

October 17, 1957 35c

down beat

Readers Poll

Your First Ballot

Mary Lou Williams

A Comeback

Art Blakey

With A Message

Jimmy Giuffre

The Third Part

Shelly Manne



Al Cohn



Mary Osborne



Sal Salvador

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In Defense . . .

Winnipeg, Canada

To the Editors:

Just a line in defense of the blistering attack your critics gave Louis Armstrong on his performance at Newport. There are several things you people should realize:

- Louis has already made his contribution to jazz. It's time an important concert feature him as an act.
- He's 37 years old, a man that age takes a little longer than a youngster. His last great recordings were made at that time in 1947.
- Mr. Irving Kid Ory and Teaparden got in on it first, and think it would have been fair to trumpet Young. In all probability, it was someone who promised this and an agent will promise you anything to get the job.
- Louis has a successful formula for his performance; naturally, he's reluctant to change it. It's difficult to agree with success.
- The Music should be put in whatever looked Louis. They should have found somebody else, know what type of performance Louis would give them. Let's face it, Louis is a big draw and that's why he was booked. And why should he change his repertoire for one concert?

Jazz is a young man's act. When you get into your 30s don't expect the same free-for-all, even the chops to hold out as they did 10 or 20 years ago.

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Oh! . . .

Los Angeles

To the Editors:

I've written my share of gripes. That's the wonderful thing about jazz: every attitude (unless limited) is gathering on the sidewalk. And that's often our downfall. We become too subjective.

Now, it is a pleasure to be of positive bent and give proper credit to a most objective review. I refer to Don Gold's coverage of the Kansas concert at Ravinia.

Gold has produced the most provocative and pronounced examination of Dave's music in quite some time. He hasn't forgotten that criticism should be constructive and the critic honest, unbiased. The remarks he made could make this review of Ravinia both noble and noteworthy if not for the complete absence of sarcasm, emotional outbursts, and pretension. Oh, Dave! Oh!

Foot Bagley

Agreement . . .

Montreal, Quebec

To the Editors:

I have been buying *Down Beat* for some time now, and while agreeing and disagreeing with opinions given by its writers, I have never before had the desire to write my approval or disapproval of them. Until now, that is.

I have just finished reading your Sept. 5 issue and feel it my duty to congratulate Jack Tracy on his edito-

rial on Nat Cole. Like Tracy, I feel very strongly about this situation and hope that this article will make some of TV's moguls sit up and take note.

I have only been on the continent for some 10 months now, but have found that simple time to notice the discrepancy may Negro people are not shown whatever new TV shows are being broadcast.

The claim that sponsors for Nat's show cannot be found does not seem feasible to me . . .

John H. C. Robertson
(His name has not yet been approved by the state editor of this issue.)

Dear Mr. Lee . . .

Chicago

To the Editor:

I received my latest copy of *Down Beat* yesterday, and since I have been reading your magazine since early in 1961, I jumped at the chance to write a letter for your editors and *Down Beat* readers.

I do not pretend to be a jazz critic, like the people that claim that title on your magazine, but I am a subscriber of *Down Beat*, more or less in the modern vein.

I was shocked to find mentioned the name of Lou Levy from the genre category, either in the veteran or in the New Star page. I am tremendously sorry that Lou Levy needs an introduction to you, and as long as Lou has been in the game, how can this position?

If he has not shown in the entire year, please tell all the critics for me that they should listen to the Lou Levy quartet on *Jazz in Four Cities*. I sincerely think that this album should rate him at least one vote.

I mean add his name and make this post complete.

This position presents the one essential quality necessary for jazz . . .

DAVID F. HARRIS

Aw Shucks Dept. . .

Middleton, Texas

To the Editors:

I would like to let you know how completely I agree with your comments on today's songs in the Aug. 5 issue of *Down Beat*. I like rock and roll, but when you hear it all day on the radio and half the night from a jukebox, it gets old fast.

However, until last January, I was in the same boat as most of the other kids of my age (14 years). I thought that rock and roll was the only type of modern music there was and that jazz was as obsolete as the roman coin. The reason I've changed my very little taste in the radio and jukebox, and the magazine writers for teenagers contain in articles about jazz or jazz artists.

There was a time when there were my views exactly, but since I started a subscription to your wonderful magazine almost eight months ago, my whole outlook on music has changed.

Thank you so much for giving me a new source of enjoyment, the pleasure of a truly understanding jazz.

Carol Gardner

the hot box

By George Hooper

Tuesday night, Sept. 28, 1937, an Associated Press dispatch appeared in newspapers across the country to the effect that Bernice Smith, the famed Miss Singer, had been killed in a car crash. It was captioned Memphis, Tenn., and most of the subscribers to the AP were used only the bare facts as they came through.

The Chicago Tribune said, "Early today an automobile in which she was riding overturned, killing the singer. She was 34 years old." Later reports did not substantiate the overturning of the car, and the reference "killing the singer" was probably the only true statement that was made of the time.

The fatal incident was to become a cause celebre that carried on into the present time whenever anything is written concerning Bernice Smith. A quote from *Queen of Jazz* pretty well sums up the afterglow attendant at the circumstances surrounding Miss Smith's death:

"It seems she was denied admission to one hospital because of her color and died on the way to another. She lost too much blood on that second trip."

Dean Best in November, 1937, ran a typical story from John Hammond regarding the events surrounding the accident:

"A particularly disconcerting story as to the details of her death has just been received from members of Chabe Walker's orchestra, who were in Memphis soon after the disaster. It seems that Bernice was riding in a car which crashed into a truck parked along the side of the road. One of her arms was nearly severed, but aside from that there was no other serious injury. Some time elapsed before a doctor was summoned to the scene, but finally she was picked up by a machine and driven to the leading Memphis hospital. On the way the car was involved in some minor mishap, which further delayed medical attention. When finally she did arrive at the hospital, she was refused treatment because of her color and had to die while waiting for attention."

Subsequently, it was published that Memphis hospital authorities were worried about the rumors concerning Bernice's death. And well they might have been because the accident happened about 75 miles south of Memphis between Coahoma, Miss., and Charleston, Miss. Dean Best later ran a front-page story as follows:

"According to a Memphis surgeon who reached the scene a few minutes after Bernice's car crashed into the back

of a truck near Coahoma, she did not die from bleeding to death or from lack of medical attention. She was bleeding profusely and although an ambulance had been summoned, he had seen she was bleeding and attempted to put her in the back of his car. While he was making this attempt another car going about 45 miles an hour crashed into the back of his car and completely demolished it. Five minutes later the ambulance arrived, and she was rushed to the hospital in Charleston, where one of the town's best doctors immediately amputated her arm. She died a few minutes later in the hospital but apparently recovered from subsequent injuries that were from loss of blood."

Another report was published in the Negro press saying she died at 12:15 p.m. Sept. 28, 1937, a Sunday, in G. T. Thomas hospital in Charleston. Before her death, she was reported as saying she was sure she would be able to make the opening performance of Whittaker Chambers' musical show in Memphis that night.

NOW LETS TURN to information from persons who should know what happened. An informant of mine has written the following facts concerning the incident:

The Commercial Appeal in Memphis carried columns pertaining to the accident. The local Charleston paper carried nothing.

The man who drove the ambulance was found. His name is Willie George Miller, and he now lives in Memphis. He related, "I can't remember for certain, but I don't think she died instantly. But she did die within a few minutes after getting her in the ambulance. Before we could get her to the hospital."

The accident took place about 13 miles north of Charleston. Miss Smith had played Bowling, Miss., the night before and was on the way to Memphis for the next engagement. The car she was in passed through Coahoma on the way, and it was near there that the crash took place.

AT THAT TIME, Charleston was only about half the size it now is and did not have the hospital it now has to take care of Negro and white patients.

Indeed, there were two hospitals in Charleston; one for whites and one for Negroes, and Miss Smith was rushed to the G. T. Thomas hospital for Negroes, an institution that no longer exists. This action was immediate, and ambulance driver Miller remembers definitely that Bernice died en route.

The identity of the funeral home that took care of her body was interviewed. He verified the account.

The man who bought the wrecked Smith car was identified. He is Jim Atkins, who at that time owned the Owl Wrecker service, and he said he remembered the accident well because he helped clean up the car. Atkins said he could not see how she could have lived more than a few minutes. The car hit on the side where she was sitting, and the impact tore the side of the car completely off.

The investigator indicated that the highway patrolmen who handled the case since have died, and no other witnesses were found.

This is the basic Smith story as it now stands. Perhaps someone can add something of value.

Betty Reilly

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...AND THEY'RE ALL ON



music news

Down Beat/October 11, 1967

Vol. 24, No. 21

U.S.A. EAST

A Concrete Step

The Newport Jazz Festival advisory board confirmed the steps and announced a concrete, important action, meant to proceed directly from the Festival's Forum on negative education. The board voted to give \$5,000 toward establishing a free psychiatric clinic in New York City for treatment and rehabilitation of jazz musicians addicted to narcotics.

John Hammond, board chairman, recommended that a total of \$50,000 be raised for the clinic, the remaining \$45,000 to be sought from nonprofit operators, unions, and record musicians.

At the same meeting it was agreed that the Festival's \$2,000 scholarship in honor of Louis Armstrong be given to the School of Jazz in Lorton, Mass. Prof. Marshall Stearns will be in charge of awarding the scholarships, which probably will be divided into four of \$500 each, to go to qualified music students who wish to study at the school.

First 22,000 Are The Hardest

One of the few things that didn't happen to the North Beach Jazz Festival in Lynn's Manning Hall was an invasion by Maritimes.

Boston's newspaper strike, which started two weeks before the festival was scheduled, caused a publicity blackout neither radio nor television spot announcements could fix.

On its first night, Aug. 25, some 1,500 hardy persons braved unseasonably cold weather. Although the crowds did swell the two remaining nights to an overall total of 22,000, the attendance was less than what was hoped for.

On Sunday, the final performance, rain forced the festival indoors. In the Boston Arena.

"We'll be back next year, bigger and better than ever," promises Harold Lovett, head of the crowd.

Casualty

Racial violence and tension in the south plagued its first jazz victim as Leonard Feather decided to cancel his *Metropolitans of Jazz* tour.

The show, which was to be a history of jazz narrated by Feather and presented by Leon Elliott, the Carolina addresser, opened, Benny Hill, Jimmy Koolhaas, Dick Herman, and others, was set to start in Knoxville, Tenn., on Sept. 22 and appear in Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, and Texas.

"Some of the dates were colleges, but we would have had to play for at least one week," expressed a musician, Feather said. "The only thing wrong with southern hospitality is that they spell it h-o-u-s-e-h-o-l-d-i-n-g. If just wouldn't have been worth the humiliation. We hope to take the show out next spring, in some parts of the country that are ready to accept it."

Breakover, Rollin Inmate

Two new jazz combos were in the incubator stages recently in New York, both intended to make their public bow at the Village Vanguard.

Bobo Brookmeyer assembled a quartet and opened at the Village on Sept. 21. The sidemen were drummer Dave Bailey, bassist Jay Benjamin, and guitarist Ray Crawford.

Sonny Rollins was a little less definite in his plans. He was set to follow Brookmeyer in the Vanguard's fall lineup. Sub groups working opposite Anita O'Day. Rollins' tentative personnel had Don Bailey, a bassist from Baltimore; Larry White, formerly Pharoah Newborn's drummer, and possibly Walter Davis on piano.

Epoch Due on Record

When Duke Ellington premiered *Black, Brown, and Blue*, a 28-minute "tone parallel to the history of the American Negro," at a Carnegie hall concert in January, 1963, the work could not be recorded; the AFM's nationwide recording ban was in effect. Two years later, after the ban had been lifted, Ellington recorded a few snippets from the work for Victor but never cut it in its entirety.

With the success of his Newport album, and more recently of *Drum Is a Woman*, Ellington has been encouraged to dig into the vault and reorganize the work. Partly reworked, *Black, Brown, and Blue* will be recorded as an LP for Decca release in Columbia.

Meanwhile, in his basement den in Yrvis, the Eds Fitzgerald Group ATington five-volume package, Duke

completed a three-movement instrumental work entitled *Parade of Alls*.

Plans also are being made for a bi-centennial dinner and a Carnegie hall concert, both in commemoration of the 20th anniversary of Duke's entry into the big time—his opening at the Cotton club on Dec. 4, 1947.

Now a Merrier Soul

Dad Cole, whose NBC television has gone unopposed for months for fear of antagonizing the southern market, got some good news last month—starting Sept. 17, he was to have investigative sponsorship in six cities, all outside the south.

The firms involved are Gallo Wine and Cognac Palmolive in Hollywood; Italian Sines Galony in San Francisco; Campbell, Bunting Co. in Washington, D. C.; Pittsburgh Wine in Pittsburgh, and Skingold beer in New York City and Hartford, Conn.

Cole, meanwhile, has been taking trumpet lessons in middle class in Los Angeles to be playing the horn when he starts filming *The W. D. Mandy Story* next month.

U.S.A. MIDWEST

There's No Last

After two years of booking such groups as those of Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, James Griffin, and the Modern Jazz Quartet, Chicago's Modern Jazz room is dropping its name jazz policy.

According to Milt Schwartz, manager of the club, "The groups get out of line. Every time they come



Frank Sinatra and Peggy Lee, shown here rehearsing their lines, will combine talents on three of Sinatra's upcoming television shows on ABC-TV. The shows, now being filmed, are slated for Oct. 18, Nov. 18, and a third date to be selected.

back, they want more money. It's impossible. You may agree are new out of my reach.

While the phony Super, Schwartz and Ralph Mitchell have looked Ben Nordine, who specializes in a form of narrative he terms "word jazz," and folk singer Bob Gibson, both on an indefinite basis, a local instrumental group will be included, too.

Schwartz said Steve Davis, "I'm going to bring in a jazz group as it would be attractive, that's okay. It is felt the people here want to hear a specific group, we'll bring the group in."

But the regular flow of jazz talent to the room will cease. And changes will be minimal as important caddis for same jazz situations.

Grant Leaps Again

Norman Grant, in Chicago recently to supervise an Ella Fitzgerald-Jack Klugman record session for Verve, denied reports that Anita O'Day will depart the company of Grant's company.

According to Grant, reports that Miss O'Day plans to rejoin for another company are untrue. He said that she has four years remaining on her current, exclusive Verve contract.

In an added note, Grant said he is not interested in maintaining Ella's residency with Verve. He said he has a large backlog of talent and plans the signing in the near future of her upcoming film biography.

Jazz Co-operation

In Royal Oak, Mich., the residents believe that jazz has a place in community activity.

As a result, the adult education department of the Royal Oak school system, the Royal Oak Public Library, and Radio Station WECB are sponsoring a course in jazz appreciation.

Earl Goodwin, the division program director at WECB, is conducting the course, a Survey of American Jazz Music, at the public library in Royal Oak.

U.S.A. WEST

They Trust Pettillo—Barely

Can James C. Pettillo be trusted? The administrators of Los Angeles Local 47, voting essentially on this question in relation to the newly organized studio musicians, decided last month, by a close vote of 209 to 208, that he can.

The vote also was a victory for the Local 47 administration over the Cool Beat-47 dissident group, which the local, local supporters have indicated that verbal harassment alone from Pettillo are not sufficient to assure a significant voice by the local in negotiations with music and television producers.

John Darnall, local president, on the other hand, pronounced faith in the dissident club's statement that the Los Angeles musicians will have "a damn year for the last word" in studio bargaining.

After an address by Herman J. Knuts, members' secretary for the AFM, in which he declared that they would be no meeting between the fed-

eration and movie producers at which members of Local 47's studio committee would not be present, the vote was taken on the issue of Pettillo's suspension.

Knuts additionally told the meeting that the local would have the right to ratify or refuse any contract. This includes the right to strike in case of unworkable contract terms.

Earl Ross was named chairman of the studio committee, and Lloyd Ulfsgard was installed as secretary.

The local dissident administration has centered around the distribution of money from the union's performers' trust fund. The latest report by the fund's trustee, James E. Rosenbaum, provides the following statistics:

Covering the period from July 1, 1956, through June 30, 1957, disbursement of funds to funds for employment of jobless musicians reveals, as might be expected, that New York led the field, receiving a whopping \$28,457.48 from a total allocation to the fund of \$220,000.00. It was the highest disbursement in the fund. At the next disbursement in the fund, however, Madison, N. Y., rated first, with \$12,000. Other low ones on the below scale included North Hollywood, Wyo., \$4, and Jensen, Alaska, \$2.00.

In the big leagues after New York, the next highest sums went to Los Angeles, \$4,000.00; Chicago, \$3,784.00; Philadelphia, \$3,184.00; and San Francisco, \$2,824.00. Only in these five cities did local receive payments exceeding \$1,000. Detroit, pushing last, received \$1,000.00.

Under the administration, except survey after the local record last year, Local 47 was called out at the red end and will hope the light in the next six months of Darnall's administration.

The latest financial statement from the union shows a surplus consisting \$10,000 in the first half of 1957. This contrasts with the deficit of \$5,000 during the 1956 fiscal period under John C. Green's administration.

The Saints Go Marching Out

After nearly two years as district leader of the Saints, Tom Wiley feels he must change the name of the group, resident at the Harmon Inn in Hermosa Beach, Calif., for the last 20 years.

"Most people seem to think the name's stupid," he said in a recent issue. "They tell me, 'Must because it's a divided band, you don't have to drop religious all over the place. Change the name, man, change the name!' So you see, it's really out of my hands. I would like to hear from Dave Post readers with ideas for a new name."

Bary Payneful

New York—New York Jazz Festival across Jack Lannare introduced Cool Payne as one of the country's foremost tenor saxists.

Payne straddled onstage, buying his baritone.

"Oh," Lannare said, citing the instrument, "He's playing baritone tonight."

same for his group, which features trumpeter Clay Harvey.

"Well please," he added, "tell 'em that one name is already spoken for. There's Clayton, my cousin at the Lighthouse, isn't it should tell my boys 'The Harmon Ten-Blows.' Now how do you suppose to count that?"

School Days

For the nation's students, it was back to school last month. Among the highlights is the 14th registration at Los Angeles City College, which pianist Hampton Hawes, returned to his home town after a bout with illness in a Texas hospital.

Professor Hawes' objective is a degree in music. Normally, that takes four years, but if he takes summer courses, many may graduate before then. However, there will be no more night-day arrangements for the present. It will record for Contemporary Records and play concerts in the Los Angeles area.

Jazz, Talk At Black Hawk

Paul Kenneth Patton has joined the poetry-with-jazz movement in San Francisco and has agreed to open for a week at the Black Hawk on Oct. 1 with the Chamber Jazz Sextet accompanying him.

Jazz-with-poetry, which made its debut at the Collier earlier this year with Kenneth Hoggart, Lawrence Patterson, and the Collier Jazz Quartet performing, will be presented at the San Francisco Arts Festival later this year.

Patton has an LP coming up with Patton and the Chamber Jazz Sextet. And longtime saxophonist Virgil Gonzalez is rejoining his sextet with poet Kenneth Patton.

BANDON AT RANDOM

Big Band On Campus

Woody Herman, after spending September in Los Angeles playing weekends and cutting a new record LP for Verve with Frank DeFabo's 12-piece orchestra, is re-forming for a fall tour through the midwest playing college campuses.

Bill Berry, a Boston trumpeter, continues to show the jazz in the section led by Johnny Coppola. Kansas City trombonist Arnie Pettit, gets alone on blow horns, and Bill Harris continues to be the featured soloist of the band. Roger Pemberton leads down the baritone chair, and Jay Migliori continues on tenor.

Two new tenors will join for the summer, Bill Johnson and Jimmy Cook have left. Trombonist Bobby Lamb also has left temporarily, and a replacement for him is to be selected. Lou Faneau is the new pianist. John Birch, with Herman have been a year, but gone to New York. Danny Gansum, bass, and Earl Kiltz, drums, round out the rhythm section.

Enough Horses For Weekends

It was almost 100 old times at the Hollywood Palladium during the month of September. Although the ballroom is still on a weekend-only

policy, the parade of name bands loved jazz and dancing.

Charlie Parker, who opened the month at the spot, was followed one week later by the Harry James band led by conductor Sam Donahoe. On Sept. 15-16, Woody Herman brought in his son Ward, Harry James, playing a last date before embarking on a month's tour of Europe, worked the ballroom the 20th and 21st. The Lou Brown band made its 27th and 28th.

Hoops Due in Pasadena

Next month fans of Britain's Top Hoops band will have an opportunity to hear the band for the first time when Hoops plays a Santa Monica concert Nov. 11 at the Civic Auditorium in Pasadena. Calif. Norman Makin, Billie an understudy of Hollywood's Princess Laund, will be included in the program.

This year's Divisional Jubilee, scheduled for the Los Angeles Shrine auditorium on Oct. 15, will feature a re-union of the original Hoops band along with a number of other local musical groups set to be announced.

Norman's last concert this season spotlighted the new Alan Kravin band, plus the M-3's, in an event Sept. 27 at the Shrine auditorium.

THE WORLD

Tony Kent, Crossing for Jazz

Tony Kent, crossing for jazz throughout Europe and Africa, evoked favorable response from listeners along the way.

One South African jazz critic, Will Ross, wrote: "Have Kent recorded his latest appearance in Durban. He better believe it."

"We have just said goodbye to the greatest ambassador America ever had in South Africa—Tony Kent. Good-bye to us—'The World's Greatest Jazz Characterist'! What understatement! Tony, by virtue of his tremendous, swinging music-making and wonderful warm personality, has been the first step to thousands of jazz fans and a host of admirers throughout the Cape."

"He may not have made a fortune out of the tour, but the value of jazz education, inspiration, race relations, and solid personal relations cannot be estimated in terms of money."

"His Blues for Charley Parker, discovered in Europe, featured in South Africa, captured in America, is the ultimate, the very soul of jazz. Our musicians and the— a soulful cry... have kept over this piece. Maybe the effect on students everywhere will not reach so deeply, but you will be hearing a new Tony Kent. I think he has found himself now."

"There is no record all with his simplicity and willingness. One of my own biggest memories is of Tony stepping out of the plane at Louis Beka airport, Durban, and heading straight for our welcoming jazz section group. Without a word, he took before them, opened his case, and announced his arrival. His first words were that except reviewing as it had never done before, it was the gas of a lifetime for all. That's just how he did it. We heard the band



Levy and Island Levy

and is wanted to join in. I like to think it gave him a kick, too.

"Perhaps the most important lesson of Tony's teaching could be absorbed by the local jazz-fans. For many of us this was the first experience of the real jazz."

"As far as Durban is concerned, at least, Tony Kent is already a legend."

RECORDS - TAPE

Revelite Rabin'

The Revelite wheel is spinning as Morris Levy, Wynton Marsalis who made the label, sets plans for a book of LPs. In addition to signing Count Basie, Levy made a separate deal with Joe Williams. After retiring an album with Basie's band, Joe will make a second LP backed by strings. The Basie band's first engagement under his new deal is an album of New Orleans standards.

Other new releases include a standard LP, a set by Mary Lou Williams, and an album of Charlie Parker compositions to be recorded by Bud Powell, who has signed with the [Jazz] Art Ensemble, Paul Bailey, and Milton Davis, among others, will be represented in the splash of LPs set for October.

Dog Growls

Sometimes referred to as the "Little Dog" label, RCA Victor last month granted a new policy for operators of its west coast division.

For jazz musicians and fans the outlook was good. Maxine new manager of the company's west operations, Dorothy Taylor is an old friend. The first LPs by Barry Miles for Victor featuring the Bluebelles, and the Cool and Crazy big band album, were recorded and tested for York. With his transfer from the New York office to the old California stamping grounds, increased interest in, and recording of, modern jazz is anticipated. Regular instances are Taylor's jazz club events.

Taylor and one of his principal jobs will be to step up production of compact LPs from modern pictures. He added that the first move in the label's most expansion is the appointment of My Raby as a music director. Since early 1961, Raby had headed Victor's European jazz department.

Accessory Before the Fact

The latest step has been taken along a new path that has opened a commercial field hitherto unexplored in the jazz market. A show album was recorded last month by a jazz star, this

time not after the production had become a success, but the start with Shirley Merson and Annie Pavitt's My Fair Lady LP, but before the show opened on Broadway, or even out of town.

The show is *Amateur*, the new Latta Hanna starring vehicle with a score by Harold Arlen. The album, conceived by Fred Heyman for Blue Note, was recorded by Williams Newborn with arrangements by A. K. Ralston.

The band backing Newborn in the interpretations of the Arlen score includes Latta Hanna, Jimmy Cleveland, Ralph Shank, Eric Johnson, George Deviner, plus Leo Spang on guitar and flute and Willie Rodriguez and Francisco Pons on Latin percussion.

A Wolf-Manna Date

St. Louis composer- pianist- singer Tommy Wolf relocated spring to Chicago recently.

In town for a Protervity Records session, Wolf cut a dozen of his own tunes, including *Spring*. Com Hoody (Just You Up the Air Show), *Man's in Spring*, and *It's Spring*. Amusing in maintaining of the atmosphere were tenor Moebe Radovic and drummer Shelly Berman, who appeared through the courtesy of Contemporary Records.

The session, Wolf's second for Protervity, spotlighted Wolf's music, with guests by Wolf, Fran Landerman, and Barry White. Other tunes included *My My Old Lady*, *My Life*, *I Am*, *It You'll Be Good*, *It Couldn't Get Better*, *It Can't Be That*, and *What Love Come Along Again?*

RADIO - TV

Feasting Time

Last recently, virtual famine conditions prevailed regarding jazz on both AM and FM radio stations. Then came KNOP, the world's first all-jazz station. The FM station began operation Aug. 18 and proved a boon to jazz-radio listeners.

Local FM station KITHN promptly launched jazz disc jockey Frank Evans, whose regular slot is with Hollywood station KDAY, in the key time of 2 to 5 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays.

Shirley Stein, KNOP manager, visited Los Angeles for an interview in the new operation, came up with a big gun in the person of Oakland's KETHN jockey Pat Henry and planted him, with a week-long taped show, in the same time slot Knight occupies. Stein wants to secure Henry on a daily basis as soon as possible.

Fredy Cat

New York—While a jazz pianist entertained a friend, his younger sister came into the room, walked over to the radio, and announced, "I'm going to put on Alvin Freedy."

While sheiddled with the dial, the friend asked his friend and replied, "No, baby. You put you on."



Bill Penn/Black

By Marian McPartland

When you PLAY in a room where alternating piano trios are the order of the day, sometimes you are fortunate enough to work opposite a truly unique, creative musician. When that happens, your own playing tends to improve, you feel relaxed, you are constantly inspired by what that person is doing, the audience is warm and receptive, and a happy atmosphere permeates the room.

There is no feeling of competing except in the highest sense—a wish to inspire others and to be inspired by them—but there is a general air of well-being among the musicians and the other persons there.

This is the mood that Mary Lou Williams creates at the Compuser every evening, in her first night-club appearance in several years. So many persons know her and love her and are happy to see her back on the music scene again—they are coming to dinner to welcome her and wish her well.

I HAVE KNOWN Mary Lou for some time, but this is the first time we have ever worked together in the same club, and it is tremendously interesting and inspiring to me.

I think one of the most impressive things about her is the way she has kept her playing and her thinking contemporary despite her long absence from music.

Mary Lou has had more than her fair share of unhappiness and trouble, but she has emerged from it with a serenity and peace of mind that is wonderful to me. A sort of quiet gaiety emanates from her that communicates itself readily to the audience and to her fellow musicians. It is quite evident that her two sidekicks, Bill Clark and Bruce Lawrence, adore her, and she, on her part, maintains an affectionate camaraderie toward them, constantly encouraging them, occasionally lifting out a delighted giggle at some particularly inventive or amusing interpolation contributed by one of them.

"We are just like a little family," she says. "We are so close, and we

all enjoy playing so much. It's easy if you are feeling good inside. The people know it, and it makes them feel good."

Mary Lou obviously does feel good. Her playing is warmly self-assured; her approach direct, straight ahead. For me her style is a purely personal style, which undoubtedly has evolved from her years with the Andy Kirk band and from sitting in with the Count Basie band and Lester Young in Kansas City, and her close association with Bill Funnell and Thelma Houston.

IT IS NOT SO stylized as to be recognized by the average man in the street, who can rock on out and say, "Oh, yes, George Shearing," yet it is all her own—not flowery, but not too spare. Her taste is impeccable, and she has a unique way of voicing chords (which I know John Holmquist would be able to name for me instantly if he were here!), which I find fascinating. Her introduction to a Keith-inspired *Just One of Those Things* is delightfully simple yet effective.

At times she favors a "big-band style," using both chords and down with a firm, judicious touch. She always has had talent for composing interesting rhythmic figures, and she favors a variety of them, especially on her own tunes *Easy*, *Kind Things*, and *Caravan and Perfidia*.

Here is the exact opposite of a "bop" style, yet she maintains the Spangco approach which characterizes so many of the up-and-coming pianists. She exhibits a fine discipline for those who favor the more technical aspects of the keyboard. "Anybody who goes to Juilliard and wants to get in the line can learn to play that way," she says.

HER NEW ORIGINALS are just that—they are original. She called *I Love You* is especially beautiful, her theme *Noodle* (written in Paris, she says), *Ang*, *Twilight*, and *Never* are all little gems with interesting melodies and good harmonic developments.

Mary Lou

Marian McPartland Salutes One Pianist Who Remains Modern And Communicative

During the evening, I'm constantly running over to the piano to request one of them, and Mary Lou always complies, in my—in fact, to every—request with customary good humor. As the night wears on, her lips seem to take on an added spirit and zest, sometimes swinging so hard and so happily that every person in the room can feel it.

Her repertoire as yet is comparatively small, but each night I have learned to her she has added new tunes and different ideas to the ones she is already playing. "I could create more if I could hear the boys better," she says. "When I get used to this setup, things will be a lot different." (The arrangement of instruments on the stand at the Compuser is aimed at pleasing the eye rather than for the comfort of the musicians, and it takes time to become accustomed to this.)

Some of Miss Williams' remarks on music in general are pertinent. She spent an afternoon at my apartment, and we discussed everything from Bach to Bruckner. Of the latter she says, "He's doing something different; a man like that deserves credit." After listening to Dave playing *In Four-Over-Four* Way, she added, "That's the kind of piano I like; he's very creative."

NATURALLY, OUR conversation drifted to the subject of women musicians. Having been played so often myself by the question, "How does it feel to be a woman in a man's world?" I was interested in Mary Lou's thoughts.

"You've got to play, that's all," she says. "They don't think of you as a woman if you can really play. I think some girls have an inherently complex about it, and this may hold them back, but they shouldn't feel that way. If they have talent, the men will be glad to help them along. Working with men, you get to think like a man when you play. You automatically become strong, though this doesn't mean you're not feminine."

"You should see Billie Litton—with Dinny's band! She can handle a reed-ensemble as well as any man, and she writes so great. You should hear her!

(Continued on Page 41)

Shelly Manne



By Don Gold

SHHELLY MANNE knows no stars. He knows jazz.

Manne, born in New York 21 years ago, has been equally at home as a part of the Alvin Karpis mob when he was in Rome and as a key musician in the evolution of the post-war west coast movement. His drum work, in any jazz environment, is the essence of swing.

He cut his first record 18 years ago and hasn't stopped since. Along the way he's been a member of the bands of Buddy Byrne, Wild Manchild, Lee Brown, Stan Kessel, and Woody Herman. In recent years he has freelanced, working with Howard Rumsey's Lightness all-stars, Sherry Rogers, and his own groups, in addition to regular studio jobs.

In an effort to define Shelly's personality and interests, he was asked his views on a variety of subjects. This Cross Section summarizes his opinions on the following topics:

DRUMS: SHelly MANN: "I haven't learned to play one yet the way it should be played."

INTERCOMMERCIAL: "I never read them."

THE BUSINESS: "I like the way he plays. He's a little commercial now, but I remember, when I was with Keweenaw, we played his first under job at the Paramount in New York. He used

to sound more like Frank [Sinatra] than he does now. Now, too, he's playing with heat, with feeling, and in time."

ED HAIN: KANE: "Anything printable is almost impossible. They're wasting their lives. If they'd put out a little effort for humanity, they could serve a purpose. They represent sickness at the height. And their language will must be fantastic."

HEARD: HAIN: "I like them. They move the artistically."

INTERCOMMERCIAL: HAIN: "I'd be glad if they'd deliver mail to them, because they probably would reduce the postage costs and rates."

DRUMS: HAIN: "I think she's a great woman, with a real feeling for the people of all countries. For a woman of her position, she's not at all pretentious. She's a great person."

MR. TOMAS: "I think Mel has a great deal of talent as a songwriter and writer as a singer, but he's a bad guy among players. The Christmas Song alone is no lovey. He's a pretty fair drummer, too."

DRUMS: "I think they're great in a Latin band. I never play them at home, but I carry a set in the car to be used only in case of emergency."

DRUMS: "My vocabulary really isn't good enough. I used to know all the sax gods by heart."

DRUMS: "Some of his things I like, the things that aren't too abstract, like The Gambler. I get considerable feeling from his work. In general terms, a painting never me in terms of color, a sense of rhythm, and its purely emotional terms. I try not to let technique alone be the determining factor."

DRUMS: "I cut them when I became irregular. Once in a while I cut dry pieces, too."

DRUMS: "I just have three pairs."

DRUMS: "I don't drink. I love Pepsi-Cola and Doctor Brown's."

DRUMS: "I think he's a wonderful man. Stan has a feeling for other people. Everybody in his band is treated like a human being. He always gives musicians a chance to find themselves. I really feel that Stan believes in what he's doing, the creation of music, by sound. I used to get a thrill out of being in the band. His enthusiasm and power seemed to transmit to the orchestra. He has done a lot for music."

DRUMS: "A drab life. I cut it on occasion, against my will, and not necessarily on Friday."

DRUMS: "I don't play it. I used to

play piano. It was a nice pastime on the band bus. Now, I play Parker games, like Politics, Madhouse Go, and Carvers. Every once in a while I make a tour of a top store and pick up a new game."

DRUMS: "I like it. I like Ray Bradbury very much. I'm intensely interested in the idea that there may be some other kind of life beyond our own. It fascinates me. I wish there could be other life. This can't be the end, can it?"

DRUMS: "I think it's often confused with soul. Funk is an old set jazz. It's an early variety of playing, dating back to original blues. A guy like Elmer Johnson plays funk because it's natural, he's from Mississippi. I think it should be natural. Bill Jackson plays funk, too, and Barney Kessel . . . Jimmy Smith's from Texas. They know what it is. Most real jazzmen have an earthy quality; this should happen automatically. The greatest funk is subtle. The imitators take the attractive substance and blow them up to a distorted degree. That's what made blue funk ridiculous. It wasn't natural."

DRUMS: "I've hung on like mad, you know. I had a lot of fun on them, learning to know and understand guys a little better. On an 80-mile trip, learning to hate them a little better."

DRUMS: "No. I do not feel that way."

DRUMS: "We kind of immerse them into the new; it seems to me that they're really too much on the pre-1945-line kind of thing."

DRUMS: "If I get a feeling of honesty in it, if it's played by country musicians and country gentlemen, I can enjoy it. HENRY music has a lot of qualities few musicians could see . . . That funkman again."

DRUMS: "I saw him play his last game with the Tombras. I sat in the bleachers and cried."

DRUMS: "I love the way he played, because he really made me feel what he was—a great. That warmth and fire . . . Many modern guitarists are adopting his use of the wide vibrato and arpeggiating."

DRUMS: "No. Contemporary is more commercial and less trouble. And I don't have to wash my hands when I'm done." *smacks*

DRUMS: "Good one more. When I was a kid, I once got a girl's kiss. It was easy to get on and off."

DRUMS: "He's honest. I feel his honesty. Most of all, he's a rhythm and blues dancer, real earthy folk singing in the blues and Rhythm traditions. When he sings, it sounds honest to me, not out-and-out affectation."

Jimmy Giuffre

By Dan Gavall

Jimmy Giuffre never has a lot of persons to thank for the position he's in today.

Among them are his parents, who encouraged his interest in music; his wife, Marie; Harry Belafonte, college roommate who introduced him to Boyd Elliman; Nanki Burgess, who records his trio; John Lewis of the Modern Jazz Quartet; Dr. Wesley LaVioletto, his music teacher; Shelly Manne, and Shorty Rogers.

Both Manne and Rogers helped him when work was tough to get. Both helped him even further than that.

"Shelly was the first who allowed me to just write any way I wanted and who encouraged me," Giuffre recalls. "This was while I was playing with them in the group. It really helps a lot to get that kind of assurance you like and respect."

"And Shorty allowed me to play during the way I wanted and with the rhythm section in a way that felt comfortable for me. That was good of Shorty, and it helped me discover the way I want to do things."

IT ALSO RESULTED in some striking chamber music, such as the Giuffre writing on it *Contra Bass* in Kappeler room 104, Water above, Shorty Rogers Plays Richard Rodgers.

Further, Jimmy was encouraged to take the steps necessary to form his own group, to play his own kind of music.

"Shorty had a wonderful attitude toward me," Giuffre says. "He said, 'You're a musician; play the way you want to.'"

The association with Rogers goes back to the Herman Had days, when Giuffre, Shorty, and trombonist Dick Wilson rode together in the Herman bus. They were the best men off the bus at the destination and not looking for inexpensive lodging and decent restaurants.

"We had to," Jimmy says with a grin. "We were the married ones."

It has been the two large factors of Jimmy's marriage and his stimulating studies with LaVioletto that have given him the strength of conviction to pursue what he feels is right in music.

It is obvious from conversations with Giuffre that he draws stability and purpose from his marriage. He credits his wife with having made him aware of the world around him, the world beyond music.

They live in an apartment at Sherman Street, near the Lighthouse and Howard Kanesky's thriving jazz scene. They have a pet shorthair named Zorro, which they raised from a cub.

IT WAS IN THIS Los Angeles area that the Jimmy Giuffre 3 was born, and Jimmy terms the trio "retrocool."

"It's retrocool," he says. "That a group comes so close to a meeting of the minds in music, I don't know if there's a handful of musicians who would want to play as we play."

"And it's sort of an advantage to have the same name here."

Although Giuffre might have wanted to experiment further with the group which got together in Jazz for Capital, he focuses the problems of getting these musicians to go on the road with him and in obtaining adequate substitutes for them if he did go without them.

Sometimes, he combined with Jim Hall and his sensitive amplified guitar and Ralph Pena and his big-toned bass.

"It could have been any two instruments," Jimmy says. "But the important thing was I found two men who think my way. So, that's how the trio is."

Any place is rehearsal place. While at the Village Vanguard in New York, the group rehearsed in Ralph's hotel room, or in Don Shirley's apartment, or in the club on afternoons. At Lenox, Mass., where Jimmy taught at the School of Jazz, they rehearsed in his large room with his picture-book view of the rolling Berkshire rising around a pleasant lake.

"One day," Jimmy said, pointing out his window at Lenox, "we wanted a rehearsal just coming along slowly from the lake, over the lake, and right to us. It was a pretty wonderful thing to see."

THE PICTURE HAS no doubt been tucked away in Giuffre's memory, along with other images and vignettes encountered in his travels across the country, perhaps one day to emerge as a piece for the trio.

In mid-February early in August, Jimmy rehearsed the trio in some new world and some older ones they were polishing into shape. The group was preparing for a few days then at "Jazz under the Stars," in New York City's Central park.

The music was assembled carefully in house-led, not-to-be-a-cash member, Hall sat on the edge of the hotel bed, with his speaker mounted on a chair next to him. Pena stood by the dresser, propping up his bass, and reading his score, which was placed on top of Hall's speaker.

Giuffre faced them, and had his music spread open on the bed beside his harmonica and clarinet. He had his eyes away from the music. His eyes were shut tight as he played. He seemed to be concentrating intently. Hall played, glancing from his music to Giuffre to Pena. Ralph stood and rocked slightly, glancing at Jimmy and at his book, but mostly looking straight ahead as he played. From time to time, he

would bend close to the strings and licks.

They ran through *Show Me the Way to the Stars*, a piece they had not yet performed in public. As they played, the room door opened slowly, and two teenage girls entered. When the trio finished, one of the girls said, "That sounded the best. Is it okay if we listen?"

Giuffre said it was all right, and the group ran the piece down again. As they played, one of the girls whispered, "It's so nice they're." Told the group was the Jimmy Giuffre 3, mentioned an Atlantic House, they tipped out of the room. As they walked down the hall, the voice of one of them trailed back, almost in a chant: "The Jimmy Giuffre 3, Atlantic Records, The Jimmy Giuffre 3, Atlantic Records."

Later, as the group was loading the bus outside the hotel, the girls came along, and one pointed to the trio and repeated, "The Jimmy Giuffre 3, Atlantic Records."

Giuffre laughed and remarked, "Looks like we've made a friend."

DURING THE rehearsal in Ralph's room, the three discussed balance. "I want a piano so mainly as I could," Jimmy explained, "because I felt I couldn't stand." They discussed the tempo, and Giuffre decided to "bring it down, a little bit."

While descending through the book for the next time, Jimmy told Hall and Pena, "On the ensemble passages, try to make it as relaxed and casual as possible. There's not notes, so play just a suggestion of what you're doing. Let's make it as relaxed as the other sections."

Hall offered, "The whole section didn't seem to hold. I don't say this to appear negative, but it seems we could work a little on it."

"Thank it might help if we did it again," asked Giuffre. Hall and Pena agreed it would.

Giuffre this time moved in very close to the others as he played, until the three were playing at such close in a tight little group. When they finished, Giuffre laughed.

"That's coming along," he said. "We're a lot better," Ralph agreed.

THEY WERE ABOUT to play *The Green Circle*, a piece inspired by the New England countryside. Giuffre said, "It's hard to get away from that Debussy wailing, feeling, but we're trying to do it here."

They played the piece through, stopping several times for minor corrections and explanations. It was as light and airy as a June morning.

At one point, they stopped at Hall's insistence.

"I missed a note," he said. "I was trying to loosen it up a little, and I got hung up."

Giuffre smiled broadly. "That's it, though. Loose it up until it sounds like you."

And that pretty well sums up Giuffre's music philosophy, too.

(This is the last of three articles.)

The Jazz Message

Art Blakey Has Embarked On A Jazz Crusade, Here And Abroad

By John Tyner

In seven weeks and under Art Blakey is a dedicated jazz messenger. With his guttural and solid attraction in the nation's top jazz rooms, the dynamic drummer has committed himself to a one-man crusade for public support of jazz wherever he works.

This is no gimmick, no calculated bid for publicity. When Blakey addresses a night-club audience on his responsibility to the music, he means every hard-biting word.

During a recent engagement at Hollywood's Peacock Lane, for example, he utilized the period between tunes—not sets—in salient, plain, and simple the customer into supporting jazz and in getting others to do likewise.

WITH A WAVE OF grand gestures, he inspired awedlings of the few persons in the room. "Look here, where the hell are all the people? Los Angeles is a big town, but where is everybody? Why don't they come out and support the music? I'll tell you why: Because they take jazz too much for granted, just like we take our freedom too much for granted in America."

Yes, Blakey disagrees with the Dixie Gillespie remark: "Jazz is too good for Americans."

"No, no," he differs. "I don't think jazz is too good for Americans. I do believe that Americans have not had a chance to learn to appreciate their own music. They haven't been sold on it; and there's a great deal of selling to be done. Look here, this is the leading country in the world for selling . . . anything. Right? Soap, tires, cheese, liquor. . . You name it, it's being sold every day, and better than in any other nation. So, why don't those high-powered salesmen go to work on jazz? Let's sell jazz a bit. It's more American than all of other things."

In the teeth of his Peacock Lane audience, Blakey mightily expanded on the subject while his sidemen relaxed and delightedly dug every biting sentence delivered in varying degrees of heat, humor, and verbiage.

"Jazz is the most important movement in the world today," he belted to the people. "No other thing brings people and nations together in jazz music done. Why, it's worth more to this country by Europe and than as many billions of dollars the government can spend because it's American—through and through. The only really American art you can export to other people is jazz."

THEN, CHINNING periodically, he continued, "Yes, what do the politicians want to send to Europe? Ballets, Symphonies? Why, man, that's where all

that stuff came from! And here they want to send it back to you instead of sending something truly our own — jazz!"

Calling for a moment, Blakey pleaded, "I beg of you, support jazz. If you don't, I'm begging you on my knees to support your own music. This is truly important, believe me."

Then he was belated—until the next break. After announcing the title of the next tune, with informative comments on their manner of performing it, he again took command of his men. As Blakey the Drummer took over from Blakey the Preacher, it seemed that there truly was, in his own laughing words, ". . . a war going on up here. War's been declared between the rhythm section and the bassmen. We're gonna drive 'em off this stand."

Shaking, driving, thunderously power-tapping drummer that he is, Blakey surveys in his playing the musicians and will be obviously tense when he makes verbal plea in behalf of his music. For tenor man Johnny Griffin and trombonist Bill Hardman, every member presided over by this rickety old of jazz becomes a cutting contest between their own abilities and endurance and their leader's shouted litanies, urging them to outdo themselves as they blow.

Similarly, bassist Jimmy DeForest and pianist Hank Jones, though they are on Blakey's team in this lightly home-room-rhythmic tune, appear sidling hard put to maintain the drummer's frequently killing tempo. Indeed, watching this man beat a lightning path through time after time, one wonders that he has any energy at all left to press his proselytizing when the music is done.

BUT WHETHER CONSTANT in the club or in the privacy of his hotel room, Blakey preaches, developing and concentrating his thesis for the growth of jazz and the welfare of its practitioners.

Seated on a bed while bounding his 6-month-old daughter, Sabina, on his lap, Blakey declared, "That important right now is that jazz has got to have the press on its side. The need for the press and radio now is really urgent. Lots of the disc jockeys are willing enough to help. I need lots of 'em in clubs throughout the country. They come to hear the music, but they don't dare play it on the air—they'd lose their jobs if they did."

"The show that's doing the most for jazz," he said fervently, his rugged face brightening with enthusiasm, "is Stars of Jazz, right here in L. A. It's the only television show of its kind in the



country and, as far as I'm concerned, it's the best show in the world."

The drummer interrupted his commentary long enough to hold young Sabina, into the floor where he supported her vain attempts to try what appeared to be a soft-show in pocket here and there. His daughter's name is Sabina, and her mother's name is Marjorie, and her mother's name is Marjorie, and her mother's name is Marjorie.

In October, Blakey and his Jazz Messengers will be Europe-bound on a tour that is to follow the itinerary of Clifford Hampton's recent jazz. Laying plans for the journey is the Messengers' personal manager, Lee Kraft, who, according to the drummer, ". . . is the only one that's fighting for us. He's really in our corner and fights for us like he fought for Miles and Chet in time past."

FROM THE TENSE of Blakey's comments on this forthcoming tour, it is happily clear that he doesn't mind where the band travels; in fact, he favors the latter. He is particularly keen to play dates on the African continent, preferably in Nigeria and throughout West Africa, where he spent some time in 1947.

"Of course, I'd get a tremendous kick out of taking the group to Africa," he said smilingly. "When I was there 18 years ago, I didn't play at all. Kind of like to make up for that now."

Between now and Europe, however, lies a busy interim as the Messengers plan their way back to the east coast.

When they do hit Europe and perhaps points farther east, Blakey says he is convinced their welcome will wear well. He points out that the individuals in Paris (recognized in looking the band through Dave Reed and reasonably apposed that European ears are awfully for his music.

"Only thing I haven't figured out yet," worries Blakey. "Is how I'm going to preach to those people over there when we don't all speak the same language." Then he grins, as if to say, "But who needs words, man—they'll get the message."

Jazz in Caracas

Jacques Braunstein Rules
The Most Swinging Roost
South Of New Orleans



Kessel in Venezuela

Photo: Walter Reed

Jacques Braunstein is dead.

This dramatic statement is of pertinence to jazz fans, particularly those in Caracas, Venezuela.

Braunstein, 35, is founder-president of the Caracas Jazz club. His Julia Novick-like wife, Marianna, 23, is the club secretary. Together they plan and act to create public recognition for jazz.

The difficulty of this task was pointed up recently by Braunstein on a visit to the United States. He mentioned that potential jazz club members refuse to pay regular dues. Few members have attended meetings. But despite these and other indications of apathy, the Braunsteins have not capitulated. The club-owned band may be disbanded temporarily, but it is not unlikely.

Braunstein today is concerned with preventing the club without honoring on the nonprofit-loss basis. On his visit to this country, he was looking hopefully for assistance from the U. S. State Department. It is evident, then, that he is not ready yet fully to shed jazz club identity. *Wing T'ye, the Host*. This music has been a part of his life for ten many years.

BRAUNSTEIN WAS BORN OF Austrian parents in Bucharest, Romania.

"I was a very young boy during the German occupation," he says. "I used to hide in my room and listen to jazz on the BBC with my ear."

"After the Allied liberation, and before the Russian occupation, American troops, including musicians, brought records and records on jazz."

"I had the opportunity to hear more and learn more about jazz. There was wide activity in jazz in Bucharest after the war. I attended many jazz sessions. And even the German oppression came to an end, the radio began broadcasting jazz to us."

However, the realization that the Russians were destined to occupy Romania inspired a heated wish to escape.

"There was a vast pressure to exit," he recalls. "People had an instinctive feeling to escape."

Braunstein and his parents fled. First—in late 1946 they went to Vienna. There his interest in jazz continued to grow. There was more American jazz in Vienna and more plans to hear it played. But Europe was in a state of virtual apathy. The Braunsteins moved on, to Genoa, Italy. In July, 1947, they boarded a ship for Rio de Janeiro and a new life in Brazil.

"I REMEMBER BEING surprised to find no jazz in Rio, despite the fact that Brazil was a free country in many ways like the United States," he says.

"In time I met a few young people who liked jazz. We organized the first jazz club in Rio, began putting on two radio shows with our own records. We'd buy used records in shops, then give them to two jazz disc jockeys."

The first jazz club venture was primarily concerned with fostering jazz sessions.

"We found a few musicians interested in jazz," he notes. "At that time there was a big craze in Rio, so we called our club a progressive club, based on our aim to further modern jazz."

Braunstein outlined the efforts of local jazz musicians and a handful of enlightened fans. Meetings and jam sessions were held regularly. Brazilian pianist-singer Dick Farney, a jazz enthusiast, opened his home and B&B service to the club.

As the club built a solid reputation, with approximately 15 members, Braunstein decided to move to Caracas and begin anew.

IN 1951, HE moved to Caracas as Venezuelan sales manager for Atlantic Airlines. Once settled, he set out on another jazz club crusade.

"Again, I was shocked by the complete absence of jazz," he says. "However, for the first time I found jazz magazines and records being sold. In Caracas, too, there was a figure similar to Brazil's Dick Farney, a modern jazz pianist named A. Hernandez-Bertero."

The new jazz record dealer introduced Braunstein to Bertero. The result was the first step in the forma-

tion of a Caracas jazz club: an informal session at the local radio studio.

That initial venture attracted 200 persons. A similarly successful session, featuring local pianist Steve Walker, followed.

Club membership lists were distributed at the sessions. No funds were involved. The listeners didn't pay admission; the musicians donated their talent. The Waldorf hotel and the Times Tavern in Caracas donated the space and provided the advertising. Local merchants contributed awards, including shirts and watches, for the musicians.

A wealthy Venezuelan purchased a bass, drums, clarinet, alto sax, and horn set for the club. The Venezuelan-American center donated a clubhouse. Braunstein envisioned a bright future for the club and planned regular discussion meetings.

THIS PROVED disastrous. Those who had attended the sessions did not attend the meetings. In an effort to create funds to import jazz records, Braunstein attempted to lure the members into paying dues. This failed. The series of free sessions had spoiled the members.

In a gesture designed to maintain peace with the members, Braunstein endorsed a return to jazz sessions of free-riding meetings in favor of live music.

In August, 1954, the five-member board of directors made a bold decision. They scheduled a concert by American musician John LaPorta and his group. With \$2.50 as top price, the club held a charity for the LaPorta concert. But after expenses were met, the club barely managed to break even.

The LaPorta visit was an important one for Braunstein, the Caracas Jazz club, and jazz itself.

"LaPorta was a happy experience for us," Braunstein says. "Twenty-one newspapers covered his concert." A recent Murray Kessel visit proved equally satisfying.

(Continued on Page 24)

barry ulanov

What a Fascinating life the disc jockey leads today. And what a responsible one. And how little we know the extent of the privileges of his position and how much of the responsibility.

An almost everybody readied by now, television, far from helping out radio, has simply helped change the nature of broadcasting. In the radio of today, it's all music and news.

Such personality as remains in the broadcast medium is wrapped around the weather, the international situation, or a photograph record. A couple of guys have managed

to salvage reputations for themselves out of the Associated Press and United Press teletype rooms. A lot more have achieved fame and the accompanying rewards from riding herd on photograph records. The man behind the microphone is less of the radio image, blunter than you believe and odd growing in popularity and power, in responsibility and prestige.

IT IS A PRIVILEGE, a great one, to have such power over a nation's music taste. For it isn't simply a matter of making and breaking singers and songs, bands and records, but of making and breaking singers and old labels, and all the related businesses and businessmen, little and small.

It's far more the effect on a hobbyist's listening and whitening life, on a teenager's morality, on an artist's artistic capability that bestows the size of a jockey's prestige.

When the microphone is opened to him, we are the souls of millions of Americans. It is millions, and their souls are open, wide open.

Starting with a faint interest in the records that come from their little plastic boxes, they were more and more eagerly to the man behind the records. They follow, step by step, as a new class from 1934 to 1938 to third. They become appreciative when a favorite song or singer slips in the regular rotation. They smile with the jockey's discussion of his release, becoming a mild customer. They work with maternal adjustability—soon pray over—the careers of young singers. The music business fits more and more of their hours.

WHAT MONIES and music artists and audiences were to millions in and 30 years ago, what radio personalities and disc jockeys were a couple of decades ago to similar numbers of persons, what Lindbergh and PEARL were to three millions of them—this is what the world of the disc jockey is to the fanatic listener.

Don't misunderstand me, please. I'm not saying that the jockey himself plays the role of Valentin, a Candy, a Hope, a Lindy, or a Harold. He is a more ambiguous part in the fantasy lives of his audience. He is a kind of directing genius to whose com-

mands incredible quantities of little girls will sway or swoon or swirl with every day.

It's only occasionally that a jockey will become a letter in a movie, a television set as well as a radio personality, a face as well as a voice. And actually it's more desirable for him to remain hidden behind the mike, an intriguing mystery to all those happily ignorant youngsters who are the first to see him with whatever nose or eye, hair or shoulders or torso they would like to sniff him.

HAVING MADE SUCH a powerful entry into the lives of so many, what does the jockey do about it?

Does he recognize the opportunity he has to raise taxes, to expose govern-

ments and developing ways to more substantial work and music, singers and musicians? Does he show any zeal?

Well, a few do, haplessly, half-heartedly. A handful try harder. Dedicated to one kind of jazz or another—so, rarely, to the whole music and history and advancement of jazz—they judge themselves and the more discriminating members of their audience if they hear out of 50 or two out of 100 decided to jazz.

Sometimes they put on a campaign at their station to get themselves a greater jazz show. Or they mix jazz and pops of a high caliber, making musical quality the central standard of their programs. And then, as often, such too often, they find themselves out on what to their agencies and their station managers cannot be called anything but their tin ears.

At that unhappy point in the life of a dedicated disc jockey, it all becomes (Continued on Page 34)

fangents

By Don Gold

IT WAS LOVE on a weekend evening. I had spent most of the weekend reviewing LPs, attempting to maintain slight attention through a series of unresponsive records.

The last record to be heard was the Jackie Mellon-Ray Dinger set on Free Time (the review appeared in the Sept. 15 issue here). I placed it on the turntable and played back to a well-worn state.

Minutes later I realized I had undergone a deeply curious experience. I had heard the honest raving of musicians playing as they felt. This is simple enough to do but too rarely done today.

MUSICALLY SPEAKING, the LP was not of infinite value. It had merit, and the level of technical competence was high. However, the appeal of it all that impressed me most was the attempt on behalf of those on the stage to create a meaningful statement of their own, something apart from the usual blowing sessions of yesterday and today.

This was made with soul, conviction, tracked music depicting an attitude, a mood, a penetrating viewpoint.

How do you interpret such records? How do you derive the implications that, perhaps? It is difficult, certainly. In many ways, it is intuitive, something you sense, something you feel, just as the creator of the music does.

The end, it seems to me, is not to write a case history of Jackie Mellon, but rather, to feel the emotional bond between Mellon and program. It is the kind of personalization that can be needed in transmission to work well.

Such communication can be accomplished, without considerable trials, in other media—poetry, prose, acting, painting. It is in the work of such diversified artists as Upton Sinclair, Hemingway, Copland, Albert, Faulkner, and Beethoven. In music, the problem becomes more acute.

Can Jackie Mellon create, in emotional terms, what Beethoven, in the line of darkness, created long before

Jack (and) was known? Can he impact music so effectively that it becomes apparent to the listener?

I BELIEVE HE CAN, and I believe he has done so in this LP theme.

The previously undisturbed mood which prevails throughout the LP records, to a large degree, Mellon's own feelings the day the set was recorded. It is, I believe, an honest reflection of himself, although I cannot support this view with facts of a personal nature.

I do not find this kind of communication in many records. I have not heard it more than a few times since then. It is, I feel, a representation of one of jazz' basic functions, for if jazz, as a musical form, cannot speak in specific, it certainly can achieve respect through unadorned emotional means.

The fact that more LPs are not subjected to human factors can be traced to several factors. Regarding dates, for the most part, have become such a matter of allotted time and money that promotional are subordinated to the product.

Record reviews often are as thoroughly advised that the criticisms become more reasonable. In other cases, musicians are assembled and told to proceed by whim. The results in both cases are unwise.

SUBSTANTIAL communication in jazz cannot be achieved through proper organization or assembly. Musicians must be encouraged to play honestly but with enough discipline to give the beauty meaning.

The selection of tunes should be directed by the subjective desires of the musician. In these terms, it would be easier to imagine a musician than to believe one under uncomfortable circumstances.

I don't know if Jackie Mellon will be another Björk. I don't know if it makes any difference. I do know that he, and the group recording with him, achieved one of the brightest moments in jazz. I note it here because I hope it won't be forgotten.

By Will Jones

THE MOST OF HIS LAST nighttime shows before CBS moved him to a Saturday midday spot, Jimmy Dean (I still always refer to him in conversation as the living "Dean") started his act singing new western ballads and wailed in mid-western to another.



Some backstage downing, apparently, had got him off the track.

"But you never heard nothing like that on any network before," Dean heard on backstage, "and if you think we were lying, you're wrong."

I had to admire Dean when he told an interviewer of his nighttime show: "That just can't be fact. We were 'pious' and 'honest' and we didn't know what we were doing."

As a relaxed early-evening entertainer, Dean is credited with being the only one who can get a general rating against relaxed Dave Garvey, who, there are CBS rumors—disputed by NBC, of course—that Dean's ratings have topped Garvey's.

At least the Service is dumb enough that NBC isn't compelled to try to fight Cole in head-to-head by ordering a program to go western or by substituting a western show.

I never turn on the television set that early in the morning. The only toddlers in, and takes care of the show. I always get excited to flip the set to the NBC channel the night before though. Occasionally at least, there is the pleasure of waking up to the strains of a Martin McFadden or some such Garvey-style tune.

BEFORE GETTING AWAY from the subject of all this, I was really glad to hear that Pat Boone and all that bleeding business straightened out. I mean the thing there is couldn't the girls on the screen because of his religion.

Twentieth Century-Fox reportedly will make a big point of the fact, in the ads for his new movie, that Boone now knows a girl.

Boone's latest ad in this place will have historical representation in the TV world, too. Not just because of his own TV show. He'll even be able to make the program still after appearing as a mystery guest on "What's My Line?"

RECENTLY AFTER THE Nat Cole television show started, it was like a dash of cold water in the face to pick up a copy of Time and read that the big news wasn't the quality of the show (which, but that it was the first series headed by a Negro) but the fact over Cole, the Negro, has continued in the popular press and the trade press.

Perhaps my own sense has been dulled—maybe I've been prejudiced—through association with musicians but I can't get very interested in the fact that Cole is a Negro. It is surprising when other persons make so

much of it.

The applicant news wasn't that a show headed by a Negro couldn't get a sponsor but that a well-done show by a man of much talent couldn't get a sponsor. He Cole (was a growing list of talented persons who either can't get, or can't keep, sponsors.

I can make enough to think that of Cole were aware enough, he could get a sponsor regardless of his color.

TUCKED AWAY ON Page 2 of a brief paragraph on The Screen Lively

Arts, a new CBS Sunday afternoon series beginning Nov. 3, in this news: "And we also plan a program on America's own music, jazz."

The type of announcement I hope has any indication of the program to be used on the show itself. Writers of special radio and TV programs devoted to jazz seem to employ a peculiar style that suggests they are simply standing the (price of the News of the Week). The announcement carries just a faint whiff of such an indication.

But I am doubtful. I can't imagine that John Crosby, who will produce The Screen Lively Arts, would allow himself to be taken in by the usual morning radio stuff, and I can't imagine that producer John Rosenman would ask him to.

(The word jazz, why let night, comes only in the subsequent (lines).)

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

ALTHOUGH I was fully intended to consider the subject as dropped after Ralph Gleason's Aug. 8 column, I have just received from Ralph Barson a copy of a letter to most interesting Gleason.

It is a letter as wise and witty and apposite that, with the permission of the two Ralphs, I'm turning over my column to it, in the hope that this will positively be the last word on the matter forever.

Dear Ralph (write Ralph):
I agree with you that the controversy over Marilyn Moore's singing "raises a vital artistic point"—but I think you've missed that point. What artistic theory could justify your admission that you "would rather hear a bad singer who is individual than a good one singing someone else's?" What does a good art prefer something "bad"?

YOU CONCERNED THAT Marilyn sounds "brightestingly" like Billie. Suppose someone had played an unkind joke on you and told you this was a work of famous Billie Holiday sides. And after you had finished appreciating them, he said, "April Fool! It's a girl named Marilyn Moore!" Would that make her singing any less good?

For years, many World pieces were attributed to Bach. You have to take pretty hard to name early Beethoven to make sure it isn't Haydn. A little later, Brahms was quite often what musical wags called his First Symphony "Bach's own Bach."

In the greatest period painting he ever had, the Italian Renaissance, the test of a young painter's talent was his ability to acquire the manner of his master. Many of the greatest painters of all time painted so much alike that we don't even know their names, but must say they wrote "Raphael of Verona, ca. 1480," or something of the sort.

Did the fact that they were not "individual" make their work any less great? How does this fit with your surprising claim that "there seems to be no precedent for such faithful copying being unethically worthwhile?"

THE FACT IS, Ralph, that whether

a given singer sounds like another singer is not an artistic question at all but a journalistic one. Journalists regularly confuse the two things. They are always telling us how a particular artist arrived at a particular work, how amazingly short (or long) a time he took over it, how poor he was at the time, and the detailed instances at work upon his mind, soul, or gall bladder.

Indubitably artists are as legitimate objects of this species of gossip as other celebrities, but what considerable bearing can it have on the merits of their work?

The merit of a painting lies only in the painting itself. The merit of a man's name, supporting the last one, can be considered by us only through one avenue—our ear. Nothing anyone can tell us about him can affect that merit—including his name.

In conclusion, Ralph, I can't resist quoting this hilariously relevant passage (slightly abridged here) from *Chicago's First Play*, a piece by Elmer that deserves to be better known than it is:

THE COUNT: What is your opinion of the play?

BARNAB: (in confusion): Well, who's it by?

THE COUNT: That is a secret.

BARNAB: You don't expect me to know what to say about a play when I don't know who the author is, do you?

THE COUNT: But is it a good play? That's a simple question.

BARNAB: Simple enough when you know, isn't it, by a good author. It's a good play, certainly. That should be enough. Who is the author? Tell me that, and I'll place the play for you to a lady's friend.

POSTSCRIPT: Gleason, Shaw and Barson, you have just pointed out more what I believed when I first started reviewing music and with believe as being as there is made for my every that a handwritten note over the spot is the route to the only honest music review.

Would that we critics, every had one of us, could see it every time we pass judgment on a record.

Anita O'Day

One Of The Best Singers
Years For A Hit Record

By George Fawcett

"Man, if I could just make one good record."

That seemingly reasonable request has been heard frequently both in and out of the music industry. The hit record is thought to be the passport to fortune through sales, television appearances, and what not.

But according to Anita O'Day, all that glitters...

"I made a million-sale record in 1941," she said. "Let Me DF Uppers, with Gene Krupa and Roy Eldridge. But I didn't get a penny in royalties from it. I got a flat \$1.00.

"And I'm not making anything in royalties from the records I'm selling now."

HER NEW ALBUMS, which include *An Evening with Anita* and *Anita*, are receiving good play from some local disc jockeys. She said her recording sessions cost her from \$3,000 to \$5,000 each.

"Royalties from the new albums are used to pay off the debts of the older ones that weren't selling," she said. "Next a little luck, I'll get enough to pay my rent.

"I make albums, but everyone seems to want singles."

Under her contract with Verve, she can make singles, she said, but the contract also states the records need not be released.

"I wanted to do *Dance, Darling*, but the company said no," she said. "The same thing happened with other songs I've wanted to do, songs I believe in and I know would make the million mark.

"The company says no and someone else comes up with a hit. When I ask to do the singles, I'm told to go ahead, but I've also recorded the records need not be released.

"**THE BEEN WITH** jazz at the Philharmonic for about 20 years, yet I've never made a cent with them. Naturally, I think something like that would help the record sales.

"I thought it would be a natural for me to team with Gene Krupa and Roy Eldridge for *Philharmonic*. What do you think?" She raised her hands in disgust.

Anita, who was once out of step with herself, has come of age.

This is her second time around for what she calls "a commercial success." It's worth your life to label this a "comeback." And if anything, it seems the ardor is greater this time than it was when she was riding high in the early '40s.

One of the top female jazz singers, Miss O'Day also has shown she can handle a ballad with increasing ef-



She Sings True

fect. But she has looked around after 20 years in the business and discovered that the money and financial success that ought to be hers!

Now she wants to get away from performing exclusively in the nightclub circuit. Her economically sound reasoning is that in concert halls the audience is made greater and this gives her a better take.

AN SHE THINKS, Anita is up and down like a yo-yo. She bounces down her nose, spins in her chair or paces with a restless energy she can't seem to wear out. It's surprising to look at her and then listen to her tell of more than two decades in show business. Her photographs don't do her justice.

The final point of her reconstruction is her contract, of which she says in no uncertain terms, "I want out." It will last three years to run, however, she said.

"I was told that whenever I wasn't satisfied with the company, to ask for my contract and I'd get it," she said. "So I asked.

"They told me, 'we're doing right by you.' So here I am."

Anita skirted the subject of other female jazz singers.

"I have so much to do," she said. "Was to get coffee to drink, I don't have time to worry about other singers. Besides, who am I to say anything about new singers?"

Who Hur?

New York—Jazz is apparently outwarring the popularities available to most persons.

During *Stan Getz'* engagement at Lower East Side Cafe, the drummer man heard backing in progress by "Stan in, folks, the Stan Getz, the greatest thing since fire has been



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BALPH BURKS

In *The Mambos Revisited* (Decca DL 5502), pianist-composer-arranger Ralph Burks takes an interesting premise and does rather well with it. Burks reorchestrated and reanalyzed Moussorgsky's Pictures of an Exhibition and Liszt's Années de Cathédrale, playing both pieces with standard dance band instrumentation, augmented to some reads and its rhythm, with seven bars.

On the whole, Pictures lacks the crackle and wide range of color given it by, say, Rafael Kubelik and the Chicago symphony orchestra. But in its own right, it is a solid and rewarding work. Burks captured the flavor of the Debussché Chants as a composer, and filtered some jazz elements into the other movements.

The Lisztiana work is generally more successful, perhaps because of the nature of the music. Several of its sections have been made into pop tunes (The Dance and 3. Overcloud). Mambos are, and are not unfamiliar to contemporary band writing. This is worth a listen. (D.C.)

DAVID DAVI-GARMIN (MCA)

In *My Music Girl* (Decca DL 5499) the energetic Mr. Davi-Garmin talents with the classical-but not strictly academic. Several of his sections have been made into pop tunes (The Dance and 3. Overcloud). Mambos are, and are not unfamiliar to contemporary band writing. This is worth a listen. (D.C.)

All things considered, this is a respectable LP, but it is not equal in quality or drive to the best solo performer has done in the past. Nevertheless, there's plenty of talent here, and made a lot of products warmly in spirit. (D.C.)

DAVID GILBERT

The *Voices of New England* (ABC-Parsons LP ABC 200) places its own stamp on Elliott's songs and parts. The instrumentation is well done, but the rhythm section, featuring some of the best, is a good example of spontaneity and spontaneity of spontaneity of the nature of the music.

Especially, this is modern popular music. Instrumentally speaking, the dance leader leads the dancing room to drive melodic statements. In some of the solos of Elliott, there is a lack of definition; Elliott's lines is not too distinctly different notes. The band is not as spontaneously provocative as, for example, the Hi-Los' combined brass.

Included here are *I'm Approaching to See the Color*; *The Moon Was Followed*; *The Night We Cried At a Day*; *Any On, Any Day*; *Unhappily Ever After*, and *Avanti*. Elliott writes valiantly throughout, in maintaining his unadorned talent. However, it would have preferred to hear him sing alone, without the "benefit" of electronic work. (D.C.)

GENE HANSON

Eighteen great vocal passages are featured in a vibrant package titled *Confidential Man* (Capitol T 542). *Man* (Capitol T 542), arranged and conducted by Donny Payne, whose earlier of *Living Alone* in 1961, was an LP delight. This set is various because Victor is packaging and exploiting it as a pop album, and there is perhaps more talk in it than in many of the label's jazz records.

At any rate, it's a good band session, with solo work that is often sparkling. Among the participants are Pete Candoli, Joe Passerello, Hal Roedelius, Arvo Part, Leo Jerry, Jimmy Martin, Ted Mark, and Chuck Connors. Reunited, Parsons, Hanson, and Levy are solo standards, with George Roberts' bass combine very much in evidence throughout. Not earthshattering but tasty. (D.C.)

ANN GILBERT

According to the title, Ann Gilbert was in a *Swinger* World (Vik LP LX 1000) for this set. The results aren't as convincing as they might have been. The backing by the Elliot Lawrence orchestra is, definitely, excellent and convincing. Lawrence's orchestra as LP fails short of the quality in Miss Gilbert's initial LP. I continue to be impressed by her range, warmth, and essentially unimpaired approach to tunes. These factors elevate her efforts above most of the same interest in this set, but she needs an LP with an equally backing performing some of the better, if obscure, tunes waiting to be done.

The assortment of tunes here does not include the time written after 1950. Oddly, this is a good sign, but in this case the tunes selected, for

her most part, have been worked over for too often. Included are *Love, Come Back to Me*; *Someone to Watch Over Me*; *When My Sugar Walks Down the Street*; and *Impassioned*.

Fortunately, there's still time for Miss Gilbert. Let's hope the next LP takes advantage of her substantial untapped store of songs well. I can't say so much for many of the singers coming to look for the art and recording departments. (D.C.)

GENE GRAY

There's a strong memory of the timeless sound of the old Gene Gray band in Gene Louis Corcoran's *Capitol T 542*. Kenny Rogers sang six of the 12 sides, including *Fall of the Year*; *I Consented to You*; and *Under a Starry Sky*.

Murray McFarlane's *Moons* were hardly on *Five as My World*, and the trumpet of Sherry Stewart on *George* displays more body than I've yet heard from him on record. It's all pleasant, rather lightweight, and somehow not so satisfying to the ears. (D.C.)

GENE GRAY

Finally, too, (ABC-Parsons LP ABC 200) features the King Gene Zoned, as it is modestly termed in the liner notes. The notes say, "It is doubtful that other arrangers, musicians, and composers will be able to duplicate the extraordinary originality which King Gene has constructed—at least, not for some time, and then only after some reorchestrating and reanalyzing."

The real problem of all this doubt-talk is an absence of essentially decent dance music. It's a bit surprising at times and not at all as experimental in a sound sense as the notes would have the listener think. There are some interesting voicings, containing the consistent use of an upper-octave reed section sound, but, Monday need not have this kind of competition.

Among the tunes included are *My Heart Love*; *Don't Blame Me*; *When Your Lover Was Gone*; *Good and Blue*; *Alone Together*; and *Partners*. Surrounds. It's all rather pleasant, but there is no *Believing*, which would be the most indelible. (D.C.)

MIKE HOFF

Hoff's called from the works of Gershwin, Teichgraber, Krumpholtz, and, notably, Korngold, Debussy, and some American pop like composers a

(Continued on Page 34)

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BILLY TAYLOR, in addition to being a fine pianist and an intelligent spokesman for hi-fi and hi-fi music, is also a practical man.

When the time came for him to investigate high fidelity equipment because of the need for good sound reproduction in his work, he went to the best source available to him for the piano sound engineer Rudy Van Gelder, in whose studios most Prestige sessions are cut.

"I purchased the works at the suggestion of Rudy," Taylor said. "We have Gates out involving there, and I wanted to listen to my records on equipment similar to his. I liked the sound his equipment produced, so I pretty much duplicated it."

BILLY ASSEMBLED a rig consisting of a General EQ 80 changer, Bell 200 C amplifier, Altec AM-FM tuner 201-A, and an Altec 204 corner speaker. The turntable and amplifier are housed, along with his records and tapes in a handsome storage cabinet with keyboard sliding doors, manufactured by County Workshop. The AM-FM tuner sits on top of the natural stained cabinet. Billy's television set separates the cabinet from the corner speaker.

Taylor has had the equipment about three to four years. Before that, he had a portable radio-cassette. He has had no trouble with his present equipment.

"I bought it for its sound," the pianist said. "I don't play it very loud, but if I have to, too. There it is, I play it loud enough to hear what's going on in the records."

Billy finds that his 12-inch speaker in the corner enclosure sounds best in a short hall between that corner of the living room and the hall room, and in an archway about six feet from the entrance.

TAYLOR HAS a road-trip wood player which, he said, receives plenty of use when his trip out of town is long. The set is a King portable, with a Harvard changer. "The sound is surprisingly good for a machine this size and this compact," Taylor said. He carries life in a tin.

Taylor also has a Brush Semiconductor tape recorder. This instrument was bought at a sale about five

years ago and has received plenty of use without a breakdown of a kind more than three.

"It's simple to control, and I can play it through my hi-fi set," Taylor said. "I use it mainly for rehearsals with the trio and in some of my piano work. I've done a few things with it for albums but only for practice. This set is one of the best I've found for recording the piano. I use it only for practice."

TAYLOR SAID HE is interested in stereo tapes. In fact, his next major hi-fi purchase probably will be a stereo tape deck.

Billy is investigating the field to determine whether he should change his whole setup for stereo, or whether he should get parts that can stereo alone. He reported interest in the latest discoveries in high fidelity.

For the now, his equipment, highly functional and modern is out in more than enough.

—don

Sound Reading

Oh, those following is a list of several "recommended" literature in hi-fi audio field. If you wish to receive any of it, please send your name, address, and zip, to: Sound Reading, c/o The Music Store, 400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y. (no return when a price is designated).

University Loudspeakers: 22-page illustrated booklet explaining Acoustic, Electrostatic, and Loudspeakers. Two-color brochure on minimum kit, with plans on construction, specifications, and prices. Two-color brochure on loudspeaker equipment, with information on specifications, prices, and multipower systems. An eight-page illustrated brochure on acoustic controls for precision and brilliance in listening systems. All free.

Revere Soundcraft: How To Choose the Best Recording Tape, an eight-page, two-color, illustrated brochure explaining the differences between types of tapes, plus four brochures on Revere tapes. Free.

Fractone Corp.: Six-page, two-color booklet giving descriptions, prices, and specifications of new line of microphones, stereophonic tape recorders, and phonograph cartridges. Free.

Herman-Kardon: A 14-page, two-color illustrated booklet, giving descriptions, specifications, and technical material on the Herman-Kardon component line. Free.

Kodak Corp.: Brochure on the Coltara record changer, the entire line of Grotrian loudspeaker enclosures, and a 14-page booklet on accessories by R. J. Jordan. Free.

Remco Corp.: How to Sell Tape Recordings, by Richard Arvid, a four-page booklet. Also available are Specifications, descriptions, prices, and specifications of the Paragraph tape recorder, the Dekamon record changer, and the Remcoam portable, hand addressed, stamped envelope.



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Harmon—Sax Sax Jockey John McLaughlin and some musicians, including Japanese pianist Toshiko, had just left George Wein's apartment and stopped one street NW Broadway St.

Toshiko walked an 800 automobile parked at the curb and reviewed it for perhaps two minutes before getting into second in McLaughlin acknowledged possession.

Toshiko shook her head in amazement and said, "That's some driving, my little machine you've got there."

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classic modern

By Ray Ellsworth

THIS is Stravinsky's year. The occasion of his 75th birthday last June 17 has set off a flurry of presenting his music and worthy tributes in great number.

From his recent photographs, some of them taken on this birthday, he does not seem to have aged very much. He is still the old thin man, always alert, questioning with his eyes, pointed as though about to utter some wounding remark of dry humor and cutting intelligence. Perhaps Stravinsky never really will age; he will die young.

More likely, it is his handsome followers who will perish of worry and exhaustion and premature gray hairs, trying to keep up with him.

The fiddlers were settling down to the serene pastoral years they led these days after such a stormy voyage toward the promised land, but now it doesn't look as though they are going to have them after all. Stravinsky, wonderful peace and quiet of any kind so foreign to his nature, has pulled the rug from under them again and sent them flying.

WHAT HAS HE done this time? Exactly the thing no one would have expected him to do. Suddenly, in his 75th, he has found elements of virtue in the works of the archbishop, Schoenberg, and what's more, he has immediately put these elements to standing use in his new music.

In every piece of music he has written since his 1935 output, he has made use of the detested line row. Just not, he is added hastily, actually. There is no reason why a line-row must be used actually—and Stravinsky has stuck strictly to locality.

Most of these new compositions will bring his serial techniques up to bound on one LP, Columbia ML-1071, called *Line Stravinsky: Chamber Music, 1911-1916*. Here are the master's six higher Thomas songs, his *Memories of Gipsy Phantasies*, and the *Three Stravinsky Songs*, along with some very early works.

The other new-row pieces are his *Christmas Cantata*, a religious pastiche performed last year at the City of Vienna festival, and a new ballet, *Agon*, a Concerto, composed at his Los Angeles birthday celebration, neither of which has been recorded yet.

This turn of his to serial techniques, techniques definitely rooted in an artistic heritage in his whole world philosophy, purely romanticism, has been greeted by his special public so far with actual heat can be described as a kind of stunned silence, disturbed only by slight murmurs. This seems to be more than just the old tactic of a new direction. They mean the best of the contrary, when Stravinsky and Schoenberg together seem to challenge

the old (romantic) each in his own way, critics and music lovers who have argued about who was to be the mainstream influence.

Until very recently, the case appeared to have been won by Stravinsky. While the other genius from Vienna plodded stubbornly along in pursuit of his special vision with but a comparative handful of followers, Stravinsky discovered the world, and set against them all those to find their own truths after his methods. Whatever tricks and turns the Stravinsky style might take, the faithful always eventually would rally itself to see the thread that held things together.

LATELY, HOWEVER, converts have been fewer and less convinced, though the hard-core adherents remained.

More and more, Stravinsky seemed vulnerable to the charges that he provided merely rather than profound change, that he was writing and re-writing out of a noble post. His continued peering over of old lines from widely separated epochs simply to get away from the inked harmonies of the laster romanticism began to glimmer among critics, to seem frustrating, shallow, and rather a dead-end path.

So, for some time now, almost feverishly, the young have been seeking away to the other camp, and what began as a trickle, has grown to a flood. The *Glacier Mountains*, Pierre Boulez's *Revue Lullaby* again has the grand-guise of Paris, Stravinsky's city of child play, up to these weeks in actualism, and very little else.

Even the staunchest Stravinsky champions now have flinched with the coming of this, if they would admit it, and no matter how cheerfully they pay tribute to the old warrior in this price of his due honor, they know that in several years they have been looking another way. Some of them, anyway.

AND NOW, Stravinsky himself turns up with new music in his music. What does it mean? Is it capitulation? Is, then, atonement, pointed as it is to the compositions of Wagner, Mahler, Richard Strauss, Liszt, and all the rest, the true wave of the future, the true representing sign of the past? It may be just that—but not for Stravinsky.

For Stravinsky, the turn to serial techniques, usually or actually, is simply another facet of a brilliant, restless mind that can have no other outcome. Whatever may be the wave of the future, Stravinsky will stand at once above and beside it as an isolated artist, isolated perhaps by his great name. Another mountain peak, like the isolated Debussy, often followed, but never quite caught up to.

Too For One

New York—M-G-M and Larry Clinton have combined on what looks like the perfect gift for gentlemen everywhere: a whole LP of songs suitable for every getting around.

Among the titles: *I Can't Get Started*, *The Tender Trap*, *Swampy*, *There's a Valley*, *Little White Lies*; *I Fall to the Floor*; *Just One More Chance*; *Just Another One*; *Wanted* song, and *Remember Me*. Some Just Must Pick.



Sal Meanders

By Leonard Feather



Back in 1945, when the name of Sal Salvadori sounded to most of us vaguely like a Central American politician, a young man descended on the New York jazz scene from Springfield, Mass., and began playing around town as a guitarist with Terry Gibbs and other combos.

After a couple of successful seasons of night club and studio work, he went on the road with Stan Kenton. During his travels with Kenton, in 1949 and 1950, he built up a firm reputation as one of the most agile and enthusiastic of modern guitarists.

Recently Salvadori expressed a desire to take a blindfold test, a pleasant contrast with characters who start raving scared at the mere mention of such an undertaking. I was happy to comply. (I'd instead of playing an guitar records, I opted to go with various kind and exotic ideas, including one from by his father bass and mother by his first job and influence, Charlie Christian.

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

The Records

1. **Shorty Rogers, "Inventor" of "Lipstick and Blues" (Mercury, 1044).** Art Pepper, tenor; Shorty Rogers, piano.

Maynard or Shorty? I like the band very much. I don't recognize who it is, but I thought the writing was good and the music was played well. I like the tenor and piano work.

I thought the recording could have been a little better. It sounded like they were afraid to let the thing peak. I thought I heard Shorty, but I don't recognize the other soloists. It sounded like it might have been Maynard in the section. I'd rate this three stars.

2. **Gene Krupa, "The Dream of Gene" (ABC, Paramount),** John Wilson, trumpet.

I think that was either Jimmy Raney or a guy in Panama who plays so much like him. I like the trumpet and the guitar solo was nice. I'm not too sure about the composition—maybe if I heard it a couple of times... It seems to have been recorded pretty well. The balance could have been a little better between the trumpet and guitar.

I don't know who it is, but at times I thought it might have been that other guy because it sounded almost too much like Jimmy Raney—with all those little riffs and... Not generally really—the things that Jimmy does, just like anybody does. I'd say three stars for this one.

3. **Red Rodney, "Hot Rod" (Mercury),** Louis Miller, vocal; Bill Brown, electric.

This is certainly spirited enough. I have no idea who it is... I don't know about that kind of record. Most everything is arranged except for the electric solo. I don't know if there's much more for excitement in there. That kind of think me up. I'd say one star... I really don't know what to make of the vocalists—that really puzzled me... I wouldn't buy a record like this. I don't normally listen to records like this, but I do like (dislike) if it's good—particularly some of the good artists. But this was just a band with a vocalist and a clarinetist.

4. **Ray Charles, "Satchel" (Atlantic),** Joseph Blazer, trumpet; David Newman, tenor; Ray Charles, piano (no vocal).

That had a little different feeling than what I've heard to, although it isn't pretty good. The rhythm section seems a little stiff. The tenor solo's not also too dramatic. They all played with a lot of confidence. I didn't care too much for the arrangement. I don't know who it is. All in all, it's pretty good. I'd say three stars.

5. **Bill Hark, "Satchel" of the Same (Decca),** Unaccompanied guitar solo.

I think that's Bill Harris. He's like some of the other records—has a nice spirit. He and George Van Klee (if that is Bill Harris) have done it for this kind of playing, just recently. It's not quite as clear as George plays, but George doesn't play as quickly. It's very nice.

They're both playing much more modern than guitarists of this school used to play. The chord system used to play was old-fashioned. He and George are making some wonderful progress from a harmonic approach and phrase-wise, too. It could be a very nice thing. I don't know if I'd be able to do it, but I enjoy it. I'd rate this four stars.

6. **Sam Kerner, "Satchel" of the Same (Capitol),** Bill Brown, electric; Bill Brown, trumpet; Bill Perkins, tenor; Ralph Burns, guitar; Max Roach, bass; Bill Nelson, drums.

That's the Great White Father, isn't it? I think that's one of the best bands Stan ever had. I don't have this record, but I've heard the band play it in person. That's Bill Nelson's writing, for sure. I think he's one of the best writers today. It sounds like that Louis playing doesn't do an excellent job. I'm not sure if that was Sam Now playing trumpet or not, but wherever it was, I liked it. That must have been Bill Perkins on tenor. That was a very nice solo, too.

I like this record, all in all. I know it was Ralph Burns on guitar, because he was with the band at the time they recorded this. I'm not sure who the bass player was. I didn't recog-

nize him, but I thought it was Don Bagley. He sounded pretty good, but I like Bagley better in small groups—if that was him. I like the idea of covering the record up and letting the guys play a little bit. I'd give this five stars.

7. **Art Pepper, "Waltz for the Blues" (Contemporary),** Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass.

Rehearsed again! For a second there I thought it was Redology—then the bass sounded like Paul Chambers. I'm not much for jazz solos, but this was one of the best things I've heard done that way. It's usually hard to make them come off, but it's the case in a while. I like the bass very much; the alto sounded like Donny to me. I like the individual solos pretty much. I'd say two stars.

8. **Tal Farlow, "The Blue Note,"** Don Aycock, guitar; Odean Lombard, bass; Joe Marshall, drums.

I've never heard that record, but I know who it is. Tal. I don't think I'll ever stop singing his and Jimmy Raney's praise. It sounded like Joe Marshall playing drums, too. He has such a weird way of playing in a group like that. I like the composition and thought the soloists were great. I don't like the instrumentation as a steady idea, but I like it for those records. I think Tal could make anything sound good. Wow! Five stars as far as I'm concerned.

9. **Raymond Lovell, "ACAC" (Coral),** Charlie Christian, guitar.

That was the daddy of them all—Charlie Christian! He sure did a lot of wonderful things for the instrument, and jazz in general. Money wouldn't go on this, too. I don't believe I've heard this record except once, but I like it.

If more of the groups today could capture that feeling of wanting—at least it sounded that way—in play together, like these guys did, I think the music business would be a lot better off. Drawing inspiration from each other is a wonderful thing, and I'm sure that audience would feel it even more if groups could capture that feeling.



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Jazz In Caracas

(Continued from Page 16)

But despite the publicity and a full house for the concert, today the club is low on funds. According to Brunesstein, conducting such concerts for obvious profit would mean alienating the Venezuelan public.

In looking toward the State Department for assistance, Brunesstein ventures the opinion that the U. S. government is waging by not sending Dixie Gillespie and "similar groups to Caracas."

"I'm still hoping desperately that someone will come to me and say, 'I'm willing to help you,'" he declares.

AFTER 18 YEARS in the jazz club field in South America, he hasn't found all the answers to maintaining interest in jazz.

Although jazz sessions and concerts draw jazz fans, Brunesstein says he feels that a jazz club must do more than provide entertainment—it must educate and inform as well. It cannot do so without the funds to support supplementary projects, such as regular record sessions, meetings, discussion groups, dissemination of jazz literature, and variations on the workshop theme. And the "strange" Caracas press and public, as Brunesstein terms it, apparently will not tolerate a jazz club which shows a profit.

Even though he has a master's degree in industrial chemistry, Brunesstein hasn't discovered a palatable mixture of jazz and profit. In time he may. He knows the solution lies out of the laboratory, in the opinions and reactions of the Caracas jazz public, a public which has played music to Brunesstein, the cat, for five years.

Brunesstein may live happily ever after. But right now he's tired.

—gold

Barry Ulanov

(Continued from Page 17)

a matter of popularity and power and the deal with respectability and prestige (whatever) that counts.

IT'S THE MANICLY and unrepentant a life fighting for programs of quality. It's too hard to get a station to stay with him while he proves that his single interests in pursuit of quality, who also, in those halcyon days for jazz, are of a collective quality in interest of quantity.

So he, too, creates a Gigli record, a Top 100—well another vague accounting of record popularity. He, too, turns his program into a blow-by-blow narrative of the struggles of the industry, the critics, and the listening fans, Ulanov, and Ulanov attempting to rise from the muck in the bottom.

And if he has an identity, any kind of identity—English, Irish, witty, whimsical, slightly ironic—success is his, and the American people have been fated once again, especially the very young.

"Depressing? Cynical? No way! What do you think! Especially those of you who are Jewish. Got any ideas?"

heard in person

Andre Previn

Personnel: Previn, piano; Bob Hartman, bass, and Bob Mott, drums.

Reviewed: Opening night of a four-week engagement at the London House, Chicago.

Musical Evaluation: Although some of his collaborators have like to think of Previn as the perpetual child prodigy, he has come of age, as he says, "I wear little pants now." A versatile and extremely active musician, Previn occupies most of his time with Hollywood shows, concert appearances, and record dates. His solo appearances are rare. This trio, however, is fortunate, therefore, served as an introduction for most of those present to the talented 28-year-old pianist.

His basic strains are readily apparent: Impulsive beboped phrases, a genuinely pianistic style, a fine sense of dynamics and a constant rhythmic awareness.

During the first two open-air-night sets, he played an up-tempo *Just One of Those Things*, a duet by Duke Ellington, *Frango*, a ballad by Count Basie, *The Prayer Book*, a delightful *Tell Me Out in the Rain* (duet); a Little-ignored *It Remembers Ago*; *Let's Get Along* from *It Ain't It That Way*; a lovely *Moonlight*, *Someone You*, and a sultry *How You Got Me* (duet).

His style combines artfully the use of formidable chord patterns and single-note statements. On up-tempo numbers he maintains his trademark technical knowledge without using it as an end in itself, he utilizes his technical mastery as a means of conveying the basic jazz feeling he possesses, something several of the technically first jazz pianists do not do.

There are glimpses of other jazz pianists in his approach. Occasionally he lapses into Tatumian virtuosity; also, he indicates a well-developed fondness for the "buddy" attitude. Essentially, however, he is following a distinct path toward the evolution of his own style.

His ballads are refreshingly delicate; on vigorously attacked tunes he manages to drive in a heavy dose without sacrificing the basically lyrical quality inherent in his playing.

Audience Reaction: Previn's opening night was one of the most successful in the history of the London House's entertainment policy. A capacity crowd, accompanied by some of the best possible fans, filled the room. In such form was impressive. And when Previn attempted to leave the stand after announcing the completion of a set, the overwhelming applause inspired him to continue.

Attitude of Performer: Previn, one of the most gracious performers to come to town in many months, served as one of jazz' most able representatives. Although his basic schedule prohibited collaboration with Hartman and Mott, Previn refused to be dejectedly depressed by this fact. As he

told the audience, "We rebounded by telephone."

Previn volunteered his services to show jokers in the area and proved cooperative in every way. He was socially articulate and friendly on and off. Obviously delighted by audience reaction and working conditions, he manifested a good deal of joy and satisfaction, which quality was communicated to his audience.

Commercial Potential: Previn has accomplished much to date. His activities as a film composer, manager-director, loop fixer have most of the time. This fall he will embark on a concert tour, consisting and performing the works of such composers as Barber, Copland, Prokofiev, and Bartok.

His present schedule includes performances as classical pianist and vibist and soloist on jazz LPs. His current schedule represents the fulfilled potential of many other artists. He was potential in itself; basically, it indicates development in each of the fields he now endures. Drawing from his performance to date, he could become a major force in the evolution of American music.

Summary: In summarizing Previn's opening night appearance, it should be noted that, despite the lack of rehearsal, Mott and Hartman's acceptance of Previn's capacity. What's more, they appeared to be inspired by his playing.

Previn himself is an intelligent, articulate, amiable, talented musician. He has achieved a good deal. His skill and technique are, as it goes, and performance, he is one of the most meaningful performers in jazz. Young musicians would do well to follow his example. He illustrates that a life in music can be productive, in creative terms, and profitable.

—G.M.

Terry Gibbs Quartet

Personnel: Gibbs, vibist; Lou Levy, piano; Max Roach, bass; Gary Freeman, drums.

Reviewed: During second week of three-week engagement at Pascoot Lane, Hollywood.

Musical Evaluation: In just a week of working together, Gibbs' new rhythm section has developed a special kick and relaxed drive that distinguishes the vibist riding on Gibbs' S.

Now settled on the west coast, the vigorous, group-sharing vibist is playing consistently solid jazz. On up-tempo, such as *Pushover*, *Old Money*, or *California*, he is the epitome of modern sensibility in his instrument. When he tackles *What's New?*, it is as if he's ball-bat to swing every last ounce from the changes.

The very fast *Seven Come Eleven* is a tonic to force the Terry-Gibbs duo. During the piano *Good* with Levy, he slips through a half-down

chorus of the side with the same nervous, darting excitement that marks his other work.

It is debatable whether in the course of a set the quartet generates more excitement in the audience or vibist itself. After the mounting tension of one of Terry's sides, his driving is valuable, growing really for individual players fused into a single, exciting rhythm. Such a peak was reached in one particular set on the fast *Way You Look Tonight*, when the four became two-bar breaks, followed by a breathtaking half-chorus with Gibbs and Levy trading answers for minutes.

Pianist Levy is featured solo in one tune set. This makes the aggressive contrast, and statement, as Levy's choice is invariably a ballad, it becomes an emotional breathing spell for the audience. Major noted that he is, in fact, and subtly driving style evokes assurance and consistent good taste, frequently spiced with humor.

One of the most completely of bass men, Roach is clearly in his first flowering of style. His calm, confident style and impeccable time make him an ideal bottom man. Tatumian *Frango* is steadily developing as one of the best new drummers in the east. His plays with intelligence, nerve, good taste, and pure potency but tends to play sometimes on ballads.

Attitude of Performers: How happy was your set? A good ball is being laid by it—and it communicates from the stand. Old hand Gibbs is a fifty-sixer, never misses opportunity for a quip or a friendly word to the partners.

Audience Reaction: The quartet clearly delights the customers who respond primarily to Terry's vibetones.

Commercial Potential: Because of limited opportunities in the L.A. area, Gibbs may have to venture in locations in other major cities. A well-established name, his group should draw well in almost any jazz venue.

Summary: A hard-driving quartet, greatly aided usually by Gibbs' loose showmanship, brilliant solos by Terry and Lou, plus a beyond-charge section, make for some of the best jazz to be heard east, west, or in the middle. Make it.

—G.M.

Good Beat

Chicago—During a "Tune Up"

at a recent recording session at Universal Studios here, a number of the musicians performed around to listen to some tapes being played of the records from this year's Indianapolis 500-mile auto race.

One of the drivers, Fred Agabekian, was discussing it with the musicians, and pointed out his car as it wound by in stereo. "And now you can hear it as it goes into the backstretch," he was saying.

Commented bassist Johnny Flynn, "Sounded like you were racing."

Popular Records

(Continued from Page 11)

set of light program music called *Country Memories* (Vca. LX-2002).
 Udoe Green, Jimmy Marshall, M.G. Hinkle, and Texas Woodruff are among the participants. There are string trio, ten, and fully dressed versions of such as *On the Trail* (from *Myra Breckin's Round Corners Suite*), *Waltz of the Phoenix* (from *Tchikobava's Natzenkater Suite*), *Blissfully on Mind*, the *Waltz with the Flutes*, *Waltz*, and *Chamberlain's Jig* (from among others). I didn't find much jazz-oriented excitement here, but neither was there any lapse in musical taste. This should do well on the air. (H.C.)

LENA HORNE

Horne's substantial talent has given the Hornet treatment to *Swamp Weather* (RCA Victor LPM 3374). Lena sings very well on such as *Tennessee Mountain*, *Swampwater*, *Mad About the Rap*, *Just One of Those Things*, and *TV Be Around*. But, naturally, there's not the out-of-the-ordinary excitement and drive of her in-person set (some nights). However, she's still a lot of singer. Good backing provided by Louis Taylor and a studio band. (H.C.)

ELIOT LAWRENCE

Eliot Lawrence Plays for Swinging Camerons (Fantasy 3345) is an appropriate title for this Lawrence LP. It is an excellently recorded, rhythmic dance set, neither dated nor experi-

mental in nature. In its own terms, it is a success.

Lawrence's studio band, which includes Dick Truitt, Al Carter, Eddie Scott, Udoe Green, and Bud McKenick, performs a 14-piece set including *Could Write a Book*, *Swamp Time*, *I'm Wappin' Around*, *Swamp Time* (from *Swamp*), *Let's Fall in Love*, *Just a Phoe*, and *Just a Little Something*. Capably, *Swamp* (for *Swinging Camerons*), *Swamp Around*, and *There's No Hold*. There are a good many jazz influences present, but incidentally, this is phonetically oriented dance music. Naturally, outstanding listeners are welcome, too. (H.C.)

PHENAS NEWBORN-DENNIS FARMON

Phenas My Lady Means (RCA Victor LPM 3372) features the best of Phenas Newborn and the possible greatest strength of Dennis Farmon. The blend is satisfying. A lot of work is in the making of merely nice tunes. Instead of the conventional (i.e. including *Mountain in Vermont*), *Don't You Know I Care?*, *I'm Old-Fashioned*, *Stand in the Water*, and *If I Should Love You*.

Newborn's technical and harmonic abilities are evident throughout. In addition, there is a completely written string background. The results, as the notes state, fall into the "jazz-influenced, comfortable music" genre. As a pop music taste package, this is worthwhile listening. (H.C.)

HELEN O'CONNELL

For Green Eyes (Vca. LX-1800). Miss O'Connell starts off her first LP

...lyrics and delivers them with confidence and delivery. There are more than 100 songs on the *Green Eyes* band days. The solo high-end and string writing, and excellent was done by Maxine Knapp, whose support has helped Helen maintain a high quality of musicianship in her soloistic series.

In addition to the title tune, there are *After Hours*, *Not Mine*, *Tomorrow*, *Forever*, *When the Sun Comes Out*, *JE of My Love*, *Amalgam*, *Time Goes*, *Reveal*, and *Endless*. This set, and its standing open, are recommended Helen as an important note on the pop scene today. The ingredients are certainly present. (H.C.)

LARY REED

File in Larry Reed (Fantasy 3342) is this singer's best LP. With arrangements by George Russell, Ed Evans, Jack Egan, and Ed Higgins, and backing by a quartet, septet, and octet including such musicians as Jimmy Cleveland, Art Farmer, Bill Holman, Russell, Evans, and Higgins, Miss Reed strikes a chord (and in her own subtle intense way). Included are such treasures as *There Be Stars*, *Darkly in My Mind*, *Amazing Grace*, *Keep the Love*, *Little Boy Blue*, *How to Sings the Blues*, and *You Don't Know What Love Is*.

The songs all the tunes smoothly, with a powerful lyric sense. This set is valuable in many ways. From Miss Reed's sophisticated, frequently emotional singing to the sophisticated backing to the strikingly appropriate music. This is a worthwhile purchase.

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and a particularly pertinent treatment for people singers who don't believe that there are any unexplored tunes. (D. G.)

JOE ROEMAN

Don't let the cover and title of Party Night at Joe's (1024 Victor LFM 1478) fool you. There's some pretty fine sounding music. Essentially a big studio band session, the album covers some swing era standards and some Beatman originals. The mood is swing era, and the sound of the band is quite close to the live road sound toward which Glenn Miller's band had been working in his final civilian days.

There are tasty solo spots throughout by pianist Irving Joseph, trombonist Willie Green, trumpeters Joe Wilder and Jimmy Rouseff; soprano saxist Larrysky; who also works in bass, and the dynamic Tom Leonard, who is heard in trumpet and in the pulsing background. This is polite but not relaxing. (D.C.)

GEORGE SIMMONS

The Shearing catalog is once more set against, and often wrapped in, a string band in its latest collection, *Blind Spot* (Capitol T 508). Why May and Shearing did the writing, and while there's little really happening on the tracks, this should splash into the new market. Among the tunes are If I Should Love You, Storybook Symphony, What Is There in You?, You Don't Know What Love Is, and One Morning in May. (D.C.)

Strictly Ad Lib

(Continued from Page 8)

signed with Jubilee . . . Steve Allen's show bursts into color Oct. 6, with Allen knee-deep in the chromatic hysteria of Paul Desmond's madly jazzy licks in new (Dunbar) TV show, Greenwich Village Party, on Friday the 10th of Sept. 30 to 10:30 p.m. He'll make frequent use of jazz names: the initial program had Willie (The Lion) Smith, Eddie Heywood, the Jimmy McPartland band, plus the Cy Coleman trio and old singer Russel Ford. More jazz names will be regulars. . . . Harold Calder's departure left the local program almost jazz-free; he was replaced by Tex Antoine on the new show and Kenneth Slaughter in the 10:15 p. slot, both playing popular records interlarded with news and weather reports. Jubilee, meanwhile, is working with a major packaging agency on re-launching its Salt Lake City show nationally.

Chicago

JAZZ, CHICAGO-STYLE: The well-established sound of the George Shearing quintet plus one is killing the Blue Note three-stops. Sharing the stand with Shearing's group is the Louis Lomax big accordion-led quartet, Bob Newby brings his Little Band into the Vic on Oct. 16, with the Dave Brubeck quartet returning Oct. 28 for a week . . . Ben Webster's "Word Jazz" and

Les Wilson's folk song, were replaced on same jazz policy at the Modern Jazz room, but at the downtown Princeton lounge, where Dismal's fare comprises, George Brown and local sitar playing. Brown departed the north city's Hill club after several years' residence, to open an independent booking at the Pavilion. . . . The Cal Tjader quartet, with Tjader on vibes and guitar, is at the London House. Barbara Carroll returns to that house of food and dance Oct. 20 for four weeks. Ed Higgins' trio continues at the Monday-Tuesday jazz corner. . . . The Aristocrats, a new, fresh vocal group, open at Mister Kelly's for 30 days, beginning Oct. 5. June Christy debuts at Kelly's on Oct. 18 for two weeks. . . . Billy Taylor's uptight trio opens at

the September lounge on Oct. 20 . . . Gene Krupa is in charge at Bobcat's until Oct. 18, when Hank Washington returns. . . . Johnny Pace's trio is at the 120 Friday through Tuesday. Gerry Sharpe joins the trio on weekends, with singer Frank Pilson continuing Wednesday through Sunday. . . . Ramsey Lewis' trio continues at the Clubier, where the Pat Moran group has joined the staff. . . . Hood over Gene and the trio, including Willie Bennett, piano and Herby Anciano, drums, are at the Town Center.

ADDED NOTES: Tony Martin, male, vocals, and all, is at the Club Paris. He'll remain with Sophie Tucker crates through Oct. 24 for four weeks. Jerry Lewis is due to return to the

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Club Dec. 3 . . . Frances Faye is at the Black Cat, in the midst of a three-week booking. Frances' booking includes the McLo's, Robert Clark, Johnny Mathis, and Irvin Corey . . . Dorothy Gray is female, female, and contemporary around the Palmer House's lounge room. Female lounge returns Oct. 22 for four weeks . . . Solina, Marilyn Child, and Glenn Yarbrough continue at the Gate of Horn . . . Buddy Lake's orchestra will be doing residencies at the Holiday Inn's side ballroom on Oct. 11 and at the Aragon on Oct. 18 and 20 . . . Declined all high quality contracts to dominate activities at the Red Aragon in Burbury and at Jazz Club.

PERSONALITIES: Famous Arthur Godfrey singer Bill Lawrence has joined the staff of Radio Station WFRW and has been doing spots on WFRW-TV as

well . . . Stage-regular Frank D'None signed with Mercury Records and debuted with a single, backed by a studio band of My Special Angel and Once in a Million Years . . . Young man Sandy Stone and guitarist Jimmy Sawyer are booking Frances Faye during her Black Cat's engagement . . . Composer - arranger - translator - leader Fred Karlin is considering a big haul for possible recording dates. Fred recently copyrighted an original to Larry Reed's book and has another for Pearl Bailey.

Hollywood

RAZZ NOTES: Art Pepper bought a new date and started with his first royalty check from Telarc Records. However, he is planning a jump to a better-known record label soon at Frank. The able man takes a special into

Scott's lounge in Denver, Colo., on Oct. 18, and from there will hit the eastern trail if bookings materialize . . . Stan Getz, not GERRY McGilley, will make the Fantasy date with Cal Tjader under the strap deal with Norman Granz (Down Beat, Oct. 3). A new jazz-rhythm solo by Eddie Chase is to be recorded with the sax man featured . . . After the long Los Vegas, New Mexico stint at the Tropics, Red Norvo moved Sept. 23 to Diner's Fifth Avenue in Seattle. Norvo's old get Jimmy Wyble, guitar, and Red Weston, bass . . . Promoter-manager Joe Napoli is set up about the Howard K. Lee from Toronto, Ontario. He and Barbara Martin now have the group in managerial grasp, and Pacific Jazz' back track is continuing tapes.

Instrumentation: drums, vibes, and bass.

Apologies to Bob Dawson. His new gig is sales manager (not mere salesman) of that new label Salsoul's. H. E. Klemmeyer's Promotional Productions is mapping a Chicago program in American music (modern jazz, pop, R&B, oldies, calypso. According to H. E. it's " . . . an emotional combination of jazz and contemporary of music by style and period." It is expected to start this fall.

NIKKI NOTES: Stereo evenings are up again. Sage Peacock Land's Pete Yando. "It's almost impossible at this time to say that we'll stay with jazz. It's not that we don't have to. We just can't get the act." Even come the coming and going again . . . Just as Herman Spector's High Five club was about to adopt a modern jazz policy, starting with Buddy DeFranco, the intention turned out. New addition to Howard Knauer's All Stars is Brian Via Feldman, who moved to the 34th on piano and vibes. He'll occasionally add in on drums as well. Bookings: Stan Levy. The Red Shank quartet opened another jazz room Sept. 19 on the east side, the Coral room. It's trying out jazz for a while. Good luck . . . Joe Darnasberg's Ethelwells are still at the Lark on Third and Catalina and setting sides for Lark Records. Wipe, no coincidence.

BOTTLED NOTES: The Dave Pell set to be back at the Commodore, grinding it out for steps: LAR 84, Coy, Joey Finkler's company, session on Monday night . . . The Earl Smith try is in for a long stay at the Club Monaco . . . Bud Mishkin and His Five Favorites opened at Zappa's Cottage on Sept. 20 . . . The 82-Lite returned to the In-lounge on Sept. 20 . . . Johnny Mathis does a two-number at the Commodore starting Jan. 19 . . . The previous group on town can be found at the Elmer, led by drummer Al Sklar. It's the only all-jazz jam come around these parts . . . Caligaris, Don Overberg, teamed with the Jerry Lewis road trip, in back to town . . . Peggy Lee will do three quarters on Frank Sinatra's new releases.

San Francisco

Woody Herman's three-day stand at the Jazz Showcase, a remarkable night club on the site of the old Westport club, (Down Beat, Oct. 10) . . . There was standing room only for the whole stay—at 32 a head. Weinberg predominated, and this may indicate a path for others to follow. A club like this obviously can be successful when

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It offers him something they want. Chico Hamilton followed him Sept. 20 . . . Marty Marshall's band starting over at the Tin Angel, probably taking the best of the new . . . Giuseppe Lloyd Davis worked with the Bruce Lightfoot trio, the San Francisco Symphony orchestra, and Dick Katz's Palomak, all in one week recently . . . Rudy Watkin's big band, back in action after a summer layoff, played for a fortnight during the first week of school . . . Yvonneaux Check Eilers, formerly with Billy May and Charlie Barnet, died Sept. 4 . . . Ralph Sutton took over Earl Hines' band at the Hangover Sept. 20 for six weeks while Hines is in Europe . . . Sunday sessions at the Tropics are the best in town and include such players as New Moon, Harold Wilson, John Harbison, and John Kirby . . . Dave Brubeck cut an LP for Fantasy using Dave Van Dyke as an accompanist . . . Farmer has signed the Jean Hoffman trio and recorded them at the Black Hawk in September.

—Lloyd J. Gibson

Minneapolis-St. Paul

Meadie Lee Lewis is wrapping up four weeks at the Gay 90's, backed by Gene Phillips, guitar, and Lonnie Howard Brown, trumpet; Hal Walker, tenor; J. J. Douglas, drums, and Dave Palmer, bass. Pat Black wraps up her summer bookings with Louis Jordan's Tympany Five, featuring Aubie Davis and Austin Powell at a Labor temple Sunday matinee . . . The Walker Art center completes its outdoor concert series with Herb Alpert and Mavy Moore' presentation of contemporary and traditional jazz. WJLQ-FM covered all Walker programs with live direct broadcasts.

Some Records recorded another LP session with Doc Evans at the Walker courtyard . . . Stan Kamin and Joe Wax Band completed the fall end of summer dancing at the Froze ballroom . . . The Media Larks played the Hopkins Rainwater festival . . . Nancy Holliman recorded six records at the Red in Music Aug. 10-14. Audience reaction was the most responsive for any live performance in many a month . . . Jay McShann just completed an engagement at the Key club . . . Dick and Dee Dee are projecting plans for their fall Minneapolis club, the Lakeside. Pat Moran's quartet, Anita O'Day are booked in for engagement.

—Lloyd Gibson

Washington, D.C.

Substitutes are all the same here. Bill Harris has taken his assembled guitar to the Hill Forte moment at the Maryland club. Earl Swaps, trombone;

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Marshall Music

Chicago—Rudy Hines, in town for a New Note booking, was discussing guitarist "Marshall," he said. "Mark Marshall, one of the most great guitarists, had been listening to Andrew Segovia. Someone asked Marshall what he thought of Segovia's playing.

"Well, it's all right," Marshall said, "but think what a poor Tony, with know-how and ingenuity could do."



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John Ford, Gene, and Fred Meeks, drums, comprise the cast. . . . At Jazz Central in the Franco restaurant, Charles Ford and his magnificent guitar ensemble to be a big draw, along with the Duke Williams quintet. Attendance at the first of Juan Gonzalez's fall concerts was disappointing, but plans are being made for the second on Oct. 8. Tom Ellitt put on an outstanding performance at the first concert. . . . Bessie Coleman opened the downtown hotel (the first concert on Sept. 24 on a four-week stand). Elizabeth Ray's controversially-applied band is due in at the same hotel's Palmolive room on Oct. 4. . . . Will Allen and the Oak City Five are playing to tomorrow evening at the Opera.

—Paul Simpson

St. Louis

Carl Fontana joined Al Robinson's group here, replacing Jimmy Guilan, who wants to settle for awhile. . . . Singers Gene Overberg was Bruce Blevins, made a few records, and then left for a job backing comedian Jerry Lewis. . . . Charlie Fontana played his recent date here says a harboring act. It was stolen from his automobile. . . . A club to promote better understanding and appreciation of modern jazz is being formed. Anyone interested in joining should get in touch with Madeline Mink, St. Louis, 627 W. Kingshighway, St. Louis, Mo.

—Ira, writer

Detroit

Terry Finked plays piano and vibes in the ballroom room of the Ball-Hotel Motor court in Windsor, Ontario. . . . Local pianist Jerry Harrison is current on the London Club House. . . . George Shearing and his quintet returned to Baker's Keyboard lounge for a two-week stay. . . . Transcendental Blues Keltan and drummer Nick Adams are featured in Bob Tapscott's new big band. Arrangements are by Leo Harrison. The band has received considerable attention in recent concerts on both sides. . . . Maxine Young's Jazz at the PAB, recently appeared here recently at Ford Auditorium.

—Edmond v. Stone

Toronto

The recent lineup at the Down Tavern has included Billie Holiday, Oscar Peterson, Lester Young, and Max Roach. . . . The Stage Door featured Andy Williams, Ringo Starr, and Abby Lincoln during September. . . . The Famous Door's lineup included Kenny Burrell and Joe Hekking in recent weeks. . . . The Club One Two featured dancer Hal Laffer and singer Pat O'Day.

—Roger Nathan

And Then I Wrote . . .

New York — Drummer Buddy Rich, working between shows on stage at the Cafe Bohemia here, tapped out a few phrases in his notes then passed into the audience at eleven o'clock.

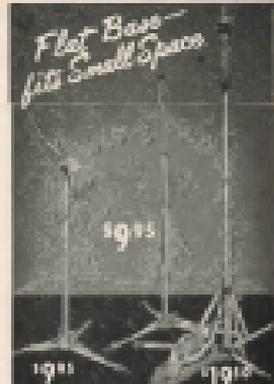
"What," he asked, "have you like that?"

"It's beautiful," Rich replied.

"That's nothing," Rich smiled.

"What all you hear the bridge?"

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Down Beat's 21st Annual Music Poll

All-Star Band

Trumpet.....

Trombone.....

Alto Sax.....

Tenor Sax.....

Baritone Sax.....

Clarinet.....

Flute.....

Saxophone.....

Bass.....

Drums.....

Vibes.....

Accordion.....

Piano.....

Miscellaneous Instrument.....

Conductor.....

Poll Rules

Send only ONE ballot. All duplicate votes will be voided.

Every living artist is eligible. Do not vote for persons who are deceased except in the Music Hall of Fame, where you may name any artist, living or dead.

The Music Hall of Fame

(Name the person who has contributed the most to music in the 20th century. Five previous winners, Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, and Duke Ellington not eligible.)

Favorites of the Year

Jazz Band.....

Big Band.....

Instrumental Combo
(3 to 8 pieces)

Male Singer.....

Female Singer.....

Vocal Group.....

Personalities of the Year

(Name the person in each category—who be group, singer, leader, or instrumentalist—who showed the most consistently high level of performance during 1957.)

Popular.....

Jazz.....

Rhythm and Blues.....

Mail ballot to: Poll Editor, Down Beat, 2001 Columbia Ave., Chicago 16, Ill. Deadline, Nov. 15, 1957.

Name.....

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Photo by Robert Farnet

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Bibi Collins, Conn Constellation
Mickey McMahon

Trombone

Dick Kenney, Conn 6H
Ray Main, Conn 6H
J. Hill, Conn 6H
Stumpy Brown, Conn 72H Bass

Drummers

Harry "Betch" Brans, Conn 12M
Baritone
Bill Maxwell, Conn 18M Tenor
Nar Udal
Ralph LaPelle, Conn 6M Alto
Alto Adams, Conn 18M Tenor

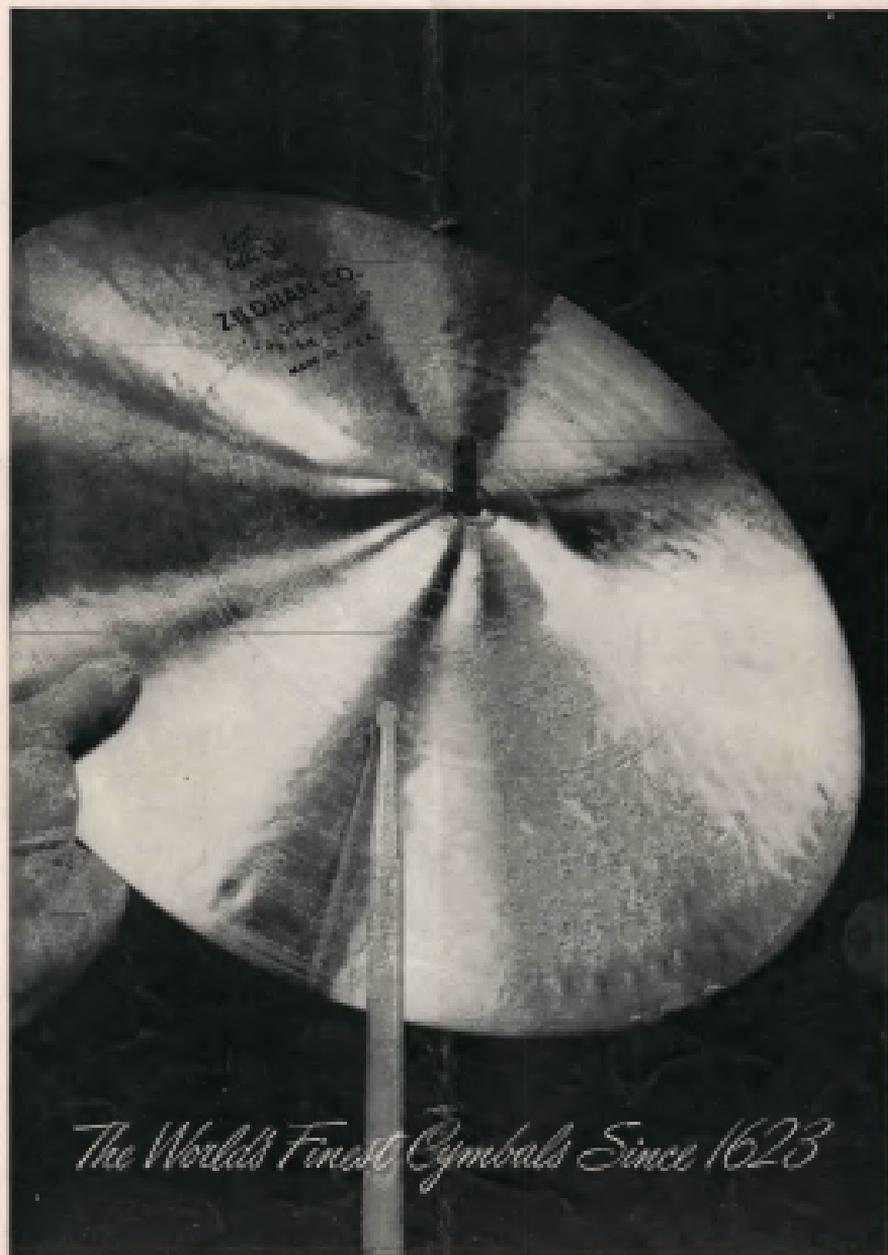
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