with an inward elegance turned outward in his music.

THIS IS NOT THE material of nervous, mathematically spaced jazz, of choruses thought of simply as choruses, of solos without substance for all their surface shine. To appeal to Bird as founding father of what the current crop of boppers have made of their jazz is sheer effrontery; it doesn't make musical or any other sense.

What a sorry end for a brilliant experimental movement that not only started out to move mountains but actually did succeed in razing a couple of large hills and any number of ridges!

How ironic it is today to hear how the conventional, the hackneyed, has become the norm for those whose forebears were most violently opposed to either; to listen to drummers chugging along on cymbal and high-hat in what sound like caricatures of synopating swing musicians where once a full-fledged rhythm line took shape; to watch a sparkling modernity turn first into a dull urbanity and finally into utter inability.

I AM SORRY THAT I cannot join with others who have of late found so much to praise in the playing and thinking of the latter-day boppers, that I must instead lament what seems to me the inglorious present of a brave past.

For me, the bopper has lost his savor; not merely for me, I am convinced, but for jazz. To push the metaphor just a little further, I should add that I think the food he and his enthusiasts offer is nearly tasteless, that not even the most skillful administration of the most tantalizing seasoning can save it.

But the musicians can be saved. Having achieved so much of that brightness on the surface to which I have several times referred; having attained so high a level of playing excellence, they can now turn technique into talent and talent into art by seeking to express themselves in their music, by reflecting over and over upon the marvelous mystery which is the human personality, and by banishing from their playing as from their thoughts the all too simple and obvious thing that is the music of the bop chorus musician.

caught in the act

Columbia Records Sounds of the Future; Park Sheraton Hotel, New York

Columbia Records showcased eight of its "new" recording artists and groups, and a scattering of its established personalities, in a lavish cocktail-buffet-stage-show atmosphere.

The long buffet table was surmounted by an ice-carved cornucopia, with a 45-rpm recording of Frankie Laine's *Only If We Love Again* resting frigidly in its bell. It set the tone for the entire event.

Goddard Lieberson, president of Columbia Records, emceed the show, begun by comedian Jackie Gleason leading the Boyd Raeburn orchestra through a medley of *Do You Ever Think of Me?*, *You Stepped Out of a Dream*, *Blue Moon*, *Blueberry Hill*, and *I'll See You in My Dreams*.

Trumpeter Leon Merian contributed some lacy muted solos throughout the set, and tenor sax man Frank Socolow exhibited a gentle ballad solo style. The band in this set and a later, jumpier group of tunes, displayed a tart, Les Elgartish sound, with the reeds pitched low and gutty and the brass crisp and flaring.

The parade of Future Sounds, vocal division, was led by 24-year-old Dick Wilson, a baritone with a full, rich voice and a dramatic style of presentation. He sang *Foggy Day* and *Without a Song*, the latter number very warmly. In addition to receiving enthusiastic applause from the audience of some 400, Wilson was embraced and kissed by Walter Winchell and Lieberson.

Argentine pianist Enrique Villegas declared, "I believe jazz is the best music in the world" before he sat in for his two-number set. A visual pianist, Villegas applied his style to *Just the Way You Looked Tonight* and *Rosetta*. He hunched over the keyboard, hurled himself erect, gouged out huge bass chords with his left hand, touched tinkly single notes with his right hand, and ran the dynamic range from very pp to very ff.

Vocalist Eileen Rodgers was backed by leader-arranger Ray Conniff conducting the Raeburn band in *Heart-break Hotel*, *Ten Cents a Dance*, and *Miracle of Love*. She belted the two rock 'n' rollers, but sang the ballad sandwiched in between with warmth and a feeling for the lyrics.

Future Sound cornetist Wild Bill Davison blew two tunes against the Raeburn reed section which played clarinets and flutes to sound like strings. *Sugar* drew spontaneous applause from the audience, and a clamor for more after Wild Bill left the stand.

The Collins Kids, country and western singers, appeared garbed in green cowboy suits with gold trimming. Both Lorry and Larry strummed guitars and harmonized pleasantly on their numbers, *Make Him Behave* and *In My Teens*. Larry strummed a double-necked guitar remarkably well for a youngster.

Ginnie Powell sang *Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me* during the Raeburn band's second set. She sounds as warm



Wild Bill Davison
A Sound of the Future?

as she did when she sang with Raeburn's earlier bands. On *Elmer's Tune* and *The Solid, Solid South (Dixie)*, Merian, Socolow, and pianist Nat Pierce sounded just fine.

Twenty-year-old Johnny Mathis displayed a rocking singing style on *Too Close for Comfort*, *Let Me Love You*, and *That Old Black Magic*. At times, he sounded a touch like Nat Cole, but mostly he sang in his own soft-voice style. His ease of delivery and stage presence were impressive.

Columbia veterans Jerry Vale (three numbers) and Tony Bennett (10 songs) filled out the remainder of the formal program. It was followed by a jam session, led by Gleason, with Pierce, Davison, Merian, Socolow, and altoist Lennie Hambro blowing.

—dom

Carmen McRee, Audrey Morris; Mister Kelly's, Chicago

Carmen is on record as having said, "The smaller the club the better. There's a chance for coldness in big places."

However, her opening set at Mister Kelly's, a reasonably tight little island, was tinged with fridity, uncomfortable restraint, uneasiness, and even appreciable straining for crucial intervals.

Despite this disconcerting debut, Carmen remains far more impressive than the host of silver-haired bellowers currently entwining themselves around microphones. And fortunately, a receptive audience helped Carmen feel at home before the evening ended, and a successful defrosting process took place.

Her opening night repertoire included a good many tunes from her current Decca LPs. The first set included *I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket*, *My Foolish Heart*, *Nowhere*, *My Future Just Passed*, and *Just One of Those Things*. This was the cool set. More meaningful expressions were to come.

After this first set, things began to happen.

Carmen sped through a brief, but exciting, *Foggy Day*. Her masterful phrasing and declamation made *You Don't Know Me* a moving experience. She swung through *Blue Moon* and transmitted the Monday-through-Sunday-blues feeling in *Good Morning, Heartache*.

They All Laughed represented the best of her attributes. The disciplined approach, the precise intonation, the perceptive grasp of the lyrics, and the superb devotion to the beat were all vitally present.

After caressing *Namely You*, from the new musical *L'il Abner*, Carmen came vividly to life. Pianist Ray Bryant and bassist Ike Isaacs went out of the smoke into the night and Carmen accompanied herself.

Her honest, unadorned approach to *Starlust* made the tune more lustrous reality than legend. Her forceful piano helped make *Lush Life* impressive. An exhilarating *Exactly Like You* closed the set.

It wasn't an evening to alter and illuminate our time, but it was a pertinent example of a professional, feeling out an audience and a room and gradually becoming a warm part of both. After an obviously chilly beginning, Carmen relaxed and realized that home is where the feeling is. She should warm many hearts during her four-week stay.

Her able companion on the bill is Audrey Morris, whose delicate piano and forceful voice would be an asset to any club. Audrey's soulful, life-is-rotten-but-I-love-it philosophy leads her to some untarnished ballads worthy of her touch. *It's a Lazy Afternoon*, the 1941 Burke-Van Heusen gem *It's Always You*, and *Guess Who I Saw Today?* were a few of the well-chosen tunes she gifted first-nighters with.

The room itself, soundwise, would make Mike Levin happy. With the stand centrally-located on one of the long walls, and 52 speakers scattered throughout the room, fidelity is excellent. Although the room is intimately warm and not at all expansive, there are no elbow-in-the-eye scenes, thanks to considerate planning. And there are bleacher seats for pillow-sitters.

Taking the fine cuisine into account, too, it should make an ideal room for performers seeking to communicate with the audience without blowing tuba. —gold

Kai Winding Septet; Basie St., New York

Polished, surprisingly varied, and intelligently projected entertainment is the primary goal and achievement of the new Kai Winding septet "featuring four trombones." Fresh, inventive jazz is a secondary consideration; and it occurs when it does explode chiefly in the work of Carl Fontana, a very underestimated, brilliant jazzman who has worked with Woody and most recently, Kenton. Carl is the best soloist in the septet—he has excellent conception, the cry of jazz, and he shouts clearly.

A colleague is Wayne Andre, with Woody Herman for a time, who has been doubling here as a skilled writer-arranger. Andre, who rarely had solos with Woody, is the surprise of the combo, blowing with warmth and intelligence. Bass trombone Dick Lieb, whose background includes the Eastman School of Music, is valuable in section and is able though not yet remarkable in solo. But his horn is a tough one to play with ease, and he may well conquer it with jazz experience.

Leader Winding, as usual, plays with virile drive and a high level of professionalism. His conception for this ear could be more imaginative and he could flow more, but there is no denying the respect that is his due as a musician.

The rhythm section is not as fused and fluid as would be most desirable.

(Turn to Page 43)

ALBERTO CALDERON — MIKE PACHECO

Con Sabor Latino (Tropicana LP 1201) is a program of uninspired Latin and "Afro-progressive" music. Calderon's "orchestra" is actually a sextet. The ex-Cugat-Arnaz drummer leads the group in six Latin tunes, including *Rico Merengue*, *Catalina*, *La Chismosa*, *Merengue Militar*, and the title tune. Pacheco's sextet, with Bob Gil on piano and Carlos Vidal on conga drum, attempts to create a jazz atmosphere on the basis of percussion alone. The group—piano, bass, timbales, drums, conga drum, and bongo—pounds its way through two standards: *Blue Moon* and *The More I See You*, and four Caribbean exercises.

JUNE CHRISTY

The Misty Miss Christy (Capitol 12" LP T725) may well be the lissome June's best LP so far. The customary warmth and inviting intimacy of Christy sound has been beautifully recorded; and besides, there are fewer intonation snags and much less strenuous phrasing than have sometimes hampered June's work musically in the past. There is a fair range of tempos, but the general accent is on hip romance. Pete Rugolo's arrangements are among his most inventively atmospheric best. He uses a string quintet, harp, vibes, bells, a French horn, three trombones, and rhythm. Unfortunately, no personnel is listed.

Choice of tunes is fine with the rarely performed Duke Ellington-Strayhorn *Day-Dream* particularly welcome. Lyrics are by the late John LaTouche. Among those also present are *'Round Midnight*, *Sing Something Simple*, *There's No You*, Russ Freeman's *The Wind*, and *This Year's Kisses*. A charming recital, particularly for an otherwise chill evening.

JAMES DEAN STORY

The James Dean Story (Coral CRL 57099) is an attempt to capitalize on the late actor's avid following. It was written by the ubiquitous Steve Allen and is narrated by Allen and disc jockey Bill Randle. The orchestras of Dick Jacobs and George Cates participate, joined by Jimmy Wakely and Gizi Perreau. The maudlin narration wrings un tunes associated with, or inspired by, Dean. They include the themes from *East of Eden* and *Rebel Without a Cause*. *There's Never Been Anyone Else But You*, from the film *Giant*, and *The Ballad of James Dean*. The entire production sounds like a grotesque, monstrously commercial dream. The only justification for such trite, pseudo-devotional mumbling would be to utilize the proceeds from the sale of the LP to establish a scholarship for young actors. It is not likely that this is planned.

MORTON GOULD

Jungle Drums (RCA Victor 1.M 1994) is another of Gould's somewhat disciplined excursions through a pot-

pourri of string arrangements. The liner notes, by George Frazier, justify the selections by the title and note that "the percussion in this album . . . is neither effete or intellectualized, unlike the drumming in modern jazz." Obviously, this is not *Maz Roach with Strings*. The tunes include *La Comparasa*, *Malaguena*, *Hawaiian War Chant*, *Caravan*, *Ritual Fire Dance*, *Swamp Fire*, and nine others. Despite Frazier's comments, emphasizing the addiction to the beat, these sides were not a drummer's paradise. There is a simple, unadorned beat present, in addition to the relatively full, slick sound associated with Gou'd. There is nothing monumental here, but it will appeal to that great body of people who insist that they don't write songs like these anymore.

BEVERLY KENNEY

Come Swing with Me (Roost 12" LP 2212) marks the further deterioration of a girl who indicated for a brief moment at last year's Jazz for Israel concert in Carnegie hall that she could become a significant jazz singer.

Roost goofed the first LP by choosing Johnny Smith for accompaniment. Roost goofs more expensively the second time by amassing a large number of musicians, including harp (yet) and various woodwinds in slick Ralnh Burns arrangements of standards skillfully conducted by Ralph. But what have these toothpaste-smile arrangements to do with the guts and subtlety of jazz?

The main fault, however, is with Miss Kennev. She has allowed herself to become mannered, and her emotions are mostly on the surface as she strives for effect rather than to tell her own irrepressible story. The lightly husky attractive voice quality remains as does an occasional phrasing that shows Miss Kenney still has jazz ears, but the overall impression is that *Beverly is moving more and more to the Teddi King-like periphery of quasi-jazz and she hasn't got the equipment to compete with Teddi*.

Barry Ulanov's notes again fail to give complete personnel and overstate Miss Kennev's present case hugely. Best track is *It Ain't Necessarily So* on which Beverly is backed by just one (1) conga drum and nothing else. It's not too late to liberate this girl.

TEDDI KING

To You (Victor 12" LPM-1313) is superior to Miss King's first rather strained LP for Victor, but as for emotional impact, it still remains far from her initial Storyville set some time ago. Yet, in terms of skilled singing of excellently selected popular standards, Miss King reaches a level of accomplishment here that very, very few of her contemporaries can approach. Her faultless intonation; rich, true and extended range; tasteful, often jazz-influenced phrasing; and sheer musical intelligence is a constant and rare pleasure. But there is little plunging into the raw depths of feeling Miss King used to be capable of. The accompaniment by George Srivavo is notly responsible for this very well-bred but rather bloodless emotional aura. In general, Srivavo's backgrounds are painless, discrete, undistinguished, and rep-

resentative of what the distinguished aesthetician Ahmet Ertegun describes as "drugstore sensitivity." Miss King deserves woman-sized accompaniment, and incidentally, a less corny cover and annotations that are not written, as these are, in junior league George Frazier-like prose.

ETHEL MERMAN

Ethel Merman: A Musical Autobiography (Decca LP Set 153) is an illustrious tribute to one of show business' most popular people. Ethel tells her own story here, beginning with her musical comedy debut in *Girl Crazy* in 1930 and ending 34 songs later with a few of her more current tunes. She's ably supported by the Buddy Cole quartet and the orchestras of Jay Blackton, Gordon Jenkins, Harry Sosnik, and Sy Oliver. Joan Carroll, Ray Middleton, and Ray Bolger pitch in, too. The selections are from Ethel's more memorable stage hits, including *Girl Crazy*, *Anything Goes*, *Red Hot and Blue*, *Panama Hattie*, *Annie Get Your Gun*, and *Call Me Madam*. Some of the tunes are *I Got Rhythm*, *Blow, Gabriel, Blow*, *You're the Top*, *They Say It's Wonderful*, and *The Best Thing for You*. Ethel's narration lends excellent continuity and Louis Untermyer's liner notes are informative. Ethel sings and sings in this two-LP set and it may be too much for those who cringe at her enormously raucous style. She's as subtle as a mastadon, but as powerful as well, and her fans will find "class with a capital K" in this collection.

PATTI PAGE

Patti Page in the Land of Hi-Fi (EmArcy 12" LP MH 36074) indicates what has been evident a long time—that given decent material and relatively intelligent backgrounds, Miss Page is a good, warm, straight singer. It is absurd, however, to make extravagant claims for her as a jazz singer, as does the annotator when he says that "the thin, almost nonexistent line between popular singing and jazz singing disappears entirely with the release" of this album. Nonsense.

There is still a thick, existent line between Patti on the one hand, and Billie, Ella, and Anita on the other. Patti, for one thing, phrases for surface effect more often than from within a compelling emotional need. For another, she doesn't pulsate particularly deeply. For a third, her voice is only minimally that of a horn (and a jazz singer's voice has to instrumentalize to a large degree).

Pete Rugolo did the generally expressive arranging and leads a large band. Among the brief solos are contributions by Bud Shank, Pete Candoli, Al Hendrickson, Buddy Childers, and other skilled jazzmen. This is a much better-than-average, pleasing, album of popular singing, colorfully backgrounded, but it's not jazz.

Ventura On 1st Baton LP

New York—Baton, an r&b label, has cut its first jazz LP. The leader was Charlie Ventura, whose unit included drummer Mousie Alexander, guitarist Billy Bean, bassist Richard Davis, and pianist Dave Hildinger.

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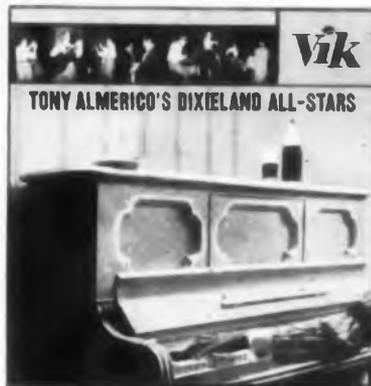
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jazz records

All records are reviewed by Nat Hen- toff unless initiated by Jack Tracy or Ralph J. Gleason. Ratings: ★★★★★ Ex- cellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor.

Kenny Burrell

This Time the Dream's on Me; Fugue 'N' Blues; Takeala; Weaver of Dreams; Delilah; Rhythorama; Blues for Skeeter

Rating: ★★★★★

Introducing Kenny Burrell is an im- pressive first-LP-as-leader for the 25- year-old Detroiter. His excellent asso- ciates are Kenny Clarke; Paul Cham- bers; a Detroit colleague, Tommy Flan- agan, on piano, and on most of the tracks, Candido on conga drum. Bur- rell is easily one of the very best of the young guitarists in conception, time, soul, and sound.

Flanagan is also a valuable import for the same reasons and will become more so as he finds more of himself in the piano. Chambers already has been lauded often in these pages, and Kenny Clarke is a natural gas no one could wisely veto. He and Candido, incidentally, indulge in exhilarating, head-twirling polyrhythms-on-the-rocks duo on *Rhythorama* that has been wonderfully recorded by Rudy Van Gelder.

The three Burrell charts are quite serviceable for their three different re-

quirements. The *Blues* is a particularly satisfying track with everyone soloing strongly, including Chambers on bowed bass. The LP is another credit for Alfred Lion. (Blue Note 12" LP 1523)

Joe Carroll

Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea; Qu'est-que-ce; It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing; Route 66; St. Louis Blues; School Days; Jump Ditty; Jeepers Creepers; Oo-shoo- bee-doo-bee; Oh, Lady Be Good; One Is Never too Old to Swing; Honey- suckle Rose

Rating: ★★★★★

Very few vocalists have been re- viewed in the jazz section since this magazine fortunately tightened its defi- nition of jazz singers. But if Joe Car- roll isn't a jazz singer, then Leo Watson wasn't, and if Leo Watson wasn't, the world is flat.

Joe has three different units on four numbers apiece. First has Jimmy Cleve- land and Urbie Green, Hank Jones, Oscar Pettiford, and Osie Johnson. Sec- ond has Cleveland, Seldon Powell, Milt Hinton, Ray Bryant, and presumably Osie. Last has Bryant, drummer Char- lie Blackwell, bassist James Rowser, and tenor Jim Oliver. Oliver is the only undistinguished hornman on the date, and his solos detract from the rating. The rest of the blowing is fine. And the material on the four tracks with Oliver is also somewhat weaker than the rest. But that rest is a ball!

Joe, best known for his nearly four years of riotous exchanges with Gilles- pie, is a phenomenon today — a wailing,

earthy, modern scat singer with notes all the way back to Louis but coming most clearly from Watson (dig Tracks 3, 5, 8). While not as widely subtle or inventive as Leo, Joe swings so hard that even Sen. Ellender might feel the beat. He has a jumping, exuberant, exultant sense of humor; and all in all, is very welcome back in this era of scarcity of jazz singers, male and female.

Why Birdland, Basin Street, Story- ville, the Blue Note or the west coast clubs haven't booked him is inexplic- able. And he'd be of much more value to Dizzy's new big band than the eclec- tic soap opera balladier the band now has. Anyway, don't miss the return of Carroll to records. It's one of the happier events of the year. (Epic 12" LP LN 3272)

Cozy Cole-Jimmy McPartland

Caravan; Sweethearts on Parade; My Blue Heaven; Organ Grinder's Swing; Honey-suckle Rose; Perdido; Stardust; I Get Along Without You; Rockin' Chair; Georgia on My Mind; New Or- leans; Blue Orchids

Rating: ★★★★★

First side of *After Hours* (six tracks) is blown by a Cozy Cole combo consisting of Coleman Hawkins, Rex Stewart, Tyree Glenn, Claude Hopkins, Billy Bauer, and Arvell Shaw. There are a lot of kicks, with Hawk a giant as usual; Rex excitingly individual; Billy Bauer comping hard and swinging power- fully in his short solo contributions. Tyree Glenn, who can be very creative, is disappointing, limiting himself most-



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ly to the talking-trombone bit which is restraining unless you're a new Tricky Sam. Tyree is good and humorous at it, but he could have produced more music straight as briefly on *Rose*.

Claude Hopkins, former bandleader and now pianist in Red Allen's band at the Metropole, proves here he still has something virile and personal to say. Cozy is too heavy and unflowing for my taste some of the time here. The heads could have been fresher, and George Simon goofed in cramming all these blowers into six tunes on one side. Three or four extended numbers would have been much more creative. But Simon deserves much credit in getting the session together. Don't miss Hawkins in this. When he dies, there'll be all sorts of keening in the land, but meanwhile he hasn't worked in a major club in a long, long time.

Second side has Jimmy McPartland, Marian, Jimmy Raney, Trigger Alpert, and Joe Morello in six Hoagy Carmichael tunes. It's not a memorable session. Jimmy somehow never seems thoroughly to warm up and relax. He stays fairly close to the melody and only rarely projects the lyrical fire he's capable of. Marian is tasty; Raney provides the best solos; and the rhythm section, though composed of obviously good musicians, is sometimes rather static and even Morello isn't able to set it soaring. The second side has some quiet charm, but is often too polite. (Grand Award 12" LP GA 33-334)

Eddie Condon

I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter; I've Got a Crush On You; Duff Campbell's Revenge; Don't Get Around Much Anymore; Someday You'll Be Sorry; I'm Confessin'; Three-Two-One Blues; Since My Best Gal Turned Me Down; Just Friends; Sometimes I'm Happy; I've Found A New Baby

Rating: ★★★

Eddie Condon's *Treasury of Jazz* is a tie-in with the new Dial Press anthology, also edited by the Cyril Connolly of the jazz literary set and his ubiquitous associate, Dick Gehman. The idea here was to "pick out some of the personalities covered in the book, and do numbers which are associated with them." On four, the board of estimate was made up of Condon, Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Pee Wee Russell, Gene Schroeder, Walter Page, and George Wettling. Billy Butterfield and Peanuts Hucko were added on three more, and four sides were handballed by Condon, Butterfield, Cutshall, Hucko, Ralph Sutton, Page, and Wettling.

The over-all impact lacks some of the sustained Chivas Regal-zest of Condonology at its best. The most creative soloist is Pee Wee, and I hope George Avakian or Nesuhi Ertegun will give this man an LP to stretch in. Also of particular value here are Davison and Butterfield. Despite the deep bow Condon pays Cutshall in the notes, the trombonist's rather routine work on this album lowers the rating.

The rhythm section is strong and determined. A heady highlight is the two-clarinet break on *Someday*. The Condon-Gehman commentary contains a couple of self-critical observations, a refreshing rarity in this land of Hal March album prose. (Columbia 12" LP CL 881)

Bobby Enevoldsen

Ding Dong, The Witch Is Dead; Swingin' on a Star; Swinger's Dream; My Ideal; How Low the Tunes; John's Jumble; You're in Love; Thinking of You; No Time for Love; Mr. Know-It-All; Oh! Look at Me Now; Bob's Boy
Rating: ★★½

On *Smorgasbord*, Enevoldsen is heard on tenor, valve trombone, and bass; Marty Paich is on piano, accordion, organ; Larry Bunker, vibes, piano, and drums; Red Mitchell, bass and piano; Howard Roberts, guitar, and Don Heath, drums.

Enevoldsen's arrangements are brief: "one chorus, an ending, with a chord sequence between the two sections." But brief as they are, they tend to be bland. As for the blowing, the best work is by Roberts, Mitchell, and Bunker with Paich effective also except for his work on the needless *Jumble* with its ridiculous deliberate feedback. Enevoldsen plays competent but undistinguished tenor and sounds better on trombone here.

All in all, nothing very much happens except particularly for Mitchell and Roberts, and I see no crying need for this to be added to anyone's collection. Notes should have made instrument identifications for several tracks clearer. Having 12 tracks on a jazz date is unwise. This would have been better if the soloists had had more room to stretch.

Liberty really has not been producing a valuable jazz LP line. They ought to look at Atlantic or Blue Note to see how it's done. (Liberty 12" LP LJH 6008)

The European Jazz Scene

English Jazz:

Johnny Keating and All-Stars
Rating: ★★

Swedish Jazz:

Gosta Theselius and All-Stars
Rating: ★★

French Jazz:

Claude Bolling and All-Stars
Rating: ★★

Swiss Jazz:

Hazy Osterwald and His Sextet
Rating: ★½

Belgian Jazz:

David Bee and His Orchestra
Rating: ★

Bally Records has recorded within the last year these five albums of European jazz. Not one is recommendable for anyone buying on a budget, even a generous one. With some exceptions, the playing is so derivative as to have the blurred effect of a sixth carbon of a letter. Each LP has 12 mostly unimaginative, unmemorable "originals," all but one oddly enough published by the same American firm. The result is that even the better musicians on the dates have little framework substance to stimulate them, and since their colleagues are often pallid, they themselves generally fall into the gray neutrality of most of this music.

There are, it should be stated, several good musicians on the first four. Some of them are Don Rendell and others on the English; Hallberg, Gullin, and Domnerus on the Swedish; Guerin, Lafitte, Solal, and Bolling on the French; Denis Armitage on the Swiss.

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four-trombone *Quads Talk* and Rendell in a few places, including a duet with Tommy Whittle; Domnerus on clarinet, and a pleasant pianist on the Swedish *Sabbath Blues*; Bolling's *Lorraine Blues* (a few of the French heads in general are a little better than the others); Osterwald's *Tired Cats* on the Swiss with Armitage, and the Belgians' *Empty Bottle Blues*. But the over-all quality is low and dull.

The English is mostly polite modern, as is the Swedish. The French is both swing era via Bolling's Hines-roots and some unadventurous modern. The Swiss contains some swing era, including a very close copying of the Goodman quartet that is inexcusable in its extraordinary lack of originality; some

slightly more personal clarinetting, and the rest is again Embers-modern.

The Belgian recital is mostly strange, static, boiled Dixieland with some attempts at heavy-footed humor but mostly has the feeling, as colleague Dom Cerulli points out, of the score to a silent film. I note for the confusion of future musicologists the indestructible *Salt Peanuts* riff in a number by the Belgians called *High Tension*. The only good Belgian track all the way through is the *Empty Bottle Blues*.

In view of the music level of these five, it doesn't matter much, but it is annoying that although Bally lists everybody on each record, the identifications by individual track are often incomplete. This series is a disservice

to the several vital, individualized jazz men in Europe and is not to be mistaken as at all representative of jazz at its best in the five countries here mentioned. (Bally 12" LPs: 12001, 12002, 12003, 12004, 12005)

Foster-Wess-Powell-Coker-Burrell-Jones-Clarke

Stop Gap; Excursion; Casa De Marcel; Apron Strings; Alternative; Serenata

Rating: ★★★

No Count utilizes five Basemen—Frank Foster, Frank Wess, Benny Powell, Henry Coker, Eddie Jones—plus Detroit guitarist Kenny Burrell and Kenny Clarke (who will be sorely missed during his long stay in France). There is no piano, say the notes, "out of respect for Count." Almost all the writing and arranging is by Foster and it's uniformly unimaginative and undistinctive.

Throughout the set there is all one could ask for of funk, a deeply moving beat, and ungimmicked honesty. But there is eventually a relentless sameness to much of what is going on due to the fact that Wess and Foster are simply not yet inventively individual soloists and they have a large amount of space here. The trombones have more of their own to say, but Coker annoys occasionally by quoting from other songs, a habit some dig but I deplore. Burrell proves his capacity for full-strength blues-saying and first-rate comping. His conception is also good. Jones is powerful, and Kenny keeps everything cooking.

Stop, a shouting-but-conversational blues, comes off with earthy, satisfying strength. On *Excursion*, and *Casa* the idea limitations of the tenors become more evident. *Apron* is a Foster solo—wailing in everything but imagination. Same is true of both tenors on *Alternative*. The final *Serenata* (Leroy Anderson via Foster) is thematically dull, has pleasant Wess flute, average Foster, and warm Coker. In summary, the spirit was willing but the ideas, particularly those of the tenors, were weak. The notes identify all solos. (Savoy 12" LP MG12078)

Dick Garcia

Have You Met Miss Jones?; I'm Lucky; Kimona My House; I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire; The Deacon; Stompin' at the Savoy; Like Someone in Love; Potatoes; It Could Happen to You; Ev'ry Night About This Time

Rating: ★★★½

A Message from Garcia is the first LP by New Star winner Garcia under his own name. On four, his colleagues are altoist Gene Quill, pianist Terry Pollard, bassist Bill Anthony, and drummer Frank Isola. On three, there are A. J. Sciacca (Tony Scott), John Drew, and drummer Camille Morin. Three more have Morin, bassist Jerry Bruno, and pianist Bill Evans.

It's hard to define what causes a set like this to miss. The musicians are good, some of considerable substance, but nothing much happens that hasn't happened often before on other sessions, and better. Nobody really is ignited for any length of time, and the solos, while all capable and warm.

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somehow fail to penetrate deeply.

Garcia, a potentially important guitarist of imagination and heart, needs a more stimulating context to bring out more of what previous sessions have shown to be inside him. Annotator Burt Korall, by the way, dismisses the whole history of pre-Charlie Christian guitar in one condescending paragraph. (Oh, ye of little blues knowledge.) And Eddie Lang, says the man, "never got anywhere near the core of the problem" of the jazz guitar. Certainly Christian was the shaper of modern guitar, but all was not medieval before him. (Dawn 12" DLP-1106)

Dizzy Gillespie

Sugar Hips; Hey, Pete; Money, Honey; Blue Mood; Rails; Devil and the Fish; Rumbola; Seems Like You Just Don't Care; Taking a Chance on Love; Play Me the Blues

Rating: ★★★

Despite the magnificence of Dizzy's trumpet on several of these tracks, notably the beautiful, moody *Blue Mood*, this is an uneven album.

Some of the titles, such as the sloppy *Hey, Pete*, a semi-rhythm and blues tune, have been issued as singles, and others, such as *Blue Mood* and *Rails*, are available on ARS. There are two vocals by Dizzy, *Money, Honey*, a boring rhythm and blues number, and *Pete* (see above). Herb Lance sings a ballad, *Seems Like*, in a good, Eckstineish voice with a big band backing and some excellent Gillespie.

Toni Harper sings the last two tracks and simply does not make it in this league. Cleveland blows quite movingly on *Rails*.

The personnel of the small group which does most of the sides is Gillespie; Cleveland; H. Mobley; W. Legge; C. Persip, and L. Hackney. It is a good group and Mobley takes several excellent choruses, particularly track one.

There is no information on personnel included in the skimpy notes. (RJG) (Norgran 12" LP MGN-1083)

Bennie Green

My Blue Heaven; Skycouch; Cliff Dweller; Let's Stretch; Gone with the Wind

Rating: ★★★

With Bennie are Art Farmer, pianist Cliff Smalls, Addison Farmer, and Philly Joe Jones. Bennie still blows with large tune and infectious, relaxed warmth, but his conception has not become significantly developed over the years. In fact, his solos often are interlocked with clichés. Much more original and equally emotional is Farmer who does the best blowing on the date although he has sounded better in other contexts.

Philly Joe keeps everyone alert with his constantly sparring, intense basic beat and crackling cross-rhythms. Addison is firm, and Smalls comps well, but his solos continue to lack stature. As Ira Gitler notes, Smalls "seems to be making a switch from Garner to Silver" although he still returns to bits of Erroll.

The switch is proving beneficial, but there is still almost no immediately identifiable Smalls style.

The "originals" on the date are routine lines. Worth hearing for Farmer

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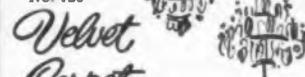
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and Philly Joe but far from an indispensable record. (Prestige 12" LP 7041)

Hinton-Johnson-Jones-Galbraith

Hallelujah; Mona's Feeling Lonely; Out of Breath; The Legal Nod; Polka Dots and Moonbeams; Minor's Club; They Look Alike; Do Nuthin' Till You Hear from Me; Koolin' in the Kitchen; Walk, Chicken Walk, with Your Head Picked Bald to the Bone; Ruby, My Dear; Koolin' on the Settes

Rating: ★★

The Rhythm Section is the first in a series of Epic LPs designed at clarifying for the layman the various sections of the jazz ensemble. This is not—and Epic should have made this point more clearly—an add-a-part record for the home sessioner unless the amateur is very proficient indeed.

This is a recital for the listener, and a very good one. The participants are Milt Hinton, Osie Johnson, Hank Jones, and Barry Galbraith. As a rhythm section, they blend flowingly and strongly. In solo (and all but Osie have considerable solo space) each is maturely individual and inventive. Jones, as always, is especially satisfying. Galbraith, long respected by musicians for his considerable artistry is getting more and more chances to display his durable worth on records.

The tasty heads and casual originals (three apiece by Hinton and Johnson, one by Galbraith and one by Manny Albam) provide a variety of tempos and moods. I would rather, however, have had fewer than 12 tracks.

There is a long essay on the evolution of the jazz rhythm section by Burt Korall. In a set like this, aimed at

a wider, interested-in-learning public, these notes are more important than the usual liner copy. Unfortunately, Korall errs seriously in his discussion of early jazz rhythm. It is absurd to oversimplify the early jazz rhythm sections as having a "somewhat uncertain sense of rhythm"; as being "pallid, gawky, an indefinite 2-4," part of "primitive periods," etc.

Certainly the modern jazz rhythm section at its best grew into much more of an integrated unit than the early teams, and the knowledge of instrumental techniques also developed and allowed for more skilled if not always more eloquent rhythm men.

But Korall should talk to Max Roach, for one, about the range and complexity of broken rhythms in New Orleans drumming, a polyrhythmic play that became largely absent from jazz rhythm sections until the advent of Max and his colleagues. And if Korall regards Baby Dodds as "pallid" or "gawky," I suspect he may never have heard a Dodds record. The "indefinite 2-4" is wrong; the subject is far from that simplifiable.

Much of the rest of Korall's history is accurate so far as it goes, but it's all much too overgeneralized, and a lot of key figures are omitted. All in all, an unsatisfactory beginning by him for what must be a careful, documented set of analyses if these albums are to have their full worth. (Epic 12" LP LN 3271)

John LaPorta

Concertina for Clarinet; Nightly Vigil; Perdido; Triplets, You Say; Small Blue Opus; Little Fantasy; Ab-

sentee; Washday; En Rapport; Lou's Tune; Fermé La Porta

Rating: ★★½

Conceptions is John LaPorta's first LP for Fantasy. Within it he works with septet, sextet, quartet and duo (with trumpet). The full complement is trumpeter Louis Mucci, trombonist Sonny Russo, baritone saxist Sol Sehlinger, pianist Wally Cirillo, drummer Clem Delkosa, and bassist Wendell Marshall.

All the writing is by LaPorta except for *Perdido*, which in LaPorta's fun-house mirror becomes for 7½ unwritten minutes many things. LaPorta describes it in his lucid program notes as a ("musical joke," but it also indicates how much musical skill a man needs to pull off as intriguing a joke so well.

In between the longer tracks, there are five very brief dialogues between LaPorta and Mucci that are all the more pregnant with interest because of their frustratingly brief existence after LaPorta almost invariably has begun to set a provocative mood. These five are particularly attractive miniatures, with *Nightly Vigil* my favorite. Programatically, they're placed very intelligently.

LaPorta also has set a good line and a developing, satisfying structure for *Small Blue Opus* and *En Rapport* (the other three tracks are quite competent but less interesting). There are problems in execution jazzwise, however. DeRosa keeps time but could swing more. Mucci is a careful trumpeter with beautiful tone and lyrical feeling (dig especially *Rapport*), but he lacks a degree of fire.

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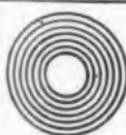
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Cirillo has several fine passages that indicate his continuing growth into what could be important individuality. LaPorta, a most skilled musician-teacher whose conception is never banal, is less than optimum, however, tonally. His clarinet, for example, except for low register sections in *Concertina* and *Ferné*, is thin and sometimes shrill in tone. His alto is also edgy, although in the duets he and Mucci blend well.

What the set most needs—except for the successful duets—is a greater air of relaxation and also of enthusiasm. And more cohesive flow from the rhythm section. But there's much of value here, and I'd recommend your listening with care to the album. (Fantasy 12" LP 3-228)

George Lewis

Original Dixieland One Step; Four or Five Times; Struttin' with Some Barbecue; Salty Dog; That's A-Plenty; Move the Body Over; Don't Give Up the Ship; Didn't He Ramble; She's Cryin' for Me; Tishamingo Blues

Rating: ★★★★★

This LP is titled *George Lewis in Hi-Fi* and is the best recorded efforts the band has made in its decade of existence. The group is a modification of the band brought to New York by Bunk Johnson in 1945 but without the raucous trombone of Jim Robinson. Instead there is a more subdued, and musically more tasteful, Bob Thomas, an Ory follower.

The rhythm section is lacking the out-of-tune twanging of Lawrence Marerro and benefits no little thereby. The tunes are not the standard, tattered war horses Lewis has recorded on so many labels, which is also an advantage.

For the first time you are able to hear Lewis' lyric, if simple clarinet unencumbered by either a haphazard trumpet or an overbearing trombone and the result is, for this sort of music, an excellent album.

Whether or not this music is the music of jazz' genesis moved bodily to 1956, it is certainly spirited, happy, and swinging in its fashion. The piano continues to be the weak point, and Joe Watkins' vocals one of the more pleasant points. The best sides are tracks one and six, but the final track, the lovely *Tishamingo*, fails rather badly. Personnel: G. Lewis, T. Jefferson, trumpet; B. Thomas, trombone; A. Purnell, piano; A. Pavageau, bass, and J. Watkins, drums. Full acquaintance with this band is a pre-requisite for appearance on the \$64,000 *Question*. (RJG) (Cavalier 12" LP CVLP 6004)

Shelly Manne

Get Me to the Church on Time; On the Street Where You Live; I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face; Wouldn't It Be Lovely; Aunt Gaviota; Show Me; With a Little Bit of Luck; I Could Have Danced All Night

Rating: ★★★★★

This is Vol. 2 of the Shelly Manne and his Friends series and it consists of Mr. Manne, Andre Previn, and Leroy Vinnegar playing modern jazz performances of the tunes from *My Fair Lady*.

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who have crossed over, including the garrulous Gilda and the vincible Villegas but the only one who seems to me to have really absorbed the jazz language and culture is the pianist on this LP, Andre Previn. Perhaps it is because of his longer apprenticeship. At any rate, Previn has progressed a considerable distance from the days when he was shadowing Tatum and is now well on his way to being a major figure in jazz on the basis of his two LPs with Manne.

This LP's plan, of doing the tunes from a hit musical, allows considerable opportunity for the humor in jazz which has been so noticeably lacking in other classicists efforts. Playing *On the Street and Loverly* as a brace of funky, down home, riverbottom tunes is delightful. But it is not only on the hard swinging tracks that Previn stands out, it is also on the pretty ballads.

There he displays a tenderness, a lyricism, and a concept of form in an extended line that is somewhat rare these days. This is particularly noticeable on *Face* and *Show Me*. Even if there are moments when he falls into the use of the cliché which sounds like the top row of the typewriter key board—qwertyuop—and other moments when he does a heavy sounding, almost Brubeckian piano press roll, Previn consistently swings, and is inventive and moving in his solos.

Manne, who has surely become one of the most tasteful and intriguing drummers in jazz in recent years, contributes excellent backing for the piano and on *Face* and *Luck* can be heard in his specialty of melodic drums. Vin-

egar takes several good solos and continues to impress as one of the best young bass players in jazz—a moving rhythm man who kicks along the group and a fine soloist. (RJG) (Contemporary 12" LP C 3527)

Gil Melle

Dominica; Iron Works; Ballet Time; Adventure Swing; Dedicatory Piece to the Geo-Physical Year of 1957; Mark One

Rating: ★★★★★

Primitive Modern (an unfortunate and misleading title) is easily Melle's most substantial LP thus far and one that deserves to rescue him from the scuffling he's had to battle through for too long. His associates are the unusually lucid and imaginative guitarist Joe Cinderella; bassist Billy Phillips, who has continued to grow and is, incidentally, very impressive bowing (*Dominica*); and the invariably tasteful, swinging drummer Ed Thigpen.

All the compositions are by Melle, and he explains both his general musical credo and his intentions for each work in a detailed set of notes that are longer than even George Avakian's usually are. (The notes contain one appallingly uninformed assertion to the effect that Bach is "metronomic" and doesn't swing.) Melle describes his desiderata concerning "the perfect admixture of classical techniques with jazz emotion and beat."

He feels besides that the jazz rhythm section needs more polyrhythms and more "raw sounds" and accordingly has added an effective (in these pieces) two-

foot iron pipe that sounds a concert D and serves as a "low register triangle." He also invented a drumstick with a metal collar "to permit the drummer to play the triangle without having to switch to a striker." He uses the guitar both for melodic and contrapuntal purposes and for chording; he utilizes dissonant counterpoint, bitalonities, tritonalities; sometimes devises new scales to coincide with uncommon chords and will often "compose a special chord progression for use during the improvisatory phase of a work."

All this would mean little emotionally if the works and the musicians didn't take on jazz life. They do, and largely in fresh, many-mooded directions. The "jazz-dirge" *Dominica*, made up of contrasting sensitive phases is deeply affecting. The good-humouredly percussive *Ironworks* is a challenging ball (despite Melle's taking pains to point out that he wants never to write or sound like Mulligan, *Ironworks* is based on a very Mulliganesque theme). *Ballet Time* and *Adventure Swing* are sound pieces with stimulating Cinderella and indications of Melle's growing authority as a jazz soloist although Cinderella is still the better, more distinctive soloist.

The rocking *Dedicatory* is again more Mulliganesque, including Melle's playing in part, than Gil may realize. *Mark One* is a simple, flowing, two-line success. The LP is recommended as the emotional product of a thinking, unafraid-to-reach musician, but I'd also recommend you listen to the music before reading the notes. (Prestige 12" LP 7040)



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Vido Musso

Sing, Sing, Sing; Back Street Boogie; Jersey Bounce; Mocin' On; Emaline; Rockin' Time; Vido's Boogie; Sherry Pink; On Stage; Rollin'; Rock House Blues; Russian Lullaby

Rating: ★★

It's sad to find that someone such as Musso, who has provided so many kicks in the past, is so dated in 1956, but it is so. This album offers him accompanied by M. Ferguson and C. Alvarez, trumpets; M. Bernhart, trombone; W. McDaniel, piano, and B. White and J. Miles, drums.

The music is a throwback to pre-World War II swing style, riff arrangements, featuring Vido in what we used to call "ride" tenor. It swings, all right, and it's well recorded, but there's an unmistakable air of strain about it, a determined desire to turn back the clock that takes from it whatever nostalgic value it might possibly have had. *Boogie* and *Sherry Pink* are quite distasteful in the true early rock 'n' roll tenor style Vido featured a few years ago. The swing band style numbers are much more palatable. (RJG) (Modern 12" LP LMP 1207)

Herbie Nichols

The Gig; House Party Starting; Chit-Chatting; The Lady Sings the Blues; Terpichore; Spinning Song; Query; Wildflower; Hangover Triangle; Mine

Rating: ★★★★★

This is pianist-composer Nichols' first 12" LP and the best of the three albums of his work thus far released by Blue Note. Again Alfred Lion deserves commendation for having this much faith in what has been an initially uncommercial product. Nichols is accompanied with sensitivity and strength by Max Roach, Al McKibbon (6) and Teddy Kotick (4).

On this set particularly, Nichols unveils a rare ability to create personal, memorable melodic lines that are emotionally charged. All but one song are his compositions. Also, there is more breadth of range here than previously. As before, there is a drivingly honest, spontaneous intensity and passionate love for music that sometimes becomes near-hypnotic and almost exhausting for the listener.

As a pianist, Nichols plays with as much individuality as he writes, using both hands, and making the piano his own voice. Once more, however, I would wish for a less constant relentlessly percussive approach to the piano than occurs on many of the tracks, and I would wish for more varied development in terms of tempo and dynamics—change and line-expansion on several of the fine beginning lines.

But what is important is that here is a fierce, tender, virile, acutely perceptive jazz voice with that elemental cry in it that the best jazzmen must have—with roots from Jelly Roll to now. It is a shame and a pity that so far Nichols has had so little work that for him, we are still in the midst of the depression era—but without a federal arts program.

The notes are by Nichols, and so far as I'm concerned, they are among the most direct, illuminating for the music at hand, and stimulating of the year. I hope you buy this record. (Blue Note 12" BLP 1519)

Lennie Niehaus

Thou Swell; I Wished on the Moon; Knee Deep; Fond Memories; Take It from Me; Belle of the Ball; As Long As I Live; Ill Wind; Three of a Kind; Elbow Room

Rating: ★★★★★

This is Vol. 5 of the Niehaus series and consists of 10 tracks by a sextet, all arranged by Niehaus, and five written by him. The players are, in addition to Lennie, B. Perkins, J. Giuffre, S. Williamson, B. Clark, and S. Manne.

The arrangements are tasteful, tight, and bland, but are particularly well adopted to the no-piano situation and the placing of the soloist in advantageous framework. Stu Williamson, the weakest horn on the LP, is used less as a solo voice than to lend color to the ensemble passages. The writing boasts the virtue of clear thinking and thorough organization.

The soloists are above average. Niehaus here shows up warmer than in previous albums and quite effective, for instance, on *Ill Wind* in a long, Birdlike solo. On *Fond Memories* he is more lyric than usual, and on *As Long As I Live* he gets a very effective swinging mood.

Giuffre is outstanding in his brief appearances for his wailing quality, and Perkins, aside from his excellent flute on *Ill Wind*, blows relaxed, easy-flowing tenor throughout. Shelly Manne accompanies unobtrusively, but Buddy Clark's bass reflects the blandness of the arrangements in a level plane sound all through.

The writing has that well-knit effect that characterizes the west coast these days, and which can be very effective, particularly in intricate passages such as *Three of a Kind*. There is a particularly successful opening passage to *Long As I Live*, and the alto and flute on *Ill Wind* are most satisfying emotionally. *Three of a Kind* is as close to shouting as this sort of writing ever allows a group to get, and *Knee Deep* is crisp and swinging in its up-tempo.

It is a pleasure to hear how little Niehaus sounds like Parker even in his closest moments in an era when the best of them seem to only be little birds. (RJG) (Contemporary 12" LP C 3524)

Sammy Price

That's A Plenty; Fontainebleau Bougie; New Shoes Blues; Tiger Rag; Jamin' in a Cellar; Royal Garden Blues; Shorty Needs a Mademoiselle; Boogie A-Bomb; My Lonesome Heart; When the Saints Go Marching Home

Rating: ★★★

This is the band with which Sammy Price played France and North Africa in 1956 under the auspices of Les Jeunesses Musicales. It was the first time this large music appreciation society had sponsored a jazz tour. The LP is made up of sections from three of the concerts.

The front line had veteran trumpeter Emmett Berry; trombonist George Stevenson who has worked with Fletcher Henderson and Charlie Johnson among others; Ed Hall's brother, Herb, also a clarinetist; drummer Freddie Moore, and perennially youthful Pops Foster, a contemporary of King Oliver. The heads are all familiar traditional

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fare, split between Dixieland with swing roots and straight-out blues. The ensemble is hindered on the Dixieland standards because the approach is somewhat too frenetic for relaxed cohesion and Moore besides is a tense, hard drummer.

Solo-wise, Price's blues and boogie-woogie piano is hot but repetitious. Moore's few drum solos and one washboard romp are relentless. Stevenson lunges lustily, but his conception is none too original. The most enjoyable hornmen are Hall and Berry. Hall has a tone with somewhat the same bitter-sweet, fiery tang as his brother's, and his conception is bitingly satisfying.

The neglected-in-America Berry is a strong, important mainstream voice though he can play even better when in more relaxed surroundings than here. The recorded sound, as is Jazz-tone's frequent custom, is pinched and the balance is awry. Crowd noises are included, and the audiences sound like the fellahin greeting Nasser. The LP is worth hearing to meet Herbert Hall and reacquaint yourself with Berry. Berry deserves his own LP here. Rating takes into account the collective warmth as well as some rawness. (Jazz-tone Society 12" LP J-1236)

Cal Tjader

Battle Hymn of the Republic; It Never Entered My Mind; A Light Groove; The Night We Called It a Day; Fancy Bear; A Fifth for Frank; For All We Know; Miss Wiggins; Our Love Is Here to Stay

Rating: ★★

A quartet session with pianist Gerald Wiggins, bassist Gene Wright, drummer Bill Douglass, and the leader on vibes. To this listener, the set is one of the duller LPs of the year.

Several musicians and critics regard Tjader and Wiggins highly as jazzmen, but I can't agree. Both are clearly professionals and play with skill, but in neither can I hear a deeply personal, probing jazz voice. Wiggins particularly usually has a conception that sounds like an anthology of most of the better-than-average but undistinctive intermission pianists I've heard. There is, in other words, little that is fresh or strikingly individual in his work.

Tjader has taste but is largely on the surface with little fire or depth. Wright and Douglass keep good time. The best track on the album for me was *Miss Wiggins*. It has a good feel and flows, but it's all been said so often before—and by much more vital jazzmen. Not recommended. (Fantasy 12" LP 3-227)

Julius Watkins-Charlie Rouse

Town and Country; When the Blues Come On; Blue Modes; You Are Too Beautiful; So Far; Idle Evening; Garden Delights; Strange Tale; Two Songs

Rating: ★★★★★

The needlessly effete title of the album and the group is *Les Jazz Modes*. Basic group is French horn Julius Watkins, tenor Charlie Rouse, pianist Gildo Mahones, drummer Ron Jefferson, and bassists Paul Chambers (6) and Oscar Pettiford (3). All but one of the originals are by Watkins, and the last four titles, taking up the entire second side, are his *Jazz Garden Suite*.

Janet Putnam's harp is added on

Beautiful. And on Al Cohn's lovely *When the Blues Come On*, plus sections of the suite, there are harp and the wordless soprano of Eileen Gilbert. It's a delightful session as a whole, proving again that funk mixed with ideas makes for far more stimulating listening than either alone.

Watkins, the only man I know who can really make the French horn wail, has an increasingly fuller tone and good conception at all tempos. Rouse, a fierce swinger, also displays sense and sensibility on ballads, and impresses me as the best of younger Rollins-shaped tenors. The sound combination of French horn and tenor is an arresting, satisfying one, and some loosely intriguing voicings have been worked out for the two throughout the set. The rhythm section is firstrate with Mahones soloing with vehemence.

The harp is used rather sparingly and adds atmospheric color, but I would have been happier without it unless one can find a harpist who is also a jazz musician as Adele Giarid, to some extent, once was. The far-ranging soprano of Miss Gilbert is, however, very effective. Hers is not a jazz voice, but used as an instrumental line, it's a rich foil for Watkins and Rouse, much as Kay Davis used to be in several of Ellington's works.

The only mistake is having her sing some of the lyrics on *Strange Tale*. The whole point is broken when this kind of instrument becomes a vocalist. The suite as a whole isn't a whole. It's a collection of relatively engaging parts but is no serious suite, by any means. Writing throughout is generally fresh and unpretentious (dig the high-speed interweaving in *So Far*, for one). There is a wider variety of feeling patterns on this LP than is usual these days, and all in all, the program is very much recommended. But the guys can do without the chi-chi tag. (Dawn 12" DLP-1108)

Randy Weston

The Man I Love; Serenade in Blue; I Can't Get Started with You; This Can't Be Love; These Foolish Things; Lifetime; Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me; Little Niles

Rating: ★★★★★

On all but two numbers, the Randy Weston trio (with bassist Ahmed Abdul-Malik and drummer Wilbert Hogan) is joined by baritone saxist Cecil Payne. The union is unwise.

Payne (who has worked with J. J. Johnson, Eldridge, Jacquet, and the Gillespie big band in the late '40s) plays agreeably with good time and rather engaging conception as on *Started*. His tone is all right, considering how difficult it is to get a fully satisfactory tone out of that somewhat ungrateful instrument. But Payne and Weston are considerably apart when it comes to originality and depth of approach. Weston, particularly on this LP, is stabbingly fresh, frequently unexpected and unique although his deep roots in jazz are strongly evident from a Waller-like leaping wit to a slicing Monkian humor along with a large capacity for pulsating tenderness.

What results from the mixture of Payne and Weston for the auditor is an impatience for Payne to end his

solo and for the much more interesting Weston to be heard. It might have worked out better if yet another horn had been added because the baritone, of all instruments, is not of the best timber to set singly against piano, drums, bass, and it often sounds more palatable when interweaving with another, leaner horn.

The two originals, one by Weston and one by Weston-Payne, are good, especially Weston's disturbing waltz, *Niles*, whereon Payne plays his best. Also worth credit are the big tone and full rhythmic strength of Abdul-Malik, a most welcome readdition to the contemporary jazz scene.

In summary, Payne certainly has much to say in modern jazz, but not especially in this context—Riverside has to take particular care with the horns it invites to Weston's sessions. They have to be rather special ones. The LP is worth buying if only for the waltz but there's a lot of Weston besides. (Riverside 12" RLP 12-214)

Lester Young & Harry Edison

Mean to Me; Red Boy Blues, Pennies from Heaven; That's All; One O'Clock Jump; She's Funny That Way

Rating: ★★★★★

This is one of the happiest reunions in recent recording history, this rejoining of the talents of two of the greatest of the Basie alumni. They are accompanied to perfection by Oscar Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Herb Ellis, guitar, and Buddy Rich, drums.

For a great reminder of things past, hear the way Pres comes in after the drum breaks on *One O'Clock*. For a perfect illustration of how to play extended solos and sustain interest (second-line modern cats, please note) hear the long Lesterian lines on *She's Funny*. And also, on the same tune, the perfection of Edison's solo, the swinging, pretty piece of invention by Oscar followed by Brown's bass line. These are a series of solos remarkable for their emotion and perspective held over a long passage of recording time.

Mean to Me is the least satisfactory of the tracks, but *Red Boy* is a fine basic blues with excellent Lester, and *Pennies* has fine choruses by both Ellis and Edison. Highly recommended. (R.J.G.) (Norgran MGN 1043 12" LP)

Deejay Conducts Poll To Name Jazz Stars

New York—Mort Fega, New Rochelle disc jockey, is offering \$1,000 in prizes to the winners of his *Jazz Listeners'* poll. Fega, whose *Jazz Unlimited* show is aired from 1-3 p.m. every Saturday on WNRC, is asking his listeners to select their choices for the top talent in jazz today.

The contest, which closes midnight, Dec. 1, will determine an all-star group, based on all ballots sent in to Fega. The individual entries with the greatest number of all-stars will be winners. Entry blanks are currently available at metropolitan New York record shops and from WNRC. Prizes include records, copies of Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, subscriptions to *Down Beat*, and evenings for two as guests of New York jazz spots.



A Sound Test

By Leonard Feather

No jazz fan who has been buying LPs steadily during the past few years can be unfamiliar with the name of Rudy Van Gelder, the engineer whose studio-living-room in Hackensack, N. J., has long been the locale of daily record sessions.

As you might suspect, the fine balance and happy atmosphere to be observed in products of the Van Gelder tapeworks can be credited not only to Rudy's technical know-how but to his friendly feeling for the musicians and knowledge of the music.

Van Gelder played trumpet for 10 years, nonprofessionally. Now just 32, he has been recording for a living since 1946 and living a dual life, doubling as an optometrist, since '47.

Rudy was given no information whatever, either before or during the test, about the records played.



(FRANCIS WOLF PHOTO)

The Records

1. Gene Krupa. *Leave Us Leap* (Verve).

I remember the tune—I think it was something Gene Krupa recorded years ago, but I forget the title. The recording was nice and had a good, bright, clean sound. This is the first record I've heard on your machine and I'm not accustomed to the sound yet. There's a slight lack of bottom, but it might be your particular machine. I don't know how you have it adjusted. All in all, I thought it was very good. I don't recognize any of the soloists. Give it three stars.

2. Friedrich Gulda. *Dodo* (Victor). Rec. at Birdland. Phil Woods, alto.

I like the music very much. It sounded like Phil Woods on alto. I didn't particularly care for the piano sound . . . aside from that it was a pretty clean job. Good composition. I'll give it four stars.

3. Howard Rumsey. *Mood for Lighthouse* (Contemporary). Rec. at concert, Laguna Beach, Calif. Frank Rosolino, trombone.

Apparently this was recorded at a concert and sounds good considering that. The band was nice and it sounds like it was made in a very good room. I didn't recognize any of the soloists . . . the trombonist was very good. All in all it was a very nice sound and I enjoyed the record. Give it three stars.

4. Swedish Jazz. *The Swingin' Thirds* (Bally). Lars Gullin, baritone.

As far as the recording is concerned, I think they have a good blend on the line. I didn't particularly care for the general feeling of the thing . . . it didn't impress me too much. I didn't recognize anyone on it. I did get an impression that it wasn't made in this country. It's hard to explain, but it's something about the balance between the bass and the drums in the beginning of the thing. It's hard to put my finger on it. I was going to say that it was some kind of remaster job. Was it done recently or quite awhile ago?

5. Red Nichols and His Five Pennies. *Bugle Call Rag* (Brunswick). Rec. 1927. Joe Venuti, violin; Jimmy Dorsey, alto; Miff Mole, trombone.

Would that be one of the old Joe Venuti sides? I enjoyed it—it had a good feeling. I don't recognize the tune

nor anyone else on the record. How are you going to rate a record like this? Unless someone's kidding, it sounds like an old recording up to and including the little surface noise. Apparently it was some sort of re-recording job. I got a kick out of it—it was funny, but I wouldn't rate it.

6. Count Basie. *Rock-a-Bye Basie* (Epic). Rec. 1939.

Let's give it five stars for being an old Basie record and a good one, too. I don't remember the title, but I think I have the record. I give this five stars because it has the general swinging ensemble feeling that the band still has today. I assume it was the original rhythm section—Walter Page, Freddie Green . . .

7. Count Basie. *Stereophonic* (Clef). Rec. 1955. Eddie Jones, bass.

Now we come to one of the problems. Apparently that's a recent recording by Basie and I didn't like the sound particularly. With what we know today about the techniques of sound recording, I think we could do a lot better job . . . Would you mind going back to the old Basie record and pick out a number where you can hear the open brass? . . . O.K. Now put the other one on. The new one is cleaner with wide range and no noise, but do you notice that the bite the brass had in the old record is lacking in the new one? That's my main objection to it. It's hard for me to believe that whoever is recording that band doesn't understand what they're trying for . . . I would say three stars only for the music and you can recognize the band, so you'll have to give someone credit for that.

(L.F.: What would you say if I told you the title of this number is *Stereophonic*?)

(Van Gelder: Ha, ha! Well, I would like to hear it stereophonically. Maybe it would sound better than monaurally.)

8. Lennie Tristano. *Line-Up* (Atlantic). Speeded-up piano track by Tristano.

I think that's probably Lennie's new record. This is the first time I've heard it, and I enjoyed it very much musically . . . I liked what he played. I didn't particularly care for the piano sound. What's that? . . . How do I think it was recorded? . . . I don't

know of any reason why I should think this was recorded in any special way. The piano had a woody sound, but I don't know that it was recorded any way but normally unless he made a rhythm track and dubbed the piano over it. The music was good—I'll give it four stars.

9. Bobby Sherwood and His All-Bobby Sherwood Orchestra. *Yes Indeed* (Coral).

What can I say about this? Ha, ha, ha. This is a multidubbing job I did with him. Bobby is a wonderful person and a good friend of mine. We spent a good many happy hours together making this record. I think the end result is pretty good. I'm glad you think the quality didn't suffer. Altogether he made 14 parts—the group, the rhythm, and the instruments. I didn't use any special equipment—just standard equipment used by all good recording studios today. I like this record. As a matter of fact, I wish you had an extra copy, because I broke mine. I'm glad you selected this to play, not knowing that I made it.

Afterthoughts

L.F.: Let's have some general thoughts or your opinions about jazz and recording.

Van Gelder: I think there's been a tremendous improvement in the last two years in the recording field in general, but it has been the most marked in jazz.

L.F.: How do you think jazz will be affected by binaural tape?

Van Gelder: I prefer the term "stereophonic" to binaural. However, the same thing may happen that happened with hi fidelity. The so-called hi fidelity affected jazz last; and I think the same will apply here.

By the way, Leonard, do you remember that column you wrote awhile back asking questions about "whether hi fi"? It seemed to me at the time that it was a back-handed way of saying you didn't think hi fi was here to stay.

L.F.: No, I was just quoting what the readers said. Jazz fans don't seem to be interested in hi fi as such.

Van Gelder: O.K., I take it back. Anyway, a good sound is a good sound no matter what you call it!

Can Anyone Record Jazz?

(Ed. Note: John Neal is one of the most respected jazz recording supervisors on the west coast. He supervised recording for the defunct Nocturne Records and also has engineered dates for many Liberty albums including Rare, But Well Done, (Jimmy Rowles trio), Buddy Childers Quintet, and others. He was a jazz bassist for many years.)

By John Neal

THE MECHANICS OF getting sound on tape or disc is relatively simple. Primarily, all you need is a microphone and a recorder.

In many instances, excellent recordings can be made by a few simple trials with a single microphone placement, and a little experience will teach the recordist how to make a setup around one microphone where an excellent pickup can be made with a good general balance of all the instruments.

This is not the ideal situation, however, as many of you know who have listened back to your tapes and discovered that the piano solo was a little too far off-mike or the drums were too loud or the bass couldn't be heard.

HOWEVER, FOR THE sake of recording good jazz, these things become relatively unimportant when you sit back and listen to the excellent performance of a fine instrumentalist in which the notes can be heard and the feeling of the recital has been captured.

Perhaps having preserved the performance of the artist is of greater importance if a short time later his playing may never again be heard except on the recording you have in your music cabinet.

I am not putting my stamp of approval on illegal recording sessions, nor am I advocating poor-quality recordings. Certainly it's easy enough to just throw up a microphone and get something on tape, but it is much more desirable and expensive—and requires more experience—to do better recordings with high-quality equipment.

I realize that recording as a hobby can be a fascinating pastime, and inexpensive tape machines are owned by so many that it would be rather silly to think for a moment that there isn't lots of this being done as a hobby and for pure enjoyment, rather than with the intent to exploit the musicians involved unjustly.

IT'S A SHAME that union recording restrictions have made it impossible for many fine "illegal" tapes and discs to be made available to the buyer of jazz records. However, the musicians' union is not to be blamed. After all, it is attempting to safeguard its mem-

bers, and because certain scheming merchandisers have taken advantage of the talents of some great musicians, these restrictions have been imposed.

Studio recording becomes more involved for many reasons. Modern recording studios have devices, such as high-quality electronic equipment, echo chambers, etc., which attempt to assure the faithful reproduction of sound. These are the tools of the recordist. His experience and skill help him to determine which types of microphones should be used for a certain setup in a certain recording situation.

HOWEVER, IT'S somewhat difficult to record what musicians consider excellent jazz performances in modern, up-to-date studios. Something happens when you take a waiting jazz musician away from his smoke-filled gig and place him in the center of a huge, brightly lighted, air-conditioned sound stage at 8:30 a.m. on some Tuesday and stare at him through the double glass of the mixing booth with a stop watch in your hand. You've really taken the fish out of the pond.

Jazz musicians nowadays, because of the highly competitive nature of jazz recordings, spend a great deal of time preparing special arrangements of new material and trying to present new ways of playing the old material. They are extremely concerned with their own individual performances as soloists and have undoubtedly been sweating out this moment for some time. And they are under pressure.

MOST WELL-KNOWN jazz musicians have a great deal of experience and many recording dates behind them. Nevertheless, there is something about the red recording light and all the production that goes into a session that generally makes them subconsciously apprehensive. It's not quite the same as in the old days when a group of the boys would get together and go down to some little studio to make records for the pure enjoyment of it.

Recording is a means of communication, and the advent of the high fidelity age brought with it a more exacting degree in this field of communication, which brings the listener closer to the performer by means of more precisely reproducing the sounds which were originally emitted.

It has demanded a higher degree of recording skill and the development of more precise recording techniques which give realism and create the illusion of placing the listener with the performer. We have overcome the "canned" sound.

The recordist, or mixer, should not, I feel, make the mistake of overemphasizing his role. He should not be-



John Neal

come the creator. The musicians themselves are the creators of the material to be recorded, and the recordist should be merely the means by which the artists communicate with the listeners.

THEREFORE, ODD as it may seem, it's more difficult for jazz musicians to give their best performances in a recording studio where it's easier for the engineer to record.

I feel that the recording engineer should be mindful of the psychological disadvantage under which the jazz musicians are working and should cooperate in every way possible to accommodate them and make them feel at ease.

It is difficult to record jazz well. But can anyone record good jazz? Yes!

Some of the finest jazz recordings ever made are hidden away in private collections and never can be heard and appreciated by the multitudes of jazz fans who would pay any price to hear them, let alone own copies.

Ear-Ease Offered To Hi-Fi Visitors

New York—The 1956 New York Fidelity show opened a four day stand at the Trade Show Building here Sept. 27, with the 95 exhibiting manufacturers aiming their pitches at newcomers to hi-fi and taking into account many of the ear-weary thousands who roamed the four floors of displays.

Novel feature of this year's show was a sound-free room on each floor, for decibel-happy visitors to stop in and recoup with a few moments of silence.

Beginners in hi-fi were invited to a series of hour-long panels presented by industry experts in non-technical language. Panels were grouped under the general title, *The Ins and Outs of High Fidelity*.

An information center was established to answer professional and casual questions.

why fidelity?

By Michael Levin

THIS BEING *Down Beat's* hi-fi issue, a pertinent question: why fidelity?

Why indeed! Why good-looking women?

It can be argued with considerable pertinacity that all the domestic functions the male considers necessary can be performed by a young lady of no obvious endowments: having the paper carefully misfolded at breakfast, the wrong gin in the cupboard, and the mother-in-law to dinner the night the fellas are bowling.

These necessary home-like activities don't take a Dior figure nor a Del Rio face. They flow from the innate nature of the thing female.

Accordingly why does the male continue in his stupid insistence on something he calls "good-looking," "attractive," "sexy," or any of the other confusing little bits of hyperbole to which he is addicted?

Probably because if he likes the commodity, he wants it to come properly packaged with all the adornments to which this modern age has taught him he is entitled. No sense taking it in a Mother Hubbard when you can get it in a Whitman Sampler.

There's more than a metaphor mixed there, but I think you can probably trail along with the general idea.

NOW MUCH the same logic applies to music. Why take the old, humdrum utilitarian object, namely the commonplace record and its player, when you for not too much more can get the really racy, insidious thing we call high fidelity sound?

Now all of us have heard this one: "Oh, I don't really want anything very expensive. My ear isn't good enough to know the difference."

If I have learned anything in 20 years of the music business, it's that that is the most errant hogwash of all time.

Most people's ears are not good enough to make concrete unrelated judgments. That is, given a vocal group singing by itself, they are not completely sure of whether it is singing in tune or not. But given two vocal groups singing one after another, they will in most cases make the correct decision.

IN OTHER WORDS, their absolute ear is not good—but their relative ear is. Now the more music you hear, the more certain your relative—and your absolute—ear becomes. The better recordings you listen to, the more discriminating your sense of hearing becomes.

To revert to the original simile: a man married to Mother Hubbard ain't



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going to be much of an authority on women's clothing. But a man married to a Dior model can't help but in the space of time learning something about what makes some women look like Saks, others like sex, and others like sacks.

His eye gradually gets used to the situation, the terrain, and the problem and learns to make decisions.

The same is true with high fidelity: the better music you hear every day, the better your ear becomes, the more discriminating you will become in your judgments, the better able to distinguish between good and bad sounds.

This is particularly true with children. They sop up sound information just as they do anything else. Therefore the better sound they hear, the more informed their ears will be and the more accustomed they will become purely as a matter of custom to make fairly sharp aural judgments.

THEN COMES the usual question: "Why should you want your ear to be that sharp? That's all right for musicians, sound experts, and such lesser trash as columnists, but I'm happy as I am with my tin ear."

With this question goes the unstated fear that if their ear does become more discerning, they might have to give up such simple pleasures as Elvis Presley.

Well, that's true. They might. But the only balm in Gilead I can offer is that while developing a critical sense in anything — liquor, women, books, the theater and music—limits the field of pleasure, it certainly does heighten the joy got from those things that are genuinely well-turned out.

You may find that you no longer get pleasure from \$4 gin, but you sure will enjoy your \$10 brandy three times as much. Which means you are saving \$2 on the deal—and surely even good Republicans will endorse this bargain.

YOU CAN EXTEND this price analogy into as many fields as you wish. It might be called Veblen's Theory of Conspicuous Non-Consumption: you just don't partake because it ain't good enough for the partaking.

It's a wonderful system with the ladies: it either fascinates them or causes them to consign you to Hades. Either way you have less trouble than you had before.

I hope you appreciate the broad fields of service which *Down Beat* covers for you—kind of a hi-fi hannah approach to sociology.

But returning to the point: society is built on communication. Anything which improves communication is socially beneficial. And that, Virginia, is why hi-fi.

Ceiling Limited

New York—The Metropole, where continuous Dixieland rules, has an unusually elongated stand above the bar. Recently, an opulent interior decorator wandered in and saw the long line of musicians stranded single-file along the stand in one of the Metropole's frequent everybody-blows jam sessions.

"Ha!" said the visitor, "wall-to-wall jazz."

high fidelity **dB**

By Robert Oakes Jordan

AS IN HI-FI, the proof of FM radio is in the listening. Anyone with an AM set has had ample opportunity to hear the excellence of most FM broadcasts.

In addition to the greatly improved audio reproduction over that of standard AM radio, FM gives the listener static-free reception and in areas where AM radio fails because of natural or industrial interference, FM gets through.

In theory, FM radio broadcasting is nearly as old as AM radio, but in practice it began about 1935.

Early in 1923 the late Maj. Edwin H. Armstrong recorded in his laboratory notes some facts concerning the new phenomenon of frequency modulation, that is FM broadcasting.

It was because of his pioneering and this method of broadcasting that the American armed forces had superior means of radio communication during World War II.

Since the means by which we hear our music is part of what we know as high fidelity, then so FM radio is an important part of hi-fi.

Perhaps it would be interesting to look into the differences between frequency and amplitude modulation. This column will attempt to explain the latter, and the next column will take up FM.

IN BOTH AM and FM, the word *modulation* occurs. This term is applied to many physical actions. The vocal cords of the throat, for instance, produce, in effect, a carrier frequency, or note.

If this range of notes were allowed to reach a listener unchanged by your throat, tongue, nasal passages, or teeth, you would sound for all the world like a lower form of animal. But you modulate these tones by moving or changing the position of your throat, tongue, lips, etc.

All radio broadcasting stations also transmit this sort of carrier frequency. You cannot hear it without electronic aid—the radio. And receiving this carrier frequency without some form of modulation would be meaningless.

The carrier wave, as its name suggests, simply carries the modulated "intelligence" across the earth to your radio set.

How this modulation is effected is important only in degree. The first practical type of modulation was that caused by *amplitude* variation, e.i. AM. When one wave in a body of water is made to roll higher than its adjoining wave, it has been raised in amplitude. These waves, constantly changing in height, or amplitude, can be said to be *amplitude modulated*.

IN THE CARRIER frequency transmitted by an AM station, the audible variations you eventually hear from the radio loudspeaker have been used to modulate the fixed carrier frequency. That fixed carrier frequency simply lo-



ates the particular radio station on the radio dial.

A definite limit to the space in kilocycles a station can occupy on the dial has been set by the Federal Communication Commission. This in itself limits the fidelity range of the sound used in modulation. Other factors such as studio equipment and facilities that are antiquated, even in the larger networks; the telephone radio lines between the studio and its outlying transmitter tower; cable connections between cities on network hookups, and other technical restrictions provide further limitations on the quality of the radio sound.

While AM provides a range sufficient for most small home radios and console units made in the past, it will not fulfill the possibilities of the modern high fidelity system.

Hi-fi equipment cannot provide quality to either a radio signal or disc record impulses if the signal quality is not there to begin with.

The severest test of any hi-fi set lies in its ability to reproduce accurately the full range of sound frequency applied to its input circuits. It should not add or detract in any way but simply provide the function of making any of these signals louder. This is one of the reasons why FM radio, still in the difficult years of its growth, will survive. It provides full-range high fidelity sound transmission by radio, while AM, for the most part provides but limited-range communication.

Stereo Tape Club Organized In N. J.

New York—The Stereophonic Music Society, Inc., has been formed to meet the growing demand for music on tape. The Society will purchase tapes, with emphasis on stereophonic sound, in large quantities and members will be able to benefit from the resulting savings.

Thanks to the entry of major manufacturers into the production of tape recorders and players and the stepped-up release schedules of most recorded tape producers, the Society plans to service a wide audience. As a central service, the Society will supply tapes to members from its offices at 303 Grand Ave., Palisades Park, N. J., eliminating distribution and stock problems which have hampered the flow of taped material in the past.

Record Changer Changes Hands

New York—*The Record Changer*, a magazine devoted to traditional and jazz record collecting, has changed hands for the second time in its 14-year span.

Taking over as editor-publisher of the monthly is Richard B. Hadlock, a jazz writer and enthusiast. He succeeds Bill Grauer Jr., who had operated the magazine since 1948, together with managing editor Orrin Keepnews. Grauer and Keepnews head Riverside Records.

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CLUB OWNERS, PLEASE NOTE

By Hsio Wen Shih

SHORTLY AFTER the appearance of my article on night club acoustics in *Down Beat* last August, it was suggested that I write a series of detailed descriptions of the acoustical problems of several night clubs with prescriptions for improving them. This is the first of the series.

In the articles to come I shall describe several imaginary night clubs, reconstructed from the experiences of many beer-nursing years. Each of these clubs will be a composite, typical of many night clubs both in the kinds of musicians they present and in the kind of acoustical problems they present.

Jazz rooms do fall into a surprisingly few types: the Hangover in San Francisco is like the old Savoy in Boston or the Metropole in New York; the Blue Note in Philadelphia is like the Hickory House in New York; the Stable in Boston is like the Playhouse on 118th St. in New York. So the solutions I will propose for my typical rooms may fit the problems of a number of night clubs.

My earlier article dealt with the three most common faults which so often help to make live jazz such a catch-as-catch-can pastime: too much or too little reverberation, poor location of bandstands in relation to the audience, and inadequate or poorly placed amplifying equipment.

MOST NIGHT CLUBS suffer from all three faults, but the worst rooms often have such tremendous reverberation problems that their other faults are drowned out of hearing. The most outrageous present day example is Childs Paramount in Times Square, the huge catacombs which serve as the New York outlet for so many great pre-bop jazzmen. Here each note is prolonged by the room into the middle of the next note, until we can hear Jimmy Rushing sing a half-dozen blues choruses without understanding a single word.

Childs shares the overliveness, to an exaggerated degree, with every other "Dixie" room I know. Apparently, the owners deliberately sacrifice more subtle musical qualities to reinforce the excitement of the opening and closing ensembles. But perhaps it has never entered their minds that anything could be done about acoustics.

Using an acoustical boost to reinforce some aspect of music is perfectly justifiable to a degree: classical musicians and critics agree, for example, that London's new Royal Festival hall is a fine room for Bach but a poor room for Beethoven. Bach's many voiced suites and concerti need a room which emphasizes clarity and allows the listener to hear every entrance and to follow the lines; Beethoven's massed harmonies and crashing climaxes need a room which blends the chords and reinforces the crescendos.

IN JAZZ, the Count Basie band roars best in a room which would make the airy fretwork of the MJQ seem muffled and confused, and Jimmy Giuffrè's tangential quartet could wail in a room where Wild Bill Davison would sound as cool as Chet Baker. In short, the reverberation design of a room should

take into account the kind of music that will be played in it.

Even when you have decided what the reverberation of a room should be, the problem is not settled because the audience forms so large a portion of the total absorption in a night club. A room which sounds live and brilliant at 9 p.m. may be dull and dead at midnight. So the room has to have some adjustable surfaces to keep the reverberation constant during the evening while people come and go.

When reverberation conditions are ideal, the listener will suffer even more than he now does from a night club tradition inherited from the days when jazz served as background music to floorshows like the Cotton Club Revue; a tradition which insists that the audience really wants to sit down in front, and would rather be close to the musicians than be able to hear them well.

This tradition places the bandstand as close to the middle of the floor as possible, and permits almost no part of the audience to hear the musicians in balance. Surely, among all the hi-fi addicts who wince everytime they hear a record with one instrument over-recorded, there must be some jazz lovers to persuade the night club operators that hearing is more important than seeing where jazz is concerned.

ANOTHER HEIRLOOM from the days of the big revues is the heavy maroon velvet drapery which all but surrounds most bandstands. It is a cheap way to suggest an atmosphere of luxury and even license, but it reduces the sound that should be broadcast to the room, and it prevents the musicians from hearing one another and achieving the natural good balance sensitive musicians automatically get when they do hear each other.

Like Nat Hentoff, I prefer my whisky straight, but I also prefer my music unamplified. I believe that where the bandstand is located to provide good sound distribution and finished with hard sound-reflecting materials, nearly all jazz rooms seating less than 200 listeners could work well with no amplifying equipment except for announcements and singers.

Under ideal conditions, even the largest jazz night clubs could throw away their electronic gadgetry. But ideal conditions include a quiet and respectful audience which comes to hear rather than be heard.

Skeptics will say that such an audience for jazz will take decades to develop, yet I saw 4,000 persons sitting quietly in hard rain at Newport, listening to Charlie Mingus. Perhaps the skeptics forget that as recently as the mid-19th century in Paris, Beethoven and Mozart were played most often not in the hush of the concert hall, but in cafe concerts to the accompaniment of clinking and chattering. Even opera, from the beginning an entertainment for aristocrats and intellectuals, did not find a home in the first opera house until 1637, some 40 years after the first opera was performed.

Until jazz does find a respectful audience and a suitable home, we have to do what we can to improve the night clubs we have.

Stereophonic Tape

A Rapidly-Growing Market Is Developing For Binaural Sound

By Dom Cerulli

IN THIS STRANGE, ever-expanding world of high fidelity, one frontier looms as the latest to be explored and conquered—stereophonic sound through tape.

According to the engineers at RCA Victor, stereophonic sound creates "a spatial, three-dimensional effect, tends to localize the instruments of the orchestra, and thus produces a higher degree of realism . . ."

It is this elusive quality of realism which has been the spur in sound to engineers and addicts from the days of the cylindrical records through the tumultuous era of longplay records now with us, to the mushrooming time of the tape.

The RCA engineers state that stereophonic recording differs from binaural "in that the microphone placements are selected for loudspeaker reproduction. Binaural properly applies to a two-channel system designed for headphone reproduction. It thus requires the use of two channels fed by microphones spaced about seven inches apart (normal ear separation)."

UNTIL VERY RECENTLY, the only apparatus available to utilize the

limited number of stereophonic tapes available to the purchaser was costly and complex for the layman.

The stereo tapes themselves were released sporadically, and of course had circulation to a very limited field.

The picture today is one of transition.

At least two major firms are marketing plug-in-and-play stereo reproducing mechanisms, and the stereo tape catalog is growing slowly but steadily each month.

In addition, RCA Victor, the giant in the recorded music field, has come up with a personal music service to enable a consumer to purchase RCA Victor stereo tapes through his dealer even if the dealer cannot afford or chooses not to stock them.

BASICALLY, the plan allows a dealer to stock coupons (similar to those under a long play record plan now worked by RCA and the dealers) and guarantee mail delivery of any stereo tape to the purchaser within a week.

RCA executives say record catalogs today are too large, and a great many of the dealers cannot afford to stock a complete or even reasonably complete tape catalog. So when a customer asks for a tape, the dealer takes the order

and his money, pockets his commission and forwards the order to RCA, which sends a factory fresh stereo tape to the customer within seven days.

"At the moment," RCA says, "That takes care of the tape customer."

But with an eye to the future, the major recording firm is sort of hedging against the days when stereo equipment is more widely used. RCA and several other firms are recording everything in their studios on stereo tape as well as the conventional monaural tape for use at a later date.

THIS YEAR'S convention of the National Association of Music Merchants disclosed that the high fidelity field was roughly a half-billion dollar a year industry.

According to the officials at Ampex, one of the leaders in the tape-reproduction field, the available tape catalog jumped from a total of 275 in July, 1955, to 2,000 in August 1956.

Of that number, 23 stereo tapes were available in July, 1955, while nearly 200 had been issued by August this year.

Prices for 7" stereo reels range from \$7.95 to \$14.95. Works available range from complete opera to collections of mood music, from a complete play to small group traditional and modern jazz.

RCA plans to release approximately two stereo tapes a month through next year. This policy was established last April, although there were two one-month lapses when no stereo tapes were issued.

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(Turn to Page 39)

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Waxery Uses Theater For Recording

By John Tynan

IF THE BAND had assembled around the scarred upright piano in the green-draped pit instead of on the wide stage of the disused theater on Pico Boulevard, it would have markedly resembled an afternoon show rehearsal. But for bearded Richard Bock, in the wings hunched over an Ampex recorder, and for the jazzmen onstage, this was no rehearsal—it was a jazz album in the making. Forum theater, old and neglected, with its musty, rococo decor and shabby backdrop had been charged with new life when Pacific Jazz' Bock decided to experiment recording jazz there.

With the plenitude of modern, well equipped studios available, why did Bock choose to record jazz in this relic of the days of Gallagher & Shean?

"First of all," explains Bock, "the theater has a liveness, natural echo, and atmosphere that only an auditorium of this size can produce. Point by point, and setting the Forum theater against the most modern recording studio as a place to record jazz, let's look at the typical commercial studio.

"In any modern studio, sound is deliberately deadened so that the reverberations can be controlled and clean separations of the instruments achieved. Now this alters the natural sound cycle a musician gets, say, in a club, where the sound fills the room and reflects back to him 'live,' so he hears naturally his own playing and that of the others. In a studio this is altered because the deadening acoustical tile and movable baffles never let the sound complete its natural cycle, so it's difficult for the musicians to hear one another. Of course, to remedy the lack of echo in such an environment, the engineer will later add a mechanical echo to the recorded sound."

WERE ONE TO GO straight from a commercial studio record date into the Forum hall and listen to music played from the stage, the contrast would be dramatic. Reverberations are completely lacking . . . rather the music fills the theater and filters back to the performers, making for an extremely true sound.

"Most jazz lovers are aware, of course, that studio recorded jazz is often lacking in warmth," Bock continues. "This is only to be expected, because recording under the circumstances I've described imposes hardships on the musician, even to the extent of forcing an adjustment in him which can change the way he usually plays. And, more often than not, these external conditions will affect the spontaneity of his performance.

"Now look around," Bock invited, "and note for yourself the different conditions here in the theater."

Recording on-the-spot jazz performances is, of course, far from new. From the first Norman Granz *Jazz at the Philharmonic* records, released in 1944, there's been a steady increasing trend in the jazz record business to set the tapes rolling at concerts and in night clubs so as to capture the excitement of artists communicating with a respon-

sive audience. The very significance of the Forum theater sessions, however, lies in the fact that, while recording is done in an auditorium with a small audience of wives, friends, et al, invariably in attendance, these sessions are essentially studio dates produced in an atmosphere conducive to relaxation and freer blowing.

FAR FROM WORKING under the antiseptic fluorescents found in the average commercial studio, musicians on the Forum stage are illumined by only two floods high above. The body of the theater remains in darkness.

A jazz group onstage, such as at the Chet Baker date (cut July 26-28), might be placed as follows: Left front: tenor (Richie Kamuca); trumpet (Baker); alto (Art Pepper). Center rear: piano (Pete Jolly). Right rear: bass (Leroy Vinnegar). Left: drums (Stan Levey).

Above the three hornmen hangs a modified 640 AA Western Electric mike.

Jolly plays into a sleek Telefunken, only other mike onstage is in front of Vinnegar's bass.

Sheltered by the wing curtains, the technicians cluck over their recorders. In the left wing engineer Phil Turetsky and producer Bock keep watchful eye on the monaural recording side of the date. Off to the right, behind the other dusty curtain, Gerry McDonald, binaural specialist, checks the tape on a reel ready to roll.

WHILE ARRANGER Johnny Mandel prods Chet through a difficult high-note phrase, Leroy can be clearly heard, even at the back of the theater, wiping his bass strings, so fine are the acoustics.

They're ready to blow. Levey sits up attentively and hefts a stick; Jolly's fingers poise over the keys; Baker moistens his lips. Buttons are punched in the wings and tape feeds rapidly through the soundheads as Bock calls, "Little Girl. Take One."

—Tynan



Cy Touff's Pacific Jazz recording date at the Forum theater included the men seen above onstage: Chuck Flores, drums; Russ Freeman, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Touff; Conrad Gozzo, trumpet; Richie Kamuca (standing); Harry Edison, trumpet, and Matt Ural, baritone.

Stereo Tape

(Jumped from Page 37)

release schedule," an RCA spokesman said. "The main thing now is to get the dealer and consumer interested in tape. That's why we've placed the personal music service at the disposal of dealers.

"If a dealer stocked just one of every tape put out today, his investment would run well over \$500."

As for the playback mechanism, both RCA and Ampex are aiming for the plug-in-and-play market with consoles and portables equipped to handle monaural and stereo tapes with a minimum of adjustment and gadgetry.

RCA has two stereo players for use as complete units. One is a portable to sell for about \$295, the other a console to market at about \$350. Both have a stereo player, two amplifiers, and a three-speaker system in one cabinet and a separate set of speakers in a matching cabinet.

THE FIRM will also offer a stereo player to be used in conjunction with existing hi-fi facilities. The stereo converter will retail at about \$275.

Ampex has a line of stereo equipment for the home ranging from a \$449.50 portable to a complete stereo and monaural tape and record player with AM-FM tuner and recording facilities for \$1470.

The Ampex units combine, for the first time in one tape unit, the two formerly separate functions of monaural recording, and monaural or stereo playback.

The end is nowhere in sight, but the penetration into this stereo field is coming, and coming fast.

Book Explores Tape Field In Easy Terms

How to Make Good Tape Recordings, by C. J. LeBel, is a nontechnical approach to tape recording for the amateur and professional.

LeBel explores the field, from selecting a recorder to putting together a recorded show. He writes about the operation of a recorder, the characteristics of tape itself, studio recording, tape editing, and binaural recording.

The book is illustrated with charts, diagrams, and photos. It is available from Audio Devices distributors or by mail from Audio Devices Inc., 444 Madison Ave., New York City 22. A paper-bound edition is \$1.50, and the regular edition is \$2.50.

Pieces Of Eight

Hollywood—Tenor man Dave Pell, with two octets now working simultaneously here under the Pell banner, says the groundwork is now being laid for the formation of his own company—Octets, Inc.

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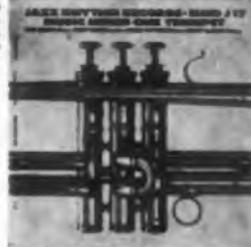
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J16 TENOR SAX	J23 ORGAN	Poor Butterfly
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J18 ALTO SAX	J25 TROMBONE	Three Little Words
J19 BARITONE SAX	J26 VIBRAPHONE	I May Be Wrong
J20 ACCORDION	J27 VIOLIN	Tea For Two
J21 BASS	J28 DRUMS	I Cover The Waterfront
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J30 TENOR SAX	J37 ORGAN	My Heart Stood Still
J31 TRUMPET	J38 PIANO	You Go To My Head
J32 ALTO SAX	J39 TROMBONE	Just One Of Those Things
J33 BARITONE SAX	J40 VIBRAPHONE	Crazy Rhythm
J34 ACCORDION	J41 VIOLIN	When Your Lover Has Gone
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By Imanuel Willheim

WITH TELEVISION growing rapidly, the time has come when musical television productions could play an infinitely more vital role as a focal point for the performing artist within a community.

The need for such local-level musical clearing houses, is growing more desperate by the day. It is their absence which creates the all but unbridgeable chasm between the young, unrecognized talent and the accepted world-famous virtuoso.

If we reflect for a moment on the manner in which a young musician is introduced into an artistic career, we must recognize the almost total absence of springboard mechanisms which might propel the gifted and deserving artist into his rightful world.

OF COURSE, there are contests. And there are prizes for outstanding performers. But these contests in no way facilitate the artist's entrance into his profession. The contest winner gains no more than the right to announce publicly the approval of his playing by various famous artists, who have heard him perform.

Neither is it justifiable to accuse promoters and concert managers of taking too little interest in the artistic growth of our younger generation. These gentlemen are running their bureaus for profit and not for philanthropy.

They cannot very well afford to sponsor an artist who is entirely unknown. If the public is not familiar with a name, the hall remains empty regardless of the fine reviews his playing may elicit from a critic who sits enraptured in the empty auditorium.

WE BADLY NEED new ways of introducing the young artist to his prospective audience. Obviously, every budding virtuoso cannot be given the opportunity of appearing as soloist with a major orchestra. Other means must be found of letting him be heard and appraised by the public.

Today, the turn of a knob brings us Heifetz on the Beethoven *Violin Concerto* while we have breakfast in bed, some sun on the terrace, or some brandy in the library. We have become somewhat jaded and immensely lazy.

Few of us would go to a concert to hear an artist who has never made any recordings. Practically no one would bother to pay for a ticket to hear an artist about whom nothing at all is known except that he is young and *may* have talent. How then, can a young man or woman break through the complacency of our modern public, through its defensive battery of hi-fi, tape recordings, and radio good-music stations?

THE SIMPLEST AND most direct way would permit a young artist to walk into the living room of his prospective listener and simply tell him: "Here I am; this is what I can do!" Precisely this approach is possible today by means of television.

The aspiring artist may come into the living room and the listener, if so inclined, may throw him out by a flick of his dial. On the other hand, the

feather's nest.

By Leonard Feather

NOW THAT SUMMER is long gone, it is possible to look back contentedly at the memory of the most pleasant musical episode of the season. It wasn't



the concert at Randall's Island, or Chico Hamilton's visit to Basin Street or even Basie at Birdland. It was an occasion for which the music was only a functional part of a stimulating whole—a weekend spent at Music inn in Lenox, Mass.

Much has been written about Music inn, but most of those who never have been there are still slightly vague about what it is, has been, and is becoming. I was vague myself until I saw it in action. Music inn is a spacious estate, with enough grounds to provide facilities for tennis, badminton, table tennis, and what not, and enough architecture to provide sleeping accommodations for close to 100 persons.

PHILIP BARBER, a public relations counsel, and his wife, Stephanie, conceived the idea, some seven seasons back, of converting the area into a sort of folk music and jazz parallel to the nearby Tanglewood. Marshall Stearns was a key figure in the development of the project's jazz aspects.

Little by little, the Music inn season

listener may hear him out and may be the richer for his patience.

A TV program of this type, presenting young, unknown, first-rate musicians, would draw talent primarily from its own community. Prior to playing or singing, the performer could establish a "personal" relationship with his audience through an interview in which he may talk about his training, his career, and about the music he is going to perform.

Of course, it would be advantageous to prefilm this interview so as to avoid the usual tenseness which every artist experiences before a public appearance. Particularly outstanding performers will be called back for return recitals, possibly in combination with new talent.

THE IMMENSE success of Leonard Bernstein's recent TV shows as well as the enthusiastic reception which classical music productions, as for example NBC-TV's *Opera Theater*, have received, evidence the lively interest the television public takes in classical music programs.

With a capable and musically educated director (master of ceremonies) to pace the interviews and select performers, such a show, moreover, should have sufficient sales appeal to interest numerous sponsors.

With these considerations in mind, it becomes apparent that radio and particularly television carry within themselves profitable and as yet unexploited ways of facilitating the hardest step in the life of a young artist: the first introduction to his audience.

grew more important each summer and brought more name talent and attracted more musicians and fans either as residents or as visitors. The 1956 version was the most ambitious yet, with concerts once or twice a week at the inn's 500-seat hall known as the Berkshire Music barn.

In contrast with the prevalent jazz festival custom of cluttering up every show with so many names that nobody gets a chance for self-expression, these concerts for the most part featured just one attraction. The names ranged from Armstrong, Ellington, the Glenn Miller band, and the Dorseys through Chico Hamilton, Garner, and Wilbur DeParis to such folk names as Marais and Miranda and Richard Dyer-Bennett.

THE BARBERS climaxed their 1956 season with a full week of nightly jazz forums at which musicians, rather than critics, sat around discussing their problems, before an audience of which they were scarcely conscious.

The Modern Jazz Quartet, in residence at the inn during the final few weeks for relaxation and rehearsal, gave the closing concert of the season; I am sure that the fragile, euphemistic blues of John Lewis and the funky moods occasionally achieved by Milt Jackson never were more fully or deeply appreciated than by the quiet, well-mannered audience that filled the barn.

But what makes the Music inn a wonderful and unique place, the only place of its kind in the world, is not the music per se. It is the opportunity it provides for musicians, critics, and fans all to meet on a social level, to converse with contemporaries who would not normally cross their paths (where else could you find Pee Wee Russell sitting chatting with Charlie Mingus?), to relax and forget their differences and find out more about each other (how can you really know John Gillespie until you have beaten him at ping-pong?), to put down their pens or typewriters or autograph books or horns and just browse over a game of scrabble.

MUSIC INN HAS even bigger plans for next year. A complete scholastic jazz course will be condensed into the last three weeks of the season. Surrounded by peace and quiet, trees and sunshine, with perhaps the faint murmur of their favorite jazzmen rehearsing in a nearby building, the lucky jazz fans who get in on this in time can learn the history of jazz, study small combo, and large band playing and writing and have the greatest of live music to illustrate on the spot.

Jazz cannot fail to benefit from the meetings of the minds it has engendered, on social and rustic levels, at Music inn.

May the Barbers find, as the Lorildars found when they launched the festival idea at Newport, that imitation is an inevitable form of flattery. My platform for 1957: a Music inn in every state of the union!

Weston Booked

New York—Jazz pianist Randy Weston and his trio, featuring baritone sax man Cecil Payne, have been booked for tours including concerts at colleges and universities through the 1957-'58 season. Rounding out the group are Ahmed Abdul Malik, bass, and Wilbert Hogan, drums.

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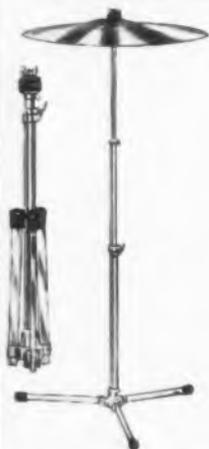


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the hot box

By George Hoefler

IF YOU SHOULD BE driving north on New York state's highway 11 one of these days, watch for a building with an enormous trombone painted on its side. You'll see it on the left as you enter Cortland, N. Y., about halfway between Binghamton and Syracuse. Underneath the tram will be the insignia "SPIEGLE," but the building houses the main office of the L. D. Willcox & Son



Coal Co.

Spiegle Willcox once played trombone for one of the greatest jazz bands of all time, the famed Jean Goldkette Victor Recording orchestra and is still quite active in the music business with his own orchestra. His band is in great demand in the upper New York state area. The band is so popular it interferes with Spiegle's hunting and fishing activities, not to speak of his obligations to keep his neighbors warm.

SPIEGLE'S HOME IS Cortland, and it was while playing nearby in Auburn that Fuzzy Farrar, the trumpet player with the Scranton Sirens, heard him and was later to recommend him for the great Goldkette aggregation.

In the meantime, however, Willcox had joined one of Paul Whiteman's many groups of the day, the Paul Whiteman Collegians. When Russ Morgan was selected to lead the Goldkette band in late 1925, they were looking around for a man to fill Morgan's vacated trombone chair.

This was when Farrar came forward and put the finger on Spiegle. The Goldkette band was being built up to open the new Greystone ballroom in Detroit, and besides Willcox, there were such men in the band as Jimmy Dorsey, Don Murray, Howdy Quicksell, Bill Rank, and Irving Riskin.

They played the 1925-26 season at the Greystone under Morgan's direction, and when summer came, they split up the big band into small groups to play lake resorts. Bix Beiderbecke and Frank Trumbauer were with the Goldkette-sponsored band at Hudson Lake, Ind., that summer of 1926, and when fall rolled around, Trumbauer was asked to come to Detroit and take over the leadership of the re-assembled big band. Trumbauer agreed to do this if Bix also were hired.

SPIEGLE WAS IN ON trombone when the reorganized band took shape and prepared for the famed eastern tour that took place during the season of 1926-27. They played Roseland in New York and made a long trek through New England as Jean Goldkette and His Famous Victor Recording orchestra. Goldkette himself being billed as "The Paul Whiteman of the West."

At the end of this road journey, Willcox left the band when they returned to Detroit and was replaced by Lloyd Turner. A few months later this great band tearfully broke up because Gold-

kette couldn't meet the \$3,500 weekly payroll.

Willcox returned to his home town and got into the coal business. He has done well in business and has kept his musical career going by confining his activities to his home area.

THE OPTIMIST CLUB of Albany, N. Y., sponsored a jazz session recently at Otto's featuring the Eddie Condon house band under the leadership of clarinetist Bob Wilber.

Included with Davison, Schroeder, Casey, Wetzling, and Cutshall during the session were Bill Andrews' Dukes of Dixie from Boston and Artie Stulmaker, Albany pianist, who played during the intermissions. Stulmaker for many years was the pianist with Francis Murphy's Hotel Ten Eyck band.

the devil's advocate

By Mason Sargent

Voices: Victor is responsible for two unusually eloquent opera recordings, of which one, *La Traviata*, is also opulently boxed with a handsome edition of Dumas' *Camille* whence came the story. There is also a complete Italian-English libretto. The leads are sung by Rosanna Carteri, Cesare Valletti, and Leonard Warren with Pierre Monteux conducting the Rome Opera House orchestra and chorus. This is also, incidentally, a lucid yet liberatingly emotional way to introduce yourself to opera if you've been held back by preconceptions up to now (Victor LM-6940).

The extraordinary Monteux, who first participated in a performance of *Manon* in 1894, also conducts the newest and, in some respects, the best recorded performances of that Massenet opera in another Victor set with Victoria de los Angeles, Henri Legay, Michel Dens, and the chorus and orchestra of the Theater National de l'Opéra-Comique. Complete French-English libretto (Victor LM-6402).

Music at MIT is the title of a brilliant series of recordings made in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's acoustically postgraduate new buildings, Kresge auditorium and the chapel.

Fortunately, the engineer in charge was the impeccable Peter Bartok, who also mastered the recordings. And most important, the performances and the compositions are of equal quality.

The LPs, all on the Unicorn label, are Roger Voisin and his brass ensemble from the Boston Symphony in *The Modern Age of Brass*—works by Dahl, Hindemith, Berezowski, and Sanders (1031); four Handel concertos for organ and orchestra with organist Lawrence Moe and MIT Prof. Klaus Liepmann conducting the orchestra (1032), and the Swiss-born pianist composer and conductor, Ernst Levy, in a probing interpretation of Beethoven's deeply challenging and revealing late piano sonatas Op. 109 and Op. 110 (1033). If your store doesn't have the label, Unicorn is at 75 State St., Boston.



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(Jumped from Page 19)

Kenny O'Brien, a veteran of many combos, keeps good-sounding time. Boston pianist Roy Frazee is competent but thus far not especially eloquent in solo. The drummer, ex-Johnny-Smith's Jack Franklin, is inclined to be heavy and stiff. I get the impression he often does not listen as sensitively as he might to his rhythm section colleagues and to the soloists. His feeling for dynamics needs developing.

The book has some 60 numbers, an impressive total considering the unit was just about two months old at the time of review. A good percentage of the charts are by Kai and Andre. Kai, too, has expanded many of the Kai-J. J. dialogues for the new group.

Kai often plays lead but actually there's a lot of variety in assignments, a fair amount of two-way exchanges, and everybody—including Lieb—gets a chance to blow. Kai intelligently is not trying to pre-empt the limelight. Since each of the four has a sufficiently different sound and approach, the effect is that of a four-voice conversation, not three variations on one. But, even with the careful balancing of the program by Kai, there is, after a time, a sliding point of diminishing sonic returns. It's not quite a group most will be drawn to stay all night to hear.

The writing, for the most part, is brisk to bristling on the up-tempos, romantically twilit on the ballads, but rarely distinctively inventive. The many possibilities for linear interplay, particularly contrapuntal devices, have been only surfacely touched. The aim apparently is more to please easily than to penetrate.

Depth, in essence, is the chief lack of the septet. The unit glitters and is a crisp, salable product. It should be substantially successful in a variety of locations and should help open new territories for some jazz. But as for bedrock jazz, the septet has more of the flavor than the marrow. A relaxed and relaxing drummer, however, could make that flavor stronger. In any case, the unit is worth any jazz listener's time for the voice of Fontana.

—nut

McKinley

(Jumped from Page 14)

ing any of the original Miller book. We may do a little big band rock 'n' roll and some of our own things.

"I'd like to play some stage shows in theaters if there are any around that have them anymore. And we want to play as many college proms and dances as we can.

"But most of all, I'd like to take this band overseas.

"Right now whenever we play a Miller arrangement where the Modernaires sang, we give it to one of the sections, and it works out pretty well. What I'd like to do is get a vocal group to do the Miller productions, like *Choo Choo*, *Kalamazoo*, and the others, and take a Miller package to England and Europe.

"I'm sure we'd break it up."

October 31, 1956

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strictly ad lib **db**

(Jumped from Page 8)

a straight singer . . . **Alex Wilder** will do several albums for Riverside . . . Atlantic making a single record out of tracks from **Joe Turner's Boss of the Blues** album.

RADIO-TV: **Steve Allen's Tonight** TV show on NBC will be trimmed from its 90-minute format to a one-hour show from 11:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. starting Oct. 29 . . . Bassist **Eddie Sarfranski** is slated to be music director for the **Jonathan Winters** show on NBC-TV . . . **Leonard Feather's Platterbrains** will now be heard in New York on ABC radio on Saturday nights at 7:30.

Chicago

JAZZ, CHICAGO STYLE: The **Count Basie** band follows **Dave Brubeck** into the **Blue Note** on Oct. 31. **Richard Maltby's** band booked from Nov. 14-25, with **Fats Domino**, **Ellington**, **Basie** in a return, and **Oscar Peterson** lined up in weeks to come . . . **Marian Marpartland** follows **Eddie Heywood** into the **London House** on Nov. 14 for four weeks. **Toshiko** definitely follows **Marian** through New Year's eve . . . **Carmen McRae** currently at Mr. Kelly's. **Lury Reed** may follow. **Jeri Southern** opens Nov. 7 . . . The **Charlie Mingus Jazz Workshop** currently making provocative, meaningful sounds at the **Preview's Modern Jazz** room. The **Max Roach** quintet takes over for two weeks on Oct. 24 and **Sonny Stitt's** group moves in on Nov. 7. The **Johnny Smith** quintet, **Australian Jazz** quintet, and **Miles Davis** scheduled in future bookings. **Modern Jazz Quartet** set for early January . . . **Gene Ammons** at the **Stage lounge**, with **Howard McGhee** a likely followup . . . **Max Miller**, with **Vic Marasa** on bass, now at the **Mardi Gras** on **Rush St.** Club is owned by **Marty Dennenberg**, who formerly headed the **Hi-Note** here.

ADDED NOTES: **Patti Page** currently at the **Chez Patee Louis Armstrong** follows for two weeks Nov. 2, then passes the torch to the **Vagabonds** . . . **Enid Mosier** and her **Trinidad Steel** trio at the **Black Orchid** through October, with **Don Shirley** and **Jo Ann Miller** due to rule there during November . . . The **Empire Room's** musical revue, **Hey Day**, going full speed ahead until Dec. 22 . . . The city's newest ballroom, the **Capri** on west Devon, debuted Oct. 6 with **Tex Beneke's** band. **Les Brown** booked for the Christmas holidays.

Hollywood

JAZZ SCENE: Bassist **Carson Smith** decided to stay put with **Chico Hamilton**, but **Jim Hall** left to join **Jimmy Giuffre's** new "Three" . . . **Billy Root**, **Pepper Adams**, and **Sam Noto** returned east till the **Kenton** band reforms in a month or so . . . The **Jazz Club of Hollywood** has stepped up activities with a weekly series of Wednesday night bashes at **LaRosa's** pizza joint at **W. Pico** and **Genesee**. **Harry Babasin's** "Pickin' Band" kicked off the new project . . . Guitarist **Irving Ashby**, onetime **Nat Cole** sideman, has been keeping busy with r&b dates with the **Ernie Freeman** band here.

NITERY NOTES: **Maynard Ferguson's** new band had not yet reached town at presstime to make its current booking at the **Peacock Lane**, but local cats were waiting with bated breath. The **Flip Phillips-Roy Eldridge** combo will follow **Ferguson** . . . Across the street at **Jazz City** **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers** are attracting every drummer in town to dig **Art's** dynamic work. **Cannonball** arrives there Nov. 30 for two weeks, following the **Bud Shank-Jimmy Smith** stint beginning the 9th.

Conte Candoli is once again a regular weekend fixture with **Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All-Stars** . . . Next door at the **Hermosa Inn**, home of salty two-beat, **Tom Riley's Saints** have over 30 continuous weeks of blowing to their credit and will continue into the winter . . . The 400 club's **Teddy Buckner** is the only leader so far set to do a repeat on **KABC-TV's Star of Jazz** telethon . . . Under its new hosts the **Haig** is swingin' with **Buddy Collette's** stimulating new quartet onstand for an indefinite stay. Providing a base for **Buddy** are **Larry Bunker**, drums; **Don Friedman**, piano; **John Goodman**, bass . . . Latest spot to showcase **Jazz** guest stars is **The Topper**, at **Rosemead & Whittier**, whose Monday night bashes are drawing top jazzmen to sit in with **Jack Millman's** group . . . The blowing of **Sam Firtature's** quintet at **Tim Musselman's Rendezvous** in **Huntington Park** is building a solid following for the young, exciting tenor man. Monday is guest night there, also, with **Buddy Childers** a frequent visitor.

AIRNOTE: That new voice you dig on **KFOX** these nights guiding the jazz platters belongs to **dj Walt DeSilva**, who filled **Sleepy Stein's** vacated chair.

Freddy Katz, of the **Chico Hamilton** quintet, wrote and conducted a new **Mercury** album on the moody side for **Harpo Marx** . . . **Hamp Hawes** is reportedly prepping a new unit sound for his next album involving **Harry Babasin's** cello . . . **Milt Bernhart** signed with **Decca** . . . **Swingin' In The Old Corral** is title of new **Victor** album by **Dave Pell's** mavericks . . . And dig this one from **Victor's** newest **Bob Scobey** disc: **Beauty and the Beat**(C).

John Graas' upcoming **Decca** album, **Jazz Lab #2**, features unique instrumentation on one track of tenor (**J. Montrose**), bass, and French horn . . . The **Rick Jones** quintet is set to do a modern sounds LP for newly formed **PIV Records** showcasing arrangements by **Gigi Gryce** and **Leon Rene**.

TAILGATE: Excerpt from publicity handout sent by **Record Releasing Corp:** "Who is **Jerit Deane**?" Answer: "Nobody." Aw cumon, give the gal a break.

—tyann

San Francisco

Eddie Garland has joined the **Turk Murphy** band on bass at the **Tin Angel**. The **Bay City Jazz Band** is now playing on Monday nights at the **Tin Angel**, as well as Saturday and Sunday at the **Sail 'N** . . . **Earl Hines** flew home to **Pittsburgh** to attend the funeral of his father . . . **Dale Jones** is back on bass with **Louis Armstrong** . . . **Stan Kenton** is booked into the **Macumba** for two

weeks and 10 days starting Nov. 2 . . . Jimmy Lyons new KNBC (50,000 watts, clear channel) nighttime show began Oct. 10.

Buddy DeFranco played a concert at USF . . . the Lancers opened at Bimbo's 365 club Oct. 4 . . . Vicki Young opened Fick's II Oct. 6 . . . Ann Weldon, who last appeared here at the Hollow Egg on Pacific street, is booked into the Fairmont to open Oct. 16 opposite Arthur Ellen, the hypnotist . . . Rudy Salvini's big band is back in operation again with a concert at the Sands ballroom Oct. 7 . . .

—ralph j. gleason

Cleveland

Matt Dennis and trio initiated the Hickory grill as a niteroy for music lovers. Previously, the Hickory had been a restaurant only. The charming and able Dennis and group wooed and won the nightly audiences. Some arrangements need to be ironed out, however, before the Hickory will have a consistent name policy. Its sister club, Komman's, has Shelia Barrett as the attraction. Dick Mone continues at the piano.

The 2-1-6 is replacing Kitty Kaye with Marietta Richards. Howie Mather is playing at the Gallery, and George Duffy continues at Gazelles lounge . . . Joe Howard, inventive and original, is playing weekends to usual SRO houses at the Ce-Fair . . . Bill DeArango and his group are packing the Down Beat room . . . The Loop lounge had Dinah Washington, Louis Jordan, and Lionel Hampton in that order. The Theatrical grill followed Bob Raymond and Ronnie Barrett with Marian McPartland during October. The Ellie Frankel trio alternates sets tastefully. Billie Holiday is among future bookings at the Cotton club. George Shearing came in Oct. 15, and Gerry Mulligan and his group take the stand Oct. 22.

—muk, wangan

Boston

Storyville season still sprightly . . . the Erroll Garner week broke existing attendance record at the club, previously held by the singing Charles Adams, Tom Lehrer, who is up for a return match in late November. Following a double bill featuring two quintets, Miles Davis and Australian Jazz. Muggsy Spanier took over for 11 days opposite Ruby Braff. Roy Eldridge, in for a week, will precede the early-November big entry, the band of John B. Gillespie . . . Herb Pomeroy's band continues to grow in both the strength of its book and its sound as evidenced by once-a-weekly workouts at the Stable . . . Several local FM stations, until now concerned only with classical music, might program half-hour weekly jazz shows.

—cal kolbe

Washington

Buck Hill continues his long tenure at the Seventh and T. The most recent accompanists for his swinging tenor are Junior Dobbins, piano; Teddy Smith, bass, and Fats Clark, drums . . . Earl Swope is planning a new jazz group for the coming lots-of-work season . . . The Stevens cafe hired Bill Potts' jazz trio indefinitely . . . Jimmy

Coomber's Supper club now supports its acts with the Frank Garner quintet . . . Ray McKinley's orchestra goes into the Statler hotel for two weeks with a local girl Marilyn Mitchell, singing.

Dixie favorite Wild Bill Whelan continues at the Bayou . . . Willis Conover is working hard on the increased jazz schedule for the Voice of America. His self-sponsored local radio show continues, however, with increased audience approval . . . The Spotlight room goes into its 12th week featuring the Bobby Felder quintet. Felder, a trombonist, has Herschel McGinnis on tenor. Time-keepers are Dave Watters, piano; James Montgomery, bass, and Bertell Knox, drums.

—thomas tomlinson

Hunter College Society Starts Jazz Sessions

New York—Three concerts and a panel discussion were set for successive Wednesdays in October by the Hunter college Jazz Society.

Herbie Nichols was slated to appear Oct. 3; Sal Salvador and his group, with Sam Most, Oct. 10; the Billy Taylor trio, Oct. 17, and a panel including Quincy Jones, Don Elliott, Nat Hentoff of *Down Beat*, Prof. Marshall W. Stearns, and George Avakian of Columbia Records. All events were scheduled for noon at Student hall on the Hunter campus.

Further sessions with Dixieland artists were in the planning stage.

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By Hal Holly

FILMS IN REVIEW: *The Vagabond King* (Oreste, Kathryn Grayson, Rosita Moreno). A real warhorse here—in fact, something of a relic, that has been around so long in various forms (stage play, stage musical, one previous film musical version) that even in this latest fancy edition in color and VistaVision it comes out a bit on the tired side. Furthermore, successful as it was in its day, it represents a form of entertainment, the operetta or light opera form, that to this reporter is approaching the archaic.

Newcomer Oreste (he prefers the one-name billing), a European importation, gives a lively and lusty performance as swordsman-poet Francois Villon, but vocally he's little more than just another tenor. Miss Grayson's loyal fans probably will find her ingratiating and charming as usual. She, too, is a singer whose vocal ability is strictly Hollywood standard.

For this edition, veteran composer Rudolph Friml supplied some new songs in collaboration with lyricist Johnny Burke, but the chief songs are still the vintage *Vagabond* pieces such as *Some Day*, *Only a Rose*, *Song of the Vagabonds*, and the *Huguette Waltz*.

ON AND OFF THE BEAT: Do, Re, Mi, the upcoming Jayne Mansfield-Tom Ewell co-starrer now shooting at 20th Century-Fox, is shaping up as another all-out rock 'n' roll opus. The lineup of r&r attractions set for featured spots now includes Fats Domino, Little Richard, The Treniers, The Platters, Jean Vincent and the Blue Caps, The Chuckles, and several others. One of the principal characters is an ex-con, for whom Bobby Troup has written a specialty song, *Rock Around the Rock Pile*. But all of the musical features in *Do, Re, Mi* are not rock 'n' rollers. Julie London draws a spot (playing Julie London), the Ray Anthony band is in for a featured number, likewise a band headed by Nino Tempo. Producer Frank Tashlin tried to get Elvis Presley, now working on the same lot in his first starrer, *Love Me Tender*, but dropped the idea when the Elvis reportedly asked for \$50,000 to do two songs.

Also from 20th-Fox, the latest on producer-production chief Buddy Adler's jazz project, *Solo*—the director will be Dick Powell, a onetime musician who still carries his card in AFM's Local 47, where he's listed as Richard E. Powell. Frank Sinatra has been offered the role of Virgil Jones—who'll be called Vincent in the movie—but Sinatra will accept only on the condition that changes are made in the script. As we've reported previously, music director Lionel Newman will use Oscar Peterson and Erroll Garner for the soundtrack solo assignments if they are available when the picture gets under way, a date that is very indefinite.

THE MAIL BAG: The most interesting letter we've received recently came from Bob Osborne of Henderson, Ky., who signed himself "an enduring, determined, true blue Miller fan," and was irked with us for declining to dig some musical details on those movies Glenn made back in 1941 and 1942. Anyway, Bob sent us two pages of info on the films, including notes that Lorraine Elliott was the ghost singer for Lynn Bari in *Sun Valley Serenade* and that Steve Lipkins, of the Miller band, played trumpet for George Montgomery in *Orchestra Wives*. We've mentioned here that Jackie Gleason appeared as the comic bass player (sound by Doc Goldberg) in the Miller band but had forgotten that he was then known as Jimmy Glisson.

ADDED NOTES: Even record companies are capitalizing on the extraordinary posthumous fame of the late Jimmy Dean by issuing memorial albums of excerpts from the underscores of his three pictures—*Rebel Without a Cause*, *East of Eden*, and *Giant*. The latter, his last, was due for release at this writing . . . Buddy Morrow topped off his recent stand at the Hollywood Palladium by stopping off at Universal-International to make a musical featurette. Co-

By Jack Mabley

FRANKIE CARLE has come along with the best of the new shows on network television, musically. This opinion may startle those who regard Carle as something less than a Tatum, but you've got to remember that on television everything's relative. In music you take what you get, and that ain't much. Your discussion of jazz begins and ends with Steve Allen's guests, and an occasional shot on Ed Sullivan or *Omnibus*.



Granting that Carle is one of those piano players who plays for people and not for other musicians, his show on NBC in the early evening is pleasantly uncluttered. He got five or six numbers into the 15 minutes I watched, and they weren't crowded, which means he was quite economical with the gab. He had rhythm help from a drum and bass nestled dimly in the background, and it was

all very clean and crisp. And no sponsor. I seem strangely attracted to TV shows with no sponsors, which might mean that if you let the networks have all the say in running shows, and keep the advertisers terhell out of the artistic end you might have a considerable elevation of the quality and good taste of television shows.

THERE WAS A radio show that went on for years—one of those old classics like the A & P Gypsies or Clicquot Club Eskimos—and it always featured one soprano who was really awful. I listened to this din off and on for years before I found out the soprano's husband owned the company that sponsored the show. This is an extreme. Or is it?

A lot of new shows and refurbished old ones are crowding the air these weeks, but if there is any change in the general tone of nighttime commercial TV, it is a subtle one. On the TV page of our newspaper the day this is written are display ads for four major shows. The art in one ad shows Henry Hull holding a shotgun. In the second an Indian holds a rifle. In the third a cowboy is pointing a shotgun. In the fourth Hal March is holding money.

Sid Caesar is hack. Of all the characters I've seen come and go in nine years of TV watching, I've missed none as much as Nanette Fabray, who was responsible for a great deal of the special intangible charm of Caesar's show.

A short, portly comedian named Buddy Hackett has a new situation comedy called *Stanley* in the second half of Caesar's old Monday night spot. I automatically am somewhat partial to the show because it is live, and live applied to a TV show these days includes every connotation of the word. Hackett's rubbery face is one of the most vividly expressive in broadcasting. Whether there is enough variety there to carry a half-hour comely every week may be debatable, but the first show was funny.

MUSICALLY THERE'S little else new. We haven't checked yet on what tunes made the *Hit Parade*. We couldn't say whether Ina Ray Hutton still is on the air, but in our city Griff Williams and his band have a weekly one-hour show, one of the gimmicks of which awards the services of the whole band to some viewer for one evening each week.

And I still have no rational explanation of why, when you discuss the bands that have made it on TV, you are talking about Mr. Welk, Guy Lombardo, Russ Morgan, Ina Ray, and Griff Williams. There's got to be a break here some time.

featured with Buddy and band are Decca singer Dick Kallman, Starlight singer Peggy Taylor and The Skylarks . . . U.-I. composer-arranger Henry (Hunk) Mancini, music supervisor on *The Glenn Miller Story* and *The Benny Goodman Story*, has been signed to do a series of albums, some from his own film scores, for Liberty, the Hollywood company that brought Julie London to prominence—and vice-versa.

Your 1956 Readers Poll Ballot Is On Page 50

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200 Hyde St., San Francisco, Calif.

band routes

EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS: b—ballroom; h—hotel; nc—night club; cl—cocktail lounge; r—restaurant; t—theater; cc—country club; rh—roadhouse; pc—private club; NYC—New York City; ABC—Associated Booking Corp. (Joe Glaser), 745 Fifth Ave. NYC; AP—Allbrook-Pumphrey Richmond, Va.; AT—Abe Tuchen, 305 W. 57th St. NYC; GAC—General Artists Corp. RKO Bldg. NYC; JKA—Jack Kurtze Agency 214 N. Canon Dr. Beverly Hills, Calif.; MCC—McConkey Artists, 1780 Broadway NYC; MCA—Music Corp. of America 595 Madison Ave. NYC; GG—Gale-Gale Agency, 48 W. 48th St. NYC; OI—Orchestras, Inc., c/o Bill Black 332 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago 4, Ill.; RMA—Reg. Marshall Agency, 6571 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.; SAC—Shaw Artists Corp., 565 Fifth Ave. NYC; UA—Universal Attractions, 2 Park Ave. NYC; WA—Willard Alexander, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC; WMA—William Morris Agency, 1740 Broadway, NYC; NOS—National Orchestra Service, 1611 City National Bank Building, Omaha, Neb.

Albert, Abbey (Statler) Boston, Mass. b
Austin, Sid (Fadins) Hialeahdale, Florida, 11/12-13, nc

Bair, Buddy (Melody Mill) Chicago, Ill.
Bartley, Eddie (Strake) Chicago, Ill.

Barnet, Charlie (Mission Beach), Ill. 11/10, San Diego, Cal., b

Barton, Blue (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA

Bartley, Eugene (On Tour—Midwest) NOS

Bass, Sam (Blue Note) Chicago, 10/27-11/11, nc

Baxter, Les (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA

Becker, Duke Jean (On Tour—Midwest) NOS

Belle, Dan (On Tour—Midwest) GAC

Bemis, Tex (NRK Bandstand Show) 11/14-16, MCA

Bill, Mike (Waldorf Astoria) NYC, b

Blanchard, Nat (Waldorf Astoria) NYC, b

Butterfield, Billy (On Tour—East Coast) MCA

Byles, Verne (On Tour—South) NOS

Cahot, Chuck (On Tour—Dallas Territory) MCA

Calame, Bob (On Tour—South) NOS

Carter, Ted (On Tour—South) NOS

Colombi, Ed (Statler) Washington, D. C., b

Cross, Bob (Statler) Dallas, Texas, b

Cutrone, Bernie (On Tour—Midwest) MCA

De Huns, Al (Heidelberg) Jackson, Miss., b

Donahue, Al (Shamrock) Houston, Texas, 11/8-12/30, b

Dunn, James (Fresno) Kansas City, Mo., b

Eberle, Ray (On Tour—East Coast) MCA

Elliott, Les (On Tour—East Coast) MCA

Ellington, Duke (Birdland) NYC, 11/8-21, nc

Ernie, Sammy (On Tour—South) MCA

Ferguson, Danny (Flamingo) Duluth, Minn., b

Fields, Stup (On Tour—Texas) GAC

Finch, Jack (Business Room) Galveston, Texas, b

Fitzpatrick, Eddie (Empire) Reno, Nevada, b

Flanagan, Ralph (On Tour—Midwest) GAC

Foster, Steve (Chicago) Chicago, 10/21-12/21, b

Goodman, Benny (On Tour—Midwest) WA

Grady, Claude (On Tour—Northwest) GAC

Grady, Ed (On Tour—East) GAC

Hawkins, Erskine (Statler) Quebec, 11/12-18, nc

Holmes, Alvin (New Yorker) NYC, b

James, Harry (On Tour—West Coast) MCA

Johnson, Buddy (Rock n Roll Show) GG

Kaye, Sammy (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA

Kenton, Stan (Metropolitan) San Francisco, Cal., 11/2-18, nc

King, Henry (On Tour—Dallas Territory) MCA

King, Willie (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA

Kisher, Steve (Statler) Detroit, Mich., b

Lewis, Ted (Desert Inn) Las Vegas, Nev., 11/13-12/1, nc

Lombardi, Guy (Hibernian) Boston, Mass., 11/12-18, nc

Long, Johnny (On Tour—Midwest) GAC

Love, Twisted (On Tour—Midwest) NOS

Mally, Richard (On Tour—Midwest) ABC

Mastrot, Ralph (On Tour—Midwest) GAC

Martin, Freddy (Ambassador) Los Angeles, b

Max, Billy (On Tour—South) GAC

McGrain, Don (Hudson) Minneapolis, Minn., b

McIntyre, Hal (On Tour—South) GAC

Meyer, Jerry (On Tour—East) GAC

Miller, Bud (On Tour—Midwest) WA

Mooney, Art (On Tour—East) GAC

Morgan, Russ (Biltmore) NYC, b

Munro, Hal (Midford) Chicago, b

Neighbors, Paul (Chase St. Louis, Mo., b

Pastor, Tony (Rosevelt) New Orleans, La., 10/11-12/8, b

Pepper, Leo (On Tour—Texas) GAC

Petri, Eddie (Statler) Hartford, Conn., b

Price, Lloyd (Farmdale) Dayton, Ohio, 11/15-18, nc

Przysock, Red (El Rancho) Chester, Pa., 11/7-11, nc

Rank, George (On Tour—Midwest) GAC

Ray, Ernie (Avalon) Casper, Wyo., nc

Reichman, Joe (On Tour—Texas) GAC

Rench, Dick (Club Bar) Battle Creek, Mich., nc

Rudy, Ernie (Melody Mill) North Riverside, Ill., 11/7-12/4, nc

Sauter-Finegan (On Tour—East) WA

Sedlar, Jimmy (On Tour—East Coast) MCA

Soni, Larry (On Tour—East) MCA

Spyrak, Charlie (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA

Stricker, Ted (Plaza) NYC, b

Sudy, Joseph (Pierre) NYC, b

Thornhill, Claude (On Tour—South) WA

Williams, George (On Tour—East) GAC

combos

Adderley, Julian "Cannonball" (Blue Note) Philadelphia, Pa., 10/29-11/3, nc

Armstrong, Louis (Chez Paree) Chicago, 11/2-15, nc

Bel-Aires (Elks) Lewistown, Mont., pc

Bell, Freddy & The Bellboys (Pixie) 1921 Cottage City, Md., 11/6-19, nc

Bellefleur, Al Sextet (Dream Room) 10/29-11/16, New Orleans, La., nc

Blockbusters, The (Colonial Tavern) Toronto, Canada, 10/1-11/25, nc

Bonemere, Eddie (Embers) NYC, 11/14/70, nc

Brubeck, Dave (On Tour—East) ABC

Cavallaro, Carmen (Plantation Supper Club) 11/6-18 Greensboro, N. C., nc

Chamaco (Statler) Buffalo, N. Y., b

Charles, Teddy Quintet (Cotton Club) Cleveland, Ohio, 10/29-11/4, nc

Chavelles, Les (Plaza) NYC, 11/8-12/12, b

Dixieland All-Stars (Hunt Club) Berwyn, Ill., cl & r

Freshman, Four The (On Tour—Midwest) GAC

Four Sounds (Tajanna) Cleveland, O., nc

Gibbs, Terry (Ball & Chain) Miami, Fla., 11/7-19, nc

Grofers, The (New Frontier) 10/29-11/18, Las Vegas, Nev., b

Hiawatha and Tribe (Elkton) Quincy, Ill., b

Hunt, Pee Wee (On Tour—South) GAC

Jacks, The 3 (Wheel Bar) Colmar, Maron, Md., nc

Jaquet, Illinois (Winston Salem State College) North Carolina, 11/9-10, GG

Jordan, Louis (Orchid Lounge) Kansas City, Mo., 11/14-18, cl

Kaye, Mary Trio (Sahara) Las Vegas, Nev., 10/23-12/31, b

Les Jazz Modern Quintet (Marina) Washington, D. C., 10/30-11/11, nc

Mason, Bob Trio (Mills Valley) Sausalito, Cal., b

McLawler, Sarah & Richard Otto (Stage Lounge) Chicago, 10/31-11/30, cl

McPortland, Marian (Theatrical Lounge) Cleveland, Ohio, 10/8-11/3, cl

Mingus, Charlie (Sugar Hill) Newark, N. J., 11/2-15, nc

Murphy, Turk (Sart Club) Baltimore, Md., 11/6-13, nc, b

Newborn, Phineas, Jr. (Bohemian) NYC, 11/2-8, nc

Powell, Bud (On Tour—Europe) GG

Rouch, Max (Modern Jazz Room) Chicago, 10/24-11/4, nc; (Cotton Club) Cleveland, Ohio, 11/5-11, nc

Salt City Five (Apparella's) Buffalo, N. Y., 11/20-12/5, nc

Scott, Tony (Continental) Norfolk, Virginia, 11/1-6, nc

Shank, Bud (Jazz City) Hollywood, Cal., 11/9-12/6, nc

Shearing, George (Congress) St. Louis, Mo., 10/30-11/13, b

Shirley, Don (Black Orchid) Chicago, 11/1-24, nc

Sparks, The 3 (El Cortez) Las Vegas, Nev., b

Swinging Gentlemen (Orchid Room) Kansas City, Mo., 10/31-11/6, nc; (Farmel Country Club) Dayton, O., 11/8-10, nc

Towles, Nat Sextet (On Tour—Canada) NOS Turnabouts (N.C.O.) Rapid City, S. Dakota, 10/16-11/3, pc

Williams, Roger (Clut Alamo) Detroit, Mo., 11/12-18, nc

Winding, Kai Septet (On Tour—Virginia Territory) WA; (Fep's) Philadelphia, Pa., 11/5-16, nc

Young, Lester (On Tour—Europe) GG



Robert Oakes Jordan

In the article reproduced here, just as it appeared in the May 16 issue of "Down Beat", Mr. Robert Oakes Jordan reports his completely unbiased and impartial findings on the vitally important subject of tape quality. A leading authority in the high-fidelity field, and tape recording in particular, his comments are of interest to all users of tape recording equipment, professional and amateur alike.

High Fidelity

DOWN BEAT

By Robert Oakes Jordan

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

After the tests, we chose Audio Tape Type 61, made by Audio Devices, which through two years of tests and use, proved to be the most consistent of all the major tapes.

audiotape

TRADE MARK

**WINS INDEPENDENT TAPE TEST
BY LEADING HI-FI AUTHORITY**

... as reported in **DOWN BEAT** magazine

The tape test described by Mr. Jordan emphasizes two very important facts. (1) Different brands of recording tape vary widely in output uniformity. (2) Of all the leading brands tested, standard plastic-base Audiotape rated highest in consistency, uniform quality.

This outstanding Audiotape performance is the calculated result of extra care and precision in every step of the manufacturing process, from selection of raw materials to final coating, slitting and packaging. And this same uniformity extends throughout the entire Audiotape line.

Now there are 5 DIFFERENT TYPES of Audiotape, with base material and thickness to meet the exact requirements for every recording application. But whatever type you select, there's only one Audiotape quality—the very finest that can be produced. Ask your dealer for our new Bulletin No. 250, describing the newly-expanded Audiotape line. Or write to Audio Devices, Inc., 444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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