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January 9, 1957

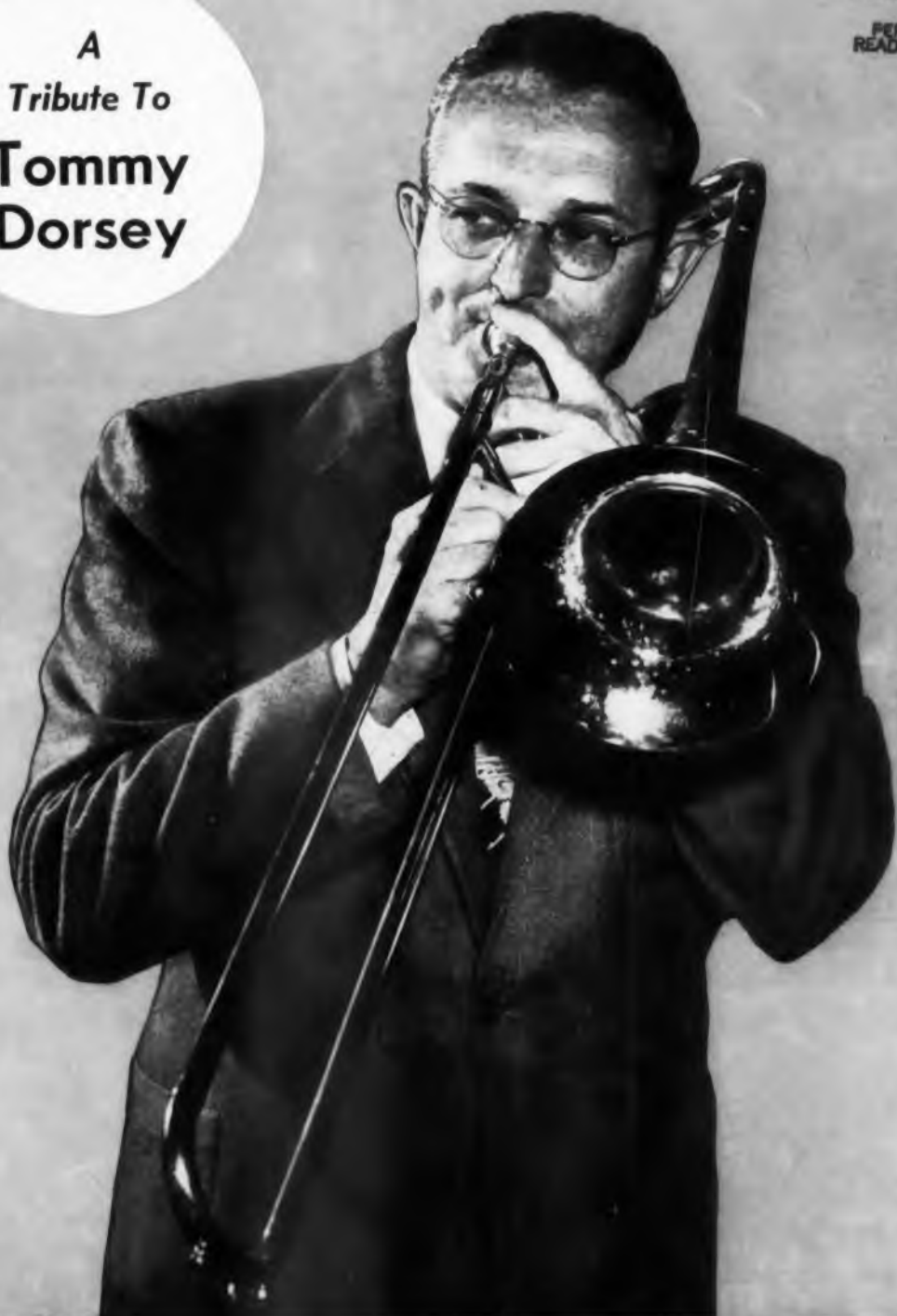
down beat.

THE UNIVERSITY
OF MICHIGAN

MAR 2 1959

PERIODICAL
READING ROOM

A
Tribute To
**Tommy
Dorsey**





to wish you all

a Cool Yule
and a Frantic First

and a billion thanks to everyone

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The Dance . . .

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

One of the most important things I learned during my recent playing trip to Europe was that the average college student, even though he did not understand modern jazz, liked to dance to it. The clubs had a larger percentage of people who came because of this. The people who wanted to just listen weren't noticeably disturbed by the dancing. In fact, without the dancers, I don't think half the clubs could stay open.

I'm sure in the States, the college set would rather dance to Dizzy Gillespie or Gerry Mulligan than Sam Syrup and his Maple Sugar orchestra. I'm sure the listeners in Miami, Minneapolis, or Dallas wouldn't mind some shuffling feet if because of it they could hear Miles Davis, Stan Getz, or Woody Herman.

The dance area wouldn't have to be in front of the bandstand, it could be off to the side so the listeners wouldn't have the dancers between them and the music. If the jazz clubs had the support of both elements—the dancers and the listeners—their chances of staying open would be greater.

I'm not saying it's the only answer—but it's worth some thought.

Herbie Mann

Samson . . .

Klip River Tvl., South Africa
To the Editor:

Just received your Oct. 31 issue. Would you please tell me how Nat Hentoff managed to grow such a lovely beard in only two weeks time?

Paul Meyer

(Ed. Note: He didn't shave.)

Flattering . . .

U.S. Army, Germany

To the Editor:

One of the most populated places on our post happens to be a small, pleasant library that has in it, in plastic binders, a basic selection of American magazines. I was surprised and delighted to discover one night that *Down Beat* had been added to them.

Most of these basic magazines reflect, from here, if only through their ads, an America devoted to mechanizing itself into a sort of Utopia whose greatness can be made greater by greater amounts of money for, perhaps, those things and the ingenious, or ingenious, minds who would create them. No home should be without the atomic garbage-demolisher.

Down Beat does not fit into this category. That does not make it less basic for me, but instead makes the others more superficial, dedicated to the proposition that it is not impossible to be materially opulent, impressive, and happy at the same time. *Down Beat* does not seem to concern itself with these trivialities; it seems to have at heart the nourishment of the sometimes weak, sometimes fabulous voice of a genuine American art: jazz.

Among other projects, I have been collecting jazz for a good number of my youthful years. I call it a genuine American art because it reflects, in some ways, what is for me the real American heart: that is in joyous riot because it is free.

I doubt that Europeans could ever blow as well. And at the same time, because America can have jazz, I can realistically wish that the country had a lot more to offer artistically. People refuse to see that an artist wants to give them something for almost nothing.

Sp-3 Howard Tubergen

Thanks . . .

Atascadero, Calif.

To the Editor:

Just a word of thanks to a very fine editorial report by Jack Mabley on the current sad conditions of television. More articles of this kind may someday help to rid the air of these tripe programs and replace them with some legitimate musical entertainment.

The only music we have now is Lawrence Welk, and that can hardly be called entertainment, except by those who are over 66 and those with the shallowest of taste.

Royal R. Roney

No Controversy . . .

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I have been reading your magazine for 10 years, and it is now time to write a letter. I'm not starting another controversy, but I must make these suggestions. It is imperative that you immediately discharge the present staff of critics and other "writers." Or if



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Duke's Waltz With Roy Eldridge, Oscar Peterson at the Organ, Ray Brown, Barney Kessel and Jo Jones.
Air Mail Special with that famous quartet of Oscar Peterson at the Piano; Ray Brown, Max: Herb Ellis, Guitar and Louis Bellson, Drums.
Come Back to Me Mine Here Billy Holiday sings with the group of Jimmy Rowles, Harry Edison, Benny Carter, Barney Kessel, Larry Bunkey and John Timmons.
I Want To Be Happy by the famous Lester Young Trio of himself, Nat King Cole and Buddy Rich.
Sunny Side Of The Street with the one and only Art Tatum at the Piano.
Shave Cream with an all-star group of Gene Krupa, Ray Brown, Teddy Wilson, Charlie Shavers, Ben Webster and Bill Harris.
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AMERICAN RECORDING SOCIETY, Jazz Division, 100 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N.Y.

January 9, 1957

that is impossible induct them with an intense brainwashing conducted by some jazz musicians, someone understanding what jazz is about, why, how, into. None of your critics understands modern jazz music, they have tin, tone-dumb ears lacking everything but the usual remote undefined emotional (possibly) experience, which also is not understood.

All this show friends, whether you are aware of it or not. The jazz musician knows you are, for the most part, an organization of phoniness, the serious listener surely knows, and the biggest drag of all, you know! Leonard Feather seems to be the only one who plays, but not to judge from the ridiculous thing he contributes you wouldn't know it, and it is assumed this is because, although he does play he really

doesn't play at all and, therefore, the sickness.

Nat Hentoff is more interested in the language than the music, this is apparent in his reviews, and it is suspected that what Nat really wants to do is establish a bunch of language vehicles, terms to be used by the historians, or as bad, other critics.

It is obvious he doesn't know anything about modern jazz, he doesn't play it, live near it, all he does is sit down and listen to it and then write about, and usually in bad taste at that.

These critics, and all the others you have writing for you are one of the biggest liabilities to the jazz musician in the business. Their whole dull attitude and misunderstood approach only does harm, even cultural harm as far as innocent students are concerned.

They haven't one ounce of humility to the jazz or the men who play it, they sit and pick and squirm. They are petty, in their concept and vociferous in their opinions, and they should all be done away with, as quietly and as quickly as possible.

William Scott

(Ed. Note: Now about those vociferous opinions . . .)

Brilliant . . .

NEW YORK, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR:

HEE HEE. THAT EDDIE CONDON—WHAT A FUNNY FELLOW. I'M SELLING MY TYPEWRITER. WHO COULD HOPE TO COMPETE WITH SUCH MATCHLESS WIT? I CAN'T STOP LAUGHING—"DUE BILLS"—INDEED. BRILLIANT—ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT.

THE OTHER EVELYN WAUGH

One Word . . .

Decatur, Ga.

To the Editor:

Re: your note to Kai Winding in the Nov. 28, 1956, issue of *Down Beat*. *Down Beat* is one word. "Mud."

J. Arthur Waldrop

Congratulations . . .

Spokane, Wash.

To the Editor:

Congratulations to Atlantic Records and Marvin Israel on their especially artful and striking cover for the Jimmy Giuffre clarinet album. This stimulating cover and the many impressive jacket efforts of Burt Goldblatt serve as classic examples of what can and should be done in the way of jazz album designs.

It has always been a complete enigma to me why many jazz record companies, already beset by the admitted problems of such a venture, should ignore, for no good reason, the obviously important facet of successful merchandising, visual advertising. What more direct form of visual advertising than the design on the jacket housing their product?

When jazz record companies invest their efforts in more tasteful, inviting cover designs, both the company and the jazz fan will profit considerably.

William Ruddy

Great Idea . . .

Providence, R. I.

To the Editor:

I've got a great idea for an arrangement. Sixteen men play *Pop Goes the Weasel*, and at the beginning of the second chorus, a trumpeter stands up and plays *April in Paris*. With maybe five or six endings, this can't miss.

Joel Cohen

Why? . . .

Madison, Wis.

To the Editor:

Just one question: Why does the very greatest, Ella Fitzgerald, get an arranger like Buddy Bregman, whose arrangements don't swing and hamper Ella very much (and are somewhat repetitious through any one number), when other great singers like Frank Sinatra, Dick Haymes, and June Christy can get superb arrangements to showcase their talents (i.e. Nelson Riddle on *Songs for Swingin' Lovers*, John Mandel and Ian Bernard on *Rain or Shine*, and Pete Rugolo on *Something Cool*)?

Robert Naujoks



* Thanks
Down Beat Readers
Erroll Garner

*Voted #1 Jazz Pianist in the 1956 Down Beat Readers Poll

COLUMBIA RECORDS

Latest Album

"Concert by the Sea"

Booking
Martha Glazer

Associated Booking Corp.

745 Fifth Ave.
New York

the first chorus

By Jack Tracy

THEY'LL BE TALKING about Tommy Dorsey for a long time to come. He was that kind of a man. Some of the stories about him and some of his accomplishments became legends even while he was still alive.

Stories of his generosity, his musicianship, and his appetites have been told for years. And so have tales about his explosive temper, his bandstand discipline, and his apparently limitless fund of energy.

Buddy DeFranco, a former longtime Dorsey sideman, loves to tell how Tommy would walk onstand after a strenuous couple of days off, pick up his horn, and without the slightest preliminary warmup play the difficult and exacting *Getting Sentimental Over You* theme song perfectly. He had an embouchure of iron.

Dorsey was a strong-willed man, and when he ran into a person of like temperament, sparks were liable to be struck. So it was with Buddy Rich and Frank Sinatra, among others who worked for him.

Although Tommy and Buddy were at each other's throats more often than not in the many years they were together, they respected each other thoroughly as musicians.

And so Buddy would leave the band in a huff, then get calls from Dorsey every few days asking him to rejoin. He'd return, they'd start fighting again, Buddy would leave, etc. It made for some exceedingly lively times if you were watching it from the sidelines.

Men who knew him long and well swear the only time Tommy's magnificent aplomb in front of a microphone was badly shaken happened onstage at New York's Paramount theater some 10 years ago as TD was being presented with his *Down Beat* poll award. His then-bride, Pat Dane, was called out to share the applause, and the ensuing conversation between her and Tommy is still repeated with greatest glee by men who love the "Did you hear about the time" type stories.

Tommy's penchant for Italian food was well-known, and he fancied himself one of the world's leading connoisseurs of that country's culinary art. Thus it is not difficult to believe the story sometimes told, considering the perfectionist in him, about the time his band unloaded from a bus at a roadside diner and piled in for a quick bite.

An exceedingly young trumpet player naively ordered spaghetti, and so infuriated by this breach of taste did Dorsey become, it is reported that he forthwith dumped a plate of ice cream on the dish of wet, red strings that were served and shouted, "You like slop, kid? Eat that!"

Tommy Dorsey lived a short life by today's count, but those 51 years were crammed exceedingly full. And he left behind him a lot of memories for those who remember being crushed against a bandstand to hear a perfectly oiled and coordinated machine play some of the best dance music anyone has ever heard.



down beat

Volume 24, No. 1

January 9, 1957

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special feature

A full combo arrangement right from the books of Charlie Ventura's group is featured in this issue's *Up Beat* section. Also included is another *Jazz Off the Record* column analyzing and illustrating a solo by Art Pepper.

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down beat



ON THE COVER

Tommy Dorsey, one of the men who helped to shape the dance band era, is paid tribute in this issue by many persons in the music world whose careers he directly affected. In addition, two articles by George T. Simon and Barry Ulanov help delineate the man and the musician who did so much for music. Other columns and articles by Ralph J. Gleason, Jack Mabley, and Jack Tracy are devoted to Dorseyana.

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OTHER MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT; UP BEAT; MUSIC '57; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS; RADIO Y ARTICULOS ELECTRICOS; BEBIDAS; ELABORACIONES Y ENVASES; RADIO Y ARTICULOS ELECTRICOS CATALOGOS.

strictly ad lib

NEW YORK

JAZZ: Louis Armstrong flew to London just to do a concert for Hungarian Relief Dec. 18 at Royal Festival Hall with the Royal Philharmonic orchestra and British jazzmen. Louis and Joe Glaser did it for free . . . Ernie Henry replaced Phil Woods in the Dizzy Gillespie band, with E. V. Perry back in the trumpet section . . . Correction: the Sunday Al Zeiger trio sessions (Down Beat, Nov. 28) on Sixth Ave. are not for the public . . . Leo Miller has instituted a new Sunday jazz series—5 to 9 p.m.—at the Westnor in Westport, in addition to the regular Tuesday sessions, now in their third year . . . Kapp Records is planning an unusual two-12" LP panorama of west coast jazz for late January release. Almost all the familiar names will be included, plus Warne Marsh's new unit, John T. Williams, and Med Flory . . . Ralph Burns, Gil Evans, and Ernie Wilkins did the writing for Billy Butterfield's first Victor dance band date . . . Atlantic's Nesuhi Ertegun went to the coast to record the Charlie Mingus Jazz Workshop, the Jimmy Giuffre trio, and T-Bone Walker. He also cut Joe Mooney in New York with Osie Johnson and Mill Hinton . . . In addition to selecting a winning combo, Jazz Unlimited's Sunday afternoon sessions at The Pad will also pick the best individual musicians. He too will get a gig at the club.

Erroll Garner due to make his first Swedish tour in June for three weeks . . . J. J. Johnson's combo is likely to play Sweden for six to eight weeks, starting in mid-June . . . Rolf Kuhn's quartet, with Bill Clark, Joe Benjamin, and Ronnel Bright, made their New York debut opposite Count Basie at Birdland in December. They go into Cafe Bohemia Feb. 1 for the whole month . . . Gigi Gryce's Jazz Lab unit that has been playing the Pad comprises Idrees Sulieman, Mal Waldron, Arthur Edgehill, and bassist Julian Euell . . . Les Jazz Modes at Birdland for a week Jan. 3. Front line has Julius Watkins and Charlie Rouse, with pianist Gilde Mahones, drummer Ron Jefferson, and bassist Martin Rivera. They have another Dawn LP due soon . . . Watch for 16-year-old modern jazz tuba player Ray Draper. He broke it up one Sunday afternoon at the Pad, and he will record for Elektra with his own unit of trumpeter David Phelps, trombonist John Gordon, bassist Bernie Upson, pianist Herbie Mickman, and drummer Mike Addest . . . Marian McPartland and Eddie Heywood are at The Composer . . . Watch for a comprehensive Savoy album of the complete 1945 Bird sessions that produced Ko-Ko, Now's the Time, Billie's Bounce, etc. John Mehegan is in charge and will contribute extensive liner notes.

ENTERTAINMENT-IN-THE-ROUND: Barbara Lea held over for the fourth time at the Village Vanguard . . . Lester Cowan is close to buying the screen rights to Lady Sings the Blues. Billie Holiday will soundtrack the music and Dorothy Dandridge may star . . . Basin Street owner Ralph Watkins, impressed by Lurlean Hunter's performance there, intends to have her back as soon as bookings permit . . . Lena Horne opens at the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria New Year's Eve . . . Nat Cole at the Paramount Jan. 23 . . . Tommy Wolf at Gatsby's on First Ave.

ON STAGE: Eartha Kitt may return to Broadway next year as mehitablel in Shinbone Alley, a musical version of Don Marquis' archy and mehitablel stories . . . Producer Dave Merrick wants Harry Belafonte for the lead in his upcoming musical Pigeon Island . . . Arnold B. Horwitt and Albert Hague, who wrote Plain and Fancy, have another musical scheduled for next season. It's called O Happy Me!, a story about the music publishing business. Lisa Kirk is sought for a leading role.

RADIO-TV: Chesterfield gobbled up Frank Sinatra's ABC-TV series, due next year, without even an inkling of what his show will be like . . . Perry Como signed Louis Armstrong for his final show of 1956 on Dec. 29 . . . The Mills Brothers and Gogi Grant are in Rory Calhoun's television series called Here Comes the Showboat . . . Jerry Lewis makes it solo on NBC-TV Jan. 19. It'll be an hour-long color spectacular, the first for the comedian since he split with Dean Martin . . . NBC-TV will take the wraps off a new conception of Tonight when Steve Allen leaves the show in the middle of January. Columnists from New York, Chicago, and Hollywood may take over the show and set it on an events-as-they-happen-in-the-entertainment-world

(Turn to Page 44)



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New York—A record buyer at Sam Goody's hauled his purchases over to the checking counter. The clerk noticed a Brahms Quartet LP between sets by Thelonious Monk and the Modern Jazz Quartet.

"What do you want with that?" asked the checker. "He don't swing."

An eavesdropping customer retorted. "No, man, but have you dug those changes?"

Victor Sets Up Dorsey Tributes

RCA Victor expects to release two Tribute to Tommy Dorsey LPs by Jan. 1.

Vol. 1 (LPM 1432) features the singing of Frank Sinatra, Jack Leonard, and Edythe Wright on such tunes as *I Hadn't Anyone 'Till You, Everything Happens to Me, I'll See You in My Dreams, Josephine, and You're a Sweetheart*, plus instrumentals like *Swanee River* and *Satan Takes a Holiday*.

Vol. 2 (LPM 1433) spotlights Sinatra, Jo Stafford, Connie Haines, Sy Oliver, and the Pied Pipers, performing such tunes as *East of the Sun, For You, Street of Dreams, Embraceable You, and Come Rain or Come Shine*, in addition to instrumentals like *Milenberg Joys, Tea for Two, and Chloë*.

Victor recently released three packages of Dorsey music. A two-record set, *That Sentimental Gentleman*, includes 28 pieces of Dorseyana culled from the NBC radio network files of air shots during the 1940-'44 period. Two other LPs, *Yes Indeed* and *Hawaiian War Chant*, include such Dorsey highlights as *Marie, I'll Never Smile Again, Boogie Woogie, Song of India, Once in a While, Chicago, and Sunny Side of the Street*.

The air shot sides feature Dorsey himself, too, playing, announcing, and swapping banter with announcers and sidemen.

Jean Schwartz, Writer Of 'Chinatown,' Dies At 78

Hollywood—Jean Schwartz, writer of *Chinatown, My Chinatown, Rockabye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody*, and many other hits died of natural causes in Burbank hospital on Nov. 30. He was 78.

A native of Hungary, Schwartz began playing piano in New York City cafes while in his teens. He later formed a songwriter partnership with William Jerome and, following success in that field, the two began a vaudeville act. Broadway musicals scored by Schwartz include the Shubert *Passing Shows, Artists and Models, and The Midnight Rounder*. He is survived by the widow, Sally, a brother, and sister.

Local 47 Rebels Sue AFM, Petrillo, Seek \$13 Million

By Charles Emge

Hollywood—The Local 47 revolt against AFM chief James C. Petrillo, smoldering quietly since the expulsion of its spearhead, Cecil F. Read, has broken out again. The action came with the filing of lawsuits here by more than 100 Local 47 musicians against Petrillo, the AFM executive board and others. The suits demand more than \$13,000,000 in damages.

The first suit was brought by 91 musicians "on behalf of 6,000 musicians employed in the recording industry." It is based principally on the charge that wage increases of 10 percent (Jan. 1, 1954) and 21 percent (Jan. 1, 1956) were negotiated by the AFM with the recording industry but that, in "breach of its obligation" to its members, the AFM "arranged for the diversion" of the money from these wage increases into the recording performance trust fund. Damages asked total \$8,587,900.

ALSO NAMED IN the complaint, filed in Los Angeles superior court by attorneys Harold A. Fendler and Daniel Weber, were 84 recording companies.

However, the "neutrality" of the recording companies is noted in the suit. No damages are demanded of the companies, only that they be restrained from making any further "royalty" or "wage increase payments" into the trust fund.

European Concerts Seen In Jeopardy

Paris—Jazz concerts featuring American artists may be on the way out in France and Europe, the *British Melody Maker* reported.

French booker Benoit-Levi was quoted as saying that American agents demand too much money, there is too much comedy in the concerts, and there is too little time between visits by different groups.

Benoit-Levi said he lost some \$5,000 on his Kid Ori tour, and even more with a recent Basie tour. He added that many fans, disappointed because "Louis Armstrong tended to fool about on the stand," may have stayed home to play Basie records rather than be disappointed if the Count fooled around, too.

He cited one solution: American agents putting on their own concerts and paying the bookers on the continent for organizing them.

Butterfield, Scott, Norvo, Montrose Wax For Victor

New York — Billy Butterfield has signed with RCA Victor, and his first LP will be with a 13-piece band. Tony Scott is also cutting a dance band set for the label with 19 pieces. On the west coast, Shorty Rogers is recording a Red Norvo LP, and Jack Montrose's first album for Victor. Rogers is Victor's west coast jazz director.

The first court action in the case was the granting of a temporary restraining order by Judge John J. Ford, enjoining the companies from making any payments to the fund in excess of the 5 percent royalty, which the record firms have been paying since the trust fund was set up in 1943. Both sides claimed the first inning as "a victory."

THE SECOND SUIT, which demands damages of \$4,468,950 of the AFM and was signed by 22 prominent studio musicians "in behalf" of 2,400 musicians and heirs of musicians employed in the motion picture studios, is based on the issue that sparked the Local 47 rebellion, reuse payments for theatrical films released to television stations.

This suit charges that the AFM entered into agreements with the film producers in 1952 and 1954 under which the recording musicians were guaranteed reuse payments of \$25 for sidemen, \$50 for conductors (and contractors), \$75 for arrangers and \$25 for copyists.

(Composers are not under AFM jurisdiction, furthermore, their product—original music—can be copyrighted, and the copyright usually becomes the property of the producer or studio engaging the composer.)

THE SUIT CLAIMS that since June, 1955, the reuse payments have been diverted illegally to the trust fund.

Also challenged in the suit is the 5 percent royalty payment, in addition to the reuse fees, which the AFM fund has been receiving from pictures released to television.

As in the suit naming the recording company as "neutral" defendants, the film studio musicians' suit names all major and independent studios as defendants—plus all TV film producers—but demands only that they be enjoined from making further payments into the fund.

A "show cause" hearing was set for Dec. 14. Attorney Michael G. Luddy is heading up the defense for the AFM.

Feather-Allen Jazz History

New York—Steve Allen is narrating a two-12"-LP set, *The Jazz Story*, for Coral. Script is by Leonard Feather. Some 40 records or excerpts thereof will be used in the album which ranges from pre-jazz roots to the modern scene.

Willie (The Lion) Smith has recorded a description of historical piano stylists for the project. A session on folk roots featured guitarist George Barnes, plus Lou McGarity on violin.

Sylvia Syms: Interlude, Hollywood

For the follyday season, Interlude owners Harry Weiss and Glen McMann chose shrewdly when they signed Sylvia Syms for the stint running through Christmas week. Only an attraction of Sylvia's dynamism is capable of pulling the crowds into the spot dominated for eight frantic months by Frances Faye.

Because of Miss Syms' firm base in jazz vocalizing, it was imperative she be backstopped by no ordinary nitery group. Bassist Harry Babasin heads the intrepid supporting quartet, including Arnold Ross on piano; Don Overberg, guitar; Jimmy Pratt, drums. The quality of accompaniment provided by the group and their between-sets jamming make for a fortunate, if all-too-rare, musical phenomenon on the usually arid Sunset Strip.

Sylvia's voice is a swinging horn, though it displays a tendency to stridency at times. She is consistently moving at all levels of dynamic and emotional expression: In Yip Harburg's tender *Then I'll Be Tired of You* or the uptempo, free-wheeling *Tea for Two*. In the latter particularly is her phrasing and unerring beat an object lesson to today's young vocal comers.

Her between-tunes exposition amounts to a virtual peripheral education in American musical comedy—a rich, skillfully handled touch.

The inevitable *I Could Have Danced All Night*, apart from being a required rendition in recognition of the singer's recent hit record, is belted in bounding, shouting spirit. It isn't until the second chorus, however, when the rhythm section shifts into straight 4/4 high gear, that the place really rocks. Babasin lays down the beat with such unconfined joy, both aural and visual, that digging him alone makes the number a happy experience.

Miss Syms confides a fear that she's losing her identity with jazz due to recent successes with pop hits. Strictly on the basis of her Interlude stand, though, it would appear extremely doubtful that her fear has substance. The mystery remains why she hasn't made the west coast nitery scene before.

—tynan

**Barbara Lea:
Village Vanguard, New York**

The young woman who was the critics' choice as new-star female vocalist in the 1956 *Down Beat* poll made a pretty package—visually and aurally—in her appearance here.

Barbara looked trim and cute in a tasteful black cocktail gown. She sounded swinging and relaxed on the bouncy tunes in her set. On a ballad and a bluesy tune she exhibited a warm, husky voice, with just a touch of vibrato for tonal polish.

She opened with a bouncing *Honey in the Honeycomb* and then swung into an amusing Willard Robison tune, *Revolver Jones*. The latter number is a musical adaptation of the old joke about the man, Jones, who warned his wife he would turn over in his grave if she misbehaved after he was gone. Barbara looked as though she was having



Barbara Lea

as much fun as the audience on this.

On Ellington's *I Didn't Know About You* and on *I Had Myself a True Love*, she sang the words with meaning and with a beat. *Nobody Else But Me* and *Blue Skies* were taken at a peppier tempo, one in which she is completely at ease.

So much has been written about Miss Lea's similarity to Lee Wiley that perhaps an important factor has been overlooked. She has a vocal texture somewhat similar to Miss Wiley's, but for this reporter the similarity ends there. If there is any one outstanding influence in Barbara's style, it is the voice and horn of Jack Teagarden.

Not that she phrases or inflects like Big T. Rather, she has his feel for a song, his ease of getting around in a lyric without losing the melody line or the beat. Everything Barbara does, it becomes apparent on repeated listening, is her own, but with the Teagarden flavor.

On a subsequent set, she did *Gypsy in My Soul*, *Our Love Is Here to Stay*, *The Devil Is Afraid of Music* and *I Love Jersey City*. On these numbers, the Teagarden ease and casual competence came alive.

The over-all impression is that Barbara is developing on sure ground. She is avoiding material that would invite comparison to Miss Wiley, or other female vocalists, and by doing that she is building herself a library of tunes as yet not done to death. She looks as though she is having fun on the stand. And that, coupled with the solid musical background she has, should do much to extend her as a prominent vocalist.

—dom

**Faith Winthrop, Dick Marx, John Frigo;
Mister Kelly's, Chicago**

Faith Winthrop is a young, robust, appealing Bostonian who abandoned her role as an education major at Boston university more than three years ago to attempt to scale the wall of jazzdom. This pilgrimage has taken her from Boston to Bermuda to San Francisco and Hollywood and has resulted in a soon-to-be-released LP for Epic.

The majority of the interpretations in Miss Winthrop's debut set at Kelly's indicated more emphasis on suave,

story-telling tunes than on jazz-inspired creations. She opened with a smoothly rocking, cleverly conceived *I'm Havin' Myself a Time*. Her approach to *They Can't Take That Away from Me* indicated an astute perception for lyric expression. *When the World Was Young* became a dramatic, but disciplined, Galsworthyian reminiscence, with considerable, justified emotional substance.

Miss Winthrop sang and whistled her way through *Merry Minuet*, a tune Charles Addams could have written. The philosophy expressed in one line characterizes the mood: "What nature doesn't do to us will be done by our fellow men." *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea* showed indications of Miss Winthrop's ability to swing, but this characteristic was more tantalizingly evident than obvious.

She turned to "the most promising folk song of them all," *Shuffle Off to Buffalo*, complete with up-to-date lyrics and scat breaks. She romped through the 1935 heirloom, *The Gentleman Obviously Doesn't Believe* and concluded with the rarely heard, but delightful, tribute to homicide, *George*.

With the exception of a few scattered moments, highlighted by the few bars of scat breaks in *Buffalo*, Miss Winthrop's first night program showed more of a devotion to bistro ballads than jazz tradition. If she is to genuinely satisfy her stated devotion to jazz, she must march in the front door, instead of waiting for an invitation.

Although she manifests an appreciable amount of forceful charm in performing her current repertoire, as illustrated opening night, it might be wise for her to eliminate some of these tunes, however clever, in order to include tunes which would allow her to use her voice as a bona fide jazz instrument.

Now regulars on Monday and Tuesday nights at Kelly's, pianist Dick Marx and bassist-violinist John Frigo provided Miss Winthrop with the kind of swinging backing that could make Jan Peerce come on like Presley. Their efforts as a duo made for additional satisfaction.

Although how they play is more important than what they play, among the tunes they massaged were *Hooray for Love*, *Midnight Sun*, *Take the "A" Train*, *Satin Doll*, *Joey*, *Lullaby of Birdland*, *All the Things You Are*, *Autumn in New York*, and *You Stepped Out of a Dream*.

Marx constantly manifests an acute sense of dynamics, from forceful, percussive attacks to delicate, fleeting passages. Assuming full command of his instrument, he creates a variety of harmonic moods. His cascading chordal sequences, massive in impact, and his perceptive ear for variations on a theme make him a pianist of considerable stature.

Frigo's bass sound contributes a thoughtful, rhythmic counterpoint to Marx' virtuosity. Together, they create an integrated, meaningful jazz mood. On *Autumn and Dream*, Frigo played movingly hip violin, subtly melodic on the former and excitingly swinging on the latter, with Marx' pulsating piano spurring him on. Thanks to months of working as a duo, Marx and Frigo have found a cohesive, inspired, creative sound.

—gold

Reviewer Has No Times For Basie

New York—In what may turn out to be the most controversial jazz review of the season, John S. Wilson wrote in a *New York Times* appraisal of a recent Count Basie concert at the Brooklyn Academy of Music:

"The appearance of Count Basie's band . . . last night put an unfortunate emphasis on the limited range of this jazz group. Part of this limitation can be traced to the unimaginative and repetitious quality of the band's book, part to the make-up of the band, which is capable, but with only two or three exceptions, not distinguished.

"The band, which was once the finest flower of the swing era, swung infrequently . . . Most of these rare moments occurred when Mr. Basie, his guitarist, Freddie Green, and his bassist, Eddie Jones, got some quiet breathing space by themselves.

"But for most of the evening, the band's level was monotonously fortissimo and instead of actually swinging, it seemed to charge headlong, battered hither and thither by Sonny Payne's bull-in-a-china-shop drumming."

From Muggs To Diz, They Honor The Lion

New York—The large number of participants in the recent Central Plaza concert honoring Willie (The Lion) Smith on his 40th year in music included prominent jazzmen from Muggsy Spanier (who was ill and did not play) to Dizzy Gillespie (who blew in a set with Herman Autrey, Pee Wee Erwin, Tony Parenti, Arvell Shaw, Art Trappier, and the Lion).

Among the other musicians who played were Cliff Jackson, Jimmy McPartland, Eddie Barefield, Vic Dickenson, Zutty Singleton, Red Allen, Eddie (Mole) Bourne, George Stevenson, Bobby Hackett, Herb Hall, Andy Russo, Dick Cary, the entire Wilbur DeParis band, Hank Duncan, Sol Yaged, Meade (Lux) Lewis, Wingy Manone and his 13-year-old drummer son, Jimmy, Conrad Janis, Wild Bill Davison, Jo Jones, Sam Taylor, Panama Francis and Gene Sedit. Some 500 were in the audience.

Elliott To Lead Quintet On New York TV Show

New York—As of Jan. 7, Don Elliott will lead the quintet on the *Ted Steele Show* over WOR-TV, Monday through Friday, 2-4 p.m., here. He is signed for an indefinite period under a contract whereby eight weeks' notice has to be given by either party.

Elliott will continue to work clubs and an increasing number of college dates weekends, and he will again be at the Composer here for probably 17 to 20 weeks in the coming year. He begins a four or five-week stay there Jan. 17 or 24.

Restless Natives

New York—The scene: the balcony of an all-night movie on 42nd street.

On screen, Richard Widmark and female await a morning attack by the Apaches (Indians never attack at night unless they get time and a half).

The war drums are throbbing in the background as Widmark and female exchange meaningful despair. Suddenly the drums stop. Silence.

"Why have the drums stopped?" the female anxiously asks Widmark.

"Because it's a bass solo, you idiot," came the voice from the balcony.

Newport Jazz Heading East?

Boston—A jazz package organized by the board of the Newport Jazz festival would be taken to Europe and Iron Curtain countries in 1957 under plans being worked out by George Wein and Louis L. Lorillard of the Newport festival and producer Billy Rose.

It was reported that Wein announced Rose had approached the festival leaders with the plan, which would depend on the world situation at the time.

Rose toured Europe, Russia, and the Red satellite countries last summer on a presidential mission to promote a cultural exchange of some 500 artists. Lorillard said Rose wanted about 30 jazz artists for the 20-week tour.

Jazz artists for the tour, if it materializes, would be selected by the Newport Jazz festival board.

Granz Signs Woody For Clef, Verve

New York — Norman Granz has signed Woody Herman. Woody will cut jazz for Clef and pop for Verve. Also newly added to the Verve roster are Billy Daniels and Rose Murphy.

Granz still has four unreleased 12" Art Tatum solo LPs, plus several other sets including Tatum. Among the latter are a session with Ben Webster, a quartet date with Jo Jones, a second trio session with Benny Carter and Louie Bellson, a second trio album with Lionel Hampton and Buddy Rich, and a record with Buddy DeFranco released on the ARS mail order label and soon to be available on Clef in retail stores.

Business Is Goody

New York—Sam Goody, king of the record discounters, is expanding into the west coast and European markets. Under survey are several locations for the Goody low-cost record operation in Los Angeles and at least two European countries. Goody also is reported ready to move into Philadelphia and Boston.

Hibbler, Heywood, Christy With Heath

New York—The second Ted Heath American tour, opening here Feb. 8, will include Al Hibbler, June Christy, and Eddie Heywood. Heath receives top billing with Hibbler second. In exchange for the Heath unit, Count Basie begins a British tour April 7 for 16 days. Wilford Alexander is booking the Heath tour while Harold Davison is handling the Basie journey through Britain.

A partial Heath itinerary includes: the Academy of Music in Philadelphia (Feb. 8); Carnegie hall (9); Rochester, N. Y. (10); Pittsburgh (13); Cleveland (14); Chicago (15); Detroit (16); Columbus (17), and Dayton, Ohio (18), Bloomington, Ill. (23), Cincinnati (24), Toronto (28).

Basie will play Glasgow, Newcastle, Leicester, Sheffield, Bristol, Wolverhampton, Luton, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and Bournemouth in addition to dates in London.

Count, King Onstage At NYC Paramount

New York—Count Basie and Nat (King) Cole will play a week onstage at the Paramount theater here starting Jan. 23.

Although not a clear-cut return to the stage show policy for which the theater was famous in the '30s and '40s, the Basie-Cole package may represent the first in a time-to-time series.

"Whenever a package comes along that we can afford, we'll play it," a theater spokesman said. In the planning stage at presstime was a stage show to be presented with the release of Betty Hutton's new picture, *Spring Reunion*. This package would be headed by Betty and Ella Fitzgerald.

Since dropping a regular weekly stage show policy, the Paramount has presented individual bills which have done well at the box office. Most recently, a Frank Sinatra-Dorsey Brothers package played last August in conjunction with the release of Sinatra's picture, *Johnny Concho*. Jackie Gleason and his troupe also have played the Paramount stage.

Carnegie Hall To Be Torn Down In 1959

New York—Carnegie hall, showcase of great classical and jazz artists for decades, will be torn down in the spring of 1959. The Philharmonic Symphony society, which was attempting to stave off destruction of the hall by raising funds enough to buy it, did not take advantage of an option to buy the hall.

Concerts will continue to be given at the hall until the society's lease expires in April, 1959. Tentative plans were made by the society to move to a new location in the proposed Lincoln Square cultural center.



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Tommy Dorsey: The Impatient One

By George T. Simon

THE SHOCK of no Tommy Dorsey is just beginning to wear off. The vast void in the music world and in the lives of those of us who were lucky enough to have known him well is never going to be filled, for, just as there never can be another Tommy Dorsey, the musician, there never can be another Tommy Dorsey, the man.

As the shock does wear off, many things come into focus. One of the most startling is that if Tommy Dorsey had been a little less impatient, he might easily still be with us today.

For Tommy was impatient. He was generous and kind and, of course, very talented. He was full of love of good people and of good things. He was ambitious and alert and sensitive—so terribly sensitive—and he loved to live. He was a driving man, a powerful, dynamic, driving man. And he was impatient.

FROM ALL REPORTS, his last actions were typical. Lately he had not been happy. Those close to him knew it only too well. He loved his home and his family, and the thought of its disintegration made him acutely miserable. With the dreaded divorce proceedings just a few days off, Tommy obviously couldn't have gone to bed that night a content human being.

Tired and depressed, he must have wanted deep sleep as quickly as possible. So, enough pills for a quick and good night's rest . . . too many pills to be able to fight off nausea . . . sickness . . . choking . . . death.

Tommy left the world a great deal. His music, of course, the greatest mixture of swing and sweet ever produced by any one orchestra. What other bands could boast of singers like Frank Sinatra, Jo Stafford, Dick Haymes, Connie Haines, Jack Leonard, Stuart Foster, and all the others? And of jazz musicians such as Bunny Berigan, Bud Freeman, Davey Tough, Pee Wee Erwin, Johnny Mince, Charlie Shavers, Ziggy Elman, Louie Bellson, Buddy DeFranco, Terry Gibbs, and all the rest? And of arrangers such as Axel Stordahl, Paul Weston, Dean Kincaide, Sy Oliver, Bill Finegan, and Ernie Wilkins?

TOMMY LOVED TALENT. He recognized it and encouraged it and he never seemed jealous of the numerous stars in his band. I can recall many nights when he'd stand there in front, trombone in hand, and call off chorus after chorus for the various men in his band, smiling at them with sincere admiration, exhorting them with "take another . . . and another . . . and one more." Sometimes Bud Freeman, whose imagination, wit and drive floored Tommy, would blow a dozen choruses in a row.

Maybe one reason Tommy encouraged jazzmen so much was because he saw in them a quality he felt he lacked. He knew his capabilities as a sweet trombonist and as a technician (he would have had to be both tone deaf and completely dishonest with himself not to recognize this amazing talent), but, despite the public's opinion, he never

fancied himself a good jazz instrumentalist.

This was brought home very forcibly to me one night on an all-star record date in which I asked Tommy to play some jazz. "Nothing doing," he told me. "What business have I got playing jazz when Jack (Teagarden, who was on the date) is in the room!"

I DIDN'T ARGUE with Tommy. People seldom did. He knew what he wanted, not only in such isolated instances, but also in life as a whole.

A self-made man, he wanted to do many things and to do them his way. Here again it was impatience—impatience with routine, with tradition, and with the apparent mediocrity and inefficiency of others. Band bookers bothered him. He was sure they were doing things the wrong way. So, in typically dynamic Dorsey fashion, he opened his own successful booking office and booked himself and even tried to get some of the biggest names to come with him.

The same thing went for recording companies. Just recently he outlined to me in great detail how he planned to have a huge record company, with many top stars, including his own band with which, on his own, he had recorded dozens of new jazz instrumentals, and how he felt everyone would make out much better financially and in other ways.

TAKING THINGS INTO his own hands like this was nothing recent with him, either. He was one of the first, if not the first, of the big name bandleaders to form his own music publishing company. And back in the '30s, when he wasn't completely happy with the music magazines, he made plans to release his own, though, as I recall, all he ever did do was print up one or two quite small editions.

But he always had to be doing something extra. While other name bandleaders were busy enough attending to their music and careers, Tommy would be trying out new ventures.

Investments intrigued him, and he was constantly dabbling in oil wells, several of which came through for him. For a while, model electric trains fascinated him, and I can recall when he bought thousands of dollars worth of equipment at one time—so much of it, in fact, that I doubt if he ever got to unpack all of it.

More recently it was a home workshop, beautifully outfitted with all sorts of saws and drills and all the other tools with which to make things. Tommy showed it to me a few months ago, and I had the feeling that this was one of those things he was going to get around to some day—some day when he had enough time.

HE HAD TALKED to me of the day, with great longing, almost 20 years ago. His band was riding high. He was terribly busy, and he was complaining about the fact that he didn't have enough time in which to do the things he really wanted to do.

"Mark my words," he said to me. "One year from today I'm going to be out of this business and really live the kind of a life I want to." Mark his

words I did—in print, in fact—in a magazine for which I was writing at the time. But, so as not to harm his future bookings, I didn't mention his name—just wrote about "the famous bandleader who will, etc. . . ."

Well, of course, as you know, Tommy never did quit, but one year later Artie Shaw did, and to a lot of persons Tommy had made me a great scoop artist.

Those were the days of Bernardsville, N. J., where Tommy had a fabulous home, complete with swimming pool and tennis court, and to which he regularly invited huge entourages for weekend visits.

THERE WERE pinball machines, a hi-fi set (long before hi-fi was fashionable) and fabulous food and drinks, and, of course, much laughter—very much laughter. That's something that Tommy loved probably most of all—to laugh and to be happy with friends. He had a very keen wit, and the laughs were always there at Bernardsville, where the entire band would come out after winding up Saturday nights at the Pennsylvania.

Tommy would put them all up in bunks, the musicians and friends like Johnny Mercer, Lennie Hayton, Clay Boland, and all the many others who were attracted to, and attractive to, this man.

They were all there, and they were all in many other places, too. For wherever Dorsey went, he attracted persons. That there were always so many of them with him was not so much because he needed them, the way other, more insecure performers do, but rather because he wanted them, because this was HIS way of living, his very full way of living.

Undoubtedly, some of them made certain they were always within reach, because so long as Tommy was around, they were sure of eating and drinking. For this was a generous man, who shared his good fortune with others, and who saw to it that the persons he loved and admired were well taken care of. Such as the times he used to send a sick Davey Tough to a rest home, all expenses paid, until he was well enough to return to the band—but only if he wanted to come back.

HE SHARED HIS musicianship, too, some of it most unwittingly. Sinatra and Jo Stafford and Leonard all credited their phrasing to the nights they spent listening to Tommy blow his trombone—those long, clear phrases, with the breath not at the obvious place at the end of each four or eight bars, but in between them, so that there'd be enough air with which to tie phrases together, and thus make a much more attractive whole out of each chorus.

And as for trombonists—well, Tommy was to the melody men what his idol, Louis Armstrong, has been to jazz trumpeters.

This was Tommy Dorsey. The man who had so much to give—and gave so much. And the man who was impatient—too impatient for his own good and for the good of all of us who miss him.

Music World Offers Tributes To Tommy

Scores of musicians, entertainers, singers, and music business men lost a personal friend when Tommy Dorsey died.

The depth of their feelings can be gauged by these brief summaries of their feelings, expressed on learning of Dorsey's death:

Paul Whiteman: "He was a great friend, a wonderful musician. He was wonderful to his boys, and he was a most generous host. His death was an irreplaceable loss to the music business, and the band world will sorely miss him."

Eddie Condon: In his New York *Journal-American* column, *Pro and Condon*. "The thing I remember best about Tommy is his generosity. Back in the early '30s, when things were about as tough for jazz musicians as they are right now for button-shoe manufacturers, Tommy was only a sideman working in various bands around New York."

"But whenever Tommy had some money, so did his hard-luck friends, and whenever Tommy was eating, they ate, too."

"He had a place out in Merrick, L. I. Many a weekend, he would load up a bunch of hungry musicians in a couple of cars and haul us all out there, and we'd play ball and drink beer and eat as though we hadn't eaten for a week, which in most cases was true. Those weekends made a lot of us feel that the weeks of looking for and never finding any work were actually worth it."

"Tommy Dorsey was the greatest host I've ever known in my life. And one of the greatest human beings, I might add. He was a perfectionist. A wonderful musician himself, strictly drilled by his father to do only his best, he expected his own musicians to do their best. Sometimes he was carried away by his desire for perfection. Tommy had a temper and never attempted to keep it locked up when music was being played. He insisted that everybody had to be playing right up to the top of his form."

"To some kids who read this . . . Tommy Dorsey was a figure out of the past. But you can hear him on records, and you'll find he's as fresh and modern as any of the present-day idols. The trouble is, you won't be able to know him the way a lot of us did. And we'll never forget him."

Frank Sinatra: "There are so many things I can say about Tommy Dorsey that I can't even begin to put them into words. He was without doubt a great and gifted musician. Most of the knowledge I have of the music business I got from him."

Connie Haines: "He was like a father to me. He was like one of the family. All the kids who were with Tommy are successful and doing just great. He had a knack for finding talent, and he always gave talented kids a break. Everybody was loyal to Tommy."

Sy Oliver: "Tommy's death is a great shock to me. He was a great man. It

certainly marks the end of an era. They say that no one is irreplaceable, but I'd like to see someone replace Tommy."

J. J. Johnson: "It has often been said that the trombone is the nearest instrument to the human voice as relates to sound and tonal texture. My opinion is that Tommy Dorsey more than any other trombonist gave substance and meaning to this observation. I've heard it said that Tommy Dorsey influenced singers as well as trombonists, especially where phrasing, breath control and co-ordination in general is concerned."

Miff Mole: "I was deeply shocked to learn of Tommy's death. He and I were great friends. I've known him since 1920, and to me he was the greatest trombonist. I remember working with him in various little groups and for college proms with Bix and others. It's a great loss. He is irreplaceable. He contributed so much to the music we have today."

Bud Freeman: "I met Tommy and Jimmy at what was probably the first jam session on record, held at 222 N. State St. in Chicago, which later became the Three Deuces. They were with Paul Whiteman, and we all sat in. I went with Tommy later. Tommy was known by many people to be a tough guy, but he was always fine with me. He gave me a great deal of freedom in his band, and if I became at all famous as a soloist, he is responsible for it. I have a very warm feeling toward him."

"Lots of people might have said he was difficult, but I always felt that if a man could play, Tommy would give him his solo. When I heard of his

death, I couldn't believe it. It was just as though this was a dream and it would turn out to be not true."

Vincent Lopez: "Jimmy and Tommy both worked for me back in 1925. I can say this about Tommy—he always respected me. He always called me Mr. Lopez and introduced me any time I went where he was playing. He was a real gentleman."

"He was a real Irishman. He may have been rough, but he had a heart of gold. You never had any trouble with him if you leveled with him. The fights are an old myth. He was 100 percent musician. He had a great ear and knew rhythm and melody. He could immediately tell a good man. You could never fool him musically. Fabulous really goes with him. He was a wonderful musician and an excellent businessman. He had the nerve to gamble, and he was smart by going into the Statler (hotel, where the Dorseys' band was playing at the time of Tommy's death) and sitting there . . . making it a base of operations."

Jackie Gleason: "Tommy Dorsey symbolized an era in popular music. He was the Pied Piper of the jazz-swing era, and to millions of popular musical devotees—and professional musicians—he was a key factor in the band business, maintaining a hold on the public interest in its most critical period in history."

"He had that electric vitality so necessary to meet the changing tastes of a frenetic public, and it was this vitality, too, that he was always able to infuse into his sidemen. It was this

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Among the bandleaders attending the Hollywood portion of Jackie Gleason's tribute to Tommy Dorsey were (second row) Stan Kenton, Billy May, Lee Brown, and Ren Pollack.

By Barry Ulanov

TOMMY DORSEY was one of jazz's great liaisons with the outside world. Dozens, perhaps hundreds, of classical musicians first learned to respect the instrumental skills of jazzmen when they listened to Tommy.

Thousands of others, musically literate or not, recognized that in the sound of his trombone there was more pleasure for their ears than in the playing of most men on most instruments.

Tommy recognized, too, that he had this effect upon the musical public, upon many musical publics; and so, either because of a taste for public acclaim, or a genuine affection for a simple and sweet balladry, or a yearning for the inevitable corollary of both, the big money, he turned more and more from jazz to a music that was many steps removed from it.

It was a music that was often sticky and stiff at the same time, a music that upon occasion wasn't particularly good to dance to and was sometimes quite unpleasant to sit and listen to.

And yet, for all the compromises and the latter-day indifference to jazz, Tommy was a jazz musician, an uncommonly good one, who never entirely forgot the craft he learned three and four decades ago with the Jean Goldkette and Paul Whiteman bands; working beside Bix Beiderbecke and Eddie Lang and Frankie Trumbauer, with his brother Jimmy and Joe Venuti and Carl Kress; playing in pick-up bands with Benny Goodman and Don Redman, with Bud Freeman and Frank Teschemacher and Bubber Miley.

TOMMY WAS a Dixieland musician, then; a Chicago jazzman, if that distinction holds any importance for you, in his playing associations, his jazz postures and predilections. There is no mistaking the Miff Mole influence in what you can hear of Tommy in the early records. There is no way of missing a straightforward two-beat style in such jazz as his small band of the late '30s, the Clambake Seven, used to play—both in the playing of the band and in Tommy's own solos.

As soon as Tommy had made over the Joe Haymes band into his own outfit, in early 1936, it paraded an orthodox Dixie flavor. His soloists were Maxie Kaminsky and Joe Dixon and himself. His drummer was Dave Tough. And soon afterwards there came Bud Freeman and Bunny Berigan; and then Pee Wee Erwin and Johnny Mince.

More than any of the various successful editions of the band that followed, those personels of 1936, 1937, and 1938 reflected Tommy's own tastes. They called it "swing" because that was the tag that sold records, but what it was, we must recognize today, was a fairly polished version of Dixieland that for all its firm eye on the boxoffice could never escape its leader's firm foot on the floor and just as tight grip on the slide, pushing an ingratiating two-beat music that I for one am quite content to call jazz.

TOMMY'S TASTES were strictly two-beat, really. It makes good sense that when he turned to a louder, heavier jazz in the early '40s, it was to the Jimmie Lunceford version that he moved. Sy Oliver became his jazz arranger and the heavy two of the brilliant Lunceford band became his jazz



Eddie Condon, Max Kaminsky, Bud Freeman, and Bobby Byrne were among the jazzmen who played on Jackie Gleason's CBS-TV tribute to Tommy Dorsey.

TD: Jazzman

identity. It isn't Tommy himself that one thinks of when one reaches back in the mind's ear for the sound of that very satisfying rabble-rouser, that band of the flying wedge formation, of screeching trumpets and driving rhythm.

No, it's Sy to begin with, and scores such as *Swanee River* and *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* and *Deep River* and *Opus No. 1*. And then it's the trumpet section, notably Ziggy Elman and Chuck Peterson blowing together, Ray Linn's several stints with the band, and the wonderful *esprit de corps* which made for such a sumptuous ensemble in the jazz or behind Frank Sinatra or the Pied Jipers or Jo Stafford.

No, one doesn't think of Tommy when one thinks of the sound of the Dorsey powerhouse of the '40s, but it was his band and one that reflected high standards of musicianship, perhaps the highest all-around musicianship that any band so clearly directed at the boxoffice ever was able to pitch at and hold to. It was a sleek band. It was a swinging band. Its best sides still make good musical sense, the good musical sense of Tommy Dorsey.

THERE IS SO MUCH of Tommy that maybe his musical sense isn't always apparent—so many records, so many hundreds of sides. But to some of us who have been chronicling this music for most of the time Tommy was a significant figure in it, these are more than just long lists of records that hit and records that didn't, more than just the incubators of Sinatra and Stafford, more than just a file of sales figures and bank statements. Somewhere back in those lists are a company of distinguished jazzmen; every band that Tommy ever put together, for rec-

ords or the road or just a quick blow on the radio, had somebody who was good, sometimes three or four, and more often than not a half-dozen.

It's sad that it takes a man's death to achieve something like perspective for him, even a glimmer of critical proportion in the measuring of his achievement. But if it has had to wait until now to be said clearly and openly, let it be said that his—that Tommy Dorsey's—was an achievement of size. Let it be said, often, and if possible with corroborative evidence drawn from the record files and from air checks, that his was a much greater achievement than Glenn Miller's, a much more substantial contribution to jazz than that of most leaders of the '30s and '40s, even if not of the consequence of a Duke Ellington, a Woody Herman, a Benny Goodman.

And if his bands had durable musical qualities, so did Tommy's own performances. He never made the mistake of supposing that he was so versatile a musician that he could turn to a tradition quite foreign to him and make it his own. Never did he try his hand at a trombone concerto fished out of the early 19th century or the late 18th. Never did he go looking for a trombone sonata or trio or quartet to show himself the chamber musician he wasn't. Never did he commission, so far as I know, a Hindemith or a Stravinsky or a Prokofiev to dash him off a little night's music, a good blow for the longhairs.

The closest he came to such an out-of-character musical monstrosity was in *Sleepy Lagoon* and one or two other oily employments of strings. It never got too serious; he never became pom-

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A Careers



Backstage at Hollywood theater 10 years ago: actor Laird Cregar, the former Mrs. Dorsey (Pat Dane), David Rose, Tommy, and Count Basie.



Possibly the last picture of Tommy, taken Nov. 19, 1956, at his birthday party held at New York's Hotel Statler.



Onstage at the Paramount theater in New York: TD and Gene Krupa received their *Down Beat* awards. Pat Dane is between them.



From the movie *I've Got Rhythm* came this still, with Dorsey leading the band as Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland sang and danced.

ees Ended



They had their squabbles, but this 1941 picture shows TD and Benny Goodman buddy-buddy as Dorsey paid Benny a visit at the Meadowbrook.



Jackie Gleason gave the Brothers Dorsey their TV break when he turned over part of his show to them regularly for their Stage Show segment.



Tommy and Buddy Rich, two volatile personalities, were rejoined when the Dorseys took over Stage Show and Rich once more became a member of the band.



The Dorsey Brothers—Tommy and Jimmy—who headed some of dancedom's best bands.

John Frigo

The Well-Rounded Jazzman

By Don Gold

THIRTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD John Frigo is a bassist, violinist, trumpeter, lyricist, artist, and satisfied suburbanite.

He digs Ray Brown ("he plays the instrument properly"), daily commuting ("it gives me time to think of lyrics and TV jingles"), and pastel paintings ("but without that *smooth* look found in most pastel works").

Although the Chicago-born musician never has had a formal lesson on bass or painting, he has found justified success in both. With more than 30 years of study and experience as a violinist, however, Frigo hopes to crash through the jazz barrier on that instrument.

HE BEGAN studying violin at the age of 7. He continued his formal studies until he was 15. While in high school, he discovered that the school orchestra needed a bassist. With self-taught rudiments as a basis, he won the chair.

After his school days, he spent three years in the coast guard, playing in service bands with Kai Winding and Al Haig. He joined the Chico Marx band, on bass and "comedy fiddle," in 1941. From '45-'47 he was bassist with the Jimmy Dorsey band.

After the Dorsey gig, Frigo joined guitarist Herb Ellis and pianist Lou Carter to form the Soft Winds trio. During his stay with the group, the three wrote *I Told Ya I Love Ya*, *Now Get Out* and *Detour Ahead*. John's *99 Guys* was recorded by Woody Herman. The group toured for six years. Then Frigo returned to Chicago.

ONCE SETTLED IN his home town, he turned his attention to the development of his violin talent in a jazz atmosphere. He joined pianist Dick Marx and singer Lucy Reed in a successful engagement at the Lei Aloha. This lasted three years. Then, Frigo and Marx moved into the Cloister inn. Recently, they moved north on Rush St. to Mister Kelly's.

In addition to his work with Dick, John is a freelance member of the ABC staff, and a new Mercury recording artist. He's scheduled to cut a jazz violin LP soon, with voices and rhythm. He says he feels that his bass playing has benefited from his efforts on violin.

"My bass style has developed in respect to my violin playing; the latter has developed through playing with jazz groups," he says.

"Many so-called jazz violinists improvise, but maintain that schmalzty, gypsy feeling. Their changes don't reflect real jazz expression.

"Sound classical training usually means little exposure to jazz. I had a good background on violin, left it for years to play bass, returned to it to find that the jazz influence had permeated my approach on both instruments."

FRIGO IS AWARE of the demands made on the bassist by his instrument. He notes, "There is a necessity to create more than a walking bass line. I play aggressive bass; I don't feel it to be a secondary instrument. It contributes, by an inspiring beat, to the performance of the other musicians. This is what provides the bass player with satisfaction. And, of course, this inspiration works as a reward for him, too, since the other musicians pass it back to him.

"Full maturity comes when one is entirely aware of his role in a group, his integration with the other members of that group."

As a jazz violinist, he is embarking on a crusade to win recognition for his instrument, on conceptual as well as technical grounds.

"**MY VIOLIN STYLE** reflects all my likes," he says. "Because I paint, I search for tone colors in playing, almost playing in terms of colors. The violin can lure you to playing so many phrases which fall easily on the instrument. In jazz, there is a constant temptation to play for technique's sake, rather than in terms of flowing concepts."

Frigo's diversified activities keep him busy but never too busy, because he does what he enjoys doing and little else. This results in a self-accusation.

"I've never taken music seriously," he says. "I suppose if I did, I'd want to concentrate on one instrument. I play violin, bass, and trumpet now. I paint, too. I want a normal home life. I have to sacrifice some things, but I want a comfortable life, with the opportunity to express myself creatively.

"I enjoy this diversification of interests. I enjoy playing violin on the WLS *National Barn Dance* show. It's not jazz, but you can't fool those people. I don't feel it to be square, and I enjoy it because it's another way of expressing myself. It's a challenge to be authentic and be appreciated."

JOHN LIKES TO TALK about his painting. It's not an obsession, but a relaxing hobby, and that's the way he wants it to be.

"When I was very young, I was fascinated by maps," he recalls. "Before I was 7 years old, I could draw the entire U. S., complete with state lines. When I began traveling as a musician, I started on pastels.

"I've never taken an art lesson, and I've yet to take it seriously. I don't depend on it for a living, so I sell, when I do, just to people who appreciate them, people I know. I've avoided the art element, the critics, the professional buyers, because I paint when I want to and what I want to."

This carefree attitude is not reflected in the opinions of those who commend his work. Several dozen of his paintings have been bought, including several for \$250 each.

IN TERMS OF HIS widespread interests, John looks to a many-faceted future. He intends to maintain his jazz violin fluency by continuing with Marx. He feels he's learned much, harmonically speaking, from Dick. His violin solo of *Polka Dots and Moonbeams* in the Brunswick LP, *Too Much Piano*, which he cut with Dick, followed by his work on the Marx-Frigo Coral LP, attracted Mercury. He hopes to record several LPs devoted to jazz violin in months to come.

He says he wants to see Europe and he hopes that a successful LP will help him get there. Some day he'd like to have his own trio. Above all, he refuses to limit himself.

"I don't want to be limited to any one form," he says. "I'm taking advantage of suburban commuting to write lyrics and TV jingles, for example. I don't want to restrict myself. Most important, I want to play as creatively as possible. When I'm 50, I want to feel I'm playing as modern as the 20-year-old cats."



By Don Gold

ON NOV. 2, 1956, George Garda, 26, boarded a Red Cross truck in Budapest, Hungary, a besieged city. Hours later, with nothing but the clothes he wore, he arrived in Vienna, Austria. The first part of a long-cherished hope had come to life.

Days later, Garda arrived at Camp Kilmer, N. J., processing center for hundreds of Hungarian refugees. Today, Garda lives with an aunt in Chicago. Currently, he is unemployed.

Garda is a drummer. In Budapest he had been secretary of the Hot club, a jazz society. In America he hopes to find the outlet for jazz expression not always available in Hungary. Above all, he wants Americans to know that jazz has a home in Hungary.

Garda has a story to tell.

"LET ME TELL you that the youth of Hungary enjoy jazz," he says. "After the war, the Americans came and brought jazz. But it was just two years; then the Commies came in.

"I remember seeing American films before the Russians came. I saw a Glenn Miller film, one featuring Harry James, and the one about the Dorsey brothers. After these films appeared in Hungary, a great interest developed in jazz. Dancing became popular. Musicians began to study jazz. I remember people going through the streets singing *In the Mood*."

However, after 1948 there was little American jazz in Hungary. Russian music and films flooded the country. Garda remembers that movie houses were empty. By 1950, the Communists had assumed complete control.

"They taught that jazz is bad," Garda notes, "that it is bad, imperialistic, capitalistic music. They said it poisons the minds of the youth.

"There were no jobs for jazz musicians. You had to play 'Hungarian jazz.' We heard our jazz on the U.S. army's station in Munich."

SINCE MUSICIANS were prohibited from playing jazz in public, Garda and his friends gathered in apartments to play for their own enjoyment.

"The more anything is prohibited, the more people like it," Garda states. "If they knew AFN-Munich was going to broadcast jazz, the fans would travel miles to get to a radio. I remember that in those days we were fascinated by James, Miller, Dorsey, Teddy Wilson, Krupa, Art Tatum, and Goodman."

In 1951, for the first time, Garda heard the sounds of Charlie Parker, John (Dizzy) Gillespie, and Max Roach. He liked what he heard. Inspired by the jazz sounds penetrating the iron curtain from Munich and the *Voice of America's* daily four hours of dance-jazz music, Garda and his friends began collecting jazz records.

"We collected 10 to 20 records," he remembers. "All were smuggled through the Communists. I don't know how we got them in, but we did. When one of my friends would get a new record, he'd call all the members of our group to hear it. He would call and say, 'Tonight we have one Gillespie and one Miller,' and we would rush to hear them."

IN 1953, THERE was little live jazz to be heard in Hungary. In Budapest, Garda listened to records and practiced on his drums. Then, when Joseph Stalin

died, there was a relaxation of the harsh Russian attitude toward jazz. The Russians did not accept jazz but came to adopt a hands-off policy toward it.

In 1954, Garda helped form the Hot club of Budapest. The group was headed by Juyla Roy Schmidt, who knew a good deal about jazz in America. The group had five music advisors—for drums, piano, guitar, saxophone, and trumpet. The group designed its own emblem and had lapel pins made. But these pins were not worn in public.

"On Dec. 31, 1954, we held our first jam session," Garda recalls. "We held it in an apartment. Invitations were not published, but members were notified."

Garda and his jazz compatriots formed jazz groups patterned after those headed by American jazz stars. They had a Shearing-like quintet, a group inspired by Mulligan's pianoless quartet, and a Getzian unit. Regular sessions were held in member's apartments.

INEVITABLY, SOMEONE reported the group to the Russians. The scandal

"That concert featured a Shorty Rogers' kind of music," Garda says. "Someone had obtained Rogers' arrangements by mail. In addition, we featured smaller groups, following the examples set by stars in America."

In July, Czech and Yugoslav jazzmen joined Garda's group in the last session at the Gellert bar. The Hot club had a concert planned for December. The chaos that forced Garda to flee destroyed the plans of the Hot club as well.

GARDA REPORTS that Hungarian jazz fans prefer modern sounds. He contrasts this to the preference for traditional jazz in Vienna. He cites the Hot club's favorite artists as an illustration of the popularity of modern jazz in Hungary.

"Our all-star group would read like this," he says. "Russ Freeman, piano; Shelly Manne, drums; Stan Getz, tenor; Paul Desmond, alto; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Chet Baker, trumpet; Gerry Mulligan, baritone; Johnny Smith, guitar; Milt Jackson, vibes; Eddie Safran-ski, bass; female singers Ella Fitzgerald and June Christy; male singers

Behind The Iron Curtain

of "subversive American jazz" was spread throughout Budapest. Club members were warned that a recurrence of this "American propaganda" would result in a visit from the secret police. Meetings were suspended for six months.

In July, 1955, Czech bandleader Charles Vlach appeared in Budapest for a series of concerts. Before being admitted to Hungary, Vlach had been warned not to play jazz. Vlach didn't keep his promise. Five thousand fans cheered wildly as Vlach's band put on a concert that lasted six hours.

Encouraged by Vlach's feat, Garda got in touch with him and managed to get a job as drummer with a group appearing in one of Budapest's leading hotels, the Gellert. Naturally, Vlach's band just happened to be living at the Gellert. As a result, the hotel bar was the scene of some of the most swinging sessions in Hungary.

"Vlach had a trumpeter like Baker and two altomen like Bird," Garda says. "One night we had a session that made me feel like I was in Carnegie hall. Vlach's brass and reed sections were first-rate, and our rhythm section was excellent. The best of both groups made for a stirring session."

ACCORDING TO GARDA, Vlach contributed to the enthusiasm for jazz in Budapest and inspired the Hungarian jazzmen to defy the authorities.

In April, 1956, the Hot club conducted a public concert in a rent-free hall. This took place because the musicians assured the police that they would play Romanian folk music. This time they sent out invitations. More than 1,000 fans attended; at least 500 more were turned away. At last, jazz had a public hearing.

Chet Baker and Nat Cole, and Stan Kenton, favorite orchestra."

"We can't understand how any band can be rated above Kenton," Garda says. "But we mean his recent group, not the old 'progressive' band."

The small-group sides most often heard in Hungary are those by Shorty Rogers, Dave Brubeck, George Shearing, and Modern Jazz Quartet.

Despite this devotion to jazz in America, Garda feels that Hungary has many jazzmen who could find a place in our jazz scene.

"Julius Kovacs, a 29-year-old drummer, is the best jazz musician in Budapest," he says. "He started playing when he was 6. He practices 10 hours a day. Shelly Manne is a better drummer, but I can't imagine anyone being far better than Kovacs," he adds. Kovacs was Garda's teacher.

THREE HUNGARIAN pianists, Attila Garay, Ivan Zagon, and Tibor Gyimeai, are derivative, but creative, jazzmen. Guitarist Gabor Szabo is another prominent jazz influence in Budapest, although he's only 18.

In the Hungary he left, most jazz records are smuggled in from abroad. The president of the Hot club manages to supplement the supply with arrangements and records which he obtains from a member of the U. S. consulate in Budapest. The club has a recording machine, which is used to record tunes played on AFN and the *Voice of America* programs.

Garda says he hopes that American jazz fans will send records, arrangements, and phonographs to Hungarian jazzmen, once the current situation eases. He says he feels that in time

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The Duke

(Ed. Note: This is the second of a two-part interview with Duke Ellington, in which he discusses his career, bands, and viewpoints on jazz.)

By Nat Hentoff

Big Bands and Durability: Next, bands and whether Duke sees signs of a possible return to widespread big band prosperity.

"It's hard to say," he said. "I only see it from my own point of view. Trying to keep an organization together always has its problems. I mean when you stay in it all year. If you have a band for three months when there are a lot of college dates and other things to fill in with that make it pay off, and then you take a rest and come back six months later, that's good business. Unfortunately, I'm not a good businessman. If I did that, took time off, and weren't in it all the time, being away would take its mental toll. I mean not being able to participate, not being able to hear what you want at the exact moment you want to hear it.

"Some people have the cigaret habit as I have the grapefruit habit. But I also have the music habit. I have to have a certain amount of music every day. And as I said before, the most important thing is listening to it."

WHAT WERE THE factors, Duke was asked, that have enabled him to field a band every year all these years, even during the death valley days of the band business?

"Well, we were talking a while ago about how unfair it is to compare a present band with our band 10 or 20 years ago," he began. "But we can go the opposite way, too, in this context. Our band has a lot of different audiences to draw on. We not only have the audiences who get our albums today—kids in schools and colleges—but a lot of our time is filled by people who romanced and married to *Mood Indigo*.

"People, for example, come into Birdland and say, 'We came here to celebrate our 25th anniversary, and this is our daughter who is 21 today. We met at the Dartmouth-Harvard dance when you played there, and we thought there was no better way to celebrate than coming to hear you again!'

"It happens all over the country. You get two and almost three generations sometimes. In Chicago, there may be a couple who used to come to the College Inn to hear us, and their daughter saw *Jump for Joy* three times. We have all these other audiences through the years to draw from, and so we're not totally dependent on the audiences we have accumulated just this year or the last year or the year before last. And having these other audiences to draw on fills up the dates that are not normally good dates.

"The generations are getting closer and closer, just as the world is getting

smaller and smaller. And the generations of jazz are getting so tight."

Critics: What of the critics? Is Duke bothered by them or does he ignore them?

"What can you say?" he asked. "You either agree or disagree. Beyond that, if it's your performance that's being criticized, naturally you sometimes feel people didn't understand what you were trying to do and you feel that they didn't have the proper scale of appreciation to apply to the performance. You feel that if they had consulted you and asked what you had intended here in this place, you might have been able to hand them a yardstick by which they would have been better able to measure. When it's a good review you look at it and laugh and say, 'Real great.' If it's a bad review, by the way, there's always some considerate friend who'll make sure you see it, like, 'Did you see what... said about you?'"

"You can't afford to be bogged down too much with negativism, because it takes too much of a mental toll and takes you too much away from what you're doing and may mess up your next thing."

"If you pay too much attention to it, you say, 'If the man has a license to criticize me, how can he challenge my right to criticize him?' And that can go on to the 10th power. What it is is freedom of speech from which comes freedom of expression in music, speech, and everything else."

Repertoire: A musician in Ellington's band had complained to this writer that too many numbers in the book were being played too often and as a result the musician felt insufficiently challenged from right to night.

"That's a result, of course, of requests and so forth," Ellington replied. "Suppose four albums come out this year. The audience that comes to hear you will request a general run of numbers, and you have to play them. If you don't, you're the worst from their point of view. The other night a cat sat through four sets waiting for *Skin Deep*.

"I know, they say I have 200 numbers in the book I never play. I'd like to hear them, too, but you can't play 200 different numbers in one night. And you can't go around the country and not play *Mood Indigo*, *Sophisticated Lady*, and *Solitude*. And those numbers, don't forget, have served us very well. And those are the numbers, too, that we have to play when there's an audience where a lot of people have no appreciation of the wilder things.

"**WE FILL A LOT** of gaps in playing a lot of places where people aren't really jazz addicts. Like the Elks club in New Philadelphia, Ohio. Those people are just the solid citizens of the town, and to them Ellington is *Mood Indigo*. You may have to play it all night. The cats in the band who play



way-out jazz sit there and get juiced if they want to.

"Or take the Lake Shore Country club in Chicago. In a place like that, I do all the work. People gather around the piano and ask for a lot of songs, and the cats in the band just roam all around the bar.

"Another thing is I don't want to educate people. I'm as interested in modern music and jazz as anyone else. I love to do it and listen to it and there are some people in it who kill me, who knock me out. But I have to respect an audience, too. If somebody comes to hear me, I have to respect them first as people. And that means I can't be rude to them. I wasn't brought up that way, and I see no reason to change.

"Getting back to repertoire. Take *Diminuendo and Crescendo*. Before Newport (the jazz festival), we really hadn't played it too much. We hadn't overdone it. And we haven't done it much since then until we got to Birdland, and now we play it a couple of times a night. I don't know whether the men in the band realize it, but the reason we haven't done it too much since Newport until now is that I knew the round of requests was coming. I knew that the minute the record came out, we were going to have to play it often.

"**THE THING** I remember about Newport is that we opened with the national anthem, played a number, and then didn't come back until last. I said to George Wein, 'What are we—the animal act, the acrobats? By the time we got on, we'd be playing just exit music, because a lot of people have to get over that bridge by a certain time, or make curfew, or catch a suburban train because they have to go to church tomorrow morning, and any number of things!'

"I really griped, but I went along, and we did the best we could."

The best, it was pointed out, turned out to be the key experience of the festival.

"Well, which all proves skill is wonderful to have if and when the four points converge," Ellington commented.

The four points?

"Being at the right place, doing the right thing, before the right people, at the right time."

By Ruby Braff

FOR YEARS IT has been my misfortune to be dragged by piano players because I love that instrument and its possibilities so. I lose more pianists that way, but it can't be helped.

It seems that playing piano is too much of a job for the average piano player. Most persons started playing piano because it was conveniently at their disposal. Had they attempted some instrument not connected with the rhythm section, they would have had to realize that it's no fun to accompany the pianist, because he's got more control than anyone else in the band.

The pianist has two chances to destroy you—with rhythm and with harmony. As a rule, he does both. Even some of the biggest names on piano can't play behind anyone. They're constantly soloing.

A PIANIST IN A jazz group has to be a doctor, otherwise someone has to get hurt. Look at the things a pianist must have in addition to what the other guys must have.

Every jazz musician has to be a drummer in his playing. Every phrase, if it's any good, must be rhythmical as well as anything else. So, consciously or otherwise, all players have to drum. Many players don't have a beat but sound good because the guys in the rhythm section are wailing so well. Conversely, some players play so outstandingly well that the untrained ear doesn't know that they're playing in spite of their bad rhythm section.

The pianist must control the orchestra which he has at his fingertips, so that it does not interfere with the flow of the bass feeling and so that the harmonies he's playing are helping instead of channeling the soloist. The pianist must consciously be a student of percussion.

THROUGH THE YEARS, people have mentioned the great bands of Duke Ellington and Count Basie and others. They always have taken note of the soloists in these bands, some of whom weren't that great.

Many persons who think about Duke think only of his ability in arranging and composition or of the other wonderful artists such as Hodges, Brown, Blanton, or Webster who played with him. Few realize that when Duke is at the piano, he is drumming behind the soloists the greatest, like Count, but with his individuality still coming through. Duke has a wonderful touch. It's not noticed as much because behind a solo he's playing in the background where he's supposed to be—not the foreground!

Duke did interesting things to both rhythm and harmony 20 years ago. But like all the greats, he plays simply and logically behind you so that you can do all the things you like without being handcuffed. One can be out in the street when Duke or Count are playing, and if the soloist stinks, you can still know at what bar the guy is. Always every chord is hit as loud as it should be, and it's hit when it will be most helpful.

FROM WHAT I have seen or heard, generally speaking, people think about the Basie band of a few years ago as a great band of great soloists. It's no

mistake, but the reason for the nice things they had the opportunity to develop is the guy relatively few know about. The Count himself.

It was Basie's conception that paved the way for the so-called modern rhythm sections, which, in most cases, are way out of control.

If Walter Page couldn't be heard and was being choked by Basie's playing, Jo Jones would have been powerless to breathe himself, making it impossible for us to have heard the kind of drumming that marked him the greatest.

Had Count played more than he thought necessary behind the soloist, he would have had to clash with Freddie Green. And we would never have heard this great rhythm section. That means that all the guys like Pres, Buck, Edison, Vic, Jones would have been cramped in their playing.

AT DIFFERENT TIMES I've heard persons say about Count's former sidemen, "He doesn't sound as good as he used to." If true, it's because he's not playing with piano players who have Count's time and taste.

This drumming thing is physical, not just mental. There are no tricks to developing a good left hand, for example. You develop the muscles by work. When Count needs a change of pace behind his right hand or someone's chorus, his left hand can become a pretty strong rhythm section.

One might think that there should



How I Lose Piano Players

be a million ways to play piano behind someone, but I don't think so. All the great pianists have ended up (without them getting together and conspiring) with the same things in common in their playing behind a soloist, varied as their styles may have been, or are. The more the soloist would play, the less the pianist would play and the more percussive he'd try to get. Now pianists play whole-note chimes and fugues behind you. What a favor!

Many terrible piano players I hear end up taking a freer solo of their own than anyone else in the group because they can't accept the horrible background that they've made you the victim of. When they take their own solo, they automatically call for help from the orchestra in their left hand.

AND IF YOU'LL notice, that left hand plays a lot less in their own solos. It's always accenting and always pushing. In some rare cases, the left hand will try to stride for a change of pace or for percussive reasons.

Whatever the left hand is doing during these pianists' solos, it's doing the best it can not to hurt the right hand so that the pianist has a good time during his chorus. If his left hand did to his right what he does to other in-

strumentalists, he couldn't play note one. After all, he hasn't had experience fighting pianists behind him.

As far as I'm concerned, one of the wonderful things about jazz is that you're supposed to build compositions on as high a level as you can against relatively simple backgrounds.

MANY PERSONS I run into who like my old-fashioned playing, have asked me (too often) what I think certain musicians are trying to do with the harmonies. I'm not sure, but whatever it is I hope they hurry. Maybe their experiments with voicings and harmony will help some day, but I think most of them should busy themselves trying to make any melody swing in its first form and make that good.

A lot of pianists and musicians can't hear the changes to *Honeysuckle*, but they sure can alter them. Because their substitutions are so abstract that you can't point at them and immediately say they're wrong, they get away with murder.

I don't know if all the bad qualities in piano players is the reason for Gerry Mulligan's decision to do without one, but if piano players don't hurry up and make with a beat, other groups will eventually do without them, too.

Ella Fitzgerald-Louis Armstrong

Ella and Louis

1

Verve 4003



Ella Fitzgerald

Cole Porter Song Book

2

Verve MGV 4001-2



Ellington

at Newport

3

Columbia 934



Shelly Manne and his Friends

My Fair Lady

4

Contemporary 3527



The Modern Jazz Quartet

Fontessa

5

Atlantic 1231



Stan Kenton

Cuban Fire

6

Capitol T 731



Erroll Garner

Concert by the Sea

7

Columbia 883



Stan Kenton

In Hi-Fi

8

Capitol T 724



James Moody

Flute 'N The Blues

9

Argo 603



Clifford Brown and Max Roach

At Basin Street

10

EmArcy 36070



Jazz Best-Sellers

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

11 June Christy Misty Miss Christy

Capitol T 725

12 Albam-Wilkins Drum Suite

RCA Victor LPM 1279

13 Brubeck and J & K at Newport

Columbia 932

14 Chris Connor

He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not

Atlantic 1240

15 J. J. Johnson-Kai Winding

Jay and Kai plus 6

Columbia 892

16 Dinah Washington

In the Land of Hi-Fi

EmArcy 36073

17 Louis Armstrong Ambassador Satch

Columbia CL 840

18 Jimmy Giuffre

The Jimmy Giuffre Clarinet

Atlantic 1238

19 Perkins-Lewis Grand Encounter

Pacific Jazz 1217

20 Miles Davis - Milt Jackson

Quintet - Sextet

Prestige 7034

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RAY CONNIF

Ray has gathered about him a big and brassy band and a mixed chorus for this 12-tune production entitled 'S Wonderful' (Columbia CL 925). The results are danceable, although there's a sort of shuffle beat through most of the numbers. The chorus, singing wordless sounds with or against the sections of the band, gets a little wearing after the first few tracks. The over-all feeling of the album is that someone has collected the final production numbers from a lot of film musicals. A solo instrument or voice might have agreeably broken the over-all texture of the album. Ray polished up the 'S Wonderful score he did for Artie Shaw in the late 40s, and updated the *September Song* chart he did for Harry James a few years later for this collection. Also in the set are orchestra-chorus treatments of *Dancing in the Dark*, *Speak Low*, *Stardust*, *Begin the Beguine*, and *I'm an Old Cow Hand*. The last-named would go pretty big as a single. It has more individuality than the others.

FATS DOMINO

Rock and Rollin' (Imperial 12" LP 9009) is one of the best of all the rhythm and blues sets available. Antoine (Fats) Domino of New Orleans, first of all, is a blues man; he rocks the blues with invigorating warmth, an irresistible beat, and no gratuitous larynx tricks. Fats just sings. His instrumental background could certainly be less insistently limited melodically and harmonically, and the three instrumental tracks are the least interesting parts of the album. But when Fats sings, the roots of the best of rhythm and blues become powerfully clear. Included are *My Blue Heaven*, *Careless Love*, and *When My Dreamboat Comes Home*.

JOHNNY GREEN-RUSS GARCIA

The Johnny Ever Greens Played by Russell Garcia (ABC-Paramount 12" LP ABC-147) is a large (16 songs) sampling from the works of Green. Garcia conducts his own apposite arrangements, and there are sound, unpretentious performances by Don Fagerquist, pianist John T. Williams, vocalists Eddie Robertson and Sue Allen, the Jud Conlon Rhythmaires, and on one track, Bill Ulyate and Cappy Lewis. Among the other distinguished sidemen are Howard Roberts, Joe Comfort, Alvin Stoller, Buddy Childers, Joe Howard, Dick Nash, Tommy Pederson, Milt Bernhart, Ted Nash, Jack Sperling, Albert Marx produced. Titles included *Body and Soul*, *Out of Nowhere*, *Steam Is on the Beam*, *I Cover the Waterfront*, *Coquette*, *There's a Ring around the Moon*, *I'm Yours*.

HELEN MERRILL

Dream of You (EmArcy 12" LP MG36078) is Miss Merrill's third LP—and her best. And it is also an arranging triumph for Gil Evans who did all the scoring and also conducts. On four tracks, there are five strings; on four others, a reed quintet and one trombonist with four rhythm, and on

another four, six horns and four rhythm. Evans, an extraordinarily sensitive and supple colorist, writes with a particularized care for the contours (linear and emotional) of each song as well as with a measured understanding of Helen's texture and phrasing. Without, his is as personal an arranging voice as exists in the pop-jazz field today. His string writing, by the way, is ahead of that of almost all his contemporaries in this idiom, since it is imaginative scoring for strings, not an attempt to make strings into horns or into rubber-foam mattresses.

As for Helen, she has retained and deepened her attractively throaty warmth, her jazz cry, and intense desire to get inside a song. Her instrumentalized, jazz-blown phrasing has become less strained although there is still an occasional tendency to overblow, to overdramatize. What she still needs is a more consistent touch of wit, of lightness, of buoyancy, for all in this life is not Dostoevskian. But she is certainly a moving experience to hear and feel, and this is an impressive LP. Next time by the way, Helen should stand farther back from the mike.

There are valuable solos by Jimmy Cleveland, John LaPorta, Hank Jones, Oscar Pettiford, Barry Galbraith, and Jerome Richardson. Full personnel for all tracks should have been provided. There is an excellent selection of relatively underdone songs such as *Anyplace I Hang My Hat Is Home*, *I've Never Seen, A New Town Is a Blue Town*, *Where Flamingos Fly*, *I'm Just a Lucky So and So*, and *Troubled Waters*.

MARK MURPHY

Meet Mark Murphy (Decca 12" LP DL 8390) is an unusually important record debut. Murphy, 24, is that rarest of all singers—a real stylist who is original, musical, and rarely distorts to gain his special impact. He also has a fine feeling for time. Like a jazz singer, he plays in and around and over the beat. Though not a jazz vocalist, he is clearly jazz-influenced, and his phrasing is imaginatively instrumentalized. He not only understands all the emotional connotations of the lyrics he sings, but he often expands and elasticizes their meaning so that you hear them with new insight.

Murphy is fortunate to be backed by the expertly apt arrangements of Ralph Burns, who also conducts. (That's Tony Scott on *Limehouse Blues*.) Good selection of tunes, including *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square*, *I'm a Circus*, *Exactly Like You*, *Two Ladies in De Shade of De Banana Tree*, *You Mustn't Kick It Around*, and *If I Could Be with You*. Murphy won't make it as quickly as, let's say, the more tricky Johnny Mathis, but with any luck, Mark should be much more important musically.

JOHNNY RICHARDS

With the pilot group of the band he is forming, composer-arranger-leader Richards has put together an eight-piece set called *Something Else* by *Johnny Richards* (Bethlehem BCP 6011). The band is composed of four reeds, four trumpets, French horn, four trombones, tuba, piano, bass, and two percussion. Paradoxically, the weakness and the strength of the album are in the writing. There are moments when this band generates tremendous

excitement; others when the material is stagey and over-dramatized. On the two standards in the set, *For All We Know* and *Long Ago And Far Away*, the treatment glistens once the effects are out of the way. *Burrro Borracho*, a Richards original sketching musically the tribulations of a drunken donkey, profits by the applied dramatics, and emerges a memorable piece of humorous writing.

Richards' *Dimples* has a pretty theme, absorbingly developed by the band and the soloists, but opens with coy percussive effects. *Band Aide*, the sole flag-waver in the set, moves along briskly with booting solos by Richie Kamuca, tenor; Marty Paich, piano; Stu Williamson, valve trombone; Frank Rosolino, glide trombone; Buddy Childers and Maynard Ferguson, trumpets; Charlie Mariano, alto.

PAUL WHITEMAN

Paul Whiteman: 50th Anniversary (Grand Award two 12" LPs 33-901) is the most ambitious project thus far attempted by Enoch Light's label. The first side is *Rhapsody in Blue* professionally re-energized by pianist Buddy Weed, clarinetist Al Galodoro, and trumpeter Charlie Margulis. Though a considerably overrated piece, the sentimental "jazzy" *Rhapsody* sounds better in its original orchestration for large dance orchestra—as here—than in the usual mock-symphonic arrangement.

The second side of the first LP includes Lew Davies' arrangements of *When Day Is Done* (featuring Margulis), *It Happened in Monterey*, *Limehouse Blues* (with Eddie Manson on harmonica), and *Ramona*. The arrangements are in character since they tend toward inflation and fanfarish corn. The last track has Joe Venuti with quartet in *Autumn Leaves*.

The second LP is much the better, thanks mainly to the presence of Jack Teagarden and Johnny Mercer. Big T sings and plays with man-size warmth and directness in *Jeepers Creepers* and *Christmas Night in Harlem* (both duets with the delightful Mercer) as well as *Basin Street*, *Lover*, and *Lazy River*. There's also an agreeable Hoagy Carmichael *Washboard Blues* cut in Hollywood with an orchestra directed by Van Alexander. Tommy Dorsey is heard in *The Night Is Young* and *My Romance*, Jimmy Dorsey in *The Dreamer in Me*, and Venuti again in *How High the Moon*.

The album ends with a tape from a radio show on which Bing Crosby, Harry Barris and Al Rinker (the Rhythm Boys) clown through some ancient gag material and sing *Mississippi Mud* again (isn't it about time "darkies" was deleted from the lyric?). It's a generally amusing tape, however, and a collector's item. Whiteman concludes with a brief thank you to all.

Since there's a lot of yelling in the booklet about the sound, it should be pointed out that the engineering on *Rhapsody* overaccentuates highs so that there's relatively thin middle, and also there's quite a bit of surface noise on that side. *Rhapsody* suffers most from tweeterenia; the other three sides are quite well recorded, except, of course, for the tape. In summary, a good nostalgic package that will appeal more to those who were growing up in the '20s and '30s than to young jazz buyers.

jazz records

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

Adams-Burrell-Chambers-Clarke-Flanagan

Afternoon in Paris; You Turned the Tables on Me; Apothegh; Your Host; Cottontail; Tom's Thumb

Rating: ★★★★★

The only ringer in *Jazzmen: Detroit* is the invaluable Kenny Clarke. The others are all indices of how productive a spawning ground Detroit has become for modern jazz: guitarist Kenny Burrell, pianist Tommy Flanagan (now with J. J. Johnson), baritone saxist Pepper Adams (with Stan Kenton), and bassist Paul Chambers. Their blowing here—as in the Desmond-Elliott LP reviewed elsewhere in this issue—is primarily of a low-flame, conversational kind. They fuse and pulse well together with the rhythm section a finely knit, flowing texture of full-sounding but not overbearing momentum.

Flanagan solos with customary unhurried, functional taste and sensitive touch; Chambers, with his large-boned sound, continues to be an impressive soloist, and Burrell, as has been cited here before, is one of the most important young guitarists. Adams indicates he may well be the best relatively new baritone saxist since Jack Nimitz began to be heard with THE Orchestra in Washington.

The only weakness in the set is that the ensemble figures are quite thin in imaginative interest. Admittedly, they're meant mainly as introductions and signposts to blowing, but they still could have been constructed more daringly or at least more freshly. But this is certainly a worthwhile LP to warm yourself by, and is recommended. (Savoy 12" LP MG-12083)

Toshiko Akiyoshi

Between Me and Myself; It Could Happen to You; Kyo-Shu; Homework; Manhattan Address; Sunday Afternoon; Blues for Toshiko; Soshu No Yoru; Softly as in a Morning Sunrise

Rating: ★★★★★

This is Toshiko's first LP to have been made in this country (Norman Granz recorded her in Japan upon the initial recommendation of Oscar Peterson—Norgren 10" LP MG N-22). On the new date, Toshiko has the excellent assistance of bassist Paul Chambers and drummer Ed Thigpen. In contrast to the almost wholly Bud Powell derivative (though emotionally plunging) first LP, Toshiko shows here the gradual emergence of her own voice, although she still is more eclectic than unmistakably personal.

The emotional power remains, and it is a power not limited to wailing ferocity. Toshiko can be tender though still strong on a ballad (as on the first sections of *Happen* and the very slow, very gentle *Kyo-Shu—Nostalgia*). She also has her own introspectuans of imaginative drama (as on *Sunday and Address*). And she has the basic requisite for a jazz musician—she can play the blues convincingly (dig Chambers especially, however, on *Blues*).

Toshiko's originals — there are six here—are, for the most part, more in-

triguing with possibilities than most contributions by relatively new writers. *Between Me and Myself*, apparently a shadow play of remembered homewarmth contrasted with the excitement, strangeness and sometime loneliness of a new country, is quite effective with its beginning Japanese-seeming theme and the subsequent seesaw. Thigpen executes a very subtle solo on that track, and it's only too bad Toshiko did not provide her own part with more extended development.

Homework is a little above par for the usual "original" course. The kaleidoscopic *Address* makes it with an assist from the notes. *Afternoon*, particularly its theme, is rather memorable. *Soshu*, the briefly developed Japanese song, is delightful to start with but moves into a middle section that is somewhat too sentimentalized in the Western romantic tradition for my taste. Tosh's version of *Sunrise*, while competently idiomatic, underlines the eclecticism she must still break through. The LP as a whole is an invigorating and moving experience, and is warmly recommended. Quality of sound and surface could be better. (Storyville 12" STLP 912)

Buddy Collette-Chico Hamilton-Jim Hall

Green Dream; It's You; A Walk in the Veldt; How Long Has This Been Going On?; The Blindfold Test; Jungle Pogo Stick; Tanganyika; Wagonwag; And So Is Love; Coming Back for More

Rating: ★★★★★

Although it doesn't say so in the notes or anywhere else, this album is probably Buddy Collette's because he gives his name to most of the numbers and is featured throughout. It's called *Tanganyika*, by the way, and the cover is a rather unattractive but striking pseudo-African head designed by Johnny Otis, who runs the company.

The personnel is Hamilton, drums; Collette, saxes, flute, clarinet; John Anderson, trumpet; Gerry Wiggins, piano;

Amplification

With regard to the statement in my record review of Columbia's *American Jazz Festival at Newport LPs (Down Beat, Dec. 12)* that the liner "notes continue the fiction that Newport is 'nonprofit,'" I should like to make clear that I do not dispute the legal status of the American Jazz Festival at Newport as a nonprofit organization. I do feel that the cultural level of Newport after three years is not, from my viewpoint, as consistently high as it should be in a context whose goal is not profit-making.

Nor, after three years, am I clear as to what the ultimate goals of the American Jazz Festival are aside from holding a three-day annual show. It was in that sense that I felt that the usual cultural connotation attached to the term nonprofit was a subject for debate.

But I also feel I should make clear that in the actual sense of profit-making, I agree that the American Jazz Festival at Newport, is a nonprofit organization, nor do I feel that any of the officers of the American Jazz Festival are engaged in that Festival for profit-making reasons.

—nat

Hall, guitar, and Curtis Counce, bass. Hollywood disc jockey Sleepy Stein produced it. The recording is excellent all the way through. Over-all, it is a very successful LP. The major criticism is that the majority of the tunes are of the exotic type that Collette seems to have a penchant for writing, and this gives the LP a sameness that weakens it.

However, there are simple, lovely solos by Hall scattered throughout. Collette plays beautiful flute solos on the title number, and on *It's You* there's a fine Collette tenor solo, some excellent muted trumpet by Anderson and a warm, liquid solo by Hall. On *Blindfold Test*, grooviest of the tracks, the group gets an almost Basie sound at times. *A Walk in the Veldt* is the tight, neat sort of writing that characterizes the best of the Los Angeles work.

Anderson, in his melodic effort on *How Long Has This Been Going On?*, shows an unusual ability to play prettily and romantically and on the final track bursts into some exciting jazz. Recommended. (R. J. G.) (Dig 12" LP J 101)

Paul Desmond

Jazzabelle; A Watchman's Curll; Everything Happens to Me; Let's Get Away from It All; Look for the Silver Lining; Sacre Blues; You Go to My Head; Line for Lyons

Rating: ★★★★★

The Paul Desmond quartet for this occasion consisted of Don Elliott on trumpet and mostly mellophone; Joe Dodge; and Norman Bates. The jazz they make is casually conversational, wholly unpretentious, and of unusual sustained low-pressure warmth. While there are few peaks or depths of intensity, there is nothing shallow here; it is like good talk between interstimulating friends of above-average wit and communicative skill. Bates and Dodge are steady, but might perhaps have provided a higher fire and more supple flow.

The two horns are a relaxing gas whether engaged in linear lacrosse or on their extended solos. Both take pleasure in form, and their solos build with logic and a sense for wholeness. Both eschew the banal and the easy memory-small-change. Both have warm, unmuffled tones and both articulate with consistent clarity.

Don is less dicty than he occasionally becomes with his own unit, and Paul adds to his superb lyrical quality a more rolling strength than he sometimes indicates in the Brubeck context. The *Blues* is a particularly fertile track. Mort Sahl's notes are neither useful nor funny; and the cover, described as "the first serious attempt to fuse primitive art with modern jazz" could as easily have been placed on a box of brillo for all the relation it has to the music inside. It is, however, an engaging work. (Fantasy 12" LP 3235)

Elsen-Ilcken-Madna-Schoonderwalt-Von

Waiting for Weelink; Dufu Christ; Second Date; Nachbars; Mops; A Rainy Holiday; Stan the Wailer; Autumn in New York; Young Peter; Papernote; For Minors Only; All the Things You Are; The Universe; Herman's Hanky

Rating: ★½

Jazz Behind the Dikes is a collection of Dutch jazz with combos led by drummer Wes Ilcken (husband of Rita Reyes), pianist Frans Elsen, pianist Rob Madna, baritone saxist Herman Schoonderwalt, and altoist Tony Von. Contrary to the notes, this is not the "first time" most of these musicians

have been issued here since Epic released 10" LP LN 1126 of Dutch jazz some time ago. The performances are competent, but they are thoroughly derivative and do not as yet show what the notes call "individual and distinctive approaches." I see no reason for recommending this except for those who are that curious about Dutch jazz. Envelope contains full personnel. (Epic 12" LP LN 3270)

Tal Farlow

Taking a Chance on Love; Yardbird Suite; You Stopped out of a Dream; They Can't Take That Away from Me; Like Someone in Love; Meteor; I Love You

Rating: ★★★★★

The *Swinging Guitar of Tal Farlow* is blended with the happily apt piano of Eddie Costa and Vinnie Burke's bass. The result is a deeply invigorating, continually flowing and interflowing session, one of the best LPs of the year. Tal's ideas wing into patterns of apparently unending logic and invention and his time is effortlessly true. Costa, who plays piano with spontaneous buoyant zest and functional, irresistible swing, also fits mellowly into the three-play. Burke, a master of blending with a full, round tone and an irrefragable beat, also solos with characteristic force and taste.

Bill Simon has contributed another long, detailed, excellent historical study of the evolution of jazz guitar. He omits, however, among the younger guitarists one of the most impressive modern Charlie Christian disciples—Jim Hall. This is a thoroughly delightful set, one you'll be listening to for many years. (American Recording Society 12" LP ARS G 418)

Matthew Gee

Out of Nowhere; I'll Remember April; Juram; Sweet Georgia Brown; Luvva Man; Cool; Kingstun Lounge; The Boys from Brooklyn

Rating: ★★★★★

Trombonist Gee, who has worked with Erskine Hawkins, Dizzy Gillespie, Ammons-Stitt, Basie, and Jacquet now has his first LP as leader. The first side (five tracks) includes altoist Ernie Henry; pianist Joe Knight; the excellent bassist from Chicago, Wilbur Ware, and Art Taylor.

The quintet numbers are somewhat hampered by rather routine arrangements. The rhythm section, however, is steamy, and Ware has a remarkable solo in *Lover Man*. Henry is a slashing, Bird-driven altoist who has been away from the scene for a time. His passion and wailing beat are welcome. Gee certainly has drive, a virile tone, and swings fully, but his conception is often not too fresh. He is, however, kicks to hear because of his emotional force.

Second side (last three tracks) is played by a septet formed of Gee, Kenny Dorham, Frank Foster, Cecil Payne, Joe Knight, John Simmons, and Art Taylor. Again, the rhythm section digs a firm groove. In the front line, Dorham is the most impressive soloist. Foster and Payne contribute muscular solos, but like Gee, are more valuable for their emotional impact than for the depth of their imagination. The heads, all by Gee, are quite ordinary. Not a record for anyone on a stringent budget, but otherwise a warm if not particularly distinctive experience. Title is *Jazz By Gee!* (Riverside must have borrowed a Bethlehem Rumpelstiltskin). (Riverside 12" RLP 12-221)

Virgil Gonsalves

Whitewash; Our Love Is Here to Stay; Lost World; I'll Take Romance; Searle's Corner; Viva Zapata; Half Mine; Goody-Goody; Gar-Din; My Heart Stood Still; Fascinating Rhythm; Baga's Groove

Rating: ★★★

Jazz-Sun Francisco Style (when are we going to have Duluth or Ankara style?) is concerned with Virgil Gonsalves' unit. The leader is on baritone; Dan Pateris, tenor; Bob Badgley, valve trombone; Clyde Pound, piano; Gus Gustafson, drums; bassists Max Harstein (3) and Ron Crotty. The musicianship is crisp and assured, all the soloists are of merit, and it's a heated, swinging rhythm section. What limits the effectiveness of the combo, however, is the writing, some of it by Jerry Cournoyer and Bobby Searle. The scoring, for the most part, is irritatingly tight, slick, repetitious and with almost nothing of irresistible imagination to say. Since there is so much of it, the rating is not higher, but I would recommend your hearing the record for the booting soloists and the rhythm section.

What the combo needs is a book that will either be challenging or will be mainly take-off lines for blowing—or both. It's a shame to restrict this many good jazzmen in so unadventurous a corset. Excellent engineering by John Neal. I should note that while most of the vitality herein erupts in the solos, the ensembles are well played and the musicians make as much of them as is possible, but the essential mediocrity of the writing lumbos through. (Liberty 12" LP LJM 6010)

Dexter Gordon

Daddy Plays the Horn; Confirmation; Darn That Dream; Number Four; Autumn in New York; You Can Depend on Me

Rating: ★★

Daddy Plays the Horn (the cover is just as silly as the title) has tenor Gordon with a rhythm section of Kenny Drew, bassist Leroy Vinnegar, and drummer Larry Marable. The set is an *ad* mistake. Gordon does not have the imaginative range and depth to sustain a 12" LP as the one major soloist. At least one more horn was very much needed. The rhythm section is fine, but pianist Drew is a soloist somewhat like Gordon—he says what he has to say well, but he's limited in inventiveness.

To the credit of both are a funky blues-strength; a lean unsentimental virility; a powerful beat; a clear, strong sound. But without searching conception, these virtues are not enough over a long 12" LP road. (Bethlehem 12" LP BCP-36)

Lionel Hampton

Lure for Sale; Stardust; I Can't Get Started; Willow Weep for Me

Rating: ★★★★★

Lionel Hampton Plays Love Songs places Lionel in the most musical context for him—away from his big band. His associates are Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, and Buddy Rich.

Buddy is beyond criticism here, drumming throughout with thorough taste, sensitivity, and impeccable time. Brown, too, is fine in the rhythm section, has two brilliant solos, and his tone has its usual lean roundness, to use a partial paradox. Oscar comps very well, and his solos are tasteful. But I still fail to hear a major original conception in his work. His trio is a marvel of cohesion and as part of that unit, Oscar is a



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6 Ashton Place, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

vital force in jazz; but as a soloist, he lacks imaginative depth.

Lionel, of course, is invigorating by virtue of his rhythmic size and his enormous vitality, no matter how slow the tempo. His ideas, however, are not always strikingly fresh, and his taste is sometimes debatable, although here he is mostly within bounds on that score. In summary, a very pleasant, entirely relaxed, mostly reflective (except for the up-tempo opening track) colloquy. (Verve 12" LP MG V-2018)

Hank Mobley

Bouncein' with Bud: 52nd Street Theme; Minor Disturbance; Au Privave; Little Girl Blues; Altering Current

Rating: ★★½

Tracks 1-3 and 6 have Donald Byrd, Doug Watkins, Barry Harris, and Art Taylor along with Mobley. Hank is the only horn on *Blue*, and Jackie McLean makes a front line of three on *Privave*. This is a hot, intense session, except for the slow, romantic *Blue* which contains the most sensitive Mobley I've yet heard on records.

Mobley throughout, as a matter of fact, indicates considerable improvement (or perhaps I'm just beginning to get his message). His work has increased authority; and in places, growing individuality of conception. Byrd, whose first appearances on records were marked especially by lyricism, is harder and more on the attack here. He is emotionally effective, but often calls to mind the advice Coleman Hawkins suggested for another modern hornman: "Settle down—wait a minute—wait a minute."

"Byrd, in short, has yet to create enough inner confidence so that he can relax into a groove, play fewer notes, and have each one count with powerful ease. The rhythm section is strong, and Detroit pianist Harris plays with a beautiful touch and fluid ideas. McLean is an eloquent guest in *Privave*. (Prestige 12" LP 7061)

Modern Jazz Quartet-Jimmy Giuffre

Oh Boss, Oh Where's My Boss?; A Fugue for Music Inn; Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West; Serenade; Fun; Sun Dance; The Man That Got Away; A Morning in Paris; Variation No. 1 on "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen"

Rating: ★★★★★

Recorded last summer at Music Inn during the course of the unprecedented jazz season there (described in John Wilson's excellent notes) this most recent MJQ recital includes three guest appearances by Jimmy Giuffre, the contemporary jazzman probably closest in spirit to John Lewis. Giuffre appears in Lewis' *Fugue*, a pleasant work though not quite as ingratiating as *Vendome* or some of the other earlier fugal structures. Giuffre also plays David Raskin's *Serenade*, a non-jazz performance. The piece—from the UPA cartoon, *The Unicorn in the Garden*—is an experience in unfolding serenity. Jimmy is heard finally in his own *Fun*, written to be performed with the MJQ. The work has become one of my favorite jazz chamber conversations and is firmly indicative of the subtle wit, skill and disciplined purposefulness that make up Jimmy's musical character.

The MJQ's *Bess*—one of the loveliest pleas in the Gershwin score—is appropriately tender but somewhat static. The same is true of the otherwise affecting *Man, Two Degrees*, first recorded in the marvelous Lewis-Perkins-Hall-Heath-Hamilton *Grand Encounter* LP,

is enchanting in a different way here. (Note the quartet's dynamics-balancing in the beginning and dig Milt's solo later.) *Sun Dance* strikes me as more effective in this version than in the original nonet context. The new Lewis work, *A Morning in Paris* (basically the same chord structure as John's *An Afternoon in Paris*) is a brisk, stimulating promenade. *God Rest* is a wondrous series of delicate but intensely strong mobiles centered on the kind carol, and the control of dynamics here is beyond the present capacity of any other jazz combo.

There has been increasing talk among musicians here and in Europe that the MJQ should plunge into more challenging areas of form and simultaneously should open up more in terms of emotional improvisation. This may well be true (although it strikes me that people in the jazz field are, as usual, in too much of a hurry to call for change). But in any case, at its present stage, there is much joy and many provocative emotional personal images to be deepened from listening and relistening to LPs of theirs like this. I think Jay Maisel's cover is the best jazz album photograph of the year. (Atlantic 12" LP 1247)

Bernard Peiffer

Lover Come Back to Me; You Took Advantage of Me; Rhumblues; 'S Wonderful; Black Moon; Ah-Leu-Chat; Blues on the Wing; Bernie's Tune; Lullaby of the Lones; Blues for Slabs

Rating: ★★½

Bernie's Tune is the first LP made in this country by French pianist Bernard Peiffer. He is very dependably backed by Ed Thigpen, bassists Oscar Pettiford and Chuck Andrus, and the superior guitarist, Joe Puma. First side accompaniment is by just Puma and Pettiford. This is the best Peiffer I've yet heard on records, and it indicates in part why such critics as Feather and Ulanov have become devoted partisans of his cause. Peiffer has a prodigious technique and harmonic knowledge. He plays with drive and virility; he uses both hands with power and effect; he has wit; he can, as seemingly few modernists are able, play an out-of-tempo chorus (*Lover*) without weeping arpeggios and soap opera sentiment.

On the first side, he is best on *Lover*, and particularly interesting on his own non-jazz piece, the piano solo *Black Moon*. He describes the latter as "based on the modern impressionistic ideas of the 12-tone classical school" (that equation might require some semantic unraveling.) The work itself is too derivative of a stew of influences (Bartok and Stravinsky as well as the consistent 12-tone writers) to be a significant composition; and it has elements of bravura melodrama that fail to sustain the opening sonberly stabbing mood. Yet it is an arresting tour-de-Edgar-Allen-Poe.

As for the rest, there is quite often—from my subjective hearing—a lack of beneath-the-surface emotional digging. There is all the evidence of intensity, but I don't feel much depth of passion. Yet Feather and Ulanov apparently do; so, as always, you have to listen for yourself and determine your own reaction. A second fault that occurs less here than in those club appearances of Peiffer I have caught is a tendency to play too much, to forget that the art of eloquence is in, large part, the knowing of what to leave out

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as well as what to include. But Peiffer surely deserves more attention — and better bookings — than he has yet received. He is an honest artist of forcefulness and impressive musical knowledge. (EmArcy 12" LP MG 36080)

Art Pepper

Pepper Returns; Broadway; You Go to My Head; Angel Wings; Funny Blues; Plus More; Minority; Patricia; Mambo De La Pinta; Walkin' Out Blues

Rating: ★★★★★

The Return of Art Pepper is the best LP yet released on the Jazz: West label. With Art on his first record in some time as trumpeter Jack Sheldon and a superb rhythm section of Russ Freeman, Leroy Vinnegar, and Shelly Manne, Russ also solos with original impact. Sheldon plays better on this date than on any previous recording, blowing with heat and incisive ideas, although he could do without a few rhetorical flourishes. It's fine having Pepper back. He has grown musically since his last recordings, and now is certainly one of the leading jazzmen on his horn. He plays with immediate emotional warmth, with a fuller tone than some of his contemporaries, and with an invention that is now becoming more his own than that of any of his influences. His time is excellent.

Art plays with justified assurance at all tempos, although on the two ballads, I preferred his own Patricia considerably to the somewhat surface treatment of Head. There are eight Pepper originals. The best is Patricia and the medium Funny Blues is a ball, as is the final track. But on the up-tempos, the lines are too brittle and busy. Excellent recorded sound and good Claxton pictures. Pepper was seriously missed; I hope he's back for a long, productive time. (Jazz: West 12" JWLP-10)

Buddy Rich

Blue and Sentimental; Down for Double; Jump for Me; Blues for Basie; Jumping at the Woodside; Ain't It the Truth; Shorty George; 9:20 Special

Rating: ★★★★★

The title of this is This One's for Basie, and when you come right down to it, there is nothing harder to do in jazz than to emulate the lighter-than-air feeling and the compelling sound of the seemingly simple Basie band. Numerous attempts before this have been abortive. Now and then some approach it, but this is the first time in my memory when an album has been able to get the atmosphere, the mood, and the light texture of Basie to a pretty good degree.

Dual responsibility, I think, must be shared by Marty Paich, who had the common sense to keep the arrangements as simple as possible, and by Buddy Rich, who, as leader, is the first one to get the tempos right. Once the right place to play them had been set, the rest fell in more easily.

All in all, this is a splendid album. Buddy Collette is utterly delightful on Blue and Sentimental. Harry Edison is superb in his numerous trumpet solos as well. The brass section gets a fine Basie-ish feel, and the shakes are right there. The numbers vary in mood and feeling from the fine, swinging Down for Double, through the haunting Blues for Basie (the only new tune on the

LP) to the light and swingy Ain't It the Truth.

There is a remarkable full sound to the band, Jimmy Rowles is excellent on piano without straining to sound like Count, and the whole thing comes off very well indeed. If it were not for the inclusion of two long drum solos, this would be a five-star LP. If you dig drum solos, it is. The personnel, for once, is listed on the jacket. (R. J. G.) (Norgran 12" LP MGN 1086)

Ralph Sharon

Manhattan; Two Sleepy People; Have You Miss Jones?; Man on the Couch; Just Because We're Kids; Darn That Dream; Mood for Mitch; There's a Small Hotel; Love Walked In; Can't Get out of This Dream; Pluto Crut at the Automatt; Slightly Oliver

Rating: ★★

Easy Jazz is one of the saddest wastes of important jazz talents in recent recorded jazz history. The date was made some time ago, was lost at one point by someone in the London organization, found again, and finally issued. Sharon's personnel comprised Kenny Clarke (misspelled in the notes), Teddy Charles, Joe Puma, Charlie Mingus, and J. R. Monterose (not only misspelled on the envelope but called Jack Montrose on the record and listed as an altoist rather than a tenor). I expect Sharon was instructed to make this "commercial like Shearing," but since it was he who actually did the arrangements, the blame for this exercise in tepidity is his.

Sharon's charts are unbelievably banal and soporific. Once in a while, the sidemen break through the wall of dullness and assert their souls (as in part of Couch and Mood). In fact, what few solos the sidemen have are excellent, with Montrose particularly imaginative. And dig the power and flow of Mingus in the rhythm section. But for most of the LP they are trapped in Sharon's vacuum. His own work here can best be described as cleverly eclectic. To complete the frustration, the balance and recorded sound are of unusual quality, worthy of much more challenging music. (London 12" LP LL 1488)

Westchester Workshop

Key Chain; Love for Sale; Best Flight; Minor Incident; Fruity Tutti; The Bank; No Coast At All; Caronoch

Rating: ★★★

First jazz LP on the RKO-Unique label is by a unit organized under the direction of writer-altoist Vinnie Riccitelli, who has worked the Paddock near Yonkers Raceway for the past two and a half years. His associates are Eddie Bert, drummer Joe Venuto, trumpeter Joe Shepley, tenor Carmen Leggio, baritone saxist Gene Allen, pianist Dolph Castellano, and bassist Eddy Tone. All the writing, including the seven originals, is by Riccitelli. His voicings are skilled and interesting, but unfortunately, his themes are undistinguished; and since neither the development sections nor the blowing (except for Bert) are extraordinary, the LP, while thoroughly professional, is not outstanding. Rhythm section is marked chiefly by the crisp, swinging drums and good sound of Venuto. Rest of the horn soloists are all quite able, but Bert is the best. Engineering deserved a credit line. (Unique 12" LP 103)

counterpoint

By Nat Hentoff

MY ABIDING interest in the possibilities of the LP for purposes other than musical has been further stimulated by Arnold Michaelis' Recorded Portrait of Adlai Stevenson. Politics aside, and they certainly are for Stevenson, this is the kind of self-examination by a man of perception, humor, and a sense of history that will bear replaying every few months, if not every week.

Michaelis, the interviewer, is unusually skilled at balancing between obtrusiveness and the kind of overdiscretion that leads to confusion or sticky politeness.

The record, one of a forthcoming series, is available from Arnold Michaelis, Inc., 320 W. 76th St., New York City, 23. Before starting his own label, incidentally, Michaelis conversed with Bruno Walter in a warm example of how certain aspects of a life in music can be illuminated in this manner (Columbia BW 80).

Columbia is also to be commended for its release of Leonard Bernstein on Beethoven in which Bernstein "looks at Beethoven's rejected sketches for the first movement (of the *Fifth Symphony*) and demonstrates with orchestral illustrations how this work would have sounded if Beethoven had not rejected them. Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic perform the complete work on the second side (Columbia CL 918).

TWO OTHER MAJOR labels deserve credit for adding to the library of musical speech on LP. Decca has made available two of America's most native and unpretentiously eloquent poets reading from their own works: Robert Frost (DL 9033) and Carl Sandburg (DL 9039) . . . And Victor has recorded Siobhan McKenna's bluntly lyrical interpretation of Shaw's *Saint Joan* (LOC-6133). There are reservations about some members of this cast that played in New York, and not all of Miss McKenna's performance is as penetrating as it could be, but there is no resisting the Gaelic song-like ardor of her.

It is the policy of this column intermittently (and of *Devil's Advocate* more regularly) to give attention to new small labels with an imaginative point of view. *Saturday Review*, *High Fidelity*, *New York Times*, and *Hi-Fi Music at Home* give partial but far from comprehensive reviews of the very small and very new companies; and they fail thereby in an important part of their responsibility, because these companies rarely have the money to advertise their initial way. One of the newest labels is Experiences Anonymes, 20 E. 11th St., New York City. Two of its first LPs, engineered with characteristic sensitivity by Jerry Newman of Esoteric, are among the loveliest recorded musical experiences of the

year and also help to fill sections of the LP catalog that are quite slim. *Troubadour and Trouvère Songs* explores the lyric drama of idealized love during the age of chivalry in the 12th and 13th centuries in France. The subtle countertenor is Russell Oberlin, and he is accompanied by Seymour Barab on viol. An excellent booklet contains the original texts, translations, and an introductory essay (EA 0012). The third set involves one of my favorite musical refuges: *English Keyboard Music from the Tudor Age to the Restoration*. Harpsichordist Paul Wolfe awakens works by Tallis, Newman, Redford, Tomkins, Bull, Byrd, and others. A wonderfully singing Pleyel harpsichord is used (EA-0013).

PERHAPS THE MOST unusual label devoted to "new" music is Ficker Records, 27 Arcadia road, Old Greenwich, Conn. Its artists are on the wing and demonstrate how varied and multiply expressive certain voices can be that have never studied solfeggio.

These are three volumes, for example, of *Bird Songs of Dooryard, Field, and Forest*, 175 different species from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The first two sets range from the Great Plains to the Atlantic, and the third concerns the west coast style. And if you insist on larger forms in your birdartistry, Ficker also has released Jim Fasset's *Symphony of the Birds*, in which Fasset has taken various bird calls and by tape-manipulation has orchestrated a bird symphony in three movements.

The second side is even more fascinating, for it indicates, ". . . the marvelous complexities of musical motifs hidden, up till now, in the calls of a number of familiar birds of the field and woodland. By reducing the speed of these bird calls . . . the hearer becomes aware . . . of intricate patterns, of slides and thrills and flutters . . . the highest notes are brought down within . . . hearing range, and the most rapid sections, often missed entirely at their normal pitch, can be discerned clearly as groups of separate notes repeated in quick succession . . ."

FINALLY, A RETURN to the label that last issue began this excursion into the more unexplored areas of LP repertoire. Folkways has assembled four more volumes to go with the invaluable first two sets of *Negro Folk Music of Alabama*.

The complete (up to now) set of six includes secular music (I), religious music (II), Rich Amerson's singing and story-telling (III and IV), spirituals (V), ring game songs and others (VI). There is a 43-page booklet by Harold Courlander with notes, texts, and historical and sociological backgrounds. These six LPs, plus Fred Ramsey's nine volumes (so far) of *Music from the South* on Folkways, provide essential insights into the people, music, and mores from which jazz grew.

Accordionist Buckley Dies

Los Angeles — Accordionist Stanley Mickiewicz, 36, died here Nov. 23 after a long illness. Known professionally as Frank Buckley, he had written arrangements for several name bands and played accordion in several movies. He was a member of the Frank Remley trio at the time of his death.



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Down Beat

the hot box

By George Hooper

THE UNTIMELY DEATH of Art Tatum has triggered a reverie. Thinking of Art brings back the wonderful listening experiences of September, 1935.



Although Tatum had a modicum of success prior to this date as an accompanist for Adelaide Hall, he still was very little known.

Sam Beers brought Tatum to Chicago to play behind the bar at the Three Deuces, 222 N. State St., in the fall of '35. The story was that Beers had discovered the young, partially blind pianist playing an alley-joint in Cleveland known as the Greasy Spoon.

It wasn't long before the Deuces was packed nightly with jazz musicians (the Deuces had been their hangout as far back as the speakeasy days), dance band musicians, and classical musicians. Everyone marveled at Tatum's improvising genius.

THE YEAR-OLD music publication, *Down Beat*, reported, "Tatum hoes his row of chords as carefully and as diligently as a gardener cultivating the soil," a statement typical of writing on jazz in those days.

The *Beat* went on to tell how Art never used manuscripts or read music. He worked out chords and experimented with the melody in the privacy of his room. When Art's arrangement of a melody was complete, he had mastered every conceivable chord relationship, and the theme had been so masterfully interwoven into intricate rhythmic passages that it was breathtaking.

George Duning, today a prominent Hollywood arranger, but in 1935 Kay Kyser's arranger, described Tatum's flat-finger technique for *Down Beat* readers as follows:

"The backs of his hands are fat and pudgy, but the fingers are long and taper to slender tips. Instead of the customary high wrists and curved fingers of the legitimate pianist, Tatum's hand is almost horizontal, and his fingers seem to actuate around a horizontal line drawn from wrist to fingertip."

MUSICIANS WOULD gather around the bar at the Deuces and argue the relative merits of Tatum and Earl Hines. It usually ended up with an agreement that Tatum had a faster and more interesting "right hand," while Hines had a more versatile "left hand."

When Tatum himself was asked about his approach to music, he would answer, "There's no technique or anything special about it. I just want to play modern piano and strive for something different because that is what the public wants." He also stated he had great admiration for Horowitz' concert piano, Fats Waller's popular brand of melodic outpourings, and was very fond of Louis Armstrong.

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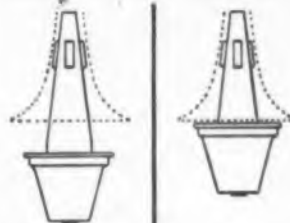
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high fidelity

By Robert Oakes Jordan

PERHAPS THERE had been some worry about what would happen when the public didn't believe the claims made for high fidelity anymore. But such worries probably have been dispelled now, for Stereophonic Sound is here to act as the savior. Stereophonic Sound in all its 3-D glory!

Perhaps I should have seen the possibilities for disillusionment when Webcor put three small loudspeakers into its tape recorder and called it a "stereophonic" recorder. At the time, I didn't realize the value of other equipment, such as the late, great Permo-Flux stereophonic type of system for making old-style records sound like the track from Cinerama.

The most recent wide-open, tell-em-long-enough-and-they'll-believe-anything pitch is the billboard ad by Grundig-Majestic, which the firm has spread throughout Chicago. This way-out ad says you should hardly miss the new Grundig-Majestic Stereophonic 3-D phonograph combination.

ONCE THE VALUE of the term hi-fi had worn thin, the world of money-making turned gloomy—until someone latched onto the term *stereophonic*. Watch and see where they take this one; before many months go by, there'll be "stereophonic face powder"—and millions of cheap radios and phonographs trading on the word.

Now, before someone figures out a new term with which to lure the public, let's see what can be done about the flagrant misuse of a word describing a recording technique that can provide musicians a new source of income from the millions of new recordings that will be produced. This new art is the technique of recording in stereophonic sound.

It is an old idea, first proposed in the 1920s. The movies have made great strides in its use in Cinerama and Todd-AO.

But the newest and best means for most persons to enjoy this device is magnetic tape, recorded commercially using true stereophonic sound. This technique has opened a new phase in the art of recording.

MANY NEW PIECES of good equipment have appeared on the market which are true stereophonic tape playback machines. There are no commercially packaged, disc phonograph stereophonic devices, such as advertised by Grundig-Majestic. The Webcor tape recorder, which has been advertised as stereophonic, is not stereophonic only because it has three speakers.

The reproduction of stereophonic sound is not a matter of the number of speakers; it is a completely different concept from, and far better than, existing hi-fi techniques.

It is true that there is some word



"... and ... and
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No Piano Roll

London—There was a seven-foot piano abandoned at the Camden Town stop of the subway system here one night when a train conductor ordered the instrument and three students off a crowded train. The students explained they were taking the piano to a rock and roll party, but the conductor wouldn't budge. Neither, it turned out, would the piano.

The students left it on the platform and disappeared.

confusion over the terms binaural and stereophonic. In fact, some manufacturers use both terms in their advertising.

By the time the 1956 high fidelity shows are a thing of the past, the public acceptance of stereophonic tapes will be large-scale. If you want to see true stereophonic equipment, take a look at Ampex, V-M, Berlant, Bell, RCA, and the others I have seen tested and found to be good equipment, each in its own price and quality class.

TO GIVE THE public less than true stereophonic sound while calling it such, is to allow any equipment manufacturer to produce junk and label it *stereophonic* just as he may have done with his "high fidelity" sets. It is to allow any record producer or manufacturer the opportunity to gimmick-up old masters and put them on the market as stereophonic tapes.

There will be enough good tapes to spur the public's interest at first until the ads and promotion men have convinced us that faked masters are real *stereo*. But if it is to be a true stereophonic recording, it must be recorded that way originally in a special record session.

There are many of these *true* stereophonic tapes on the market. Listen to those by Concertapes, RCA, Omega, Livingston, and don't be fooled into accepting the gimmicked tapes which are bound to appear. If you haven't heard stereophonic sound, go to your dealer and ask for a demonstration, but be prepared to be dissatisfied with your existing high fidelity setup. It's no where without stereo.

Metronome In Sweden Renews Mercury Contract

New York—Metronome Records of Sweden has renewed its contract with Mercury Records for distribution of the Mercury catalog in Sweden, Finland, Iceland, and West Germany. The Swedish firm also will handle distribution in Denmark and Greenland when present commitments expire next year.

Metronome presently represents Prestige and Atlantic, Nixa of England and Festival of Australia. Metronome records in all categories have appeared in this country on Mercury, EmArcy, Capitol, RCA Victor, Prestige, Cadence, and other labels. EmArcy is preparing Metronome sets by Roy Eldridge, Quincy Jones, Roy Haynes, Jimmy Raney, George Wallington, and Swedish trumpeter Rolf Ericson.



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the devil's advocate

By Mason Sargent

Books: The late Hugo Leichtenritt, author of the important *Music, History, and Ideas*, now is represented by a final work, *Music of the Western Nations* (Harvard University Press, 324 pp., \$5). The volume has been edited and amplified by Nicholas Slominsky, and is an examination of the history of western music "as an expression of natural culture in various countries" from Greece and the Hebrews to the present here. Except for a section on jazz that is innocent of knowledge of that field, this is an important book, particularly for its early chapters.



A volume of particular value for music students and professionals is Allen Forte's *Contemporary Tone-Structures* (Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, 194 pp.). The book contains intensive analyses of works by Stravinsky, Milhaud, Sessions, Copland, Bartok, Hindemith, and Schoenberg. The complete scores to all but three of the works analyzed are included in the text. If you have some background in music theory (a reading knowledge of music is essential) and diligence, the book is extraordinarily exciting . . . There is a new edition of Charles A. Culver's *Musical Acoustics* (McGraw-Hill, 305 pp., \$6), one of the best single volumes on the subject and certainly one of the most readable for the nonspecialist. If you have been wanting to study this subject on your own, this is an excellent book with which to begin.

Walter Terry's *The Dance in America: from the Days of the Minuet to the TV Spectacular* (Harper, 248 pp., \$4), is a concise, lucid short history from before colonial America to the present. There are illustrations and an index but unfortunately no bibliography. It's a good place to start your reading on the subject, however . . . *Ballet Decade* (Macmillan Co., 224 pp., \$5) is a selection from the first 10 issues of *The Ballet Annual* with four color plates, 112 largely excellent photographs, and a list of expert contributors who cover subjects ranging from *The Choreography of George Balanchine* (Walter Terry), *Ballet Music from the Conductor's Point of View* (Geoffrey Corbett) to articles on Fonteyn, Markova, and Ulanova. There is also a year-to-year diary of events. A very good buy . . . And from the same publisher comes the 11th issue of *The Ballet Annual* itself, edited by Arnold L. Haskell (Macmillan, 152 pp., \$5). Aside from its value as a record of the international ballet world during the 1955-56 season, the annual contains more than 100 photographs and a collection of intriguing articles, including Simeon's scenario for *La Chambre*.

Finally, classical record collectors will be interested in Compton Mackenzie's *My Record of Music* (Putnam's, 280 pp., \$5) in which the novelist tells

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of his life in music, an avocational passion that was especially productive by virtue of Mackenzie's founding in 1923 of *The Gramophone*, perhaps the most important record publication in the world for classical collectors and one that has been among the most influential.

Vox Spotlights: As a sequel to *Spotlight on Percussion*, Vox has now made available two more elaborately prepared, carefully detailed examinations: *Spotlight on Brass* (DL 300) and *Spotlight on Keyboard* (DL 362). Both have illustrated booklets, prepared by R. D. Darrell, that will make good reference texts. Each booklet may be obtained separately for \$2.

Performing the illustrations of the various instruments and their usages for the brass set are Roger Voisin, Harold Meek, and Joseph Orosz. For the keyboard volume, Vox was able to obtain permission to present for the first time on records the Belle Skinner collection of old musical instruments of Holyoke, Mass. The illustrations are played by Bruce Simonds, Claire Coci, Walter Kraft, Martin Hohermann, and Harold Thompson. Both volumes are an enjoyable and highly informative course in instrumental history.

Big Bands: Strongly recommendable and considerably varied band sets are *Soviet Army Chorus and Band* (Angel 35411) in a program comprising, among other idioms, Russian folk songs and even *Tipperary*; *the Carabinieri Band of Rome* (Angel 35371), with marches from various operas as well as from the parade ground, and *Men of Brass* (London LL 1456), massed brass bands of

Foden's, Fairey's, and Morris Motors, England, in a resonant mixture from *Introduction to Act 3 of Lohengrin* through *Spanish Gypsy Dance*, and *1812 Overture* . . . And if you have, as I, become addicted to Caribbean steel bands, Cook has newly provided the prize-winning *Katanzammers* (*Steelband with Velvet Gloves*) with unusually rich arrangements by Percy Thomas (1047); *Music to Awaken the Ballroom Beat*: calypsos, meringues, sambas, tangos, and pops by the Brute Force Steelband of Antigua (1048), and a thoroughly delightful all-star package: *The Champion Steelbands of Trinidad* (1046), six different combos, including the Girl Pat Steelband (the Almost All-Girl Oldrum Orchestra). We who are sedentary by vocation or lack of courage or both are indebted to Emory Cook for bringing this planet exotic to our living rooms.

Two unusually expansive orchestral sets of recent issue are the original version of *Bruckner's Symphony No. 9* coupled with the oddly appropriate Beethoven *Fantasia in C Minor* (Decca DX-139), and a superbly colored recording of the entire *Iberia* of Albeniz with Carlos Surinach having completed the series of orchestrations begun by Arbos, who did the first five of the 12 piano pieces (Columbia M2L-237). The Bruckner is spaciouly performed by Eugen Jochum and the Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio while the Albeniz fortunately is played by an orchestra with the capacity for the full range of and richness of sounds called for by the score, the Philadelphia under Ormandy.

Back Home

Memphis, Tenn.—W. C. Handy's cornet and piano took their place in the restored three-room frame house where he was born at nearby Florence. Final touches on the dwelling were being rushed in order to open the Handy shrine to the public by the first of the year.

Handy, who celebrated his 83rd birthday Nov. 17 in Yonkers, N.Y., personally arranged delivery of the horn and piano after a meeting with Mayor Walter Harrison and the Florence chamber of commerce. Harrison said Florence considered the blues composer "one of our most famous citizens."

Sharon, Wife Combine On New Bethlehem LP

New York—Pianist Ralph Sharon was joined by his wife, Susie Ryan, for five tracks of his new Bethlehem LP cut here late in November. Among the tunes she sang was an original by Johnny Frigo entitled *Nothing at All*.

Sharon's sextet cut six tracks, one of which was an original entitled *That Goldblatt Magic*, for artist Burt Goldblatt. On the session were Sharon, piano; Jo Jones, drums; Milt Hinton, bass; J. R. Monterose, tenor; Joe Puma, guitar, and Eddie Costa, vibes. Album is scheduled for February release.

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Ernest Talk

By Leonard Feather

Tommy Dorsey was a good friend of Count Basie and an impassioned admirer of the Basie band. He expressed his enthusiasm in many ways: by visiting the band almost nightly every time it played at Birdland, by presenting new instruments to the entire trombone section, and by using regularly, since early 1955, the services of the Count's arranger, Ernie Wilkins.

Because of Ernie's closeness to the Dorsey organization (he has continued to write for the band since Tommy's death), I included several records that had a direct or indirect connection with TD. Nos. 2, 3, and 7 featured bands led by past or present Dorsey arrangers; No. 8 featured one of these arrangers' tunes as reorchestrated by someone else, and No. 10, which fittingly received the highest rating, was by Tommy's own band.

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



The Records

1. Johnny Richards. *Bond Aide* (Bethlehem). Richie Kamuca, tenor; Buddy Childers, first trumpet solo; Maynard Ferguson, second trumpet solo; Marty Paich, piano; Stu Williamson, Frank Rosolino, trombones.

Gee! I know that was a big band. I'm trying to figure out who it could be. I do like the arrangement—it's a little different from the usual big band arrangements . . . has a lot of imagination. I liked the trombone solo and the tenor very much. I started to say it was Richie Kamuca, but I really don't know who it is. The solos were swinging—good ideas.

I think this was made on the west coast. I don't know who the piano player was. I thought it was competent but not outstanding. I think the first trumpet solo was Shorty. The second trumpet that came in later was Maynard. I like the way he spotted in this arrangement to produce excitement. There's no doubt that Maynard is a very fine player. I remember how I enjoyed him when I worked with him at Birdland in that "dream band." I'd like to get this record. Give it four stars.

2. Paul Weston. *Body and Soul* (Columbia). Babe Russin, tenor.

I'll take a wild guess and say that's Georgie Auld. I thought the arrangement was nice—it didn't get in his way. However, I'm a little spoiled. I got the album Coleman Hawkins did for Victor that Billy Byers wrote for that big band with strings. Coleman is still the only one who can play *Body and Soul* for me. This performance sounded sincere, though, and it was nice. I'd say three stars.

3. Neal Hefti. *Saha a's Aide* (Coral). Don Lamond, drums.

That was reminiscent of Les Brown, in a way. The introduction was also reminiscent of TD's *Song of India*. I like the first chorus after the introduction with the trumpets and Harmon mutes. The trombones were open, I think. I also liked the reed chorus. I didn't particularly care for the tomtom beat—it's been used a lot. Over-all, it's a good dance arrangement. Give it three stars.

4. Ted Heath at the Palladium. *The Great Lie* (London).

I thought that was a rather commercial big band thing. For what it is, it's good, but there's not much jazz. The arrangement is not sensational, but it's well played and has good balance and blend. The rhythm section was loose. I'll give it 2½ stars.

5. Bill Russo. *The First Saturday in May* (Atlantic). Russo and Bill Porter, trombones; Sandy Crosse, tenor; Eddie Baker, piano; Israel Crosby, bass; Mickey Simonetta, drums.

That sounded like a West Coast group to me. The trombone solo and tenor solo didn't show too much originality—sounded the way most guys sound these days. There wasn't much fire to the over-all thing. I thought the piano was underrecorded in comparison to the bass and drums. Sounds like he's way out in left field somewhere. The arrangement was pleasant but nothing to get excited about. Give it 2½ stars.

6. Duke Ellington. *My Funny Valentine* (Bethlehem). Arr. Billy Strayhorn; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Ray Nance, trumpet; Quentin Jackson, trombone; Harry Carney, baritone.

Leonard, I think the recording could have been a lot better. It sounded very shrill in spots—in fact in most spots—especially the clarinet. I don't know whether it was the engineer or what, but the balance in the record is not up to par. It sounds like Duke's band or some fellows out of the band for a date. Duke usually gets very good recording and balance for his band. It could have been a Strayhorn arrangement.

I like the way Carney sounded when he came in, and it must have been Quentin Jackson on trombone with that growl which I still like. I didn't like the trumpet solo—he sounded shaky . . . I think it must have been Ray Nance. I hate to think that if it's Duke's band, I have to say something like this about the record. I'll give it three stars because there are a lot of things in the music that I really appreciated.

7. Sy Oliver. *Four or Five Times* (Decca). That was Sy Oliver with a studio band and a comparatively recent thing.

I'm quite sure. As you know, I've always loved Sy's singing and personality along with Joe Thomas and Willie Smith and those guys. Naturally, I like the original Lunceford recording better because of its freshness, but I like the tune. I'll give it four stars.

8. Pete Rugolo. *Fawncy Meeting You* (Em-Arcy). Russ Freeman, piano; Shelly Manne, drums; Dave Pell, tenor; Pete Candoli, trumpet; Neal Hefti, composer; Pete Rugolo, arranger.

I know that was Neal Hefti's *Fawncy Meeting You* by Neal's own band. I like the arrangement he wrote for Basie a lot better because it hangs together better. I don't know who the piano soloist was, but I think it was Gus Johnson on drums . . . He played better on the Basie version. The recording balance wasn't too good, either.

That was Seldon Powell on tenor. He's talented, but I believe he needs a lot more experience. The trumpet player was nice—sounded on a Dizzy kick. Neal is one of my favorite arrangers, but I just don't really get this. I'll give it 2½ stars.

9. Count Basie. *Seventh Avenue Express* (Victor). Buddy Tate, tenor; Harry Edison, trumpet; Dickie Wells, trombone; Buck Clayton, composer.

That's one of the good old Basie things. The band was so busy on that tune! Buddy Tate on tenor, and I'm quite sure it was Harry Edison on trumpet. I think that's one of Buck Clayton's things, but I'm not sure. I don't think it's really one of the things that is best representative of the old Basie band. Dickie Wells on trombone—he kills me . . . he's one of the greatest. I'll give this three stars.

10. Tommy Dorsey. *Falling in Love with Love* (Decca). Billy Butterfield, trumpet; specially assembled vocal group; Neal Hefti, arranger.

I like the trombone and trumpet solo—I wish I knew who they were. Everybody sounded very good, I thought. I think the vocal group is a group that has worked together for a long time—I'll say it's the Ray Charles singers. This whole record was good. I'll give it 4½ stars.

Dorsey Tributes

(Jumped from Page 14)

kind of inspiration that won him legions of followers; it was this same kind of inspiration that won him many friends."

Guy Lombardo: "It's hard to believe that he's passed on. Tommy was just about the strongest pillar in the music business. He always seemed too much alive to die. We'll all miss him very much. He certainly was one of the greatest musicians and showmen this country ever saw."

Dick Haymes: "What can I say? I've lost a great friend. I came to Tommy as a nobody, and he made me a somebody. On the bandstand he was my boss, but off it he was like a father to me."

Pee Wee Russell: "I came up with Tommy into the music world more than 35 years ago. When you know a man like him for that many years, it really hurts when he leaves you."

Willard Alexander: "The band business has lost one of its strong and moving forces. Tommy Dorsey was undoubtedly one of the giants that have come along in the creative field of dance music in the past 25 years. His contribution as a musician and his interpretation of American music will establish him for all time as one of the really great musicians of our era."

Tyree Glenn: "The trombone is like the human voice. You can do anything with it that you can do with the human voice — if you know the instrument thoroughly. And Tommy Dorsey did. He had it. He made the trombone recognizable; he knew how to reach the masses of people.

"For me, he did on trombone what Lionel Hampton does for me on vibes—listening to him gave me the inspiration to play, to keep studying, to seek further. As for how well he knew the trombone, the trombone is made to be played in the open positions. You can do more if you play in A and E and D and all those keys, and Tommy very often did; he played in those brilliant keys more than most trombonists do. His theme song was in D natural, and his masterpiece for me was *Melody in A*. Another of his records I've got put away is *On the Alamo*—he also played that in A natural.

"In those keys, you can do whatever you want to do—you can use hand vibrato, etc., more freely. But you've got to know your positions to play in those keys.

"Tommy liked to play jazz and always wanted to play more of it. I appreciated everything he did. Whatever he played was clean and in tune no matter how fast or slow; he played everything without stumbling. He hit each of the notes right on the head like a trumpet. You don't hear any syrup going through the notes.

"When I was with Cab and the trombone section also included Claude Jones, Quentin Jackson, and Keg Johnson, Tommy used to sit down and talk a lot with us. He'd often be in the wings

when we played the Strand. He liked the sound of the section. It's not the note, it's the sound that's music. It was Tommy and Claude Jones who made me sound-conscious.

"Tommy was also very much concerned with breath control. I remember he once advised me: 'Tyree, get a glass of water, put a straw in it, and then ration your breath and see how long you can keep blowing through that straw into the glass of water.' It was because of his breath control, because he breathed from the diaphragm, that he could play four and eight and even 16-bar phrases.

"Tommy knew what he wanted to hear. He had the chops, he had the technique, he had the heart. If you don't have the heart, you might as well as throw the instrument away. He poured his heart into that instrument. He had everything to go with the trombone. It'll be a long time before we get another one like him. Just say he was a *trombonist!*"

Matt Dennis: "Always the perfectionist, T. D. would never sacrifice a good song, arrangement, or a vocal rendition just to meet any current fad or market for inferior music which unfortunately many others have seen fit to do by today's standards (or lack of standards).

"Tommy Dorsey left us all an ideal to follow—that of always maintaining honesty and integrity in our efforts to produce the best in us no matter what part we play in this fabulous music business, whether it be singer, instrumentalist, songwriter, publisher, disc jockey, or record supervisor. My association with Tommy was a rich musical experience and education for which I'll always be grateful."

Benny Goodman: "Tommy was one of the great trombone players and had one of the great orchestras of his time. It's really tragic to lose one of the pioneers of American popular music. We were both in Sam Lanin's radio orchestra back in the late '20s, and we recorded together in 1930. Tommy was very gregarious all the time and always on the go. That's how I want to remember him."

Howard Christensen (former Jimmy Dorsey manager and friend of both Dorsey brothers): "Tommy had a great imagination. He was a tireless worker. He'd get up in the middle of the night to get things done. He lived an unscheduled, hectic life. He always had to have something going for him, and it had to be the best. He was a perfectionist.

"The squabbles he had with Jimmy, which might have seemed bitter, were always their affair. There was a basic foundation of love. I remember when Jimmy was ill, with a booking to fill in Philadelphia, Tommy took over. He rode a train in nightly to head the band. They always had a love and respect for each other. I have never heard a man who could equal him on trombone. He'll be remembered long after others are forgotten, because he never had a bad band. And he had the respect of his musicians, too.

"Tommy's aggressiveness, his restlessness, made him a success. He worked. He was one to strive for that 'just right' effect. He was a charming guy

to converse with, a slave driver to work for. He expected others to follow his pattern. The greatest thing you can say about him is that he was eager, ambitious, and determined."

Jo Stafford: "I wish that every girl vocalist starting out her career could have the opportunity of working with a band such as the Tommy Dorsey organization I joined as a member of the Pied Pipers. I'm certain that Tommy's trombone style must have had an effect on every singer who worked with the band.

"I know that in my case I learned a great deal about phrasing and breath control while sitting on the bandstand listening to him play. In addition, he gave me my first opportunity to step out of the group to perform and record as a soloist."

Ziggy Elman: "My fondest memories of Tommy are of the times when we used to switch horns to open or close the shows. He loved to play trumpet and did so very well, while I studied trombone for years. We sure had a lot of fun with me out front with his horn and Tommy blowing in my trumpet chair. I guess I was his right-hand man; used to conduct the band in his absence. We roomed together, played tennis together. What can you say when you lose such a friend?"

Jack Leonard: "The influence Tommy Dorsey has left on popular music and musicians will be with us always. His loss will always be felt by me."

Iron Curtain

(Jumped from Page 19)

there will be a freer flow of such material.

For many years, Garda had sought to find a way to get to the United States. This desire was motivated, to a great extent, by the appeal of jazz.

"I told the club members I was going to escape," Garda says. "They told me to tell our story to *Down Beat* when I got to America. I always wanted to come to America and to have the opportunity to tell *Down Beat* about jazz in Hungary. Now I have that opportunity."

THE OPPORTUNITY, however, came in the face of great sacrifice. Garda's parents remained in Budapest. He left his drums and other possessions there, too.

He is faced with the task of finding employment as a jazz musician, without the funds to finance any of the initial expenses. Currently, he's awaiting an answer to a letter to the American Federation of Musicians requesting a waiver on membership fee payment until he can earn some money as a musician. He's eagerly searching for a set of drums he can use or borrow until he can buy his own set.

He comes to America with hope and ambition. He comes seeking to learn, to grow, to contribute to the progress of jazz. He says he feels that jazz is America's most vigorous propaganda weapon.

"The young jazz lovers abroad can create more pro-American propaganda than 100 radio stations," he says, "because they feel that a country with such music must be a wonderful place."

barry ulanov

By Barry Ulanov

A VERY SPECIAL kind of artistry may have disappeared from music with the recent deaths, within a few weeks of each other, of Art Tatum and Walter Gieseking. Both were



pianists, of course, but they were more than that, more than merely remarkable examples of proficiency on their chosen instrument; both, beyond everything else, were superb exemplars of the art of elegance in music, perhaps the last two survivors

of a great but almost lost art.

Usually, as I have understood, appreciated, admired, and been awed by elegance in music, it has been a pianist who has had this quality. There have been others. The late Emanuel Feuermann, the finest cellist of my time, had it. A few singers, such as the German soprano, Tiana Lemnitz, have had it. But more often than not it has been a pianist, an extraordinary polished pianist like Serge Rachmaninoff, or Dinu Lipatti or Gieseking or Tatum; elegant all; now dead, all of them.

RACHMANINOFF HAD it when he played *The Star-Spangled Banner* at the beginning of a wartime concert; he had it in his own music, even in the all-too-familiar *Prelude in C Sharp Minor*; he had it in Bach and Chopin, in Liszt and Schubert and Beethoven and the considerably slight works of Johann Strauss and Fritz Kreisler.

Lipatti died young, younger even than Tatum, at 33, before he had had time to develop to their logical maturity and inevitable depth the gifts displayed in his recording of the Schumann and Grieg concertos, the Chopin waltzes, and short pieces by Bach and Liszt and Ravel. But elegance was fully his, unmistakably a central part, not simply a surface shine, of those beautiful performances which made their way to recording permanence before he died a few years ago.

And Gieseking? Was there ever more exquisite, more elegant, more graceful, more tasteful playing than his as he negotiated the piano works of Debussy or the more subtle of the Mozart concertos? Did anyone ever find more of the delicate inner structure of the Beethoven *G Major Concerto* than he? Did anyone ever make Chopin seem less cloying, more significant, more like a man, more like a meditative, contemplative, graceful, and quite thoroughly masculine composer?

AND TATUM? Can one ever forget how much he made of Massenet's elegant *Elegie*? The sensitive framework he imposed upon the vulgar *Humoresque* of Dvorak? The refinements of the art of keyboard playing—nearly all that had been uncovered by a dozen generations of keyboard artists—with which he lighted up the best-known melodies of jazz and lightened

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No, one forgets little of Tatum's achievement, because for all of his imitators, no one has yet come close to that elegance which was his.

There have been suggestions: by Fats Waller, in his more relaxed ballads, those that were not in any way burlesques; by Count Basie, in some of his rippling asides in a middle-tempo instrumental or an occasional ballad accompaniment for such a singer as Helen Humes or in that most elegant of Basie assemblages, the seven-piece band of Cafe Society Uptown days in New York.

There have been suggestions, too, of a Tatumesque elegance now and then by a Paul Smith or an Andre Previn; in Johnny Mehegan's first record, years ago, for Savoy; in Marian McPartland on a special night; in Mary Lou Williams, most of all, in one particular mood of hers, which is most clearly expressed in her *Zodiac Suite*.

BUT FORMIDABLE as some of these suggestions are or have been, none does more than approximate Tatum's art. Art's really inimitable elegance.

It is a matter, I think, of attitude. And it is an attitude that does not often find expression in conversation. Poets achieve it in a kind of indirection that requires severe analysis, deep digging beneath the surface; when it is on the surface, it is usually mere urbanity, swank, pretentiousness, or pomp, not elegance as I understand it, elegance which comes from inside an artist, which bespeaks a profound inner grace. Painters, too, make you work to find it.

But musicians, when they have elegance, are more kind about it, show more of it on top and keep revealing more the more you work at their performances, as everyone knows who has played his Gieseking and his Rachmaninoff records, his Lipatti and his Tatum sides, again and again.

One can only be grateful, now, that Norman Granz recorded so much of Tatum. And one can only insist—as all of us must—upon the reissue of all of Tatum by everybody who owns the rights to any of it, the small companies and the large. Not, I hasten to add, because all of it is first-rate Tatum and not, certainly, because much of it is well-recorded Tatum, but rather because this is an incomparable way to know an incomparable musician, who, whatever his limitations, insistently and persistently and consistently dedicated himself to the preservation of the inner fires and outer graces of musical elegance.

WE MAY NOT HAVE such a man again, anything at all like him, in jazz. We may not have another like Tatum or Gieseking, or the others I have mentioned as being in the same class, in any music at all in our time.

This sort of value, this sort of high esteem for taste, for grace, for polish and order, for precision and refinement as virtues in themselves, may not appear in music again for several generations. It is not the sort of concern that one can expect of a fearfully bloody world in which peace is more and more indistinguishable from war and hostility has become the hallmark of the human personality.

But just in case you prefer your

peace peaceful and your personalities graceful, sit down and play yourself some Gieseking and some Tatum and say a prayer or two of thanks at their having been so much with us and of regret at their passing.

Teddy Wilson, Eaton Signed For Concerts

New York—Teddy Wilson and his group were signed by Columbia Artists Management and Johnny Eaton and his group by National Concert & Artists Corp., each becoming the first jazz attraction signed by the major concert bookers.

Wilson's concert package will be called Teddy Wilson's Concert Jazz, and will include his trio and a clarinet, trumpet, and trombone. A vocalist and dancer also may be included. The package will make a nine-week tour next fall starting Oct. 7.

Eaton's group will be booked immediately for concerts. The pianist, who headed the Princetonians at Princeton until graduation recently, probably will tour with a trio. Eaton's concerts may be pegged on his classical approach to jazz.

Gil Fills The Bill

New York—Gil Fuller became Gilberto to lead the Musicubana orchestra for two Mercury albums here recently. The sets feature cha-cha-cha and merengues.

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By Imanuel Wilhelm

BY WHAT CREATIVE process does a composer arrive at his finished product? Does he struggle with the musical raw material in search of a concrete form for his ideas? Or does the composition flow from his pen ready for print, ready to be played, ready to be pressed on records?

We are safe to assume that each great composer fought a different type of battle with whatever constitutes musical "matter." Sometimes there even remains signs of such struggles for posterity to behold with awe. They are discarded musical sketches, crossed-out phrases, amputated or enlarged melodies, slashed orchestrations.

A new recording by Leonard Bernstein puts us now, for the first time, in the position where we can actually follow the course of such a battle. Bernstein has looked through the extant sketches to Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* and tried to piece together on hand of these scribbles the growth of what we now recognize as the first movement of this work.

IT IS GENERALLY known that Beethoven, unlike Mozart, wrestled with his compositions, often waiting years before shaping his material into its final form.

There are numerous anecdotes on Beethoven's manner of composing. Stories are told of how he would pace up and down in his study, screaming and beating time, how he would ignore food, drink, and his entire physical surroundings.

Until now those who lacked access to Beethoven's sketches could only read these accounts and idly speculate on what went on in Beethoven's mind during these inner battles. With the issuing of Bernstein's record, the average music lover can now hear some of these sounds of battle.

When these sketches come to life under Bernstein's baton, we gain an insight into the uncompromising mind of a genius and receive a master lesson in the practice of artistic self-discipline. To the musician, the unfolding of these sketches becomes a lesson in composition by Beethoven himself.

HE SHOWS FIRST a simple, rather ordinary melody. Then he enlarges a motive here, cuts out another one there, expands the entire melodic arc and suddenly, or rather slowly, since it took Beethoven eight years and 14 versions, there emerges the theme of the second movement of the *Fifth Symphony*.

Or we hear a final cadence. It seems perfectly sound. But no—Beethoven changes it. Now it is much more imaginative. Yet again Beethoven discards it. Why? Seemingly because this new expansive quality is unsuitable to the character of the movement. And so we end up with a terse, unadorned cadence which, upon comparison, proves infinitely more effective than the others.

Bernstein must be particularly commended on the imagination with which he reconstructed the sketches which he

used, even though I retain some doubt whether the fragment which he assumes to have gone into the coda was really meant to fit there.

It should be mentioned that Bernstein first did this illustrated background study of Beethoven's *Fifth* on one of his brilliant *Omnibus* television programs. I then thought that the program was by far too good to go the way of all TV productions. I am, therefore, very glad that this Beethoven study has now acquired a more permanent form.

THE REVERSE SIDE of the record brings a complete performance of the Beethoven symphony by Bruno Walter. Why Walter? Isn't Bernstein more than capable of conducting a complete per-

formance of the work which he seems to have analyzed so thoroughly? Is a Bernstein-Walter ticket so essential for this record to sell?

Whatever commercial strategy may have been responsible for Walter's conducting the symphony in its entirety, I should like to report that the reading is deliberately expansive, in spots rather percussive, and for my personal taste somewhat too heavy.

I prefer Kleiber's more dynamic approach. Furthermore, the balance of the instruments is slightly bottom-heavy. Whether my inability to hear clearly the various inner voice parts is due to the recording technique or to Walter's conception, I cannot say.

Still, I should like to hear what Bernstein would do with this work.



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perspectives

By Ralph J. Gleason

A MAN DIES on the other side of the continent, a man with whom you've exchanged perhaps 50 short sentences in 20 years and yet you feel you've lost an old, old friend.

It was like that when the story said Tommy Dorsey was dead at the age of 51.

I didn't know Tommy Dorsey. But like thousands of other teenagers in the '30s, I grew up with his music and it was, and remains, a personal thing. We all started out together, so to speak. First when we would see him sitting in with the band at a 52nd St. joint. Then when he formed his own band and broke it in at the Club Fordham. And then when he played one of his first big college dates at the Columbia junior prom.

That was in 1936—Feb. 28, to be exact—and Red McKenzie was vocalist for the night. Columbia jazz fans were particularly fond of that band because Freddie Stulce lived in the dorms and because Paul Weston, then a Juilliard student and a resident of Livingston hall where he used to play piano in the lobby sometimes, was writing arrangements for the band.

WE USED TO HAVE a standing order at the Bookstore for the Dorsey records as they were released, and it was a big topic at all-night record sessions whether Bunny or Pee Wee Irwin blew a particular bit.

Then there was that wonderful period at the Palm room of the Commodore when everybody went down two or three times a week and beat the cover rap by never sitting down. And the time when Earl Hagen played the Dorsey solos on the radio every night when T.D. went off on a quick one to . . . was it Bermuda? . . . and nobody but the boss, the patrons, and the band knew it for two weeks.

Woody Herman put it vividly when he said that—the last of the glamour of the band business went with Tommy. The complete end of the whole thing. His was the great period, when you could make money and keep it. And he did, for I read he died fat after a full life for 51.

IT'S STILL HARD to believe he's gone. Everyone of us who grew up in those years listening to him on records and on the radio or dancing to the band lost something personal, a little bit of our own memories. The radio has been blaring his records night and day since he died, and a lot of it has been by guys who hadn't played a Dorsey record in years.

Del Courtney, though, the former bandleader and now a KSFO disc jockey in San Francisco, did a wonderful show of all the good old good ones spiced with memories—and not the least bit maudlin. And God bless Jackie Gleason



for his wonderful television show which hit just the right note.

"He was nothing but good for the whole idea of music," Woody said. "And with his wild, gay abandon, he fought them all and got it all done, too." He was a big chunk of American music, that miner's son from Pennsylvania, and they'll be playing his records yet when the rest of us have gone.

YOU DIDN'T HAVE to know Tommy to miss him. All you have to be is over 30 with a love for the good times and the autumn nights with the radio on in the car and dates at the Astor Roof and the Palm room and all those crazy records. He may have been a hard guy in many personal relations, but he was all music. All the way.

This is a sentimental piece you say?—you who never felt that glow and who don't miss him now. That's all right. He was the Sentimental Gentleman, and I'll bet for all his strength, he would have been touched to know he would be missed so much.

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

THE ARTIST'S reaction to adverse criticism betrays one of three emotions. The first and likeliest is sheer torrential anger, a gust of disgust, expressed in such terms as "Where the ---- does he get off writing that way? How much horn can he blow? He doesn't know B flat from a hole in the wall."

Sometimes these reflections are couched in more gentlemanly or lady-like terms, but their purport is the same: that the criticism was an unjustified attack on the part of one who cannot practice what he preaches.

THE SECOND TYPE of reaction is the rationalization: the artist has every excuse at his fingertips. That performance was the day his sinuses were acting up, and the mike wasn't working right, and the rhythm section was bugging him, and someone had just served him a summons before he went onstage, and he had a leaky valve. Besides, he hadn't played in almost 48 hours, and his aunt was seriously ill that day, and they released the wrong take anyway.

To this artist, the possibility of a faulty performance is not to be denied, but the idea that the fault might lie in the artist's own incompetence is unthinkable and, invariably, unthought.

THE THIRD REACTION is that of the artist who frankly admits the criticism is justified and even tries to act on any constructive pointers in the review. This third category is so rarely found in its pure form—unmixed with choler, spleen, or bile—that it becomes a heartwarming experience to run into a sample. That's why I fell in love with June Christy (pardon me, Bob) the moment I saw her interview with John Tynan in the Oct. 31 *Beat*.

June said of her intonation, "I know it's faulty. I've always known and haven't really minded when I've been criticized . . . I don't think I swing very good either." (Wonder whether she'd mind comments on her grammar?) And she adds, "Just one set of Ella's

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is enough to drive that point home."

It is plain to see that anybody who can talk with such a disarming lack of hypocrisy is a living doll. This kind of thing makes one want to like June, makes it a pleasure to reflect that her last album (with those elegant, mink-lined Rugolo arrangements) was her best ever, that her intonation had improved, and that she did swing.

I'm sure she made more friends, among critics and fans, in that interview, than if she'd explained that it's the rhythm section that doesn't swing, and that it was the piano, not her voice, that was out of tune.

AGENDA, CORRIGENDA: Hazel Scott says that during her last incumbency at the Flamingo in Las Vegas, Negro patrons who were not celebrities, just persons like me and thee, had ring-side seats and were courteously treated. Happy to report this, and I hope it represents a trend in Vegas, but I'd still like to know how much longer the overnight customers' complexions will have to match the bedsheets.

"Dear Leonard: Since you were responsible for bringing George Shearing to this country, I would be interested in your opinion of the group as of circa 1956. In my opinion the group has deteriorated into a poor man's Three Suns with the sun just about ready to set. Shearing was the man I first dug when I started hearing jazz for the first time in 1951, and it's too bad he's disintegrated.

Tom Hussey
Providence, R. I.

Well, Mr. Hussey, I'll tell you. Five years ago I'd have got all worked up about the commercialization of the Shearing group. Today I say that as long as we can dig the Messengers or Max Roach's quintet or the Adderleys, and as long as George can have all the creature comforts to which his velvet carpet has led him, then good luck to him and to the Embers customers and good luck to you and me who have such a wondrous variety of jazz styles open to our ears.

If disintegration implies a loss of direction, a falling apart, then the Shearing combo has not disintegrated; George knows just where he wants it to go, and in its own way, which is not your way or mine, it is as integrated as a group can be. And now, if you'll pardon me, I'll go back to my turntable and the new sides by Blakey.

100 In 1 Reasons

New York—During a recent interview on WABD-TV, Mike Wallace asked Billie Holiday:

"Why is it that so many great musicians die at a young age?" He mentioned Tatum, Waller, Teaschmacher, etc.

"The reason," said Billie, "is they try to live 100 days in one day. Most of them have had so little when they were young, that when they do get something, they try to cram it all in. I'm like that, too."

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Book Review

Valuable Tome

LEONARD FEATHER, like *Jane's Fighting Ships*, has become an annual. His first sequel to the *Encyclopedia of Jazz* is the *Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz* (Horizon Press, \$3.95, 190 pp.). Though naturally containing fewer pages than the parent tome, the *Yearbook* is in the same clear, spacious format.

The introduction by Benny Goodman is rather innocuous and much less provocative than Duke Ellington's last year. Feather next sums up the past year in *What's Happening in Jazz*, a useful but somewhat surface account that should have contained more domestic details and at least a survey of the considerable jazz activity abroad.

This summary chapter contains two most debatable assertions. In mentioning the jazz activities of the Rev. Norman O'Connor, the Rev. Alvin Kershaw, and the CBS-TV religious series, *Look Up and Live*, Feather opens the paragraph with: "The strangest and least logical step taken by jazz was its sudden involvement with religion."

WHY? WHAT IS illogical about a priest or a producer for the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. feeling that jazz deserves enthusiastic study and a wider dispersal of its message?

The Kershaw case is somewhat ambivalent, but he too accomplished more good than harm, and I believe his basic motivation to have been honest. Anyway, why imply an unbridgeable chasm between jazz and religion? Jazz is for whoever feels it, for secularists or for Father Huddleston, a jazz partisan who has been trying to enlist jazz in his fight against South Africa's apartheid system. This is illogical!

The second and more serious misapprehension by Feather is: "Extended forms, used by John Lewis, Gunther Schuller, and other musicians both from inside and outside jazz, combined with the increasing frequent use of atonality and 12-tone rows, reduced the line between jazz and other music forms almost to invisibility."

This conclusion just isn't true. There is a clear, instantly audible difference in rhythmic and melodic character and tonal color between the best jazz workers in advancing forms—such as Lewis, Schuller (in his jazz works), Giuffre, Mingus, Charles (in his jazz works), Gil Evans, on one side, and Nono, Dallapiccola, Carter, Sessions, Riegger, Hovhaness, Stockhausen, Frank Martin, on the other. There has been some blurring but thus far not in any significant works on either side.

It is, therefore, misleading for Feather to state, "The demarcation between jazz and classical music was fading." It is not, and I do not think it ever will in any important sense. Each language is best suited for different musical purposes, and the increasing interest in more diverse and challenging formal devices from within modern jazz need not and does not mean that jazz is losing or will lose its own essential self-identification.

AN INTRIGUING section is *The Jazz Fan*, an expansion of an analysis Feather first made in this magazine

of the "nature, habits and preferences of the typical jazz fan," particularly with regard to his and her record buying. Between 500 and 1,000 answers to a detailed set of questions form the material for the charts and subsequent commentary. There is also a brief section on the jazz *Disc Jockeys* in which the most astute opinions are by Willis Conover although all have something pertinent to say.

The most absorbing new feature of the book is the *Musicians' Musicians Poll* in which 101 leading jazzmen voted for "the greatest" ever and also "new star" in 18 categories. This is the first time a large number of musicians have voted for all-time choices as well as new stars. Feather is to be congratulated for conceiving and executing the idea and for the diligence it must have taken to get the 101 ballots.

I would point out, however, that of the 101 voting, between 60 and 70 by my count could be loosely classified as modernists so that the results, while extremely interesting, are not as comprehensive as they might have been in a more extended poll including more traditional and swing era jazzmen.

WERE BALLOTS sent, for example, to Baby Dodds, Vic Dickenson, Pee Wee Russell, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Art Hodes, Zutty Singleton, Milt Hinton, Wilbur and Sidney DeParis, Omer Simeon, Kid Ory, Willie (The Lion) Smith, Miff Mole, Joe or Marty Marsala, Max Kaminsky, Jack Teagarden, Edmond Hall, Ralph Sutton, Danny Barker, George Lewis, Albert Nicholas, Paul Barbarin, Wild Bill Davison, Don Byas, Bill Coleman, Dicky Wells, Harry Edison, Jimmy Crawford, Trummy Young?

It is nonetheless a fascinating poll, particularly because Feather has printed the complete ballots of all but 15 voters who preferred their choices to be secret.

Among Bob Brookmeyer's selections, for example, are Louis Armstrong, Pee Wee Russell, Jelly Roll Morton, Harry Carney, and Sid Catlett along with Bird, Mulligan, and Konitz. Miles Davis picks Louis, Roy, Dizzy, Hackett, Harry James, Clark Terry, and Freddie Webster.

Both Buck Clayton and J. J. Johnson select the late Fred Beckett on trombone, and J. J. explaining that the former Harlan Leonard and Lionel Hampton sideman "was the very first trombonist I ever heard play in a manner other than the usual sliding, slurring, lip trilling or 'gut bucket' style. He had tremendous facilities for linear improvisation."

Armstrong selects Berigan and Hackett with Braf as new star while Dizzy picks Louis, Miles, Roy, Hackett, and Freddie Webster with Clifford Brown as new star.

A **FURTHER SECTION** lists, side by side, the polls held in the last year for and by the readers of *Down Beat*, *Metronome*, *Melody Maker*, *Jazz-Hot*, and *Jazz Echo*, plus the aforementioned *Yearbook Musicians' poll* as well as the most recent *Down Beat Critics' poll*.

The biographical section, of course, each year will be the most important part of the *Yearbook* for reference purposes. Feather eventually hopes to include "every active" figure in jazz. I hope, too, that he also will devote

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more space to historical figures whom he has omitted from both the main *Encyclopedia* and this first annual—persons active and inactive, who may not have been "major" contributors to jazz but who certainly had some vital meaning in the living course of the music and who belong in a book of this scope.

To cite several examples of omissions as excerpted from a longer list in a letter in the March, 1956, issue of *Jazz Journal*:

Bernard Addison, Cuba Austin, Louis Bacon, Eddie Dougherty, Stomp Evans, Charlie Green (an inexplicable slight), Alex Hill, Manzie Johnson, Ulysses Livingston, Jimmy O'Bryant, Lucky Roberts, Floyd Smith (another essential), Buster Smith, Don Stovall, Teddy Weatherford, Albert Wynn, and, I might add, the aforementioned Fred Beckett.

I'M SURE THERE are other honorable historic names that readers of this magazine might suggest, and I know Feather would appreciate your sending him lists during the next year in care of *Down Beat*.

The biographical section in the *Yearbook* is nonetheless of value. The format is the same as in the *Encyclopedia* except that still-active names who already have been covered biographically in the first book are just brought up to date in this volume with news of their live activities and recordings during the last year. There are 575 of these updating entries. The only error I discovered was the statement that the Dizzy Gillespie big band played at the Newport festival.

Concluding sections of the *Yearbook* comprise an announcement and description of Decca's forthcoming series of four 12" LPs prepared by Feather (*The Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records*) and Leonard's choice of 52 *Best Records of the Year*.

A more valuable substitute for the latter chapter in annuals to come would be a simple list of all the jazz LPs, including reissues, put out during the previous year, preferably with personnel and titles. Another chapter—*Favorite Versions of Favorite Tunes*—is interesting to dedicated record collectors of particular songs but seems expendable to me.

FEATHER ALSO includes the *Down Beat* list of where to hear jazz in night clubs around the country; a list of jazz organizations and record companies; a list of the major booking agencies, along with a roster of the musicians and singers each handles, and a generally good selection of some 100 photographs.

I do not especially object, incidentally, to the inclusion of Elvis Presley in the biographical sections. I have been in danger of being banished from hearth and local office for stating that Presley at times indicates an honest affinity with the blues, and I am interested to note in his entry here that he acknowledges as his two major influences Joe Turner and Bill Crudup. And Crudup, by the way, has yet to be included in either of these books and neither has many an important blues singer, alive and dead.

These two volumes, in any case, are a solid beginning; and they will be read, consulted—and argued about—for decades.

—nat

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(Jumped from Page 8)

basis . . . For stay-up-late weekenders, NBC radio inaugurates **Marathon**, a program of records featuring the output of a single star from the music or theater scene. First show was all-Sinatra, with **Sammy Davis Jr.** the commentator. **Marathon** starts at midnight Saturdays and runs to 6 a.m. Sundays.

RECORDS: The Record Industry Association of America made its pitch late in November before a house ways and means sub-committee for repeal of the current excise tax on records. Members returned from Washington with hopeful outlook that the 10 percent tariff would be dropped . . . **Ann Blyth** signed to portray **Helen Morgan** in the Warner Brothers biofilm, **The Helen Morgan Story** . . . In London, **Ted Heath** just cut an album titled **A Yank in Europe**, featuring works by **Raymond Scott**.

Chicago

JAZZ, CHICAGO-STYLE: Duke Ellington's traditionally pertinent band is at the Blue Note, entrancing customers with sounds of the past, present, and future. Ellington will be in residence until Jan. 6. **John B. Gillespie** brings his exciting band to the Note Jan. 9 for two weeks. The **Oscar Peterson** trio and **Rolf Kuhn's** quartet follow Diz on the 23rd . . . **Toshiko**, currently fascinating London House fans, will be succeeded by the **Barbara Carroll** trio on Jan. 2. **Billy Taylor's** trio follows **Barbara's** . . . At **Mister Kelly's**, the precise counterpoint of **Jackie and Roy** and the hip calypso of **Maya Angelou** will rule until '56 is history. **Kelly's** first quarter '57 lineup looks like this: **January**, **Georgia Carr** and **Hamish Menzies**; **February**, **Anita O'Day**, and **March**, **Billie Holiday**. New talent will be used to supplement this roster, according to the sound **Kelly's** policy . . . The decorators departed their gig at the **Preview's** Modern Jazz Room. **Tony Scott** brought his group in at Christmas time. He'll fill the room with modern sounds until Jan. 14, when the **Modern Jazz Quartet** takes over.

Red Arrow patrons are having a ball on Sundays, when two New Orleans-style groups hold forth. The groups are headed by **Franz Jackson** and **Ernie Gollner**. **Gollner's** group appears nightly at the **Arrow**, except Monday and Tuesday.

Pianist **Dick Marx** and bassist-violinist **John Frigo**, currently the Monday-Tuesday duo at **Mister Kelly's**, recently cut an LP for **Coral**. The LP, scheduled for release early in '57, includes **Satin Doll**, **Fugue for Tin Horns**, **Sleighride**, **I Love Paris**, and **I Hear Music**. The latter two tunes will be released as a big band single, with **Jack Montrose** a possibility to direct the band . . . The **S.R.O.** club, a new jazz room at 201 W. **Goethe**, opened Dec. 14 with the **Fred Kaz** trio, featuring **Kaz**, piano; **Lee Harvey**, bass, and **Dick Tyler**, drums.

DePaul university conducted its third annual jazz festival Dec. 17, with proceeds being used to provide Christmas food baskets for needy local families. Disc jockey **Daddy-O-Daylie** mc-ed the

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concert, which featured the Johnnie Pate trio, singer Lucy Reed, Hal Otis, Sam Most, Franz Jackson's Dixieland group, singer Abbey Lincoln, Ramsey Lewis' trio, singer Bill Henderson, and comedian Leo DeLyon.

ADDED NOTES: Jerry Lewis currently is conquering patrons of the Chez Paree as a comedian-vocalist. Jerry will be in command until Jan. 10, when Roberta Sherwood and Myron Cohen move in. Liberace will occupy the Chez for most of February, until Sammy Davis Jr. comes on like Mr. Wonderful on Feb. 26... Reports have it that the Black Orchid is about to close negotiations for appearances by Mel Torme, in April, and the Hi-Lo's, in May. Leo DeLyon, Abbey Lincoln, and the Tune Tattlers are now at the Orchid, with the Mello-Larks and comic Jimmy Ames coming in Jan. 17 for a month. Pianist-singer Ace Harris joined Buddy Charles in the Orchid's Junior room... Chet Roble recently entered his sixth year at the Hotel Sherman's piano bar.

Hollywood

JAZZ JOTTINGS: Red Norvo, who never-took-a-lesson-in-his-life, is studying with musician-philosopher Dr. Wesley LaViolette, teacher of Jimmy Giuffre, Shorty Rogers, and others. Norvo's quintet, at Zucca's on Foothill Blvd., with Bill Douglass on bass, is the first interracial jazz group to work the San Gabriel valley club circuit... Rolf Ericson's returned from a date at Birdland with the Dexter Gordon group. Birdland, Seattle, this is... John Graas has a swinging thing going with his "Jazz-Lab" sessions featuring Jack Montrose every Sunday afternoon at the Hat & Cane on Lankershim in the valley... Bop pioneer Sir Charles Thompson, who's been on the coast for about a year, is seriously considering turning golf pro.

NITESCENE: Pete Vesco is the blasting Maynard Ferguson band booked into his Peacock Lane for the holidays. Ferguson shares the bill with Carmen McRae... Across the street, Jazz City has Billie Holiday onstand 'till Jan. 3, a crazy way to ring in 1957... A swingin' New Year's eve is scheduled with the Buddy Collette quartet at Huntington Park's Rendezvous. Buddy opens stint the 28th... The tenor man with Jack Millman's group at the Topper is a young Texas wailer, James Clay... Holidays at the 400 club are the wildest, with Teddy Buckner and band romping into a two-beat New Year.

Bud Shank's return to the Haig signaled a rapid upturn in cash register receipts. In fact, he may be in for a long stay. The Giuffre three did a one-weeker there last month... Christmas season at the Lighthouse was the swiftest, with Howard Rumsey and gang finding much to be happy about in the festive crowds... Next door, in the Dixieland department of the groovy beach town, Tom Riley's Saints are building a steadily increasing fan following at the Hermosa Inn.

ADDED NOTES: Talented singer-guitarist Sheila Moore winds up a plugh stint the 28th at Allison's Hacienda, Houston, Texas. Sheila's another product of Westlake college... Dick Palmer, trombonist from Massachusetts, is now west coast disc promotion chief for

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Decca. Off hours, he sits in with local jazz groups.

—tynan

San Francisco

There's still free speech in the jazz world. Drummer Sonny Wayne won't let anyone take the following inscription off the wall of the men's room at The Cellar: "Jazz has absolutely no practical value; Aesthetically speaking it is worthless, and as a form of communication it is of almost no value." Wayne says "Look, the cat has a right to his opinion!"

Dick Oxtot's Polecats are currently playing Monday through Thursday at Burp Hollow (isn't that a lovely name?) on Broadway, and Friday and Saturdays at Reno's in Oakland. Personnel is R. C. H. Smith, trumpet; Bill Shay, clarinet; Bob Mielke, trombone; Oxtot, banjo; Lee Sharpton, bass . . . Virgil Gonzales took his group into the Cable Car village for a two-nights-a-week-jazz policy, Sundays and Thursdays, with hopes of making it a full week later . . . The Cellar is considering a program of nights devoted to playing the compositions of local San Francisco jazz writers.

Despite all the protestations, the Fairmont's Venetian room is not closing permanently. They will shut down in January but will open later with Georgia Gibbs, followed by Eartha Kitt . . . Benny Goodman's two concerts in the Bay Area were bombs. He drew less than 2,000 paid at San Francisco's Opera House for a low gross of \$3,300 and in Berkeley, the situation was only slightly better. The concert was dull for everyone except for confirmed preterists, and you couldn't hear BG through the ensemble. It was also the worst publicized pair of promotions in recent history here . . . The Macumba may go dark during the week and operate only on weekends . . . Business very bad in all clubs during December . . .

—ralph j. gleason

Boston

Mort Sahl is at Storyville for all of December, sharing honors with an assortment of straight men . . . Joey Masters with a local quintet was the first; currently Sahl is flanked by Wild Bill Davison, Vic Dickenson, and associates . . . At Christmastime, present and accounted for, will be Don Elliott and Teddi King . . . WGBH-TV presented the first in its new Friday night series, Jazz, with emcees the Rev. Norman J. O'Connor and John McLellan. Premiere guests were Arnold Gurwitch, Coleman Hawkins, and Dinah Washington. Father O'Connor is also writing a weekly jazz column for the Boston Sunday Globe, as is George Wein for the Sunday Herald . . . Crystal Joy has a trio at Eddie's on Huntington Ave.

—cal kolbe

Washington, D. C.

Frankie Condon's band at the Spotlite room is keeping 14 musicians employed every week, a considerable feat in this day. Roy Eldridge blew with the band for a week . . . The holiday season has slowed booking pace of the major jazz spots here. The Patio lounge had inked no one for the weeks at presstime . . . The Marina—miscalled

Not For Ours

New York—NBC-TV will present a "jazz" concert on the *Robert Montgomery Presents* program New Year's eve with the following artists:

Hugo Winterhalter, his orchestra and chorus, Dorothy Olsen, the Nightcaps, Eddie Heywood, Eddie Dano, Henry (Hot Lips) Levine, Teddi King, and Ann Gilbert. The program of "jazz" offerings will be called *Music for Your New Year's Eve*.

Mario's, Marino's, and a variety of other names in press releases—has given up jazz and settled into a rhythm-and-blues-plus strippers groove . . . Ralph Flanagan's band is at the Shoreham hotel's Blue room . . . Wild Bill Davison took on the local "Wild Bill," name of Whelan in one of their periodic encounters early in December at the Rustic Cabin . . . Lester Young, ably backed by the Bill Potts trio, proved he's still the President in a week at the Patio . . . Earl Swope and Jack Nimitz are in demand for gigs around the town.

—paul sampson

New Orleans

Sam Butera and the Witnesses, a contingent from Louis Prima's Las Vegas band, followed Al Belletto's sextet into the Dream room. Skip Fawcett, 26. Belletto's bassist, apparently fell asleep at the wheel while driving from Buffalo, N. Y., to Youngstown, Ohio, and was killed when his car left the road and crashed. He is survived by the widow, who lives in Youngstown . . . The Club Louisiane at Baton Rouge drew large crowds for the one-niter appearances of the Les Brown and the Woody Herman bands . . . Skinnay Ennis' band was followed into the Blue room of the Roosevelt hotel by Jan Garber's. Show headliner was Rusty Draper.

The Mints vocal group opened at the Safari lounge after Johnny Desmond completed his schedule there . . . Flutist-tenorist Bob Hernandez relinquished his place at the helm of the Tribesmen to join the troupe of stripper Lily Christine. It wasn't known whether the Tribesmen will seek a replacement or disband . . . Paul Barbarin's Dixieland band is spelling Al Hirt's sextet at Pier 600. Hirt recently reorganized with pianist Roy Zimmerman and trombonist Bob Havens.

—dick martin

Cincinnati

Localite Jerri Adams in town recently plugging her new Columbia LP, *It's Cool Inside* . . . Artur Rubinstein is set for a guest appearance with the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra Jan. 11-12 . . . Tiny Bradshaw's band rocked the Dude Ranch club in Hamilton during a week's stay there . . . The Nineteenth Hole cafe has been swinging these past few months with Popeye Maupin's quartet, with Bill Jennings on guitar, and Leo Cornett's quintet, featuring Alex Nelson on baritone sax.

—dick schaefer

filmland upbeat

By Hal Holly

FILMS IN REVIEW: *The Wild Party* (Anthony Quinn, Carol Ohmart, Nehemiah Persoff; soundtrack piano solos by Pete Jolly; Buddy DeFranco quartet) is one of the best attempts so far to combine a jazz flavor with a movie melodrama and is just about the first time the moviemakers have caught up with the fact that the music is no longer completely synonymous with New Orleans, Dixieland, or Benny Goodman.

The story in this case deals with an upper-crust young woman whose liking for jazz leads her into visiting what is referred to in the synopsis as a "dive in the sordid section of Los Angeles" to hear Kicks Johnson (Nehemiah Persoff, with sound by Pete Jolly) play the piano. This leads her into a very bad night with a onetime football star (Anthony Quinn) who develops an urge for the young woman that turns him into something of a sadist.

Despite shaky premises in the story, including the one that good jazz musicians nowadays work in dives as sordid as those found in this picture, *The Wild Party* comes off as a better-than-average movie of this type, thanks mainly to good direction and good performances by the principals, especially Quinn. The musical background is very definitely an asset, not only because of the very satisfying solo work by Jolly, plus a good sequence featuring the DeFranco unit, but also because up-and-coming young Buddy Bregman has come up with a neatly tailored underscore with some fresh ideas. Example: a final fade-out to a soaring trumpet (Maynard Ferguson) instead of the usual pseudo-symphonic coda. And musicians will be pleased to note that unseen soundtrack pianist Jolly receives screen credit on the main title.

ON AND OFF THE BEAT: Universal-International's rock 'n' roll opus, *Rock, Pretty Baby!* (Sal Mineo, John Saxon, Luana Patton) received such a tremendous reception at the first sneak preview—teen-agers went wild and even adults found it entertaining—that at this typing U-I was staging more "sneak previews" with camera crews catching the audience reaction for use in exploitation trailers. It's a real sleeper and is figured to make young Saxon, who plays the role of guitarist to soundtrack by Barney Kessel, the next teen-age rage . . . Kim Novak is taking vocal instruction from Harriet Lee and plans to do her own singing in her upcoming co-starrer with Frank Sinatra, *Pal Joey*, at Columbia . . . Burt Lancaster and associates, in New York at this deadline, were discussing production of a Louis Armstrong biofilm . . . Sunset Productions, with Shake, Rattle, Rock (Fats Domino, Joe Turner, et al) ready for release, so sure of a rock 'n' roll film cycle that the firm has signed Buck Ram (*The Great Pretender*) as musical consultant for a series of r&r movies. The deal includes use of units for which Ram writes material—Platters, Penguins, Flairs. They're set for Sunset's follow-up to Shake, Rattle, Rock, as yet untitled and unwritten but due to start in a couple of weeks.

Sinatra, prerecording his songs for *The Joker*, Joe E. Lewis biofilm at Paramount, included three solid standards, *I'll Cry for You*, *At Sundown*, and *If I Could Be with You*. There also will be new songs by Jimmy Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn . . . Ghost pianist for actor Louis Jourdan in the currently showing *Doris Day* starrer, Julie, is Leonard Pennario of Capitol's classical catalog. He also doubled as composer on that stint . . . Universal-International and Jean (Lonesome Gal) King are at odds over her projected biofilm, Jean's side of the split: "They want to present me as a sexy character—and I'm not." . . . And the latest addition to Hollywood's long list of upcoming musical biofilms is *The Happiness Boys*, the story of the team only old-timers will remember from the early days of radio, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare. Ernie's daughter, Marilyn, who has been active in Hollywood television, will have a principal role . . . But we understand Gene Austin's daughter, Charlotte, though fairly active in the movies—she's currently doing the feminine lead in Columbia's *The Man Who Turned to Stone*—will have no part in, or of, her pop's biofilm, *The Lonesome Road* . . . Alfred Newman, 20th-Fox music chief, stepped in and took over the baton on an album of film music Victor Young was preparing for Decca at the time of his death. The album will be completed as planned by Young and under his name, with Newman taking no credit.

radio and tv

By Jack Mabley

IF YOU DIDN'T LISTEN carefully to the verbiage in Jackie Gleason's television tribute to Tommy Dorsey, you might have thought everybody from Bix Beiderbecke to John (Dizzy) Gillespie played with Dorsey at one time or another.

A group which played the first music on the show was introduced with "the Clambake Seven kind of music," and if the viewer thought this was the Clambake Seven Alumni association, he could be forgiven. But I saw Bobby Byrne, Russ Morgan (Russ Morgan!!!) Howard Smith, Eddie Condon, Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Irwin, Joe Venuti, Bud Freeman. Most of them seem to be losing their hair.

Gleason junked his scheduled show to devote the full hour to Dorsey music. Critical reaction was mixed. I thoroughly enjoyed the hour but suppose much of it must be chalked up to nostalgia. I was wild about both Dorsey bands in the '30s, and it was fascinating to see many of the former Dorsey musicians.

GLEASON GOT OFF ON THE right foot by shunning banality. He even dispensed with the "and here he is now" routine and those handsome females who herald this and that.

"This is a tribute to Tommy Dorsey from the people of the music world," said Gleason. "Tommy Dorsey was always straight as a baton. I don't think he'd want us to get sentimental over him."

This opened the way for the rather joyous Clambake Seven contribution, *Royal Garden Blues*. Here was my only real objection to the show—a failure to clarify that the many musicians performing were not former Dorsey players. I seem to remember strings and harps in the band at one time or another, but I don't ever recall a fiddle in the Clambake Seven, Joe Venuti or no.

CONNIE HAINES, MATT DENNIS, and Axel Stordahl, legitimate alumni, combined on *Will You Still Be Mine!* Jo Stafford made what I thought was the first mistake by singing her first recording with Dorsey, something called *Little Man with the Candy Cigar* which had a line about little laddy you're so like your daddy. It was brutal. *Embraceable You* was much better.

Bob Crosby, who was leading some great Dixieland musicians and fogging the air with his own vocals at the time the Dorsey band was most prominent, was hired to sing *Dinah*. It was mercifully short, interrupted by some solos by Charlie Barnett, Red Nichols, Joe Bushkin, and Jack and Charlie Teagarden.

Vic Damone, June Hutton, and the Modernaires combined on *I'll Never Smile Again*, and Haines-Damone and Crosby-Stafford ganged up on *Look at Me Now*, and it didn't sound much like it did a generation ago when, to the best of my memory, Miss Stafford and Sy Oliver did it with Oliver's arrangement.

THE HEART TUGGER OF Gleason's hour was saved for last and was teed off by Paul Whiteman, who testified that Tommy Dorsey was one of the music world's most sterling characters. Then a band, led by brother Jimmy, played a group which came closest to the old Dorsey arrangements. The performers included Louie Bellson, Charlie Shavers, Jack Leonard, Sy Oliver, and Count Basie taking one chorus on the piano.

Perhaps the finest tribute to Dorsey's musicianship was unconscious. The trombone solos in this group were played, as far as the TV cameras were concerned, by a giant shadow projected on a screen behind the band. The shadow resembled the late band leader, and the tromboning, while excellent and probably as close to T.D.'s as could be found, was unmistakably not the old master.

The show wasn't the smoothest Gleason has done. (Gleason forgot to introduce Rudy Vallee, which was tragic to Rudy Vallee but kind of funny otherwise.) But it was good showmanship in its timeliness. It was not trapped into sloppiness. And very logically, and very like Gleason, it was almost all music.

The next thing we'd like to see is Gleason or someone of his stature putting together a show like this honoring a musician who is still around to appreciate it.



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University Of Chicago Jazz Club Grows

"I'D LIKE to become another Norman Granz. The only problem is to find out how to do it."

Those words typify the promotion-minded approach of 18-year-old Frank Broude, director of the University of Chicago's jazz club. In the face of the failure of a previous jazz club on campus, and the apathy so often associated with participation in club activities, Broude has plunged forward in an effort to stimulate and maintain interest in jazz at the university.

His efforts in behalf of jazz began in October, 1955. Realizing that lethargy had destroyed the previous club, he set out to interest and inspire members of the student body. For four months he campaigned for jazz and a revitalized jazz club. He spoke with students, faculty members, musicians, directors of other jazz clubs.

Gradually, his intensive efforts showed results. Three members of the university staff expressed interest. John O'Meara, professor of humanities; John Netherton, associate dean of the college, and McCrea Hazlett, dean of students, shared Broude's dream.

With faculty support and adequate student participation, the club progressed.

"THE FIRST MEETINGS were devoted to record concerts," Broude recalls. "We would compare saxophonists, for example, or compare periods in the evolution of jazz. Many meetings were devoted to providing the listeners with a general background in jazz," he adds.

Aware of the need for a firm, impressive footing, Broude went out in search of aid from prominent musicians. Billy Taylor lauded the group's aims and promised to participate in a panel discussion when he came to Chicago. Max Roach offered to conduct a free concert, but plans for the concert fell through for lack of auditorium space. *Down Beat* editor Jack Tracy, composer-arranger-musician Bill Russo, and anthropologist Richard Waterman participated in a panel discussion for club members.

The first palpable university acknowledgement came in April, 1956, when the school financed a jazz concert as a part of its Festival of the Arts. The concert featured Bud Powell, playing and discussing jazz. Powell's presence and performance had a definite, potent impact on students and faculty alike. Broude likes to remember one particularly noteworthy aspect of that concert.

"DUE TO A DIFFICULTY in making connections, Powell was delayed more than an hour. We were faced with the necessity of keeping the audience satisfied or sacrificing everything we'd been striving to achieve for jazz. A number of the musicians who are members of the club decided to jam until Bud arrived," Broude recalls.

"At a crucial moment during this unplanned session, a thin, bearded gentleman arose and walked onstage. He asked if he could sit in on bass. He did and helped make the audience realize the vitality of improvised music. Thanks to Percy Heath, the audience was well-prepared for Bud's arrival and the concert turned out to be a success," he says.

Last summer, the university's jazz club joined forces with the Roosevelt university jazz society and presented a series of sessions featuring such musicians as Miles Davis, Tony Scott, Red Mitchell, Sam Most, and local tenor man Johnny Griffin.

In November, the U. of C. club sponsored a concert by the Count Basie band. More concerts are planned. Broude hopes to obtain the services of Duke Ellington and Gerry Mulligan for future sessions. In addition, he has other, more auspicious, plans for the club.

"We're planning a jazz workshop for the musicians in the club," Broude says. "We want to give them the opportunity to experiment, to immerse themselves in jazz. One of the members, who plays tenor and piano, has a vast LP jazz library and will direct the workshop. Several musicians, including Basie, have offered to coach when they get to town," he adds.

BROUDE IS IN the process of establishing a club record buying service. Such a service would allow members to purchase sides at an appreciable discount. The discount would be available on either classical or jazz records. Broude feels that a 50-50 balance between the two would be desirable. He has been promised cooperation from local retail and wholesale record dealers.

Naturally, Broude plans to continue the regular record concerts for members. He feels that the basic appeal of records has drawn a good many students into the club. He places a good deal of emphasis on the discussions which are inspired by the record sessions.

The club's most ambitious plan calls for a national association of jazz clubs. Last year, Broude attended the congress of the National Student Association in Chicago. He discussed this plan with delegates from schools throughout the country. He discovered that many of them volunteered aid in establishing jazz clubs, in furthering a program of education in jazz, and in generally assisting to raise the level of jazz acceptance.

Broude is intensely interested in the establishment of jazz clubs in schools in the Chicago area.

"We'd like to get 10 groups started in colleges here," he says, "then go to the next National Student Association meeting, in Ann Arbor next August, with ideas on jazz clubs to present to the delegates. We'd like to meet delegates who would return to their schools with the idea of beginning a jazz club," he notes.

A NATIONAL ORGANIZATION would serve a variety of purposes, according to Broude. It would provide regular jazz club bookings for jazz artists. A central fund could be maintained for the publication of texts on jazz. Such a cooperative venture would result in a cohesive, coordinated national effort for jazz. The jazz club alliance would inspire action, he feels. Finally, such an organization would be potent enough to attract non-collegiate jazz groups into the fold and lead the entire group to grow accordingly.

The jazz club, as Broude sees it, must overcome two major obstacles, gross pseudo-intellectualism and inadequate financing.

"We're fighting the jazz-is-beneath-my-dignity-attitude," he states. "We feel that if we could do it at the University of Chicago, we could do it anywhere, because of the great number of snobs on this campus. We believe we're in the process of fighting an effective battle in this regard," he adds.

Broude, obviously, is the major factor in the success of the club. He has seen the club grow from a handful of interested fans to its current strength of more than 100 students, several faculty members, and a regular flow of guests. He conducts a weekly jazz show on campus station WCB. He's in the process of studying jazz piano, after seven years of classical training. A junior, with a pre-med major, Broude plans to specialize in psychoanalysis. However, he doesn't feel that his studies will in any way hamper his attention to the club. —gold

Jazz Off The Record

By Bill Russo and Jerry Mulvihill

ART PEPPER'S playing on *Jolly Roger* is rather reckless. However, this recklessness is a good feature rather than a bad one, because it contributes greatly to the rhythmic and melodic activity of the solo. However, Pepper takes liberties with the harmonic structure that are inadvisable to the student musician, so the chords behind the solo have been simplified in this transcription to avoid confusion.

A close study of the solo will show these liberties to be evidence of knowledge rather than of ignorance.

Key To Solo

Alto saxophone play as written.
Baritone saxophone transpose (25-28) down an octave and play the remainder of the solo as written.
Tenor saxophone transpose (25-28) down a perfect 5th and transpose the remainder of the solo up a perfect 4th.
Clarinet transpose down a perfect 5th.
Trumpet transpose (11-13) up a perfect 4th and transpose the remainder of the solo down a perfect 5th.
Trombone transpose (11-13) down a major 6th and transpose the remainder of the solo down an octave and a major 6th.
Concert pitch instruments transpose down a major 6th.
M.M. ♩ = 246
Records available: Stan Kenton, "Jolly Rogers," Capitol 1043

A good indication of a player's harmonic knowledge is his use of broken chords, both quantitatively and qualitatively. All other factors being equal, a player with extensive harmonic knowledge will ordinarily use more broken chords in an improvisation than will a player without such knowledge.

Of course, this does not mean that his playing is therefore better. What is more important is that, having more harmonic knowledge, he will construct and use his chords more intelligently.

Pepper uses quite a few broken chords in this solo, including both the given chords and their substitutions. The triads (like GEC in measure 9) and sevenths (like C A F D in measure 11) are easy to see, but some of the substitutions bear discussion.

ONE SUBSTITUTE for a major chord is a minor seventh chord built on the third: A mi 7 for F in measure 19. This is a F Maj 9 without the root. Another substitute for a major chord is a minor seventh chord built on the sixth: A mi 7 for C in measure 31. This is an inversion of C6. One substitute for a dominant seventh type chord is a leading-tone seventh type chord built on the third: B mi 7b5 for G 7 in measure 24. This is the same as G 9 without the root. A rather unusual substitute for a dominant seventh type chord is a major seventh chord built a major second above: F MA 7 for Eb7 in measure 26.

A melodic device that Pepper uses often in the solo is the "changing tone," which occurs when the upper neighboring tone or passing tone resolves to the chord tone by way of the lower neighboring tone. An example is found in measure 11, where D♭ moves to B and then to C, the seventh of D mi 7. The phrase beginning with Eb in measure 26 contains no less than four changing tones.

Art Pepper Solo On Jolly Roger

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Student Band Camp Slated

Chicago—A staff of well-known band-leaders and university instructors will conduct a national dance band camp for students between the ages of 16 and 22 next summer in Indiana.

During two four-week sessions, the camp will provide students with classes in individual instruments, voice, arranging, and theory, plus the opportunity to participate in section and band rehearsals.

Bandleaders who have offered their services to date are Buddy Morrow, Ralph Marterie, Les Brown, Sam Donahue, Ray McKinley, Ralph Flanagan, Richard Maltby, and Stan Kenton. A different band will be at the camp each week, with the leader instructing students daily, using his band's manuscripts.

Present plans call for limiting the enrollment to 200 students a session. The complete price for the four-week session will be \$250. This will include room, board, tuition, and a variety of recreational facilities.

The camp has been designed to meet the needs of young students interested in utilizing summer vacation months to further ambitions in the dance band field. These students will be able to study, rehearse, and jam for four weeks, under the tutelage of professionals.

Music directors, students, and parents desiring additional information on the camp program may obtain it by writing to MUSIC, Box 238, South Bend, Ind.

The over-all contour of the melody is clear when its highs and lows are located. The lowest part is the first few measures, D in measure 11 being the lowest note. Each eight measure section has its high point. In the first section it is C in measure 16, although Bb in measure 13-14 receives more emphasis because of its duration and its placement at the top of a long ascent. In the second section the high point is D in measure 17. In the last section the high point, also the high point of the solo, is E in measure 26. Its location, roughly two-thirds of the way from beginning to end, allows for satisfactory tapering off. In fact, all these high points are approached and abandoned gradually.

THE FIRST EIGHT measures of this chorus are occupied by an ensemble passage (hence the rest) that builds to a tense climax. The tumbling phrases of eighth notes with irregular accents, at the beginning of the solo, seem to break up this tension. These measures are very active rhythmically, as is the remainder of the solo. In general, the solo is commendable for the exceptionally vigorous and forceful way in which it is played, without sacrificing clarity of execution.

To gain the maximum benefit from this solo it is necessary to listen to the record. Otherwise such matters as tone, time, and dynamics will be unappreciated.

All records used in this column may be obtained directly or by mail from Gamble Music, 312 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.

Tenor Sax

Parlay 2

Musical notation for Tenor Sax, consisting of seven staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns and melodic lines.

Parlay 2

Piano

Musical notation for Piano, consisting of seven staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. Chord symbols are written above the notes, including Gm7, C7, Am7, Ab9, D7, F6/A, and Em7. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns and melodic lines.

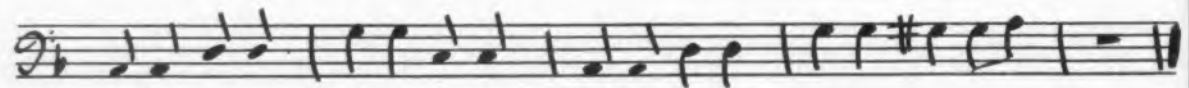
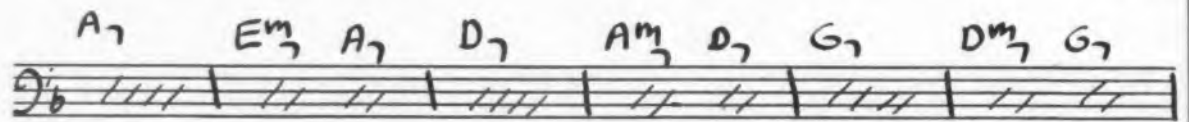
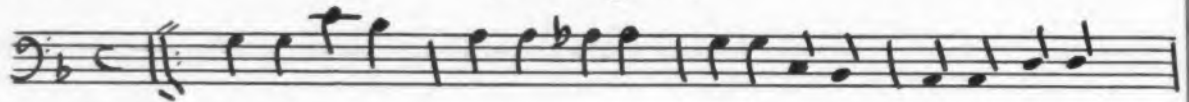
Special Combo Arrangement

The arrangement of "Parlay 2" which appears on this and the following page is printed exactly as it appears in the books of the Charlie Ventura combo. Written by Lennie

Niehaus, it can be heard as played by the Ventura group on Baton 12" LP BL-1202. "Parlay 2" is copyright by C&D Music, Inc., and used with permission.

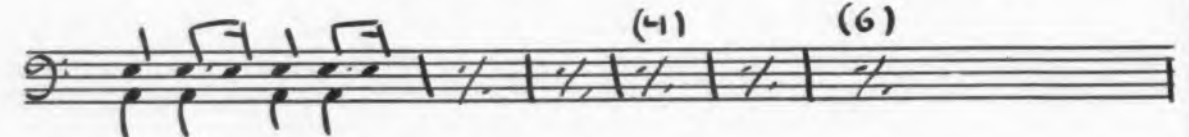
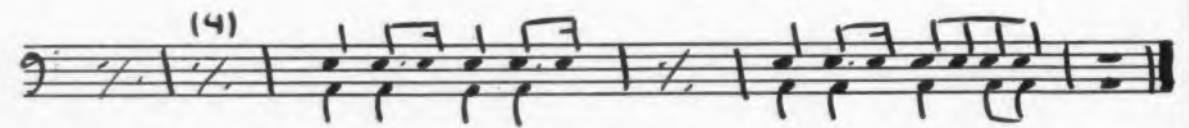
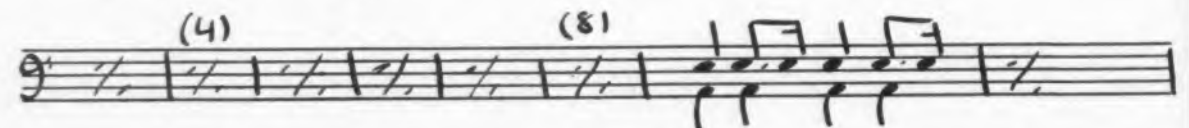
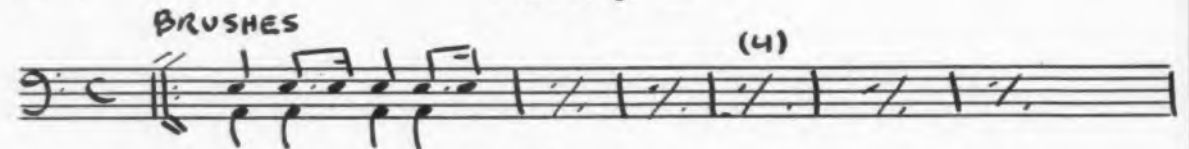
Bass

Parlay 2



Drums

Parlay 2



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band routes

EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS: b—ballroom; h—hotel; nc—night club; cl—cocktail lounge; r—restaurant; f—bar; cc—country club; rh—roadhouse; pc—private club; NYC—New York City; ABC—Associated Booking Corp. (Joe Glazer), 745 Fifth Ave., NYC; AL—Albrook-Pumphrey, Richmond, Va.; AT—Abe Turchan, 309 W. 57th St., NYC; GAC—General Artists Corp., RKO Bldg., NYC; JKA—Jack Kurtzo Agency, 214 N. Canon Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.; MCC—McConkey Artists, 1780 Broadway, NYC; MCA—Music Corp. of America, 590 Madison Ave., NYC; GG—Gale-Gale Agency, 40 W. 48th St., NYC; OI—Orchestras, Inc., c/o Bill Black, 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.; RMA—Reg. Marshall Agency, 6671 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.; SAC—Shaw Artists Corp., 565 Fifth Ave., NYC; UA—Universal Attractions, 2 Park Ave., NYC; WA—Willard Alexander, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC; WMA—William Morris Agency, 1740 Broadway, NYC; NOS—National Orchestra Service, 1611 City National Bank Building, Omaha, Neb.

Albert, Abbey (Statler) Washington, D. C., h
Barlow, Dick (St. Anthony) San Antonio, Texas, h
Barnet, Charlie (On Tour—West Coast) MCA
Barron, Blue (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA
Bartley, Ronnie (On Tour—South) NOS
Beecher, Little John (On Tour—South) NOS
Beneke, Tex (On Tour—East) MCA
Blade, Jimmy (Drake) Chicago, h
Brandwynne, Nat (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, h
Butterfield, Billy (On Tour—New England) MCA
Byers, Verne (On Tour—New Mexico) NOS
Calaine, Bob (On Tour—Midwest) NOS
Cardona, Sammy (On Tour—Louisiana) Associated Talent Agency
Clayton, Del (On Tour—South) NOS
Cross, Bob (Statler Hilton) Dallas, Texas, h
DeHans, Al (Brown Suburban) Louisville, Ky., h
Donahue, Al (Persian Terrace) Syracuse, N. Y., out 1/17, r
Eberle, Ray (On Tour—East Coast) MCA
Elmout, Les (On Tour—East Coast) MCA
Emis, Sidney (On Tour—West Coast) MCA
Ferguson, Danny (47 Supper Club) Muncie, Ind., h
Fisk, Charles (Palmer House) Chicago, h
Fitzpatrick, Eddie (Mapes) Reno, Nev., h
Foster, Chuck (Peabody) Memphis, Tenn., out 2/11, h
Gingers, Wally (On Tour—Midwest) MCA
Gordon, Claude (On Tour—West Coast) GAC
Howard, Eddie (Arakon) Chicago, out 1/27, h
James, Harry (Beverly Hills) Beverly Hills, Calif., h
James, Splice (Civic Auditorium) San Francisco, Calif., out 1/13, t
Kaye, Sammy (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA
King, Henry (On Tour—Texas) MCA
Kirk, Wayne (On Tour—Midwest) MCA
Kirk, Buddy (Troquois Gardens) Louisville, Ky., nc
Laine, Buddy (Chevy Chase) Wheeling, Ill., cc
Lombardo, Guy (Roosevelt) NYC, h
Love, Preston (On Tour—Midwest) NOS
Mango, Dick (On Tour—Texas) Associated Talent Agency
McGrane, Dan (Radisson) Minneapolis, Minn., h
McKinley, Ray (Statler) NYC, h
Martin, Freddy (Ambassador) Los Angeles, h
Masters, Frankie (Central Hilton) Chicago, h
Munro, Hal (Millard) Chicago, h
Neighbors, Paul (Shamrock) Houston, Texas, h
Prado, Perez (On Tour—West Coast) MCA
Price, Freddy (St. Rocco's Youth Center) NYC, h
Ragon, Don (Mazie Carpet) San Bernardino, Calif., nc
Ranch, Harry (Golden Nugget) Las Vegas, Nev., nc
Ricks, Billy (On Tour—West Coast) MCA
Sands, Carl (On Tour—Chicago Territory) Associated Talent Agency
Sauter-Fineman (On Tour—East) WA
Sedlar, Jimmy (On Tour—East Coast) MCA
Spivak, Charlie (On Tour—South) MCA
Strasser, Ted (Piazza) NYC, h
Sudy, Joe (Pierce) NYC, h
Thornhill, Claude (On Tour—West) WA
White, Press (Ponce De Leon) Hornell, N. Y., h

Donnekan, Dorothy (Embers) NYC, in 1/21, nc
Dukes of Dixieland (Thunderbird) Las Vegas, Nev., out 1/21, h
Ellis, Bob (Community) Elmont, N. Y., rh
Funk, Sotum (Tia Juana) Harrisburg, Pa., nc
Galwey, Roy (On Tour—Chicago Territory) SAC
Greco, Buddy (Eden Roc) Miami Beach, Fla., out 1/30, h
Haddock, Russ (Embers) NYC, out 1/20, nc
Herman, Lenny (Warwick) Philadelphia, Pa., h
Kaye, Mary (Sahara) Las Vegas, Nev., h
Kings, JV (Hysteria) Las Vegas, Nev., h
Lambert, Lloyd (Palms) Hallandale, Fla., out 1/13, nc
Manne, Shelly (Secret Harbor) Santa Monica, Calif., nc
Mason, Hob (Milla Villa) Sioux Falls, S. D., h
McGill, Rollo (Cotton Club) Rochester, N. Y., out 1/6, nc
McNeely, Big Jay (On Tour—East) SAC
Mingus, Charlie (Birdland) NYC, out 1/21, nc
Newborn Phinias (Pencock Lane) Hollywood, Calif., out 1/6, nc
Note-A-Books (BB&O Indianapolis, Ind., 12/10-1/5, rh; Van Orman Graham) Bloomington, Ind., 1/7-26, h
Rico, George (Bamcroft) Saginaw, Mich., h
Salt City Five (Theatrical Grill) Cleveland, Ohio, out 1/20, nc
Smith, Jimmy (On Tour—East) SAC
Stanton, Bill (Ka-Sue's) Toledo, Ohio, nc
Swinking Gentleman (Small's Paradise) NYC, out 1/7, nc
Three Ducks (Wheel Bar) Colmar Manor, Md., nc
Three Sparks (El Cortez) Las Vegas, Nev., h
Trotter, Nat (Elmer) Billings, Mont., nc
Troupe, Bobby (Keynote) Los Angeles, nc
Williams, Billy (New Frontier) Las Vegas, Nev., out 1/27, h

Tommy Dorsey

(Jumped from Page 15)

pous as a musician, as trombonist, or bandleader.

IT WILL TAKE a lot of hunting to find the top sides of Tommy's career. Those made with Goldkette and Whiteman don't offer much worthwhile evidence, although surely a few measurings of a few sides deserve to be rescued from obscurity. Certainly, too, some of the sides he made with **Bix** (*Davenport Blues* or *Toddlin' Blues*, or the famous **Bix-Hoagy Carmichael Rockin' Chair**), or the **Travelers' Breakaway**, or the **Chocolate Dandies'** famous **Cherry**, should be preserved in the Dorsey archives as examples of Tommy's early achievements as soloist or ensemble member.

Then there are all the Dorsey Brothers' dates on a variety of labels in the late '20s (*Breakaway* is an outstanding example of the music on one of these dates led by Jimmy and Tommy), ending with the engaging band of 1934 and 1935 which recorded regularly, and often with distinction, for Decca. This last organization, compact and crisp at its best, offers a most attractive view of Tommy at his least pretentious, featured far less often than one might expect of the impresario and boxoffice personality of later years.

Let us hope that the death of Tommy will spur some effective examination of

the vaults on the part of Victor, of Decca, of Columbia (which has title to Okeh and Brunswick sides, as well as some on Columbia, under the direction of the Dorseys). Let us hope that we will be privileged soon to hear a proper selection of the best sides made by Tommy, but not simply to show off his skill as a selector of men and tunes, as top dog in a recording kennel. It is rather the musician I am interested in hearing, the individual, the trombonist. It may not be entirely out of order, really, that for millions of Americans and not a few listeners outside this country, Tommy is and will long remain the trombonist.

IT IS NOT my purpose here, under the influence of a recent death, sentimentally to inflate Tommy's reputation or to attempt to match, under any such duress, his skills to his public reception. He was, I am trying to say, a commanding figure who set very high standards of trombone and band performance in American music, in and out of jazz. Because of what he demonstrated, on his horn again and again, the trombone was broadened far beyond the guttural limitations of that barrelhouse jazz from which he emerged.

Because of what he made others demonstrate, over and over, in the sections of the bands he led, the dance orchestra in this country became, much of the time anyway, a musicianly organization capable of a remarkable elasticity, of a viable jazz, of a swinging ballad, of a high level of performance in almost any kind of popular music.

One may prefer a J. J. Johnson, a Kai Winding, a Jimmy Harrison, a J. C. Higginbotham, a Bill Harris, a Bob Brookmeyer, to Tommy as a soloist. One's taste, if it is jazz-centered, naturally will incline far more to the Ellington band of the '30s and early '40s than to any of Tommy's organizations, or to one or another of the Herman Herds, to a Basie band or two, or to 1937 Goodman or 1950 Kenton.

One cannot deny, however, if one is musically oriented in any shape or fashion, that Tommy's was a major achievement on both counts, as leader and sideman. One must not lose sight or—the record companies willing—sound of a major figure in the history of jazz (yes, jazz), without whom the large percentage of jazz sounds in today's run-of-the-mill but not unpleasant dance bands and studio orchestras would be much smaller. And the considerable musicianship absolutely demanded, quite taken for granted, of a trombonist, any trombonist, in any branch of popular music, would be unknown.

IT IS SHOCKING to me that the jazz purists, the righteous-minded who devote pages in their chronicles, in their documentation and appraisal of jazz achievement to a Leadbelly or a Jelly Roll can relegate Tommy to nothing more than a passing mention or two or none.

It is shocking because so much of what he was shaped by his jazz background and shaped well. If you want to take Tommy seriously at all—and I hope it is quite clear that I for one do—then it is in jazz that you must take him and in jazz that you must leave him.

combos

Brubeck, Dave (Zard's) Hollywood, Calif., 1/11, 12, 18, 19, nc
Carroll, Barbara (London House) Chicago, 1/1-23, r
Charles, Ray (On Tour—Midwest) SAC
Cheerful Earls (Ott's) Albany, N. Y., 12/24-1/2, r
Davis, Bill (Small's Paradise) NYC, out 1/20, nc
Felix, Miles (On Tour—California) SAC
Hornbe, Fats (On Tour—New Orleans) SAC
Insitonas (Hacienda) Las Vegas, Nev., out 1/31, h

JAZZ

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