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DEC 27 1957

January 9, 1958 35c

down beat

CAN WOMEN PLAY JAZZ

(See Page 17)

IS PRESLEY WASHED UP?

(See Page 21)

ART PEPPER FIGHTS BACK

(See Page 19)

Lena Horne

To Greater Heights





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By Jack Tracy

■ Archie Bleyer must be off his rocker.

Or else he needs publicity.

Or else he was misquoted.

According to a trade publication, the former music director of the Arthur Godfrey shows and now head of Cadence Records, says the big problem facing the record industry today is the "vivid possibility of eventually running out of musicians for recording dates."

He says there already is evidence that there's a dearth of musicians able to handle recording dates. How does he justify the statement? He says the companies have no alternative but to call on the same handful of men for each session. It's important to have men with recording studio savvy, Bleyer says, so that recording costs can be kept at a minimum.

With musicians who know their way around, there's never any problem of running into overtime costs, he adds.

Swell.

As I get it, what Archie is saying is that he keeps using the same New York clique of musicians on every date because they work well with him and it seldom costs him any overtime money. He brings the date home cheap.

But sometimes he gets tired of seeing the same old faces around and hearing the same lead voices and bottom voices and he'd like to make some changes.

But he doesn't, because he's afraid he'll run into some overtime if he tries out new guys. So he sticks to the same gang and bleats about the disappearing recordwise musician.

On at least two counts he's wrong.

First, there are a number of capable men around New York he can hire.

Secondly, if he and other companies keep hiring the same men, just how do they expect newcomers to gain any experience?

Why doesn't he, and anyone else who thinks the industry is running short of musicians, break in a new man or two on every date?

The men are around.

All he has to do is announce that he'd like to break up the clique and he'd be swamped with them.



down beat.

Volume 25, No. 1

January 9, 1958

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MUSIC NEWS

Some new Newport plans; a long journey for Garner; some testimony on narcotics; the death of an Austin High Ganger; more about Stan Kenton's ballroom. and some further background on Nat Cole's departure from television are among the featured stories in the regular news roundup that begins on page 11.

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Photo Credits: Page 19, William Claxton; Page 33, Robert Parent.



On The Cover

Lena Horne's career, a long and distinguished one in music, blazed even brighter recently when she opened in Jamaica on Broadway. It received rave notices from the press, and seats to it are now as difficult to obtain as tickets to *My Fair Lady*. For Leonard Feather's cover story on Lena, see page 14.

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chords and discords

Concurs . . .

New York City

To the Editor:

I would like to add my hearty concurrence to Mort Fega's sentiments, expressed in *Chords and Discords* (Nov. 28).

As one of the other members of the tiny band identified as "New York City jazz disc jockeys," I want to underscore one point in particular: mail response from listeners. The latter is a two-edged blade for good: it can tell the station manager of a commercial station that jazz is wanted, and it can indicate to a program director who is carrying a jazz show that it is appreciated and faithfully auditioned.

For 10 years now, I've listened to literally hundreds of jazz fans, musicians and record company publicists complain about how little jazz is played on the air. Yet, when I questioned them, I found that less than a dozen had ever written to a radio station official to voice a complaint. Then I talked to several jazz club presidents about letter-writing campaigns. "Gosh, I'm sorry, Gene, but everyone's just too busy with other things."

And after discussing the problem with disc jockeys from New England through the deep south all the way to the west coast, I came up with one answer: "It's much more than "program directors with

guts," as Mort Fega has indicated. The solution lies squarely with this group we have labelled "the fans." Semantically "fan" comes from "fanatic," I understand, so why don't these "fans" evince a bit of enthusiasm and support for those dedicated few who are trying to bring modern should to them over the radio?

Gene Feehan
WFUV-FM

Interested . . .

New York City

To the Editor:

Just a brief note to let you and your associates know how interested we are in the research you are doing in jazz *On the Dial*. We, too, are vitally interested in disc jockeys who program good music—so much so, that I have purchased 500 copies of each of Erroll's Columbia releases during the past 16 months, for the exclusive purpose of giving them to radio, press, and college persons who were in a position to give them exposure.

Erroll and I would be happy to send his Columbia releases (and periodic news releases) to any disc jockey who writes us and gives us some detail about his station, time, etc. We also will send such material, plus photos on request, to college or church groups, or student broad-

casting stations, upon written request. We, of course must limit these to duly accredited broadcasters and groups, whose validity will be established when they write to your publication. Please forward requests for Erroll to us.

As always, many thanks to *Down Beat* and its readers for the warm interest in Erroll's work and activities.

Martha Glaser
Personal manager
for Erroll Garner

Thanks . . .

Evanston, Ill.

To the Editor:

I just want to take time to express my thanks for mentioning my show in your *On the Dial* column. I can't tell you how much I appreciate the mention and what a great idea I think this column is. It certainly gives a guy who's trying to promote jazz a big lift to know that he can count on a publication with the prestige of *Down Beat* for support and recognition. I know that because of the setup of this station, my chances of reaching a large audience and substantially increasing the number of jazz lovers are very small. Nevertheless there are surprising possibilities. After a recent show I had several phone calls from people who had found out about the show through the *Down Beat* notice.

Down Beat has also been doing a tremendous service in pointing up the jazz disc jockeys need for records if he is to be able to continue existing. I can

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LA CLAIRE

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understand a label's hesitancy to unload a large stock of LPs on me with my show's limited potential listenership, but then I hope to do more of this sort of thing after I leave school, and in the commercial field of broadcasting. Certainly with some of the examples you've cited and the letters you've printed, there's no reason why these men should have trouble obtaining jazz records, nor should they have to pay for them. There's no better way to promote jazz than to give people a chance to hear it, along with some reasonably intelligent comments. Displaying records in stores is not enough. People are taken aback by the staggering number of jazz LPs they see in a shop, and they walk out bewildered not remembering one from the other or knowing good from bad. Surely the record companies are aware of this. Isn't it possible that a jazz D.J. could give some fine exposure that would otherwise just collect dust on the shelves.

Once more I want to thank you and everyone at *Down Beat* for mentioning my program. I hope people realize what a service the magazine does and that many other deejays will take advantage of this opportunity that you've extended.

May the *Beat* keep swinging.

Sam Levene

The Brush . . .

San Diego, Cal.

To the Editor:

In recent months I have gotten the old "brush off" from the station managers

of both Mutual outlets in L.A. and San Diego, regarding *Bandstand USA*, which is not heard anywhere in the entire Southland.

Don Freeman, former San Diego correspondent of your magazine, commended my efforts in his column in our morning newspaper; all I got for my labors was a condescending reply from the local station manager.

The situation down here is understandable, if not excusable, but what's with L.A.? Your local jazz fans are as apathetic as the ones down here (assuming that we have any jazz fans in San Diego).

Imagine, the program gets fan mail from sailors on the high seas, and we don't even get to hear the show!

I. L. Jacobs

Consternation . . .

Los Angeles

To the Editor:

In *Feather's Nest* of Nov. 28, I noted with considerable consternation that one of the earliest and best examples of a jazz waltz was omitted: *Waltz Boogie*. The piano and bass play a crisp $\frac{3}{4}$ time, while the drums make six even eighth notes. One of your record critics best described it thusly: "the effect becomes playing four bars of three beats for a 12 count—against a right hand implied three bars of a four beat." As the disc is a gem I set to some lengths gathering data on it. It is believed Timme Rosenkrantz engineered this recording for RCA Victor;

that the idea of a jazz waltz evolved from a session in his pad where Mary Lou Williams, Bridget O'Flynn, and June Rotenberg were jamming.

Incidentally, the same trio recorded *Humoresque*, and a better beat is scarce. Give it a whirl!

Bob Cooperman

A Goof? . . .

Decatur, Ill.

To the Editor:

I agree that June Christy made some sharp statements in the Dec. 12 *Cross Section* but Mr. Gold made one that wasn't so sharp. If you'll check on the back of her *Something Cool* or *Dust* albums you'll find she's not from Springfield—she's from Decatur. As for Lincoln, he also lived just outside Decatur. Springfield's got Lincoln, so please let Decatur have June—we're proud of her!

Fran Schroeder

Pen, Pal . . .

Zagreb, Yugoslavia

To the Editor:

I read your wonderful magazine, and with this letter I ask you to help me.

I like modern jazz but I haven't the opportunity to speak or to correspond with a friend from the U.S.

I would like to correspond especially with a drummer, because I am a drummer too.

Thank you.

Petar Spassov
Prilaz J.N.A. 52.



Thank you,*

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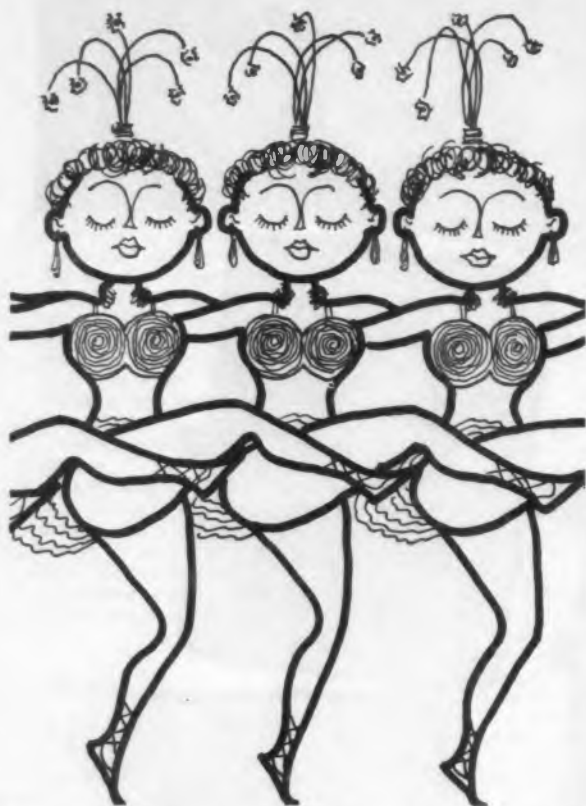
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NEW YORK

Johnny Richards and his orchestra start the new year with a two-week stand at Birdland Jan. 2, opposite Miles Davis . . . Jazztone is recording the Fletcher Henderson alumni band, with Ben Webster and Coleman Hawkins on tenors at the first session . . . Oscar Pettiford, Sahib Shihab on baritone, and Red Rodney on trumpet played the Dave Garro-way *Today* show early in December as a pianoless, drumless trio . . . Nineteen-year-old trombonist Don Sebeski, a trombone student of Warren Covington's, joined the Kai Winding group . . . Ray Bryant replaced Junior Mance on piano in the Dizzy Gillespie band . . . Warne Marsh played tenor with the Phylis Pinkerton group at Birdland in mid-December, opposite Bud Powell on a Monday night jam session . . . Tony Scott sat in with Marian McPartland at the Hickory House, later got Duke Ellington to sit in . . . Critics lauded Hall Overton's premiere performance of his *Fantasy for Brass, Piano, and Percussion* at Carnegie Recital hall early in December. Signal will record the piece . . . J. J. Johnson and his quartet, singer Beverly Kenney, and the Ellis Larkins duo, with Joe Benjamin, opened for at least two weeks at the Village Vanguard in mid-December . . . Morgana King went into the Bon Soir . . . A jazz ballet by Neal Hefti was commissioned by the City Center . . . Mary Lou Williams scheduled to start a series of jazz concerts at St. Ignatius Church auditorium.



Pettiford

Cootie Williams is leading a band at the Savoy ballroom . . . Pianist Alex Kallao opened at the Composer early in December . . . Harry Wuest plans to take his Jazz Festival All-Stars on a school and college tour. Group includes Rusty Dedrick, Eddie Bert, Dick Johnson, Dave McKenna, John LaPorta, and Ed DeHaff . . . Steve Allen was scheduled to MC the *All-Star Jazz Show* on NBC-TV Dec. 30, with Louis Armstrong, Woody Herman, Gene Krupa-Charlie Ventura, Jack Teagarden, Bobby Hackett, Cozy Cole, Carmen McRae, Dave Brubeck's quartet, and (from Chicago's Blue Note) Duke Ellington's band. George Simon wrote the script . . . Jay Chasin's group, featuring Gene Quill, Burt Collins, Stu Martin, and Joe Dumas, scheduled to work Birdland on jam session night . . . Coral has a *Steve Allen Plays Neal Hefti* big band album in the works, with sidemen including Jim Dahl, Bernie Glow, Don Lamond, Gene Quill, Seldon Powell, and Boomie Richmond . . . Benny Golson scored an octet session for Dizzy Gillespie, upcoming for Verve . . . Jimmy Cleveland's EmArcy jazz date was set for mid-December . . . Les Girls, an all-female quintet headed by Melba Liston, will play a week at the Cafe Bohemia early in January. Horace Silver was set at the club through three weeks of December, with the Teddy Charles duo sharing the stand until Dec. 15, and the Mose Allison trio from the 16th through the 22nd.

(Continued on Page 40)

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music news

Down Beat January 9, 1958

Vol. 25, No. 1

U. S. A. EAST

Newport Lays Plans

The Newport Jazz Festival board met in New York early in December, and elected Marshall Brown and poet Langston Hughes to its membership.

In addition, the board agreed to schedule the 1958 Festival for July 3, 4, 5, and 6. The same format as the 1957 Festival was scheduled to be followed, with four evening concerts, three afternoon affairs, and two morning panels.

In addition, the board hopes to have a Duke Ellington night at Newport this year, and possibly a Benny Goodman night.

At presstime, two movie companies were reported seeking the motion picture rights to the 1958 Festival for the shooting of a documentary.

All in all, 1958 shapes up as a big year for Newport.

Teo Strides Ahead

On the heels of a jazz-"serious" concert miniature at Carnegie Recital Hall, composer-tenor man Teo Macero moved into the field of contemporary music.

Scheduled for presentation by the New York Philharmonic orchestra, under direction of Leonard Bernstein, on Jan. 11 and 12 was Teo's composition, *Fusion*, a work for symphony orchestra and jazz band. Macero, who had not set personnel of the five-man jazz group at presstime, said it would include Art Farmer, John LaPorta, Wendell Marshall, and Don Butterfield, if they were available.

The work was commissioned by Columbia university last year.

Garnerings

The new year shaped up brilliantly for pianist Erroll Garner, currently trekking through France.

Garner's opening in Paris was highlighted by the presentation of four international awards: author Jean Cocteau and lush actress Brigitte Bardot presented the *Down Beat* Critics Poll and 1957 Readers Poll plaques to the jazzman, who received on arrival the Grand Prix Du Disque for



Erroll Garner
Off we go

his Columbia LP, *Erroll Garner Plays for Dancing*; and the French Academie De Jazz award for his LP *Caravan*.

At presstime, French bookers were seeking to extend Garner's five-week tour to another possible three weeks.

Manager Martha Glaser said Garner's future booking would head sharply into the solo concert field, with a minimum of straight jazz club bookings.

That Problem, This Answer

When critic-record executive John Hammond took the witness chair before the New York State joint legislative committee on narcotic study, some eyebrows lifted skeptically.

Before he had finished delivering a terse three-page statement and answering committee questions, many eyes had opened widely.

"It is safe to assume that there are weak, impressionable musicians and camp-followers who have confused a great artist's talent with the use of a stimulant," Hammond told the committee. "The great cost of obtaining heroin has made pushers out of some musicians, thieves out of others.

"At the same time, I personally know many cases of musicians who have achieved extended abstinence, some by willpower alone, and others with psychiatric help."

It was this last statement which brought the committee to attention. During days of hearings, members had been told by medical experts that it was impossible for an addict to kick heroin.

"We are most interested in your testimony that some heroin users have been cured," one committee member told Hammond.

The critic told committee members of the \$5,000 grant given by the Newport Jazz Festival to establish facilities to aid in the rehabilitation of "the small, but significant minority of musicians addicted to narcotics."

Former Inspector Peter E. Terranova of the New York Police Narcotics squad questioned Hammond closely on the position of the American Federation of Musicians on the problem.

"The union has closed its eyes on this," Hammond said.

"I think Local 802 should clear its own house," Terranova stated, and suggested that Hammond contact union officials on some sort of a concrete program which the committee could consider when it drafts its report to the legislature.

Many committee members were startled to learn from Hammond's testimony that cabaret cards, and accompanying permission to work in New York night clubs, are denied musicians "with an arrest in the past three years . . . even if there has been no recorded conviction.

"Thus," Hammond continued, "a musician who has successfully rehabilitated himself may be denied the right to seek employment, even if he has the means to engage a lawyer and fight an adverse ruling.

"We are talking here on the constitutional right to seek employment, which is being denied performers and other cabaret personnel. This does not include musicians who are discouraged from even making application."

Under committee questioning, Hammond disclosed that he was told by the police cabaret card bureau that "in the last year there were 50 denials of cards, and countless numbers were

told not to apply so the rejection would not appear on their record.

"It is hardly necessary to point out the importance of employment in any form of rehabilitation. In the case of many of these musicians we are talking mainly about the occasional drug user, rather than the confirmed addict."

Coupled with earlier testimony that New York contained more than 17,400 drug addicts, nearly half of the nation's total, and 96 percent of whom were on heroin, the committee had something to mull as it set about collecting testimony for its report.

Sweet Story Of Success

When 24-year-old Mike Canterino opened the Half Note 'way downtown on New York's east side, it was touch-and-go for months.

Doggedly, Canterino borrowed money to pay musicians; even had help from his mother and grandmother who pitched in to make hero sandwiches for jazz fans to consume while listening to Randy Weston's group, and later Charlie Mingus and his Jazz Workshop.

Little by little, success came. Following a big anniversary party at Mingus' opening, business began to pick up steadily.

Satirist Jean Shepherd dropped by Wednesday nights to make some free-association word jazz with the Mingus group.

Then the poetry readers arrived. What started as a small experiment soon drew crowds which necessitated the knocking down of a wall to expand the Half Note's seating capacity from 60 to 130. Even then, the crowds were more than the room could hold on Tuesdays, now poetry-reading night.

Mingus has been booked into the spot indefinitely, says Canterino. And another club has taken a firm toe-hold in New York.

Very Commercial

There's a Winston cigaret ad making the rounds of the TV stations about now featuring Warren Covington, seen jamming the cigaret's jingle in a cabaret.

Oddly enough, the soundtrack to the filmed commercial was cut by trombonist Tyree Glenn. Oddly, too, Covington will get the residual payments, if any, from the film.

On other Winston filmed commercials, Lou Stein cut the piano soundtrack played by an actor, with the hands in close-ups belonging to pianist John Patokas.

And there's also a trumpet commercial with soundtrack by Charlie Shavers, although trumpeter John Plonsky is shown onscreen.

U. S. A. MIDWEST

Final Bar

"He taught all of us about harmony with that old guitar of his. The guys are going to miss him."

That was Jimmy McPartland talking—talking about his brother Richard, who succumbed to a long siege of heart trouble Nov. 30 at the age of 51.

Along with such as Bud Freeman, Frank Teschemacher, Dave Tough,



Dick McPartland
'He taught us all'

Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, and others, the brothers McPartland were part of the Chicago Gang of the late '20s and charter members of the Austin High Gang. For several years Dick toured with the Mound City Blues Blowers after replacing Eddie Lang in the group.

Most of the men continued to make music their livelihood. But a heart attack forced Dick to quit the profession nearly 20 years ago. He had to take it easy, and for years drove a cab in his Chicago suburb of Elmhurst. For the last two, he had to sit quietly at home.

Occasionally he would still play guitar. He made his last public appearance at a Sunday afternoon concert in 1955 along with some of the old guard—Baby Dodds, Jim Lannigan, brother Jimmy, and others.

"He left as beautifully as he lived," said Jimmy.

"Before he died, he made three requests—that no flowers be given, but instead donations be made to the Heart Fund; that an autopsy be performed in the interests of science; that his eyes be given to longtime fellow musician Boyce Brown (now Brother Matthew of the Servite Catholic Order)."

Because the latter was medically impossible, his eyes were given to the Illinois Eye Bank and have been successfully transplanted.

He is survived by his wife, four children, and seven grandchildren.

Wildcats Score On Radio

A 10-watt light bulb won't illuminate too much area, but Northwestern university's radio station, WNUR-FM, is proving that you don't need much power to achieve some glory.

The station, which transmits on the 10-watt power level, is doing jazz a service in the Chicago area. Sam Levene, a speech school senior from Waterloo, Canada, conducts two jazz shows on the station, a two-hour show on Sunday and an hour show each Monday evening. Other regularly scheduled shows utilizing jazz include a Wednesday evening *Centennial Fair* show and Dick Aleskow's Friday night *On the Aisle* show.

To date, personal and taped appearances have been made by Mel Torme, the Hi-Lo's, Ramsey Lewis, and various local and campus jazz groups. Recently, a university Woody Herman concert was picked up by the station's mobile unit.

All program planning, engineering, announcing, and scripting are accomplished by students, many of whom are interested in advancing the cause of jazz in the Chicago area.

Ten watts won't light a room, but it's warming the hearts of jazz lovers in the Evanston, Ill., area.

Video Invades Blue Note

Chicago's Blue Note will be strewn with cables, cameras, and technicians on the evening of Dec. 30.

The reason—an NBC-TV jazz spectacular.

The show, the *Timex All-Star Jazz Show*, will originate in New York, but will include a remote of the Duke Ellington band from the Blue Note. Written by jazz writer George Simon and emceed by Steve Allen, the Mon-

day night (9-10 p.m. CST) show will feature, in addition to Ellington, Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars, Woody Herman's band, the Gene Krupa trio (with Charlie Ventura), Jack Teagarden, Bobby Hackett, Cozy Cole, Carmen McRae, and the Dave Brubeck quartet.

U.S.A. WEST

In Good Shape

As the date approached for Stan Kenton's big opening at Balboa's Rendezvous ballroom Dec. 13, the leader was in a good bargaining position with both NBC and CBS radio networks for airing of remotes from the dance hall.

At presstime both networks were apparently vying for most favorable programming time from the Rendezvous. Only definite commitment, it was learned, was for three airshots weekly over NBC's *Monitor* program, including one on Sunday afternoon. CBS reportedly offered Kenton a Saturday night broadcast from 9:30 to 10 p.m., and a remote of the Sunday afternoon jam sessions.

When the doors opened on the newly-redecorated ballroom, manager Earl Vollmer was on hand to greet dancers. Vollmer originally hired Kenton to play the location in 1941.

Kenton's tab for remodeling and refurbishing the Rendezvous: \$75,000.

Some Background

Nat Cole's decision last month to drop his much publicized NBC television show was not, apparently, the cut and dried proposition outlined in a statement issued by his publicist to the press.

In a Los Angeles interview, the singer laid bare some of the real reasons for his quitting.

The new time slot planned for the Cole show, said Nat, was Saturday at 7 p.m., an undesirable time for network telecasting because of the transcontinental time differential. This means that the show would have been viewed at 6 p.m. in the midwest and 5 p.m. in the Rocky Mountain states.

Saying he intended to take three months off while NBC casts around for a new time for the show, Nat added that the network should not develop the habit of shifting his show around to its convenience. Further, he opined that NBC could now find a single sponsor instead of the 30 co-

operative advertisers who had been separately bankrolling the program throughout the nation.

If the network comes up with nothing at the end of the three-month period, said Cole, NBC's option will have expired and he will be free to take offers from other networks.

The statement made public by Cole's management said, in part, that the reason for his dropping the show was due to "... personal appearances that have been previously contracted for."

Partial Settlement

So highly are motion picture screen credits valued in Hollywood that when *Esquire* magazine printed an article attributing the scoring of certain movies to Shorty Rogers, composer Leith Stevens promptly sued the trumpeter for \$50,000 (*Down Beat*, Oct. 3, '56). Stevens also instituted legal action against *Esquire* and Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, the latter publication having similarly credited Rogers.

Last month the legal beef was finally squared by an out-of-court settlement between Stevens and Rogers. While no amount of money was mentioned, a release by the composer's publicists disclosed that a written statement had been obtained from Rogers that he never intended to

claim credit for the scores for the films, *The Wild One*, *Private Hell 36*, and *The Glass Wall*. Stevens told *Down Beat* that separate litigation is still being leveled against both *Esquire* and Feather's *Encyclopedia*.

THE WORLD

They Went That Way

More and more jazz groups started working their ways overseas.

Two Jazz West packages were scheduled to tour Europe in the spring. One headed by June Christy, Bob Cooper, Bud Shank, and the Claude Williamson trio is due to open March 8 at the Hague, Holland, and then travel for at least four weeks through Belgium, Germany, Scandinavia, Italy, Yugoslavia, and Poland.

Gary Crosby, in the armed forces in Germany, was scheduled to pick up the tour in Holland, and tour Germany with it. World Pacific Records was set to record the concerts for possible release as an LP.

The second tour, to cover much the same ground later in the year, would be headed by Shorty Rogers and his Giants, with only Bill Holman set at presstime.

Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic was scheduled to go to England in April, with Ella Fitz-

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Patti Page and Benny Goodman are shown here going over the script for the recent *Big Record* TV show on which Goodman was presented with his 1957 *Down Beat* Readers Poll Hall of Fame award. Goodman will be one of a panel to select the winner of the first *Down Beat* Hall of Fame scholarship, named in honor of him (see page 47).

THIC



By Le

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HORNE OF PLENTY

By Leonard Feather

■ Somewhere in the background, by the piano in the living room, Lennie Hayton sat with coffee in hand, filling the air with that pregnant, Van Dyked Lennie Hayton brand of dignified silence. In the smaller music room Lena, quiet and conservative in the black-and-white outfit with the white turban hat, toyed with her coffee and talked, never too quietly nor too conservatively, of music and children and acting and singing and how life had been for her in this past propitious year.

Lena Horne and New York are in love. For the first time in her adult life she has come close to complete emotional security here.

"I never really felt I had roots in California, in all those years out there," she says now. "If I couldn't live in New York, my only other choice would be Paris; I felt at home the moment I set foot on French soil.

"It took a long time, but after all those years of hotel life we finally found a place to live here. Right after we got it, a year ago, I had to go out to California and Vegas, and then when we came back this summer we went right into rehearsals for the show, but now things are settling down and I can really enjoy what I've got here."

What the Haytons have is a 10-room apartment, 13 floors up, on West End Ave. in the Seventies. "Come up front and see a piece of the river," said Lena, and there it was—her beloved Hudson, just a block beyond Hayton Corner.

"This is a home for the children, too, of course," said Lena. "Gail comes up every week end—she's 19 and in her third year at Radcliffe. And Teddy will be in from the coast to

spend the holidays . . . Teddy won a seven-year scholarship to USC; he's 17, in his first year there, and studying to become a lawyer. But he is the modern jazz aficionado. When I was at the Coconut Grove, after I was through working he used to take us out, to hear the Modern Jazz Quartet."

As she prepared to go downtown for a shopping tour, to find presents for the entire cast of the show, Lena talked of the past six months' tensions: "I was terribly afraid of the acting. The last time I acted in anything was the movie *Cabin in the Sky*, 14 years ago. But the director for *Jamaica*, Bobby Lewis, told me that the same kind of concentration I use with an audience in cabaret should be inverted in to the person or people I'm speaking with onstage, and that would come over to the audience, he said. A sort of backward process involving a whole new technique; but after a while I realized it was working.

"It took me weeks to get over the shock of hearing myself speak lines. When I'm singing, the music is there to carry me along, but when I speak there's no tune to what I'm saying, and I miss it!" She laughed joyously. "Everybody was wondering whether I'd just be Lena in the show, but now some people whose opinions I respect think that I'm not; that I'm really getting to be this crazy dame I play in the show. I'm beginning to feel like her onstage, too.

"Another big difference is that in a musical, the people listen to the music only as a sort of coloring to the scene, whereas in cabaret work your singing is the essence of what you are offering the audience.

"I still manage to ad lib a little, vocally. It's probably a little disconcerting to the conductor—he says I never sing the same way twice. I've always been so used to the moods of audiences that I've colored the performance to their requirements. When someone else is onstage, I'm working to them. When I'm alone onstage I feel the audience more. I relax a great deal more and have freedom with the song. Sometimes the freedom

I exercise kind of throws the guys—all except George Duvivier and Gene DiNovi—of course, they're used to me."

Had she been able to keep up with the newer things on the music scene?

"I'm embarrassed to say I haven't really listened to records, or read a book or even seen a movie, in months. Things assumed such proportions of difficulty that I saw problems that weren't really there, while we were rehearsing. Of course, when I come home at night, Daddy will put on Basie or Duke or something that I know already, something I don't have to listen to with anything but, you know, the body. But of course, Daddy lives at Sam Goody's—and so does Teddy when he's in town.

"I only have Sundays off, and every Sunday is always promised for something—maybe for a good cause, a good thing, or maybe a thing not so good. I have yet to have a Sunday to myself."

How are the theater audiences to work for? "Well, we have a large number of benefit audiences, and psychologically they're not always the most enthusiastic. Perhaps they are all members of a club and know each other and are socializing and supporting a charity, but with a regular audience their sole purpose is to be entertained and they seem to be more responsive."

After Lena had said goodbye to Daddy, while we proceeded downtown with her personal manager, Ralph Harris, the conversation took a more general turn. "Is the album with Duke and Ella out yet? That ought to be too much—what a marriage!" And, after we had all cast critical eyes on an Edsel that had passed, "We still have the same Jaguar we bought in Coventry, England, in 1950, and we're still happy with it." And, "When is Basie opening at Birdland—Thursday? Well, you know we're going to be there!"

As the traffic slowed us almost to a standstill downtown, Lena's fierce, darting eyes found stimulation in every passing stranger, every unexpected sight. . . . "Look at the guy standing on the corner there. You know he's

(Continued on Page 38)

Billy Taylor

By Don Gold

■ This Taylor has suited the musical tastes of many jazz listeners.

Billy Taylor, 36, has followed a career in jazz characterized by consistency and versatility.

Since his graduation from Virginia state college in 1942, he has worked with many of jazz' most prominent figures, including Ben Webster, Dizzy Gillespie, Slam Stewart, Don Redman, Roy Eldridge, Lee Konitz, Gerry Mulligan, and Oscar Pettiford. He has worked and recorded here and abroad.

In addition to his career as a pianist, Taylor has written instruction books for piano students, lectured on jazz at various universities, and written articles on jazz for several prominent publications. He has worked in jazzy clubs, concert halls, radio, television, and the Broadway stage.

His background is one of broad interests. Some of these interests are reflected in his views in this *Cross Section*.

JAZZ NOVELS: "I've never read one written from the musician's angle. They're all written from the outside. *Paris Blues* was kind of funny, but not a particularly good jazz novel. I know jazz-oriented writers, but they never seem to write on this subject."

HAVANA, CUBA: "I think it's a swingin' place. Wow! Some of the music down there is fantastic. I'm a bug for Cuban music."

NEW YORK TIMES: "Well, it has the most complete theatrical section on Sunday. That I know."

GUIDED MISSILES: "I've been interested in the controversy. It's pretty frightening that we have to be in such a race. You think the Birdland tour will make the moon next year? Actually, it's like the neighbor who says, 'I'm going to experiment with dynamite in my basement.'"

JACK BENNY: "He fractures me. His timing is fantastic. In any performing art, timing is indispensable."

BILL RUSSO: "I think he's trying to say something he hasn't fully been able to say yet. I don't agree with him musically, but I like him as a person. I think he'll succeed. He's one of the few guys I know who have accomplished much of what they set out to do. I disagree with his approach to jazz, but not his overall approach to music."

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING: "I don't like it."

CHOP SUEY: "Comme ci, comme ca."

BANQUETS: "They seem to me to be an unnecessary evil. Why is it that there are so many occasions designed to make people feel uncomfortable?"

TV CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS: "I'm very annoyed with the lack of direction of most of them. It's criminal that there's no way to change the kind of programming, much of which is in very bad taste. The Pinky Lee variety is horrible. I liked Kukla, Fran, and Ollie and so did my children, so they're no longer on. One thing I think its detestable are hosts who don't like kids and play down to them."

WINE: "Occasionally. I was spoiled in France, where several varieties were available. I liked most of them."

DYLAN THOMAS: "He doesn't reach me."

EUROPEAN MONARCHIES: "It amazes me that so many people can be slaves to tradition, but if it whips up national fervor, I guess it serves a purpose."

WAGNERIAN OPERA: "Wagner was just a fantastic writer. The opera, for all its intensity, kills me on a non-musical level, in addition to my admiration of Wagner as a composer. How can anyone so corny be so good? It's like old time vaudeville."

BILLIARDS: "I've never played that game."



GEN. FRANCISCO FRANCO: "He doesn't swing, but he sure should."

ARGYLE SOCKS: "I used to like them very much. When I think of them I always think of a formal dance I played in college, when a guy came in a tuxedo and argyle socks. It was the funniest thing I ever saw."

CORDUROY JACKETS: "The new ones, the Ivy League models, look very neat. I like corduroy suits, too."

LANGSTON HUGHES: "One of the few people I've met who is actively saying something about Negroes and whites. He speaks in a manner which is very personal, witty, yet a lot deeper than superficial examination indicates. I think he is a very significant social thinker."

I. Q. TESTS: "I think they're baloney, because they don't really measure anything accurately. If you can fit round pegs into round holes, it means you've got good eyes, not necessarily that you can think."

SINGING COMMERCIALS: "Most of them are horrible, but some of the new ones which utilize jazz are more to my liking. But none of them would make me buy a product."

(Continued on Page 51)

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Is There A Place For Women In Jazz Strictly On A Merit Basis?

■ Is there a place in jazz for women as instrumentalists? Not simply for pianists who lead trios two-thirds of which are male. And not simply for women regarded as oddities, who happen by some freak chance to play passable trumpet or trombone and still look like women with all the requisites of that kind of pulchritude we call by the name of sex appeal.

What I am asking is a much more simple and direct question.

Is there a place for women who play jazz—on the horns, on the rhythm instruments, on any kind of instrument—strictly on the basis of merit?

These musings on this particular question are occasioned by two pleasant occurrences of recent date. One is the spectacular comeback of Mary Lou Williams, long and earnestly anticipated by some of us and for which we are now devoutly thankful.

The other is a series of listening sessions, listening to a tape by a quartet presided over by the pianist Phyllis Pinkerton, a sometime associate of Lennie Tristano.

Mary Lou has for years been a champion of women's rights in jazz. She hasn't picketed clubs or record companies for being unfair to her sex. She hasn't carried banners in parades or sent indignant letters to the papers,

jazz or any other kind, protesting the treatment accorded jazzwomen.

But she has, several times, recorded with girls of notable jazz skill, with the bass player June Rotenberg, with drummers Bridget O'Flynn and Rose Gottesman, with guitarist Mary Osborne and vibist Margie Hyams. She has played in clubs with all-girl outfits; not, it must be said, with the success her other groups have had, but with sufficient musical accomplishment to remove from the whole undertaking any suggestion of the freakish or capricious.

Phyllis has for some years now been trying to gain a fair hearing for herself and her associates, both male and female. She doesn't pretend to have this year's sensation in jazz groups or next year's. She doesn't. But hers is a thoroughly listenable, thoroughly modern outfit, pleasing over a variety of lines and tempos, moods and textures.

Its groove is very much of this era, not precisely in Lennie's image nor in any one other musician's, although the influences are unmistakably out of the Tristano studio.

The Pinkerton group consists of alto, piano, bass, and drums. Its resources include some of the most sprightly and stimulating lines devised by such Tristano graduates as Warne Marsh, Ronnie Ball, Ted Brown, and Phyllis herself. It has made for some very engaging listening for me in the last few weeks.

I wish others could listen, too, and be delighted by Ronnie's conversion of *Melancholy Baby* and Warne's of *All the Things You Are*, by a finely balanced interpretation of *These Foolish Things* and a handsomely-organized piece of chamber music by Phyl-

lis, properly called (because of its immediate inspiration and what is done with it) *More Than Just Friends*.

I wish these performances and others of similar calibre could be heard and appreciated just for what they are: just music, not more than just music.

For the present, this just doesn't seem to be possible. For all the progress made in jazz in the last couple of decades, women have not yet won a fair hearing, except as singers or pianists with male assistants and colleagues. They are still more looked at than listened to.

Maybe the problem must be solved outside the precincts of jazz. Maybe it's the psychological and sociological areas that it must be faced, analyzed, and brought to some reasonable conclusion. Certainly the tensions that develop when men and women play together are not entirely of a musical nature.

Certainly the prejudices which women still must face when they take up a trade or profession almost exclusively confined to men until now—certainly these are not musical, although they may be translated into musical terms.

That women can be suffered to play any instrument in highly demanding, unmistakably discriminating male company has been proved many times now. In symphony orchestras and chamber groups of all kinds and classes all across the Western world women now can be heard sawing away, wheezing, pumping, blowing, plucking, and scraping with the best of their male associates. However strange it may look to see a girl

(Continued on Page 50)

Women In Jazz: Do They Belong?

By Barry Ulanov



Mary Lou Williams

JAZZ GOES SUBLIMINAL



Dewey Keppler

By Will Jones

■ "Well, I guess your friends at *Down Beat* have got it pretty well made," said my neighbor, Dewey Keppler.

"Huh?" I said.

"I mean with subliminal perception," said Dewey.

"Huh?" I said.

"Huh?!" said Dewey. "You mean they aren't all just sitting around rubbing their hands waiting for jazz to conquer the world through subliminal perception?"

"I really don't follow you," I said.

"You *do* know what subliminal perception is, don't you?" said Dewey.

"I read about it in the papers," I said.

"You read about how they flashed 'Eat Popcorn' on the screen so fast nobody could see it, and everybody developed subconscious cravings for popcorn?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, it sounds to me like exactly what jazz has been waiting for," said Dewey.

"I'm afraid I still don't follow you," I said.

"Maybe you don't," said Dewey, "but I'll bet some of the better jazz thinkers are already on it."

"You mean the record companies should buy subliminal spots on TV to sell records?" I ventured.

"I mean the whole jazz world should use subliminal perception to sell *itself*," said Dewey. "To the non-jazz world."

"How?" I asked.

"Well, just suppose your Gerry Baker or your Chet Mulligan or somebody like that can get his little group on the Steve Allen show or the Ed Sullivan show some

Sunday night," said Dewey. "Or maybe the Sinatra show or the Rosemary Clooney show would be more likely."

"Exposure," I said. "What's subliminal about that?"

"*While they're on*," said Dewey, "the little subliminal whosis is flashing messages at the public."

"Messages like what?" I asked.

"'This Is Great Music,'" suggested Dewey. "Direct messages."

"Is that all?"

"Of course not," said Dewey. "The idea would be to hit 'em from all sides, of course."

"How else?"

"While your Gerry Baker is on," said Dewey, "you'd tell the public, in flashes of 1/3000th of a second, 'Gerry Baker is greater than Lawrence Welk.' And the negative approach: 'Only Slobs Fail to Enjoy Chet Mulligan.' A little rushlessness would be in order. With your Ella Fitzgerald in a guest spot, for instance, the message would be something incisive like, 'Ella Cuts Trish Dwelly Six Ways'."

"Hmm," I said.

"You can see how things like that, worming their way into the subconscious of the American public, would cause a panic, can't you?" said Dewey.

"Mm-hmm."

"I mean ratings would tumble, heads would roll," said Dewey. "Welk would be back on the dance-hall circuit, and the Dodge account executives would be around begging your Sam Kenton to do a big-band show on Saturday night. Dinah Shore would be quietly retired and your Clara Vaughan would have a big Sunday night show."

"I see only one flaw," I said.

"What's that?" asked Dewey.

"How do you get the networks to go along—what producer would let you flash such messages on the screen?"

"Surely your jazz people have more imagination than that," said Dewey. "I was thinking, of course, of do-it-yourself subliminal perception."

"How's that?"

"You've heard, of course," said Dewey, "how they have to spray a film of milk or something on the shiny accordions so they don't flash into the camera?"

"Yes," I said.

"Just before they go on," said Dewey, "your jazz people take their fingers and write their subliminal messages in the film on their accordions. When the lights flash on the accordions, the public gets the ghost messages."

"But how many jazz outfits ~~no~~ accordions?" I exclaimed.

"Let them *get* accordions," said Dewey. "What are a few accordions, when there's a world to conquer?"

A strange look suddenly passed over his face, and he began to speak slowly:

"I wonder if Welk . . ."

(Will Jones' column, *After Last Night*, appears daily in the *Minneapolis Tribune*.)

PEPPER'S PROGRESS

By John Tynan

■ "For the first time in my 32 years I've got a piano at home."

Art Pepper smiled happily, snuffed out a cigaret and continued, "I got it in August. You've no idea how much it means to me—not only where my music is concerned, but psychologically. It's like a symbol of a new life."

Symbol of a new life . . . a phrase in which the key word stands out in brilliant contrast to the living death of heroin addiction which entombed the altoist for some of the most vital years of his young manhood and musical creativity.

It has been truly opined that, to an artist, the "public" is a most fickle mistress. Consider the following statistics:

In 1951, when Art Pepper was alto star of the Stan Kenton band, final tabulation for first and second places in the alto sax division of *Down Beat's* Readers Poll read as follows: Charlie Parker, 957 votes; Art Pepper, 945.

In 1955, when Pepper was imprisoned in the federal penitentiary for violation of parole stemming from his first arrest two years previously, he had plummeted in public favor to 18th place in this magazine's annual poll with votes totaling 31.

But in 1956, just a few months after his return to music, with no out-of-town appearances for new albums on the market to his credit, he had soared to 9th place. In the just-finished 1957 poll, he moved all the way to second.

What of Pepper today, his problems and aspirations? What has kept him away from heroin—and inevitable further imprisonment—for one-and-a-half years? As may be surmised, he is reluctant to discuss so painful a subject. He did, however, make the following observations with characteristic candor and the reiterated hope that others might profit from his own experience.

"So far as problems are concerned," he said thoughtfully, "the biggest one I've had since I got out was being back in the same environment. By that I mean night clubs, mainly. And having to contend with the creeps who approached me with the idea of selling some junk. At first, this was a constant problem and temptation. It wasn't until word got around that I'd put down that scene that the pushers began to ease up."

He raked his dark, unruly hair with nervous fingers and lit another cigaret. "My own personal problems, of course, also had to be met—the complexes I was left with after goofing for years; the inability to have confidence in myself and in my playing.

"In June of last year, for example, when I first got out, I felt it would take a long time to get back my chops. In fact, there were many times after that when I was convinced that I was through in music. I was nerv-



ous, unsure of myself, afraid I wouldn't know the new tunes, or that I no longer was hip to what was happening in jazz. Most of all, I guess, I was deathly scared that people wouldn't like the way I played."

His brow was deeply furrowed. "There were some people, too, who made it tough for me to make a living in music. But here I've got to draw the line. There's just so much I feel free to say . . ."

Responsible medical opinion holds that an individual, once hooked on heroin, is forever unfree from the sometimes intolerable "yen" for just one jolt of the drug that once dominated his every waking moment. How does Pepper combat this tearing desire to "fix just once," that twists every addict after he has kicked?

"The yen is still there, of course," admitted Pepper grimly. "I dream about it. It's a very real thing. There are pressures within myself arising from the knowledge that once you've used, it's the simplest escape there is. You *never* forget that. You forget all the bad parts of being addicted; remember just the good. And the worst is, you rationalize about it until you've almost forgotten what it will lead to.

"But, like a person with a bad stomach, you learn to live with it and do what you can to take care of yourself. When the yen for a fix becomes bad, I've gotten into the habit of performing a sort of ritual that helps to keep me straight.

"It's just a thought process . . . I think about the progressive steps that'll result from my goofing. First of all, I consider, the narcotics detail gets the word and before long I get picked up. This has got to happen; there's no escape. Then I get sent up for maybe 30, 40 years. My record takes care of that. I think about never again seeing my wife, my friends . . . never again being able to play, which is the thing I want to do more than anything else. Well, by the time I'm through with this line of thought, I'm shaking with fear, so scared that the feeling is gone."

At 32, Art Pepper feels he is just approaching maturity. He now believes that you can't avoid the everyday responsibilities of living and that meeting them is actually easier than avoiding them. In this, he acknowledges his wife, Diane, as the constant

stabilizer. ("You have to be loved; you have to *know* that someone loves you. When you do, everything is easier.")

Those early fears and feelings of musical inadequacy when he returned to professional life, seem now dreamlike and wispy to the altoist. Not only has he "got his chops back," but he is increasingly regarded by critical authority as one of the most important contributors to contemporary jazz. The ever-present depth and passion in his solo playing, stemming possibly from the suffering in his life, gives to his musical conception a strength and basic emotional quality possessed by few of his contemporaries.

Since last summer, Pepper has recorded for several west coast labels. When he badly needed funds, shortly after his release from the penitentiary, a tempting bonus offered by the owners of Intro Records (an Aladdin subsidiary) induced him to exclusively sign with that company. All but two of the albums he made for Intro have now been released. But that company has abruptly swerved from a jazz policy (its basic catalog is almost wholly rhythm and blues) and Pepper's contract is on the block to the highest bidder. At this critical point in his career, Pepper is without a home label.

Since his return to jazz, considers Art, he hasn't noted any progressive changes. "Matter of fact," he declares, "so far as I can see, the music has stagnated. Nothing new is happening now, there's no progress evident like when I was a kid. Another thing I've noticed is that there's no spirit of camaraderie among jazz musicians anymore. They all seem to follow the attitude of the nation: competition. 'Keeping up with the Joneses' is keeping down the jazzman.

"When I was coming up," Art reflected nostalgically, "there were 13 or 14 big swing bands. There was a need for blowers. Today, who are the blowers going to blow for, themselves?

"But then there are hardly any really good young musicians. Just Bird and Miles imitations—all the way. And to make it worse, today it seems like nobody is helping anybody else, saying, 'blow, man, blow.' So it's really not the young cats' fault."

For a jazz musician who unequivocally states, "I dig blowing by myself;

I feel I play better," Art Pepper's biggest ambition is somewhat surprising! He'd like to have a big band of his own—12 or 13 pieces.

"I want a band that could shout, along the lines of Kenton's or Woody's, with way out arrangements. But," with a sigh, "money is imperative. And then, if Barnet can't make it all year round, how can I? No, I've got no hopes at all of ever having a band like that."

Reflecting on the future, Art murmured with a wistfulness somehow lent substance by perceivable resolve, "In my 50s I'd like to write a symphony." Then, strongly, "I make no distinction between jazz and classical music, so I don't see what's so strange in my wanting to write an important long work, do you?"

Reverting to the more immediate future, however, "I'd really like to come up with something original. It would have to be a swinging thing. To find a sound . . . something of my own, though, not like a chamber group. Jazz, in the purest sense of the word. Maybe a combination of alto, tenor, trombone, and rhythm; or alto, tenor, and rhythm. Anyway, whatever it'll be, I'd like my own group to have the popular success of, say, Chico Hamilton's."

The Art Pepper of December, 1957, is remote in spirit and ambition from the pitiable addict of three years ago. For helping him on the road to recovery, he expresses deep-felt gratitude to Richard Bock, president of World Pacific Records, "...and all the people who've helped me. When I got out of jail," he said, "I had no wife, no girl—zero. But Dick Bock contacted me then and gave, just *gave* me money to put me on my feet. How can I ever forget that? He's helped me many times since when I didn't know what I was going to do.

"But my wife is the one who's made me happier than I've ever been in my life. Now I really look forward to my older years. I used to be scared of growing old—but not now. Diane has done more for me in one year than all others did in my life's entirety.

"Whatever I may do in music from now on and whatever credit I may get for it belongs to her. She didn't give me back just my self-respect and career. Diane gave me back my life."

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Farewell, Elvis?

By John Tynan

■ If it is remembered at all, *Jailhouse Rock* may well go down in the annals of show business as the straw that snapped Presley's back.

In the past year many commentators on popular music have predicted the professional demise of the Tupelo Twitcher. Thus far it hasn't happened. Elvis continues to draw his teenage worshippers and RCA Victor preens in the green-hued glow of his record sales. What seems to be a New Elvis, however, is thrust upon us in this, his latest M-G-M movie.

The plot concerns a young construction worker who is jailed for manslaughter, learns in prison that he wants to sing for his living, and selfishly drives on to success in the music business when he's released.

Musically, the emphasis is placed on Presley's colorless, draggy ballads, rather than on the spastically gyrating creature to which we've become accustomed. For all the vulgarity and animal sexuality of the "old" Elvis, his exhibitionism had beat and was not without a unique excitement. In *Jailhouse Rock* this is kept to an absolute minimum. He even eschews the old gitter on the assumption, we presume, that his thespic ability is a more convincing prop.

One unexpected high point for any jazz fan liable to stray into a showing of this motion picture is provided by a brief, deadly serious discussion on modern jazz by

a group of upper-middle class dilletantes. Says the instigator of this "hip" discourse, referring to Elvis, "Jazz music . . . it's his profession." As one might surmise, what follows is unintentionally hilarious.

As the dollar-hungry recording star, Elvis' acting is unaccountably amateurish, considering the real life coaching he's had for the role. He plays the surly churlish heart-throb of competent actress Judy Tyler (killed in an auto smash shortly after completion of the picture) with indifferent blandness; charges into a romantic clinch with her like Don Quixote tilting at a particularly formidable windmill. What naturalness there was in his *Loving You* performance (*Down Beat*, July 25) is totally lacking here.

But for the grace of Mickey Shaughnessy, *Jailhouse Rock* would be an irrevocable loss from even the broadest standpoint. As Presley's cellmate and subsequent hanger-on, Shaughnessy turns in a consistently satisfying performance.

For all the advance publicity hoopla on this picture, it screens as a deadly dull effort built on the premise that the god of rock 'n' roll can do no wrong. We doubt if even his most rabid cultists will go along with a diety who doesn't produce the called for miracles. Who knows, the fans may even be prompted to take a close look at the godlike feet. And it will take a deal of high-powered persuasion to convince them that the tootsies are not made of clay.

out of my head



By George Crater

■ Despite what you may have heard about the identity of the pianist on Verve who did *The Best of Irving Garner* album, it was not Oscar Peterson. A more informed guess might be Paul Smith.

There'll always be a press agent dept. From a Pittsburgh *Courier* story on Harry Belafonte: "His current album, *Belafonte Sings of the Caribbean*, in release only a short period of time, is almost one of the top album sellers in the country."

I think golf pro Jimmy Demaret and trumpeter Jimmy McPartland could almost pass for twins.

Have you heard yet about the three trumpet players who were to audition for an empty seat in the Woody Herman band? The first one came in dressed neatly but inconspicuously, sat down calmly, and read the book competently and without a fluff. The second was dressed in a beautiful, \$300 suit, hand-tailored shirt, faultless neckwear, \$75 shoes, and even had a genuine alligator case for his horn with a chamois lining. He played remarkably well, ripping through the charts with ease, soloing with fire and dash, and conducting himself faultlessly.

Then the third guy walked in. His suit was old and rumpled, his shirt dirty, his shoes scuffed. He needed a shave and a haircut. But he sat down, picked up his horn, and played horribly.

Jethro, of the very funny hillbilly team of Homer and Jethro, was talking about his brother the other day. "He had a band in the army," he was saying. "I don't want to say the band was bad, but the *chaplain* went over the hill."

Despite protestations from some station managers that it takes courage to program jazz on radio, their comments pale when you see what one Chicago FM station does. It plays Paul Robeson records.

The Patii Page TV show, *The Big Record*, is becoming a good outlet for some of the big jazz names.

Too bad to hear that Garry Moore intends to give up his daytime TVer. He's a good friend of jazz and presents guests with a great deal of dignity.

Wooden Joe Nicholas, one of the early figures in New Orleans jazz, died at the age of 74 last month. The cornetist was the uncle of clarinetist Albert Nicholas.

Jeri Southern, who was getting much too heavy, has dropped some 20 pounds.

Oscar Peterson, stung by several defeats at the hands of rank amateurs in table tennis contests at Lenox' School of Jazz last summer, is putting a table into his basement. "Look out for me next summer," he threatens.

Atlantic Records' Nesuhi Ertegun still having trouble selling his like-new Jaguar. He may rent.

Whatever happened to Leo Parker?

Since album covers have come to be regarded as strong a selling factor as the music contained within, does it seem to you that now people are getting good title and cover ideas and trying to fit the music around them? It does to me. I fully expect in the near future to see such titles as *Skin and Bones* (percussion and trombones); *Lotsa Guts* (Stuff Smith and Eddie South violin duos); *Tarred and Feathered* (the navy dance band playing arrangements by Leonard Feather); *Green Grass Grows All Around* (with Johnny Green and John Graas playing Walter Gross tunes); *Lincoln-Douglas Debates* (Abe Lincoln and Bill Douglas).

Also, *Washington and Lee Swing* (Dinah and Peggy); *Executive Sweets* (Harry Edison); *What a Difference O'Day Makes* (Anita); *Hunt and Peck* (Pee Wee Hunt and Peck Kelly), and *Young and Eager* (Lester and Allen). Oh, yes, *Let's Call the Whole Thing Awful* (Jonathan Edwards).

They say *Jazz Today* is going out of business.

Recent item on the wires: A Portland, Ore., radio station fired one of its disc jockeys because he played Elvis Presley's record of *White Christmas*. The recording was banned by the station because "it is not in the good taste we ascribe to Christmas music." Could it be possible that even on records he made it sound like *Writhe Christmas*?

I wonder who started the now-accepted-by-most-people idea that Woody Herman's middle name is Wilson? It's Woodrow Charles.

From a recent *Cash Box*: "Perty publicity gal Pety Counts advises that in honor of the French answer to jazz—Bernard Piffer (sic), pianist—the brothers Marienthal bought literally a ton of French perfume to be given to lady patrons of the London House." Figuratively speaking, of course.

The Vagabonds use this gag: As the guitarist stumbles his way through a solo, the accordionist looks on distastefully for awhile, then says, "It'll never get well if you keep picking at it."

music in review

- Jazz Records
- Popular Records
- Tape Recordings

- Blindfold Test
- High Fidelity
- Jazz Best-Sellers

- In Person
- Radio-TV
- Films

popular records

June Christy

Gone for the Day (Capitol T 902) is June Christy's latest entry in the vocal sweepstakes. She is backed by three instrumental groups led by Pete Rugolo—a large string orchestra, a small string-woodwind group, and a group consisting of trombones, vibes, xylophone, and rhythm. In each case the support is sympathetic.

Although her voice sounds strained in spots, Miss Christy manages to sing a dozen tunes quite warmly. The tunes, extremely well-selected, include *When the Sun Comes Out*, Rugolo's *Interlude*, *Lazy Afternoon*, *Give Me the Simple Life*, *Lazy Mood*, and the memorable *When the World Was Young*. The LP is worth purchasing for the repertoire itself, but Miss Christy makes it additionally worthwhile by not straying too far from the level of consistency she's maintained in recent LPs. (D.G.)

Johnny Mathis

Warm (Columbia CL 1078) is Mathis' third LP. It is a ballad set, as Mathis continues his efforts to create a genuine ballad renaissance in American popular music. The cause, it seems to me, is a just one, and Mathis sings the dozen ballads quite satisfactorily. He manages to remain with his head above the multi-layered frosting spread by Percy Faith's orchestral "background" and injects considerable emotion into the tunes. Included are *My One and Only Love*, *By Myself*, *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*, *I'm Glad There Is You*, *There Goes My Heart*, *While We're Young*, and six others. A set worth having, if only for comfortable relief from the pop disc jockey barrage. (D.G.)

Robert McFerrin

In *Deep River* (Riverside RLP 12-812) Robert McFerrin sings 14 Negro spirituals. McFerrin, the first

Negro to become a regular member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has a splendid baritone voice, but does not utilize it Lanza-style here. Instead, he sings the spirituals with conviction and warmth. Included are *His Name So Sweet*; *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*; *Ain't Got Time to Die*; *Witness*; *Ride On, King Jesus*, and the title song. McFerrin is backed by pianist Norman Johnson; 11 of the arrangements are by Hall Johnson. The result is a set of fine spirituals, as philosophically meaningful as they are musically memorable. And it's good to hear a voice, instead of a style, for a change. (D.G.)

Jennie Smith

My review of *Jennie* (RCA Victor LPM 1523), featuring the singing of young Jennie Smith, may be less objective than most reviews. I listened to this LP shortly after hearing a radio disc jester play a recording of *Wang Wang Blues* by Teresa Brewer. I suppose that Kathryn Grayson and Leo Watson singing Victor Herbert would sound worthwhile after that bit of musical primitivism.

However, I like to think that this LP does show signs of promise for Miss Smith, an attractively-endowed 18-year-old from West Virginia who has sung with the bands of Billy May and Johnny Long. Here she interprets a dozen tunes, including *Sometimes I'm Happy*, *We'll Be Together Again*, *You Do Something to Me*, *I Hear Music*, *When I Fall in Love*, and *He's My Guy*. Her approach is commendably straightforward.

Although she is restrained and hampered by momentary intonation difficulties, she does manifest a warm, flowing sound. Her range is not astonishing, and she does not employ any unique stylistic devices, but there are encouraging signs of a voice of fluid quality. The backing, by Ray

Ellis' studio orchestra, is relatively sympathetic, but I would prefer Miss Smith with trio support.

According to the liner notes, Miss Smith's talent was first recognized by Hugh McPherson, a Charleston, W. Va., disc jockey. If he has enough taste to prefer her singing to that of a yelping Miss Brewer and similar forms (and I don't really know if he does), I'm on his side. Perhaps there is some hope. (D.G.)

Kirby Stone Four

Man, I Flipped When I Heard the Kirby Stone Four (Cadence CLP 1023) is a title of limited application.

In other words, I didn't.

The LP features the Stone four—Stone, Mike Gardner, Eddie Hall, and Larry Foster—backed by a group including such musicians as Milt Bernhart, Ted Nash, Red Norvo, Larry Bunker, and Howard Roberts. Arranging-conducting chores are divided by Russ Garcia and Jerry Fielding.

The content, a dozen tunes, is largely satirical, with some altered lyrics on the standards (*S'Wonderful*, *It Could Happen to You*, and *Get Out of Town*) and idiotic lyrics on the originals (*Juke Box Dream*, *Bluebeard*, *Outer Space*, *Only Thirty-three*, and five others).

The satires, as such, attain varying degrees of effectiveness. For the most part, however, they are based on a single, obvious humorous line (a la a gag) or competently handled impersonations. The group's credo, according to Stone, is: "A pox on all harmonica players . . . Night club owners named 'Rocky' . . . and juveniles who win concerts playing *Lady of Spain* on white accordions." If the group had adhered more to this philosophy and the humor inherent in it, this LP would have had greater impact. (D.G.)

'57

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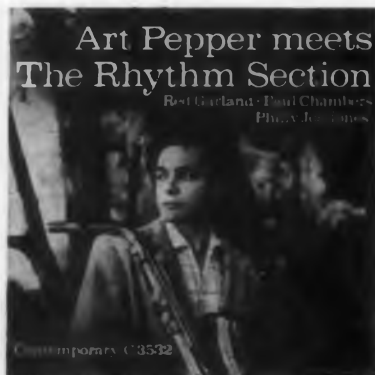
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jazz records

Records are reviewed by Dom Cerulli, Leonard Feather, Ralph J. Gleason, Don Gold, and Jack Tracy and are initialed by the writers. Ratings: ★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor.

Manny Albam

WEST SIDE STORY—Coral CRL 87807: *Prologue and Jet Song; Something's Coming; Cool; Maria; Tonight; I Feel Pretty; Somewhere; Finale.*

Personnel: Gene Quill, alto; Frank Socolow, tenor; Sol Schlinger, baritone; Ernie Royal, trumpet; Jim Dahl, trombone; Tom Mitchell, bass trombone; Ozie Johnson, drums. On tracks 3, 4, and 6 the following are added: Ed Wasserman, tenor; Bernie Glow, Joe Newman, trumpets; Jim Cleveland, trombone; Ed Costa, piano and vibraphone; Hinton, bass. On tracks 1 and 5, the following are added: Al Cohn, tenor; Al DeRial, Nick Travis, trumpets; Chasmei Welch, trombone; Hank Jones, piano, and Hinton. On tracks 2, 7, and 8, the following are added: Cohn, Glow, Travis, Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Jones, and Wendell Marshall, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

In this LP, Manny Albam has interpreted the music composed by Leonard Bernstein for the Broadway musical, *West Side Story*. Bernstein's jazzlike thematic structures are, as Albam points out, "dissonant . . . to a degree of creating, to all who hear, a feeling of foreboding and disquietude."

Since I have not heard the original score, it is difficult to determine how much of an influence Albam has exerted in interpreting Bernstein's music. There appears to be a certain melodic stiffness inherent in Bernstein's tunes that Albam is unable to completely overcome. Also, some of the material, written for mood-sustaining purposes, does not and cannot, emerge as distinguished melodic composition as such.

Nevertheless, thanks to Albam's insight and precise execution, most of the tracks do emerge as moving jazz charts, within the limitations cited above. The inspired reading of Albam's arrangements is an important element in the success of the LP. In addition, there are excellent, appropriate solos by Quill, Cohn, Travis, Jones, Brookmeyer, Costa, Hinton, Newman, Cleveland, Glow, Royal, and Marshall.

Most of the material is intensely emotional in a mood sense. *Somewhere* is a moving ballad, however, and *Tonight* and *Pretty* are equally successful. The *Finale* is impressive, too.

The compositions, in Albam's hands, are emotionally charged, if limited somewhat by Bernstein's approach to musical comedy, an approach directed by his view of what is "modern" in music and what is appropriate in terms of the show's book. It is to Albam's credit that he manages to inject considerably more life, jazzwise, into the charts than may originally have been present.

If the pit band sounds at all like this, the show must be of value. (D.G.)

Barney Bigard

BARNEY BIGARD—Liberty 3072: *C-Jam Blues; Mardi Gras Time; Ab Mari; Mahogany Hall Stomp; Louisiana and Me; Step Steps Up; Step Steps Down; Ross Room; Mood Indigo.*

Personnel: Bigard, clarinet; Jackie Coons, trumpet and mellophone; Burt Johnson, trombone; Bruce MacDonald, piano; Charlie Ladio, drums; Al Morgan, bass on *Mahogany, Mood, and Ross*; Bob Stone, bass on other tracks.

Rating: ★★★★★

Barney Bigard is a limpid-toned Albert system clarinetist, one of those rare originals with a completely personal style and sound. Because his period of maximum impact preceded the birth of many present-day fans (he was a star Duke Ellington soloist from 1928 till 1942) his present jazz reputation is not what it should be. With this, his first LP, he should get a new and receptive audience.

The material is mainly a mixture of three influences. His native New Orleans is discernible in two new originals, the *Tiger Rag-ish Mardi Gras* and the *Sister Kate-ish Louisiana*, as well as in Spencer Williams' antique *Mahogany*.

The Ellington mood governs *Mood Indigo, C-Jam Blues*, and *Ross Room* (on whose chords was based *In a Mellow Tone*, which is played here more or less upside-down as a last chorus). The blues is the third influence on a couple of them.

Barney's legato sound grabs the chief honors, his long *C-Jam* solo being the high spot. *Step Steps Up* (he recorded both the *Steps* blues with Eddie Heywood for Signature in January, 1944) is a fine sample both of his chalumeau and his upper register, with MacDonald adding a Dukieish sound to the ensembles and Johnson doing his Tricky-Sam-most to heighten the Ellington mood.

The sidemen are all capable, though hardly of the caliber of Barney's old companions. Coons is an effective soloist on trumpet and mellophone, but a little weak as an ensemble leader.

Bigard recorded his own spoken introduction for the set and signed his own liner notes, two procedures that should be followed more often. A piquant item is his revelation that he wrote *Mood Indigo* and sold it outright for \$25.

Liberty went all out to make this a deluxe production, with a simulated suede cover yet. (L.F.)

Ken Colyer

CLUB SESSION WITH COLYER—London LL 1618: *Uptown Bumps; Home Is on the Blues; Creole Song; Chrysanthemum Rag; Snag It; Thriller Rag; Black Cat on a Fence; The Old Rugged Cross; Walking with the King; Home Sweet Home; Auf Wiederseh'n, Sweetheart.*

Personnel: Ken Colyer, trumpet; Mac Duncan, trombone; Ian Wheeler, clarinet; Johnny Dabtable, banjo; Ron Ward, bass; Colin Bowden, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Colyer, 29, is a self-taught British jazzman who spent some time in New Orleans. In this set, he heads a group of British revivalist jazzmen in a studied, but exuberant, array of Dixieland tunes.

The ensemble sound is sprightly and evocative. Colyer plays with conviction and competence. Duncan slurs appropriately. Wheeler's solos are of interest, although his tone is somewhat harsh. The rhythm section chugs along respectfully.

An enthusiastic devotion to the music is obvious throughout, somewhat more ob-

vious than an ability to play it with genuine originality and ease. The material, however, is extremely well-selected. Some American groups could benefit from such a selection, instead of the usual book of overdone "standards." Included in the Colyer selection are Buddy Bolden's *Uptown*, Kid Ory's *Creole*, Scott Joplin's *Chrysanthemum*, King Oliver's *Snag*, and the traditional *Rugged*. The final two tunes are combined as a group sign-off.

The recording was made in London in late 1956, before a selected studio audience. An inadequate balance leads to an occasional lack of definition.

There is no attempt made to submerge the material for the sake of instrumental gimmicks here and, as a result, the listener does not at any time feel that the music is being debased. This, coupled with the material selected, makes this LP a listenable one, although it will not be of historical significance in the long run. (D.G.)

Bob Cooper - Bud Shank

THE FLUTE AND OBOE OF BUD SHANK AND BOB COOPER—Pacific Jazz PJ 1326: *They Didn't Believe Me; Copy in My Soul; In the Blue of Evening; I Want To Be Happy; Tequila Time; I Can't Get Started; Blues for Delilah; Sunset and Wine; What'll I Do?*

Personnel: Bud Shank, flute; Bob Cooper, oboe; Howard Roberts, guitar; Don Prell, bass; Chuck Flores, drums. On tracks 1, 3, 5-8, the group is augmented by a string quartet—Eudice Shapiro, Don Gill, violins; Milt Thomas, viola; Ray Kramer, cello.

Rating: ★★★★★

Careful planning, in the production of an LP, can be a distinct virtue. It can be a hindrance, too. In this case, it is more of the former than the latter.

Cooper arranged and conducted the performances. On six of the nine tracks the quintet is augmented by a string quartet. Cooper utilizes the strings effectively as a subtle background. However, there are moments when instrumental freedom is limited by the all-encompassing scores. In many cases, the scores themselves are of interest, but I'm not certain that this justifies the end.

In terms of the performances themselves, Shank and Cooper play capably, with Roberts, Prell, and Flores supporting intelligently. The string quartet fulfills Cooper's aims, in assisting to establish and maintain the polyphonic atmosphere.

Although this LP is more elaborate in nature than their previous flute-oboe efforts, I find it less satisfying. With the exception of the three quintet tracks and *Delilah*, which flow warmly, there is too much restraint and too little of the fire so basic to jazz. Solo space is limited on five tracks.

These are more than capable jazzmen. The flute-oboe sound is an attractive one. Cooper indicates he can successfully employ strings. When they can fuse spontaneity with the organizational strength they illustrate here they will be more genuinely productive. There are several attractive moments here, in the performances and in the writing. But there is a rigid discipline which inhibits the performers and frustrates the listener, as well. (D.G.)



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Buddy DeFranco-Oscar Peterson
BUDDY DeFRANCO AND THE OSCAR PETERSON QUARTET—Verve MCV-8210: *Sweet and Lovely; Fascinating Rhythm; Love for Sale; Easy to Love; Pick Yourself Up; They Can't Take That Away from Me.*

Personnel: Buddy DeFranco, clarinet; Oscar Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Herb Ellis, guitarist; Louis Bellson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

When he is playing melodically, either in his first chorus statement of the tune itself, or in his second chorus improvisation on it, Buddy sounds lyrical, beautiful, and thoroughly moving. In these sections of the numbers, backed by the incredible dynamo of the Peterson group in which the Bellson drums seem to fit just right, we have the DeFranco who is without peer as a modern clarinetist.

Sweet and Lovely and *Easy to Love* are prime examples of this and are actually four- or five-star tracks. It is only as he extends himself that he retreats from that unusually relaxed state and once again becomes shrill and unpleasant. The second and third tracks are less successful than the others.

Despite these faults, this is one of the better DeFranco LPs. (R.J.G.)

Maynard Ferguson

BOY WITH LOTS OF BRASS—EmArcy 26114: *Give Me the Simple Life; My Funny Valentine; The Lamp Is Low; Imagination; The Song Is You; Jeopards Creepers; Love Me or Leave Me; A Foggy Day; Easy to Love; Moonlight in Vermont; I Hadn't Anyone Till You; I Never Knew.*

Personnel: Ferguson, trumpet and valve trombone; Tom Stacey, John Bellow, Joe Burnett, trumpets; Bob Burgess, Jimmy Cleveland, trombones; Jimmy Ford, Anthony Ortega, alto and tenor sax; Willie Maiden, tenor sax; Tate Houston, baritone sax; Larry Bunker, drums; Richard Evans, bass; Bobby Timmons, piano; Irene Kral, vocalist.

Rating: ★★★★★

Using a similar personnel, Maynard here recalls the things he did last summer, at Birdland. An apt title for the LP would have been *Maiden Voyage*, since six of the unpretentiously-swinging arrangements, as well as a couple of the fine tenor solos, are by Willie Maiden. Of the others, three are by Al Cohn, two by Ernie Wilkins, and one by Bill Holman.

The band gets a good sound, some of the main excitement deriving from the ensemble and section passages. Maynard blows some excellent valve trombone, notably on *Foggy Day*, and some variable trumpet, the best of which is represented by his muted work in *Easy to Love* and the worst by his screams and closing cadenza on *Valentine*, a performance that gets entirely the wrong mood for this tune.

Ford rushes forward on all cylinders, making too much out of the double time bit on *Lamp* and *Jeopards*. He should learn to relax. This, in fact, can be said of the band as a whole: there is too much of a tendency to be the "Voice of Hysteria," so that even Irene Kral's four very capably handled songs, no matter how tender the love lyrics, lose their mood through an excess of volume and lack of contrast.

The rhythm section is fine throughout. *I Never Knew* fights the battle of Bunker Hill as Larry underlines a wailing Wilkins score.

I'd like to hear some more of Roy Kral's kid sister, but next time accompanied by maybe just a muted Maynard and a rhythm section. (L.F.)

Curtis Fuller

CURTIS FULLER/NEW TROMBONE—Precision 7107: *Voice 25; Transportation Blues; Blue Lawson; Namely You; What Is This Thing Called Love?*

Personnel: Curtis Fuller, trombone; Sunny Red Kyrer, alto; Hank Jones, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★★★

G. Mennen Williams would be proud. I don't know if all those on this date use Mennen's *Skin Bracer*, but they're all from Michigan and that's good enough.

Fuller is a 23-year-old Detroit'er who worked with Kenny Burrell and Yusef Lateef in that city. He has listened attentively to J. J. Johnson, too. Kyrer, 25, worked with Barry Harris, the influential Detroit pianist, Frank Rosolino, and Art Blakey. He came to New York with Fuller in 1957.

Jones, 39, from Pontiac, Mich., is one of that state's outstanding jazzmen, if geography is important. Watkins, 23, also worked with Harris in Detroit. He came to New York in 1954 and has worked with various groups since. Hayes, 20, worked with Lateef before departing for New York and a job with Horace Silver's group.

Fuller charted *Voice*, *Transportation*, and *Lawson*, the latter dedicated to Detroit pianist Hugh Lawson. *Namely* is given a ballad treatment. *Love* is used as a point of departure for the soloists.

Fuller plays with reasonably flowing conception and a slightly greater dynamic range than I found in his previous LP. He does have moments of hesitancy and monotonous sound, however. Kyrer is a Bird-calling shouter, with fierce drive and emotional strength, but has some difficulty sustaining cohesive melodic lines. Jones is a firmly-rooted, mature pianist. His solo on *Namely* is a lesson in ballad interpretation—delicate and melodic. Watkins and Hayes support in good taste for the most part.

Kyrer shows ability and should improve with greater experience. Fuller, it seems to me, should allow himself to express the wide range of emotions he must feel by utilizing his instrument's capabilities, instead of speaking in a monotone so much of the time. There are flashes of creativity in spots here, but this LP is more valid in terms of marking a period of growth in the lives of the young jazzmen than in the sounds it contains. (D.G.)

Johnny Griffin

JOHNNY GRIFFIN VOL. 3—Blue Note 1359: *The Way You Look Tonight; Ball Bearing; All the Things You Are; Smoke Stack.*

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Johnny Griffin, Hank Mobley, John Coltrane, tenors; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Unquestionably Johnny Griffin can play the tenor saxophone faster, literally, than any one alive. At least he can claim this until it's demonstrated otherwise. And in the course of playing with this incredible speed, he also manages to blow longer without refueling than you would ordinarily consider possible. With this equipment he is able to play almost all there could possibly be played in any given chorus.

However, his style, which is eloquently described as "raucous" and later as

"febrile" by Ira Gitler, seems suitable only for the expression of one emotional quality. For instance, despite changes in tempo which range down from hysterical to groovy he still sounds febrile (look it up, it's a good one).

Coltrane, on the other hand, plays almost as fast, apparently, and never sounds hysterical at all. Instead he sounds difficult as it may be to catch him, as though he were in complete control of the situation. Mobley, with his furrier tone, is a pleasant contrast. Lee Morgan, in his swiftly passing appearances in between tenors, sounds excellent; much better than on some of his other LPs.

Art Blakey, who sets off a frightening swing throughout, does exactly what upsets me during track 2. When Wynton Kelly is soloing on *Ball Bearing* he upstages the soloist completely with all sorts of bits of business so you cannot concentrate on the piano. Contrast this to the way in which he leaves Kelly alone to catch the listener in the solo on *All the Things You Are*.

The four tracks are each long ones. The second, which is just under eight minutes, is the shortest and on the final track at last count the Blakey rocket blast-off had occurred no less than 12 times. (R.J.G.)

Gigi Gryce-Don Byrd

JAZZ LAB—Subilee 1059: *Blue Lights*; *Ontario Head*; *Isn't It Romantic?*; *Batland*; *Bangoon*; *Imagination*; *X-ray*.

Personnel: Gigi Gryce, alto; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Hank Jones, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

This latest in the series of vignettes by the Jazz Lab contains two of Gryce's numbers, *Batland* and *Blue Lights*, that seem to be particularly attractive. They have a definite over all structural logic that marks them. The rest of the LP, as far as the writing goes, is not up to that standard.

The performances here are quite good. Gryce plays with force, fire, and bursts of inventiveness on *Batland* and *Blue Lights*, and these are also the best tracks for Byrd's trumpet playing. On Track 3, the romantic ballad, there is a delicate exposition by Byrd with the muted horn.

My copy was cursed with a bad surface. Better check. (R.J.G.)

Ted Heath

SPOTLIGHT ON SIDEMEN—London LL 1731: *Ill Wind*; *Swinging the Blues*; *Hey! Baby*; *Idaho*; *I Can't Get Started*; *Love for Sale*; *Lover Man*; *Sideways of Cuba*; *I'll Never Be the Same*; *Cotton Tail*; *Lullaby of the Leaves*; *Witch Doctor*.

Personnel: Ted Heath, leader; Eddie Hall, Bert Ezzard, Bobby Pratt, Doreen Campbell, trumpets; Wally Smith, Jimmy Coombes, Don Lusher, Keith Christie, trombones; Henry McKeachie, Ronnie Chamberlain, Leslie Gilbert, Red Price, Ken Kiddier, reeds; Johnny Hawksworth, bass; Frank Harrox, piano; Ronnie Verrell, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Without being patronizing or condescending or anything but fair, let me say that this is a fine band; at times, a band to make some of ours sound like studio crews in rehearsal.

Perhaps the main characteristic of the Heath band is its tightness. The sidemen are excellent musicians. They have range, tremendous ability, and feeling. This is demonstrated on this LP, which features every man in the band in either a full-

length solo vehicle, or blowing at least a chorus or two. Not just THE soloists, but every man in the band. I don't doubt that many of our bands could do this, quite probably Les Brown, Woody, certainly Count, Duke (he does in person), Dizzy, Johnny Richards. But to my recollection, this is the first time it's been done deliberately as an LP. That it comes off is a tribute to the sidemen, and to Heath, who is acting on a precept which helped make bands big during the swing era: the building of sidemen into musical personalities.

Not all of these solos are great jazz, nor are all the soloists great jazzmen. But the solos are all crisply played, with tremendous technique and feeling.

Among the trumpeters, for instance, there isn't a stratospheric note or passage

thrown in to show that leather lungs a jazzman make. The upper register is reserved for the climax, as Bert Ezzard shows in *I'll Never Be the Same*.

The only lapse of musical taste is the climactic portion of tenor man Red Price's showpiece, *Cottontail*, in which he goes into the squealing upper register for some high-pitched honking.

I have noticed that what to me was the weak spot of the band, its rhythm section's tightness, has been becoming stronger with each successive Heath LP. This set, while still rhythmically tight, is the most swinging yet from the band.

It would be wrong to say (as I have said in some reviews) that I'd love to hear this band with, say, Gus Johnson and Ed Jones in the rhythm section, because that

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would be forcing our scene on this band, and they have their own. More and more, I can hear that there is less and less literal dependence on the charts, and a general loosening of the band.

Some of the tracks are straight ballads in dance tempo, with the solos pretty close to the melody. Clarinetist Henry McKenzie's quartet side, *Idaho*, is somewhat stiffly played in the Goodman tradition. Hawksworth's *Can't Get Started* is musical, but a shade above routine.

Pianist Horrox has some flashing moments during his punching *Love for Sale*. The brassmen, particularly trombonist Keith Christie (*Swinging the Blues*) and Bobby Pratt (*Hey! Baby*), are impressive.

The set is quite a satisfactory listening experience, and deserves being heard. (D.C.)

Johnny Keating

SWINGING SCOTS—Dot DLP 3066: *Hampden Rears*; *Down South Blues*; *Thistle Spring*; *Headin' North*; *Tam O'Shanter*; *Douglas Scotch*; *Kilties*; *Loch Ness Monster*; *Clachnacunnan Local*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, and 9—Bobby Pratt, Tommy McQuater, Eddie Blair, Duncan Campbell, and Jimmy Deuchar, trumpets; Jack Bain, Jimmy Wilson, Wally Smith, George Chisholm, trombones; Burt Harden, tuba; George Hunter, Ronnie Baker, Tommy Whittle, Dennis Lamont, and Ronnie Ross, saxos; Andy Dennis, piano; Jack Seymour, bass; Alan Metcalfe, guitar; Bobby Orr, drums. Tracks 3 and 8—Pratt, Blair, trumpets; Chisholm, trombone; Harden, tuba; Hunter, Whittle, Lamont, Ross, saxos; Dennis, piano; Seymour, bass; Metcalfe, guitar; Orr, drums. Tracks 5, 6, and 7—Blair, Deuchar, trumpets; Baker, Whittle, Ross, saxos; Dennis, piano; Seymour, bass; Metcalfe, guitar; Orr, drums. Tracks 10, 11, 12—Blair, Deuchar, trumpets; Baker, Whittle, Ross, saxos; Dennis, piano; Seymour, bass; Metcalfe, guitar; Orr, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Until I heard this LP, I had never heard an LP by a British modern jazz group that genuinely moved me.

This one did.

Keating, who arranged and directed here, is a key arranger for the Ted Heath band. In April, 1957, he assembled this all-star group in London, drawing from some of Europe's leading bands, including those of Heath, Cyril Stapleton, Kurt Edelhagen, Jack Parnell, Eric Delaney, and Paul Fenoulhet. The charts—seven by Keating and two (*Tam* and *Local*) by Deuchar—are performed by a 19-piece big band, a 12-piece group, a nine-piece "small band," and a sextet.

There is some beautifully precise section work on all the band tracks. Deuchar solos with impressive force and maturity, emerging as the most fluent soloist on the date. However, inspired solos are contributed, too, by Ross, Hunter, Whittle, Blair, Baker, Chisholm, and Lamont. The solos are not always of shockingly revealing conception, but there is an above-average level of consistency throughout.

I was most impressed with the big band performance. Several of the tracks are Basie-flavored, with Metcalfe in the Freddie Green role and Dennis introducing a la the Count. Deuchar's *Local*, however, surges more in the 'A-Train' tradition, with the band pulsating in Ellington fashion and building to a violent, hard-charging climax. The Keating charts are somewhat weak in terms of melodic content, but are rhythmically sound and lustroously interpreted by the bands. *Hampden* and *Monster*, however, are excellent, leading me to hope that Keating cuts an LP of the big band alone.

If Keating could create charts with more inherent melodic value, this band would enhance their value. Basically, it is a disciplined, but not drastically restrained, band. In many ways, it is equal to several of America's name bands, if comparisons must be made. In any case, it is worth hearing. It's unfortunate that such a band can only exist in a studio, but fortunate that it did manage to get into a studio for this date. (D.G.)

Barney Kessel

BARNEY KESSEL: THE POLL WINNERS—Contemporary C 3535: *Jordan*; *Satin Doll*; *I Could Happen to You*; *Mean to Me*; *Don't Worry 'Bout Me*; *Green Dolphin Street*; *You Go to My Head*; *Minor Mood*; *Nogahah*.

Personnel: Barney Kessel, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The Poll Winners represents a three-way conversation between Kessel, Brown, and Manne—winners of the 1956 *Down Beat*, *Metronome*, and *Playboy* jazz polls.

There is very little that must be said about the value of this LP. It is virtuosity without the sacrifice of an air of relaxed enjoyment. There are splendid solos by each member, making this a ball for listeners and an unintended instructional record for guitarists, bassists, and drummers.

The value of the record is best described by Nat Hentoff in the liner notes—"Barney's strength; blues-blood; and sensitivity to others' musical needs as well as his own. Shelly's command of the drum as a thorough instrument, not just as a time-keeping device; his presence when needed as a third voice and the unobtrusiveness of his presence when that quality, too, is required. Ray, for the fullness, firmness, and rightness of his voice; his power, which propels when it's only suggested; and the flame, like his colleagues', of the perennial 'amateur de jazz'."

These are the sounds of musicians who enjoy playing and who enjoy playing together.

This is The Rhythm Section, and it's the Melodic Section, too.

Definitely recommended. (D.G.)

John Lewis and Sacha Distel

AFTERNOON IN PARIS—Atlantic 1267: *I Cover the Waterfront*; *Dear Old Stockholm*; *Afternoon in Paris*; *All the Things You Are*; *Bag's Groove*; *Willow Weep for Me*.

Personnel: Lewis, piano; Distel, guitar; Barney Wilen, tenor sax; Pierre Michelot, bass on side 1; Percy Heath, bass on side 2; Connie Kay, drums on side 1; Kenny Clarke, drums on side 2.

Rating: ★★★★★

The work of the three Frenchmen on these sides serves as a jolting reminder of the extent to which French jazz has caught up with the times.

Wilen, a 19-year-old prodigy from Nice, plays the kind of tenor that is more likely to be mistaken occasionally for baritone than for alto, in contrast with the thinned tenors of the cool school. He occasionally falters technically, but then, so have many musicians of far greater age and reputation.

Despite Wilen's hard-bop tendencies, the John Lewis mood generally prevails, particularly in his delightful unaccompanied opening passages on *Waterfront* and *Willow*. If the MJQ were ever to add a guitarist, Distel would be the ideal choice; his solos dovetail temperamentally with John's, blending simplicity with good taste and a modern harmonic ear.

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this, both rhythm sections are admirable. It is ironic to find Klook back with the ex-boss he criticized so violently after quitting the MJQ a couple of years ago. His fours with John are a particular pleasure in *Bag's Groove*, of which this is at least John's third recorded version.

Despite Bag's absence, this set has the qualities of the MJQ at its best moments, with the added merit of some hard swing- ing rhythm section and solo work. (L.F.)

Lighthouse All-Stars

IN THE SOLO SPOTLIGHT—Contemporary C 3517: *Funny Frank; That's Rich; If You Are There; Stan; Coop; S & B; Claude; Concerto for Doghouse; Bud (The Whippet)*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-3—Conte Candoli, trumpet; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Richie Kamuca, tenor; Lennie Niehaus, alto; Pepper Adams, baritone; Dick Shreve, piano; Howard Rumsey, bass; Stan Levey, drums; Tracks 4-9—Bob Cooper, tenor; Bud Shank, alto; Bob Enevoldsen, valve trombone; Stu Williamson, trumpet; Bob Gordon, baritone; Claude Williamson, piano; Howard Rumsey, bass; Stan Levey, drums.

Rating: ★★

The first three tracks were recorded in March, 1957; the following six tracks date back to August, 1954. Rumsey and Levey are the only holdovers in the Lighthouse crew after the three year interval.

The LP is of interest in terms of representing the quality of jazz at the Lighthouse three years ago and today. The most obvious change during that time is in the improvement manifested by several members of the 1954 cast since that time. In their current efforts, Cooper, Shank, Claude Williamson, indicate that they've made a good deal of progress.

The format of this LP allows one track for each soloist, the soloists being Rosolino, Kamuca, Candoli, Levey, Cooper, Williamson (Stu) and Enevoldsen, Claude Williamson, Rumsey, and Shank, in that order. The quality of the tracks varies, in terms of the soloist's ability and the effectiveness of the charts involved.

The three most current charts are by pianist Dick Shreve. Other charts are by Bill Holman, Cooper, Claude Williamson, and Stan Kenton (arranged by Holman). I found three tracks of more than passing interest—Candoli's restrained interpretation of Shreve's attractive ballad, *There*; Cooper's able effort on his own tune, *Coop*, and Claude Williamson's delicate swing on *Claude*. The Levey track, essentially, is a drum solo. Shank's *Bud* features him on alto in a heated, boppish race. *Rich* is average Kamuca. *Frank* is a few minutes of pleasant Rosolino.

For Lighthouse fans this LP will be of historical interest, indicating three years in the history of one of jazz' most laudable ventures. I would have liked to hear solo tracks by some of the sidemen here, instead of the men who did solo; tracks by Shreve, Niehaus, Adams, and Gordon might have made this set of greater value. (D.G.)

The Mastersounds

JAZZ SHOWCASE INTRODUCING THE MASTERSOUNDS—World Pacific PJM 803: *Un Poco Loco; Wax' Tuna; Lover; Dexter's Deck; If I Should Lose You; That Old Devil Moon; The Queen and I; Spring Is Here; Water's Edge; Dream Tune*.

Personnel: Buddy Montgomery, vibes; Monk Montgomery, Fender electric bass; Richie Crabbtree, piano; Benny Barth, drums.

Rating: ★★

The Mastersounds have been together since January, 1957, when they managed

to obtain a valuable three-month booking in Seattle. More recently, the group has worked at the Jazz Showcase, Dave Glickman's club in San Francisco.

The Montgomery brothers—Buddy, 27, and Monk, 36—are the heart of the group. Monk has worked with Lionel Hampton, Georgie Auld, and Art Farmer. Crabbtree, 23, has worked with Johnnie (Scat) Davis and Conte Candoli. Barth, 28, worked with Lennie Niehaus and Candoli.

Like many new groups, it plays with a good deal of enthusiasm. In terms of solos, however, the members do not indicate a consistently inventive approach.

Monk is technically facile on the electric bass, but is not particularly strong in terms of conception. Barth tends to be somewhat stiff at times and heavy at others. Crabbtree appears to be niche-searching. He explores the instrument cautiously. Buddy can cook when motivated and does so in several spots here. Generally speaking, the group plays competently, but without an obvious personality of its own. Often, too, an annoyingly heavy approach creeps into its interpretations, giving the group a crude sound.

Although the group's instrumentation is identical to that of the Modern Jazz Quartet, there is little similarity between the two groups. Crabbtree, however, writes in the John Lewis tradition and on his *Queen* here, the group sounds more like the MJQ than on any other track. Crabbtree's *Edge* is a pleasantly-conceived chart.

It may be a trifle early to determine the full value of this group. Flaws and virtues are apparent; continued employment may bring about a beneficial refinement. Certainly the roots are present. (D.G.)

Gerry Mulligan-Paul Desmond

GERRY MULLIGAN-PAUL DESMOND QUARTET—Verve 11846: *Blues Intime; Body and Soul's Standstill; Line for Lyons; Wintersong; Battle Hymn of the Republic; Fall Out*.

Personnel: Mulligan, baritone sax; Desmond, alto sax; Dave Bailey, drums; Joe Benjamin, bass.

Rating: ★★

As you might expect of any group that features Gerry with a pianoless rhythm section, this unit takes on the personality of a Mulligan quartet. Despite the strong contrast with the Brubeck setting, it seems to me that Paul doesn't play substantially differently, though he may seem to swing more for those who prefer the simpler background he enjoys here. At all events, the union is a happy one. The interplay between the horns strongly resembles that of Gerry with the various brass men who have teamed with him in the past.

There are a couple of planned unison lines, but arrangement generally is at a minimum. Paul's best track, it seems to me, is *Wintersong*, while Gerry is particularly moving on *Body and Soul*. Since the next-to-last paragraph of the notes, instead of spelling out the facts, obscures them in a feat of dictionary-swallowing, a translation follows: *Standstill* is based on the changes of *My Heart Stood Still*; *Wintersong* on *These Foolish Things*; *Battle Hymn on Tea for Two* and *Fall Out* on *Let's Fall in Love*. (L.F.)

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Lucky Thompson

LUCKY THOMPSON FEATURING OSCAR PETTIFORD VOL. 2—ABC Paramount ABC-171: N R #2; *Once There Was*; *Dancing Sunbeam*; N R #1; *Little Tenderfoot*; *The Plain But the Simple Truth*; *Mister Man*; *Good Luck*.

Personnel: Lucky Thompson, tenor; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Don Abney, piano; Olin Johnson, drums; Oscar Pettiford, bass on Tracks 1, 4, 8. Thompson, Pettiford, Abney, track 2; Shooter Best guitar for Abney on Tracks 3, 5, 6, 7.

Rating: ★★★½

Despite the undoubted proficiency of all the people involved here, and also despite the undoubted moments of excitement, there is a blandness about this album which brings it down to somewhat less than one might have expected.

Perhaps it is that, by and large, Lucky sounds better on structures with which you are familiar than on frameworks of his own devising. Yet on the lyric *Once There Was*, he has a formidable ability to move one emotionally. Aside from that track, the tenor was a disappointment to these ears. (The tunes, all of which are by Lucky, are neat, agile, and passable compositions without any particular individuality with the exception of the aforementioned Track 2.)

The stars on the date are Pettiford, whose descending bass run which introduces the theme on the final track is the best part of the entire LP and whose other solos and rhythm work is above reproach, and Cleveland. The latter contributes a particularly exciting bit in his chorus on the last track, a wildly swinging multi-note statement that really wails. That final track, by the way, is five-star pure Hennessy. (R.J.G.)

Webster Young-Paul Quinichette

FOR LADY—Fruit: 7106; *The Lady*; *God Bless the Child*; *Moonin' Low*; *Good Morning*; *Heartache*; *Don's Explain*; *Sirango Fruit*.

Personnel: Webster Young, cornet; Paul Quinichette, tenor; Joe Puma, guitar; Mal Waldron, piano; Earl May, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★★★

For Lady is a tribute to Billie Holiday by six musicians who dig her deeply. In assembling this LP, they have included five of her finest interpretative vehicles and a hymn to her by cornetist Webster Young.

The results are intense and poignantly moving. As Ira Gitler points out in the liner notes, "That they dwell on sadness is because Billie is essentially a singer of sad songs."

Young, the 25-year-old cornetist from Washington, D.C., is an economical, lyrical hornman, in the Miles Davis tradition (he plays Miles' French cornet here). Faced with no need to race in this moderately paced set, he plays with emotional force.

Quinichette has been heard too rarely these days, as less able tenor men are overrecorded. He plays effectively here, assisting in sustaining the nostalgic mood. Waldron, who, like Quinichette, has worked with Billie, plays sympathetically throughout. Puma's presence is felt, too, and two-thirds of the Billy Taylor trio makes an inobtrusively effective rhythm team.

Young's *Lady* is mournful, but contains the strength that is Billie, too. *Child* is a strikingly direct Waldron arrangement, with excellent solos by Young and Quinichette. *Explain* becomes a penetrating

emotional study through the solo efforts of the two horn men. *Fruit* is a dignified pronouncement of a significant social theme, with the rhythm section pulsating in ominous fashion as the horns retell Lady's story.

These men have heard Billie, we know her, and understand her. They speak as she has spoken, with a kind of touching sadness that can illuminate the dark corners of life. It is to their credit that they sustain this mood without descending to banality or monotony. (D.G.)

my favorite jazz record

(Ed. Note: Following is the 17th prize-winning letter in Down Beat's favorite jazz record contest. The \$10 prize goes to Ted Muradian, Route 1, Box 63A, Solvang, Calif.)

(Send letters to Down Beat, Editorial Dept., 2001 Calumet Ave., Chicago 16, Ill.)

I have never believed in the integrity of the trumpet player who will go for the G above high C when the G one or two octaves below would sound just as beautiful. I like to term this type of performance an acrobatic one, one not musically justifiable. My selection for value in music would go to the Modern Jazz Quartet's recording of *Over the Rainbow*.

This is jazz almost out of tradition. By tradition I refer to a definite rhythmic background, a definite attempt at noticeable and sometimes forte climaxes, and, in general, effects to achieve brilliance. In this recording these factors are lacking; only the converse is present: no definite rhythmic background but a relaxed freedom; a simplicity in John Lewis' keyboard work (for example, the use of the root position of his accompanying quarter note chords); a Mozartean clarity in the ensemble as a whole; and most important, a fertility in Milt Jackson's improvisation. Milt's climaxes are intense but in style, within the framework of the selection, a ballad emerging as a deep, cool pool of uncluttered feeling.

The one artificial note seen at the end, that is, the triple fugue (vibes with the subject, then piano with subject, then bass with subject) does not spoil the number, for even this Baroque technique is in the mood of the number. One still cannot miss the subdued quietness, a rustle of brushes on a distant cymbal, and almost magically the beat of the musician's heart pressing onward.

tapes

By Jack Tracy

■ The opening track of *Billy Eckstine and Sarah Vaughan Sing the Best of Irving Berlin* (Mercury stereo MDS 2-9) is likely to leave you talking to yourself. Hal Mooney's orchestra roars in like gangbusters as B. and Sassy whoop it up jubilantly on *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. It's pretty gleeful fare. Rest of the album holds up well, too, with such as *I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm*, *Cheek to Cheek*, *Always*, and *Easter Parade* given respectful treatment from two of the biggest voices in music.

Three good entries show up this time around from Victor—Phineas Newborn's *While My Lady Sleeps* (BPS-80); Dennis Farnon's *Caution! Men Swinging* (BPS-78), and Paul Lavalle's *Lavalle in Hi-Fi* (CPS-72). Phineas' fabulous technique and distinctively soft sound are brought out beautifully in the recording. *Moonlight in Vermont*, *Love's Got Me in a Lazy Mood*, *Black Is the Color*, and the title tune make up the whole tape, and he sets some fine moods, with the aid of Dennis Farnon's sympathetic backing.

Farnon's own tape features such sterling gentlemen as trumpeters Pete Candoli and Don Fagerquist; trombonists Tommy Pederson and Bob Enevoldsen; saxists Ted Nash and Chuck Gentry; rhythm men Lou Levy and Jimmy Rowles, piano, and Al Stoller, drums.

Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year is done as an up-tempo swinger, with Fagerquist and Rowles chipping in good solos. *Shoo-Shoo Baby* kicks firmly, with Levy, Nash, and Fagerquist soloing. *Three Little Words* fairly leaps out of the speakers. Here, in a big, jazz-styled band, is where stereo comes into its own.

The Lavalle tape I found most interesting because of the superb recording job and the manner in which the material and arrangements were utilized to make what amounts to a high fidelity-stereo demonstration tape. Among the tracks—*Clarinet Polka*, *When Yuba Plays the Rumba on the Tuba*, *Where or When*, and *The Whistler and His Dog*. Don't look for any jazz, but do have some kicks soundwise.

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■ "Background music is not for me," says guitarist Howard Roberts. "All the records I put on the turntable are there strictly for listening. That's why I don't dig stacking discs."

That's also the reason why Howard is planning a change in turntables in the near future. While he says his Garrard changer is adequate, he's still unsatisfied, will shortly add "... a really swinging" manual turntable.

Because of the size of his living room, Howard says he doesn't "... really use all this stuff in its full potential at all. It's just a matter of connecting wires, however. If I want to really blast with the two speakers, I can simply hook 'em up together."

Probably the most used component in Howard's rig is his Viking tape deck. Not only does he use it for playing stereotapes, but also he tapes rehearsals and records his practicing sessions.

"The tape deck is certainly vital to me," he explains. "When I want to play back stereotapes, I use the Bell amp as an auxiliary booster. Then I divide the two tape tracks between the two amps and my two speakers. Results are pretty good, as a general rule."

One disadvantage of the Viking deck, he reports, is that the speed can be changed only by adjusting a belt in the back of the machine, making for some inconvenience.

"That Viking certainly is subjected to a lot of heavy wear and tear. Mat-

ter of fact, I used it so much it broke down. Soon as possible, I'm going to change to a Berlant. See, to record in stereo you can switch channels on the Berlant."

While the guitarist is quite happy with his amplifiers, the other components in his rig do not measure up to his requirements. "The big speaker, for instance, is kinda boomy. Actually, the little speaker is much better for a smaller room such as this."

Summarizing his attitude toward high-fidelity music reproduction, Roberts contends, "I'm not what you'd call a real bug on hi-fi. For example, I feel that it's possible to amplify high and low frequencies way out of proportion to their natural balance. For my own part, I just want clean reproduction with a minimum of distortion."

The young guitarist, whose second LP album is shortly to be released on Verve with which he is contracted, has no intention of taping all his LP discs, as many do. Reason for this is simply his desire to analyze certain recordings. He finds it much easier quickly to locate specific tracks on a disc than to search through a pre-recorded tape for the desired selection.

This does not mean, however, that he will restrict his collection mainly to disc recordings. While his stereo tape collection is now in the beginning stage, he intends to increase it. But acquisition of the Berlant comes first.

"I sure wish some firm would concentrate on pure binaural recording," he says wistfully. "I mean by that, the placing of two mikes ear distance apart in front of the orchestra. I heard a demonstration of this at an audio show and was just amazed. To me, this is the nearest you can come to actually being present in the room. You can almost judge the size of the room where the recording was made. This is much more natural than the system now employed which is by no means the closest to faithful reproduction."

"But," he said, "like everything else, I guess they'll get around to that in time."

—tynan

The Components

Here are the components used by guitarist Howard Roberts:

Garrard RC80 record changer with GE cartridge.

Heathkit pre-amplifier.

Dynakit power amplifier Mark II.

Bell power amplifier Model 2122-C.

University 12 inch speaker with coaxial tweeter housed in 36-inch bass-reflex cabinet; no crossover (dividing) network.

Electro Voice 8-inch speaker housed in RJ enclosure.

Viking Model 75 tape deck equipped for monaural recording and playback and stereophonic playback.

Electro Voice "Slimair" mike Model 636.



Jim Dandy

By Leonard Feather



Unless your *Down Beat* subscription began only this week, you will have observed, in the last issue, Marian McPartland's comments on 10 sharply contrasted records, five of which were basically in the modern idiom, the other five tending toward traditional jazz.

Marian, then a performer with little first-hand knowledge of jazz, met Jimmy McPartland when he was in Belgium with the USO and she was on tour with its British equivalent, ENSA. Though she has had her own trio for six years, Marian still enjoys sitting in with Jimmy's band and there is a degree of mutual musical interests and understanding that has made their marriage unique in the world of jazz.

Jimmy's *Blindfold Test* shows his reactions to the same records that had been played for Marian a few hours earlier. He was not told that the same records were used, nor was he given any other information about the records played.

The Records

1. Dizzy Gillespie, *That's All* (Verve). Lee Morgan, trumpet; Billy Mitchell, tenor sax; Charlie Persip, drums; Wynton Kelly, piano.

That's good. It's wild! Holy Mack-ere! I don't know who it is but I know it's a modern group. I notice the trumpet was good . . . had a good tone, and he was playing clean. I liked the tenor and the drums. When the piano came on it was a piano and drum duet. It was going like mad and it was swinging. Actually I liked it because it was so well played. There was a tremendous drive there. I'd say it's good—three stars.

2. Bobby Hackett, *Henry Hudson* (Capitol). Ernie Caceres, baritone sax; Dick Cary, E-Flat horn; comp. and arr.

I know that thing must have been made fairly recently. I know that bass saxophone player can't be Adrian Rollini. It's got to be Joe Rushton. It doesn't sound like Red Nichols—sounds to me something like Charlie Teagarden or one of those guys on the coast—that guy who made the thing with Jack Webb, Cathcart? But I don't think he plays with that drive.

It certainly was arranged. It's odd the way things sound to me today. To me that was more or less a modern arranged Dixieland and hasn't got the real freedom of the soloists in there, although I certainly like the performance of everyone. Very good arrangement by everyone, though. It's well done. For what it was I'll rate it three stars.

3. Toshiko Akiyoshi, *Salute to Shorty* (Storyville). Boots Mussulli, alto sax; Edmund Thigpen, drums.

At first I was thinking it was Brubeck with Paul Desmond. It sounded like Joe Morello on drums, but I couldn't hear the drums very well and this seems to me like good taste. I like the sax player's tone and phrasing. Then I had another idea. I thought it doesn't sound like Brubeck, either. Sounded like it could have been this little guy who sat in with Marian, but I can't think of his name, and I know him so well.

I liked the piano very much. It might be Eddie Costa. I haven't heard too much of Brubeck lately and I thought he might be playing differently—with more drive. I'd rate this four stars.

4. Dixieland at Jazz Ltd. *A Good Man Is Hard to Find* (Atlantic). Muggsy Spanier, cornet; Don Ewell, piano; Wally Gordon, drums; Bill Reinhardt, clarinet.

I don't think I could mistake that being Muggsy Spanier. I like the way he plays—he's got a lot of drive and I'd surely recognize him when he played with the plunger there. This reminds me of the old King Oliver days. Muggsy, and the clarinet. This sounds like the records they made years ago, yet done today, and very well done. Muggsy plays the cornet like he knows where he's going. I'm all for Muggsy. I have a great admiration for anyone who's been in the business as long as he has and is still capable of playing a fine horn. Four stars.

5. Charles Mingus, *Hemp's New Blues* (Jubilee). Hampton Hawes, piano; Danny Richmond, drums.

There's no doubt they're playing for their own amazement. It's pretty far out. I don't know what they were playing, actually. If they were playing a tune I've heard before I certainly don't recognize it, so it must be an original or an impression. The drummer's good and the piano player is good, too, but I don't know what the heck they were playing. I don't know what's going on. It's in a category of modern improvisation, but the thing is there were too many cliches in the piano. Whoever is playing it is good, but it's repetitious. I'll say two stars. I did like the drums. It'll probably wind up being Marian McPartland on piano!

6. Dixieland Goes Progressive. *When the Saints Go Marching In* (Golden Crest). Dick Cary, E-Flat horn.

That's a kick. It's quite an experiment whoever did it. They started off with real oldtime Dixieland and then went into the modern thing. The modern thing sounded better to me than when they played the old fashioned Dixieland way. I've got a sneaking hunch that's Dick Cary on the peckhorn. He plays some great modern things at times.

The traditional Dixieland going into the modern was too much of a clash for me. It got flowing in the modern, but not on the Dixieland. I can't stand two-beat—my personal taste runs to swing. It's too confusing

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going from traditional to modern . . . I don't know how to rate this. I'll give it one star for the traditional and three for the modern.

7. Jazz Messengers. *Mirage* (Elektra). Jackie McLean, alto sax; Sam Dockery, piano.

This must have been a bad day in the studio. The intonation was bad. Seemed like the saxophone would hit the changes before the piano would hit them—the next resolving change. He was sort of jumping the gun at times in his harmony. Jiminy Christmas! It sounded too strained all the way around . . . trying a bag of tricks and making one of these improvised things which just didn't come off. I'd call the tune "A Bad Day in the Studio." How many stars?—One for effort.

8. Red Allen. *'S Wonderful* (Victor). Buster Bailey, clarinet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax; Lloyd Trotman, bass.

I think I've been at the Metropole enough to know that's Henry (Red) Allen Jr. It was really swinging. Sounded like Buster Bailey on clarinet and Coleman Hawkins on tenor. The rhythm was going like mad but the recording sounds a little funny at times. The bass player was laying down a beat that was the end all the way through. It's a little wild at times, but that's the way those New Orleans boys are. I liked it very much. It had a lot of spirit and I'll give it four stars.

9. Toot Macero. *Polody* (Prestige). Comp. Teddy Charles.

That's an experiment in progression and key changes. I don't dig it myself. It doesn't sound good to me. I can't say anymore. It's an experiment to see how many changes in key they can get and how many odd progressions. Nothing happens. No rating.

10. Ted Heath. *Love for Sale* (London). Frank Horrow, piano and arr.; Johnny Hawtsworth, bass; Ronnie Verrell, drums.

That's the best thing I've heard! This is the first time I've heard this. I have no idea who it is. Sounds like Basie's band with somebody else on piano. Whoever it is, it's terrific. This is top flight for me. The drummer was wonderful. He didn't interfere with the piano at all. He had a wonderful beat and let the guy go. That's the best thing I've heard in a long time. Five stars—the top you can give it.

perspectives

By Ralph J. Gleason

■ It seems to me that every modern jazz LP I listen to these days has a tune in it written by Benny Golson, whom Ernie Wilkins so aptly praised for his writing with Dizzy Gillespie's big band.

And this really extraordinary attention being paid to Golson is deserved. Within the space of only a couple of years Benny Golson has contributed three compositions which already are assuming the stature of jazz standards: *Stablemates*, *I Remember Clifford*, and *Whisper Not*.

Stablemates is a prerequisite for all small modern jazz combos starting out these days. They learn it like the bands in Indiana learned *Savoy* or *Always* off the Goodman stocks 20 years ago. And *I Remember Clifford* has not only been recorded by Donald Byrd, Dizzy Gillespie, and Lee Morgan, but will shortly be available in a vocal version (lyrics by Jon Hendricks and voice by Dinah Washington and Carmen McRae).

What is attractive about Golson's writing, of course, is that it is not only original but it is also lyrical and instantly communicative to both musician and fan. That his tunes are a gas to play is obvious from the number of recordings and the people who play them. That they are a gas to hear is, it seems to me, just as obvious.

"The technique which I employ when composing," says Golson, "is very simple—with the exception of ballads. I first get an interesting chord structure laid out; I feel that this is very important because the soloist will constantly use it for ad libbing after the theme. I then try to get a melodic line that will interweave pleasantly with the chord structure. When composing ballads I usually create chord and melody bar by bar."

Stablemates was written when Golson was with Earl Bostic's band. It was born quite by accident, Golson says. "One night at a dance in Wilmington, Delaware, I spied someone in the audience whom I wanted to avoid very badly. When intermission came I remained on the bandstand and began softly playing chords on the piano. Suddenly I dis-

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L. Gleason

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covered that I had a 12-bar progres-
sion that wasn't a blues. I decided
that I would quickly give it a melod-
ic line. I finished the melody just as
it was time to resume playing again.
The next night, in Washington, D.C.,
I went to the dance hall early and
constructed the bridge. Miles was the
first to record it.

The genesis of *I Remember Clif-
ford* is obvious. After Brownie's fatal
accident, Golson kept thinking about
it until finally he decided he had to
write a "melody that might be in-
dicative of him." It took five or six
weeks, Golson says, the longest length
of time it's ever taken him to write
a composition.

"To try to capture the way he
played into a single melody is just
about the hardest thing I've ever at-
tempted to do," Golson says. "Frank-
ly, I can only say I tried." The tune,
naturally enough, has a particular
warm spot in Golson's heart, "be-
cause it is in memory of a person
who was real—not only as a great
trumpet player but also as a very
dear friend of mine whom I still miss
very much. I am truly sincere when
I say that I hope this composition
serves to remind people of his great-
ness."

Golson's favorite writers and tunes
are Horace Silver (*Nica's Dream*),
Gigi Gryce (*Capri*), John Lewis
(*Django*), and Thelonious Monk
(*Round Midnight*).

Golson says that he is better known
as a writer than as a player because
the opportunities thus far have been
in that field. "But I do consider
myself a player, too, because I was
playing long before I anticipated
writing. My love for both are equal
and I hope to continue doing both.
I feel that the best contribution any
writer can make is to create compos-
itions that are impressive, meaning-
ful and lasting. I think all serious
writers consciously or unconsciously
strive for this."

To these jaded ears, it seems in-
controvertible that Benny Golson has
certainly done what he set out to do
as a writer. Jazz is lucky to have
these young intelligent musicians
working in this idiom. They are a
credit to the music and an inspira-
tion to musicians. A Benny Golson
or Horace Silver just might turn out
to be the successful voice for this
generation that Duke was for his.

tangents

By Don Gold

■ Bob Rolontz is an artists and reper-
toire man at Vik Records.

He likes to believe in the musicians
and singers he records, in esthetic
and commercial terms. He is less
concerned with prereleased adjectives
than he is with the quality of the
recordings he supervises.

When someone behind a larger desk
looks at Rolontz and mumbles, "Like,
make some money," he understands.
But much of the time he feels he can
profit financially without sacrificing
certain basic artistic principles.

Not too long ago, during a visit
to Chicago, Rolontz was discussing
female vocalists. He said he had been
particularly impressed by the singing
ability of Vik's Ann Gilbert—not be-
cause she had signed with Vik, but
because she knew how to sing.

Rolontz termed her "the greatest
potential jazz stylist in the business."

I remembered reviewing her first
two Vik LPs and commented that I
felt she was a persuasive stylist, with
a voice of range and warmth.

Disconsolately, Rolontz noted that
despite her obvious ability and the
sales of the LPs, he doubted if she
would become a singer of historical
significance.

HE SAID THAT the reverence
with which she viewed family life
was somewhat in conflict with the
widespread "exposure" a singer must
achieve in order to win lasting popu-
larity.

In other words, she preferred a
"normal" life to the road show exist-
ence.

Several weeks after this discussion
with Rolontz, I wrote Miss Gilbert.
I asked her about her career, her life
as Mrs. Stuart Ostrow, and her con-
ception of a "normal" life. Her reply
follows:

"'Normal' is a difficult emotion to
convey. Some define it as 'usual,'
some as 'typical,' others as 'regular,'
to harmonize, to fit, those who adapt
to, agree with, and adjust to. Many
of our very dear friends who are also
in the jittery jungle of mass public
approval say normal living is 'non-
conformity.' I agree with all of these



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definitions, for all of them have a separate meaning for each of us.

"My husband and I believe in God, in the blessing of our togetherness, in our home, in our triumphs, in our failures, in our children to come . . . in our happiness. We have asked for a large slice of life and it takes the better part of all our time to make sure it doesn't grow stale for lack of attention.

"I love to sing well. I shall continue to try. It's something that I can share. It's not meant to be forgotten nor given up—it doesn't have to be. It merely becomes secondary to the attention I want to give the rest of life.

"It is difficult to say what the future holds for my kind of 'normal' approach to singing. I can understand what great demands this business requires of an entertainer. I've been through much of it already.

"It's a wonderful world when I can sing for other people. It is even more meaningful when they respect my right to sometimes say no."

In a world where singers, according to the glossy image, are born in a trunk, these are interesting comments. Many performers sacrifice family for career, unhesitatingly; others do it without ever realizing that they are.

UNFORTUNATELY, the polar thought processes lead to a kind of narcissistic behavior, a way of life that measures satisfaction in terms of an applause meter. So many of the crop of current hopefuls in the so-called entertainment business are so busy capping their teeth, straightening their noses, and "being nice" to people they ordinarily might not be nice to, that they forget they learned to read books as children.

In genuflecting before executive suites, these migratory performers too often dispense with the most stimulating facets of life and the immense heritage available to them.

Obviously, this is not always the case. There are performers who reverse, as Miss Gilbert does, the family and all it represents, the arts, and all forms of intellectually-motivated explorations. However, each month's batch of LPs, each new show in some club in some city, and each week's



Ann Gilbert

television schedule, introduce a long-ing new face. They are faces that speak of "hit" records and "sales" and "movies" and the rest.

These are the hungry faces, the desperately pleading faces yearning for personalized pedestals.

And when the struggle culminates in reward, the expressions go on, unchanged, in hollow triumph for some, in greater desires for others.

There are many aspects to this complex issue. The family sacrificed, the intelligence dissipated, the false gods worshiped, are just a part of it.

Since I believe that talented people can succeed in their own terms, I'm pleased to learn of Miss Gilbert's point of view.

I like her voice and her philosophy.

Collectors' Item

Chicago—Accordionist Leon Sash and wife, Lee, went visiting recently. They parked their car, leaving a brand new transistor radio, an umbrella, and a copy of Sash's Verve Newport LP on the seat.

When they returned, they found that the car had been forceably opened. The radio and umbrella remained, but the LP was missing.

Sash reports that he hasn't filed an insurance claim, but is a bit annoyed.

He purchased the LP.

heard in person

Red Norvo Trio

Personnel: Red Norvo, vibes; Jimmy Wyble, guitar; Red Wooten, bass.

Reviewed: Opening night of two-week engagement at the Avant Garde, Hollywood.

Musical Evaluation: Since 1950 most of Red Norvo's musical activity has centered around the vibes, bass, and guitar combination which, at various times, has nurtured the talents of such jazzmen as Tal Farlow, Charlie Mingus, Jimmy Raney, Red Mitchell, and the late Bill Dillard. If his present pickers, Wyble and Wooten, do not now measure up to the extraordinary playing standards set by their illustrious predecessors, this in no wise detracts from their excellent musicianship and the swinging level of their jazz.

Norvo, of course, remains the fabulous daddy of 'em all on vibes. His rippling, finely-constructed solos and unassailable assurance make gemlike every number he plays, from a slow *My Old Flame* to a breathtakingly fast *Move*.

Playing through the summer months at Las Vegas' Tropicana has served to weld the trio into a musical rapport too seldom felt in such groups. While Norvo solos, Wyble supplies a succession of short, driving remarks and fills, then switches to un-amplified rhythm guitar behind the Wooten's clean toned, clearly-articulated bass passages. When Wooten walks, with Wyble playing unamplified rhythm, they attain a level of swinging excitement that, at times, compels one to hold fast to the table in fascination.

Wyble's impressive technique, developed during years of playing with country and western bands, serves only to enhance his modern jazz conceptions, as on the double-timed second chorus of *How Am I To Know?* wherein he chases Norvo's racing vibes line before slipping into an elongated solo statement of his own. A night's digestion of Jimmy's playing leaves one with the clear impression of an emerging major jazz talent.

Audience Reaction: For a comparatively small opening night audience, the customers' continued enthusiastic applause betokened many return reservations.



Red Norvo

Attitude of Performers: Presiding father-like over his two sidekicks, beaming first this way, then that at his sidemen, Norvo conveys a continuous visual impression of constant movement that obviously captures and holds attention.

Commercial Potential: An ideal trio for the more intimate rooms with a hip policy. Norvo's name appeal is amply justified by the musical product he purveys.

Summary: One of the superior small groups in jazz, this unit is rich in ideas and frequently dazzlingly technique. The red bearded vibist is once more wailing beside handpicked cooks who wholly dig him and each other.

—tyman

Big Bill Broonzy Benefit Concert

They came to KAM temple, on Chicago's south side, to sing, to listen, to share. Some brought guitars or banjos. Everyone brought a love of folk music.

On an unseasonably warm Thanksgiving eve, folk music enthusiasts began lining up in front of the temple more than an hour before the concert was scheduled to begin. Many were turned away, because the 1,500 capacity temple auditorium had been sold out by mail orders alone, thanks to the vigorous promotion of the concert by local FM station WFMT and the local press. (WFMT taped the concert for broadcast in early 1958.)

The sell-out netted Broonzy, recov-

ering from a costly operation, approximately \$2,500.

The evening began with George Armstrong, dressed in Scotch garb, heralding the event with his bagpipe. "The Broonzys are coming," producer-emcee Studs Terkel shouted, and the mood was established.

Gerry Armstrong began the parade of folk singers, with a Christmas carol. Sunnyland Slim, a blues-singing, piano-playing, close friend of Broonzy, sang and played the blues. In the middle of a tune, he was joined by J. C. Lenoir, with zebra-patterned jacket and electric guitar. J.C. sang a blues, too.

Fleming Brown sang *John Henry* and *Reek and Rambling Blade*. Ella Jenkins, tapping a conga drum, offered *Taboo*. Roxana Alsberg sang a Russian folk song, *The Whirlwind*. Little Brother Montgomery played *Pine Top's Boogie Woogie* on the piano and beat out the time with a sturdy right foot. He was joined by L. C. McKinley, who shouted the blues and played electric guitar. Frank Hamilton sang *Delia's Gone* and played a harmonica blues for Broonzy. Bob Gibson sang a Lead-belly composition and *This Little Light of Mine*.

Tenor Larry Lane, wearing the "only Elizabethan jacket in existence with a zipper," sang *Greensleeves* and *Blow the Man Down*, as the audience sensed the nature of the evening and joined in on the latter. Win Stracke's booming voice rocked the auditorium with the delightful *Sam Hall* and *Methodist Pie*. All the singers on-stand joined in on *Careless Love*, to bring the first half of the evening to a close.

The second half featured Odetta, Pete Seeger, and Mahalia Jackson. Odetta sang *Gallows Pole*, *The Fox*, *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands*, *Another Man Done Gone*, and *Take This Hammer*. She sang with inherent, not superficial, dignity and a rich, dramatic, powerful voice. The dynamic Seeger contributed *Michael*, *Row the Boat*; *Bourgeois Blues*, a Welsh ballad, *It Takes a Worried Man to Sing a Worried Song*, and a banjo solo. His presentation indicated the splendid versatility he possesses, the astute showmanship inherent in his performance, and an intelligent approach to folk singing as an integral part of American life.

Mahalia Jackson, with Mildred

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Falls at the piano, provided the incomparable climax. She began with *Steal Away to Jesus*, completely captivating the audience with the voice that speaks with striking clarity and infinite power. She followed with *On My Way*, then announced that she would dedicate *Just a Closer Walk with Thee* to Broonzy. Broonzy, obviously moved, walked onstage to a standing ovation. Miss Jackson sang it to him with the overwhelming fury of confident belief. It was one of the most vividly evocative moments I can recall being a part of during any concert.

With Broonzy at her side, Miss Jackson powered her way through *When the Saints Go Marching In*. She concluded the concert with a rousing *Down By the Riverside*, with the other folk singers on hand joining in.

More than 2½ hours after it had begun, the concert ended, with Broonzy thanking the audience and the performers for making the evening so memorable.

It was an evening of tears and laughter, sorrow and infinite joy. It was an illustrious tribute to a sick man, a man who brought the validity of the blues from the Mississippi fields to America. Despite the weakening effect of his serious operation, Big Bill wanted to share this evening with those honoring him. He stood onstand, tall and proud, as the performers and audience paid tribute to him.

In the audience, Tampa Red and Jasper Taylor, two blues-singing friends, could not remember more glorious evenings. Memphis Slim and Muddy Waters, working out of town, sent wires. Additional telegrams poured in from Broonzy's friends in Europe. Seeger planed in from California specifically for his appearance.

Terkel paced the show judiciously; it was one of few such programs which came off as planned, without delay or unforeseen problems. But in the final analysis, the value of the concert was in the sincerity and warmth of the individual performances.

High above the stage, near the temple ceiling, read the inscription, "Know Before Whom Thou Standest."

These singers, like Broonzy, knew what it meant.

—gold

Lena Horne

(Continued from Page 15)

got to be Italian—the high shirt and those shoes. And you know, he's *very* pretty!" A little later, as a bent, elderly man shuffled by, pushing a heavy hair dryer along the street, her face was suddenly downcast. "Look at that poor old man—isn't that sad?" And when two orthodox Hebraic types with the traditional black hats and ear locks walked by: "Did you see those men? . . . Ooh, I just love New York!"

Just before we reached her destination, I asked Lena whether she felt her style had changed perceptibly. "Well, people are always saying, 'Oh, you've changed your style,' but I'd get bored to death if I thought I was a lot like I used to be five years ago. I still want to make sure that what I'm doing is what I *want*."

"Now that you've settled down in Jamaica and have enough confidence in yourself as an actress," I said, "do you think you might ever take a strictly dramatic part that didn't call for any singing at all?"

"Not soon, I think. After all, people still know me essentially as a singer. But you know how I am—I didn't think I was even capable of doing this job, and I always have to have Lennie hit me over the head about 12 times and say 'You can do it—go ahead and do it!'"

Lena got out of the cab, turned the uniquely vivacious freckled face and said goodbye. As her slender figure disappeared into the jewelry shop, I recalled a line from her autobiography. "I feel that my glamour days are rapidly disappearing," she had said. The book was published in 1950. Today Lena has a graceful and beautiful grown-up daughter; a handsome son; a man in her life at once husband and "Daddy" and gentlest of teachers; and a place she can call home for her family in her native town.

If her glamour days are disappearing, there must be something disturbingly wrong with the vision of the audiences who pack the Imperial theater every night, for whatever the formula—perhaps a blend of maturity, security and the natural beauty that was hers all along—Lena Horne at 40 is the most glamorous sight in the city she has chosen to call home.

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Strictly Ad Lib

(Continued from Page 10)

Chicago

JAZZ, CHICAGO-STYLE: The masterly Duke of Ellington and his band are concluding a Blue Note stay on New Year's day, in time for the arrival on Jan. 2 of Carmen McRae and her trio and the Max Roach quintet. Count Basie is set for a Blue Note appearance beginning Jan. 22 . . . Dorothy Donegan leaves the confines of the London House after a rollicking New Year's eve. Ralph Sutton brings stride piano to the London House for several weeks, followed by a group headed by trumpeter Jonah Jones. Carmen Cavallaro opens at the London House on Feb. 19 for four weeks . . . Philosopher Mort Sahl and singer Teddi King are winding up their stay at Mister Kelly's. Jan. 6 means the arrival of comic George Mattson and the Smith Twins at Kelly's . . . The Riverboat Five Plus Two, a two-beat entourage, is at the Preview lounge. On Jan. 15, the Chain Gang, a Dixie group that won an Arthur Godfrey *Talent Scouts* show, will take over . . . Dinah Washington is at Robert's Show club . . .

Ramsey Lewis' trio is at the Cloister Inn on a Friday-through-Tuesday basis, with Pat Moran's trio and singer Bev Kelly working Wednesday-through-Sunday . . . Tenor man Sandy Mosse and pianist Ed Higgins are among those present at The Scene on weekends. Higgins continues as Monday-Tuesday pianist at the London House . . . Herbie Mann is at the Stage lounge.

Red Maddock, Nappy Trotter, Charley Clark, and Steve Behr are among the revivalists at the 1111 club . . . The Franz Jackson all-stars continue at the Red Arrow in Stickney; the group recently participated in a Gus Allen-John Pope concert at the Butterfield firehouse . . . The Andy Anderson quintet has joined Jim Bestman's octet on the Wednesday evening live *Centennial Fair* WNUR-FM show . . . Bob Owens' trio is at Highwood inn in Highwood on weekends.

ADDED NOTES: Ella Fitzgerald arrives at the Chez Parce on Jan. 3 . . . Jaye P. Morgan and her brothers are at the Empire room . . . Comic Lenny Kent is at the Black Orchid . . . Singer-pianist Marian Paige continues at the Chase . . . Buddy Laine's

orchestra will be at the Chevy Chase country club in Wheeling until Jan. 4 . . . C. G. Conn, Ltd., of Elkhart, Ind., band instrument manufacturing company, announced the appointment of Frank Konn as advertising manager and Coles A. Doty Jr. as director of educational services for the band instrument division.

Hollywood

JAZZNOTES: Buddy Rich is so gassed by reception accorded him and the Harry James band on their recent European tour, he is returning across the pond with his own group next March . . . The informal monthly jazz sessions organized by bassist Red Mitchell at the Arcadia Music shop move to the Beverly Hills Playhouse Sunday, Dec. 29 with an all-star lineup . . . Terry Gibbs' quartet, which played two weeks at San Francisco's Black Hawk this month, included pianist Don Friedman, bassist Ben Tucker, and drummer Gary Frommer . . . Jack Millman is planning a big band to begin rehearsals early in the New Year; book includes some charts by arranger Gene Roland . . . Pianist Lorraine Geller, wife of the altoist, is now accompanist to Kay Starr. Her



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first gig with the singer was at Vegas' Sahara.

ADDED NOTES: Looks like Joe Darensbourg's waxing of *Yellow Dog Blues* for indie Lark Records is a real sleeper. The plattery already has offers from two other firms interested in buying the young company and London Records is bidding for English distribution of the clarinetist's records . . . The Dave Pell octet last month completed an LP of Harry Warren songs for Victor supervised by a&r man Shorty Rogers . . . *Leroy Walks*, Vinnegar's first album due out on Contemporary early in the New Year, features Carl Perkins, piano; Gerald Wilson, trumpet; Teddy Edwards, tenor; Vic Feldman, vibes, and 22-year-old New Orleans drummer Tony Bazley. Leroy has eyes to tour with his own quartet in the spring.

NITERY NOTES: The Ray Bauduc-Nappy Lamare Riverboat Dandies, who shake things up nightly at the Beverly Cavern, are playing the Sunday afternoon Dixie concerts at the L.A. Biltmore theater along with a lot of other top two-beat names . . . Comic Lenny Bruce is the resident comedian at the Peacock Lane, where biz took a marked upturn with the reinstatement of jazz attractions . . . Teddy Buckner's band, currently at Astor's cocktail lounge, goes into the Beverly Cavern Jan. 3 . . . Bassist Carson Smith is working with pianist Bill Baker's trio at the Saratoga on Sunset strip. Now in its ninth month at the spot, the group also includes drummer Bob Norris.

—tynan

San Francisco

A giant benefit for the widow and child of Chuck Etter, trombonist with the Rudy Salvini band and formerly with Billy May and Charlie Barnet, was held Dec. 20 at the Oakland auditorium theater with every disc jockey, columnist, and musician in the Bay Area pitching in. Among the featured performers were Dave Brubeck, Cal Tjader, Rudy Salvini, Ree Brunnel, Earl Hines, Virgil Gonzales, Brew Moore, and Dickie Mills . . . The Woody Herman band played a three-night date at the Jazz Showcase in San Francisco Dec. 20, 21, 22 . . . Andre Previn brought a trio with Red Mitchell on bass and

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Frankie Capp on drums to the Black Hawk the first weekend in December.

Irving Granz' Jazz a la Carte drew 4,000 people for the biggest house of the year at his Nov. 30 concert here with Ella Fitzgerald, Dave Brubeck, and Cal Tjader. Gerry Mulligan, who was billed on the show, was reported ill in New York and Shorty Rogers, Bill Holman, and Lee Konitz substituted . . . Guitarist Eric Miller appearing opposite the Jean Hoffman trio at the Off-Beat Room . . . Ella Fitzgerald opened at the Fairmont hotel Dec. 5 and Johnny Mathis plays there for a month beginning Feb. 27. Mathis, incidentally, will play a concert in Oakland on Feb. 20 with June Christy, Claude Gordon's orchestra, and the Four Freshmen.

—ralph j. gleason

Washington, D. C.

Pec Wee Russell delighted members of the Washington Jazz club with his fiercely expressive clarinet when he played a concert here Dec. 1. He was backed by a quartet led by guitarist Charlie Byrd. Byrd's regular trio is doing turnaway business at the Showboat lounge, where Sunday sessions under the direction of Eddie Phyre have been added . . . The Jazz for Moderns package drew the best crowd for a jazz concert at the Armory that has been seen here in many months. Dizzy Gillespie and a quartet were a last-minute substitution for George Shearing on the concert . . . The orchestra under the musical direction of Bill Potts is playing Sunday afternoon sessions at the Cairo hotel . . . Joe Rinaldi's versatile quintet still at the Jazz Center room of the Flame restaurant.

—paul sampson

Baltimore

The week following the appearance of Jutta Hipp, the Club Tijuana, one of the first clubs to go on a strict jazz policy, was closed because of a beverage violation . . . Down at the Comedy club, the Wild Bill Davis trio is taking over . . . The Interracial Jazz society is presenting a concert on Dec. 29 featuring the Zoot Sims quartet and a Chicago group composed of Johnny Griffin, tenor; Wilbur Ware, bass; Freddie Redd, piano; Wilbur

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Campbell, drums . . . Jazz Unlimited, composed of musicians in the local union, has changed its Saturday sessions to the Rail Inn.

—al cottman

Toronto

The Stage Door booked something different in nightclub entertaining by using the oldtime musical melodrama, *The Drunkard*, for an extended run. Their regular lineup has recently included Sylvia Syms, Ruth Price, and Andy Williams . . . The Town Tavern's year-end visitors have included Ben Webster, Stan Getz, and Oscar Peterson . . . Vibist Peter Appleyard played the Prince George before leaving for U.S. bookings . . . The Jimmy Namara trio moved into the Park Plaza for a long stay.

—roger feather

St. Louis

After Lurlean Hunter and Max Roach close the Christmas-New Year show at Peacock Alley, the room will be dark until spring when George Shearing comes in . . . The Chase hotel's holiday offering features Sophie Tucker and Ralph Flanagan . . . Jazz found a home across the river on East St. Louis when Bowman's reopened as Club Mam-Bow with the Concert Jazz Quintet. The CJQ is a local group headed by bassist Bob Maisel who is with the St. Louis Symphony . . . The newly-formed jazz club, Modern Music St. Louis, has had its first two meetings at Peacock Alley and recruited more than 100 members. Disc Jockey Spider Burks has taken an active interest in the club.

—ken meier

Ad Nauseum

New York — What may well have been the jazz ad of the year ran in the *Daily News* here in connection with Jean Shepherd's "Jazz for Night People" concert at Loew's Sheridan theater Dec. 7.

After warming up by listing the girl singer on the show as Anita Day, the ad continued with the following line:

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feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

■ In the Sept. 19 column my more-or-less-annual investigation of the nature, tastes, and opinions of the average jazz fan got underway with another series of 20 questions.

The escape hatch with which I thought I had equipped myself by fixing a deadline this time for sending in your answers proved to make no difference. The quantity and quality of the mail exceeded both my expectations and the stipulated date; in fact, even during the past couple of weeks answers have been drifting in from eager participants in Buenos Aires, Ljubljana, and Honolulu, in Lyons, Stuttgart, and Helsinki, in Okinawa, Gothenburg, and Jamaica (B.W.I.). All I can say is thanks, and give me a few issues to sort it out and make up my mind about the winning entry.

Meanwhile, I'll discuss and quote from your answers in the next several columns, and will, as before, try to go into further detail in next year's supplement to the *Encyclopedia of Jazz*.

The first question was: Under what conditions do you best enjoy listening to jazz: (a) records, (b) radio or TV, (c) night clubs, (d) concerts, (e) festivals?

Because many readers voted for more than one category, the total exceeded 100%, in the following order: 57% for records, 42% for night clubs, 17% for concerts, 8% for radio or TV, and 5% for festivals.

Among those who amplified their reactions to this question, the record addicts stressed the superior listening conditions, shrugged off radio and TV for having failed their potential for jazz presentation, and had many complaints about night clubs. To quote S. M. Dorbin of Los Angeles, "Musicians play their best and worst in clubs, but there are other problems such as noisy waitresses and/or lushes. The trouble at concerts and festivals seems to be one of sound as well as inadequate warmup time for musicians and a cold atmosphere."

Says Tom Hussey of Providence, R. I.: "I enjoy sitting in my hacienda with a jug of draught at my side, whiling away the hours listening to Shearing, Meade Lux Lewis, Tatum, Getz, Hampton, etc. No boozed-up

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Rayner

night-clubbers, none of the half-baked snobs you run into at festivals. Just peace and quiet and jazz."

The night club devotees were passionate in their defense of the rapport this medium represents between listeners and performers. "To actually see the musicians, to watch their faces, their mannerisms, watch them handle their instruments, is one of the greatest thrills for me," submits Trent Wood of Memphis, Tenn. "Records can never measure up to an actual on-the-spot presentation." And Robert Daniels of Paterson, N. J., describes an evening at Birdland when he and his wife heard Ella Fitzgerald sing *Angel Eyes*: "It was a moment we shall never forget. She had the audience wrapped around her finger. The lyrics lived. When she recorded it the thrill was gone, and, I am sure she, couldn't do it as well in a concert hall, either."

Bob Macdonald of East Aurora, N. Y., prefers to draw a distinction between night clubs and "music rooms, such as the Playroom and the Composer, which convey a feeling of intimacy not found in what are normally considered night clubs."

An important variation is suggested by Joan Sherman of New York City, who prefers her jazz in none of the media suggested by my question. "I like it best at private sessions," she says, "when the musicians are playing for and by themselves."

Those respondents who included concerts and festivals in their answer mentioned them as a rule only in conjunction with at least one other category. Several readers pointed out the variety of pressures and tensions created by records, concerts, festivals, and TV appearances alike, the main handicap being awareness of the clock and of prescribed time limits.

Hysteria Dept.

Hollywood—Excerpt from an NBC publicity handout.

"There are approximately 1,354,672 night club comics, but Danny Thomas has one extra effect upon his audience, a wild one. They come; they see; they get hysterical; then they pick themselves up and go out to shout the name of Danny Thomas from the foof tops."

That's something like a box top, only a little more square.

MUSIC NEWS

(Continued from Page 13)

gerald, the Oscar Peterson trio, Stan Getz, Coleman Hawkins, J. J. Johnson, Ray Brown, and others.

The bands of Benny Goodman, Ray McKinley, and possibly Dizzy Gillespie may make the hop. McKinley's tour, set for mid-January, will be a swap for the Johnny Dankworth band.

Al Hibbler is scheduled to make a 10-week tour in March, Sarah Vaughan a seven-week tour in England and the continent in April, and Lionel Hampton was set to open his 15-week European tour in Hamburg on Christmas day.

At presstime, negotiations were underway for a quick trip by Tony Scott and a quartet, with singer Helen Merrill, to entertain UN troops on the Gaza strip during the holiday season. In addition, Scott, whose European and South African tours last year won the jazzman international acclaim and a personal congratulatory note from vice-president Richard Nixon, may also head a quartet on a tour of Japan and the Far East.

Armstrong In South America

Prior to opening at New York's Copacabana in mid-December, Louis Armstrong and all stars completed a riotously successful South American tour.

Armstrong's group presented 67 concerts in five capitols, 12 radio concerts, six TV concerts, and participated in banquets in every country. In Chile, *La Nacion*, the government newspaper, devoted page one to Armstrong. Twenty-two magazines in Chile, Argentina, and Uruguay placed Armstrong on their covers. In Buenos Aires, the editors of *La Prensa* sponsored a banquet for the group in the paper's offices at 2 a.m. When Armstrong arrived at the airport in Santiago, Chile, he was greeted by the police chief, 250 police, and 40 plainclothesmen, needed to cope with the fans present to greet him.

The U. S. ambassadors to Argentina, Paraguay, and Chile attended Armstrong concerts and expressed their feelings about the importance, propaganda-wise, of his work in South America. Touring Russian football teams, a ballet troupe, and the ever-present sputniks, had dominated the

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Any instrumentalist or composer who will have either had his (or her) 17th birthday or who will have finished high school, on or before June 15, 1958. Anyone in the world fulfilling this requirement is eligible.

Dates of competition:

Official applications must be postmarked no later than midnight, February 28, 1958. The scholarship winner will be announced in the April 17, 1958 issue of DOWN BEAT, on sale April 3.

How judged

All decisions and final judging shall be made solely on the basis of musical ability. The judges, whose decisions shall be final, will be: Hall of Fame member, Benny Goodman; the Editor of DOWN BEAT; Lawrence Berk, director of the Berklee School of Music; a prominent educator and a noted professional musician-composer whose names will be announced later.

Terms of scholarship

The scholarship as offered is a full tuition grant for one school year (2 semesters) in the value of \$700.

Upon completion of a school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

The winner of the scholarship may choose any of three possible starting dates . . . September, 1958; January, 1959; May, 1959.

How to apply

Fill out the coupon below, or a reasonable facsimile, mail to Hall of Fame Scholarship; Down Beat, 2001 Calumet, Chicago 16, Ill., to receive the official application form.

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news prior to Armstrong's arrival.

At one press conference, a reporter asked Armstrong if he'd like to play on the moon. "Any time at all," he said, "in one of Uncle Sam's sputniks."

RECORDS

Lou Leaves

Extensive reorganization begun some months ago in the west coast division of RCA Victor continued to roll on this month.

Pianist Lou Levy, who has recorded three LP albums under his term contract, was dropped by the Little Dog label.

Levy, currently touring with Ella Fitzgerald, was unavailable for comment, but jazz a&r man Bob Yorke had this to say.

"All I'm free to say on the matter," he told *Down Beat*, "is that Shorty Rogers, Lou, and myself sat down and talked over certain problems regarding his contract. The parting was pleasant and quite amicable. Our decision by no means precludes the possibility that we'll re-sign him at some future date."

Victor's decision to drop the pianist was being viewed in some quarters, however, as signifying the growing reluctance of record companies in an increasingly competitive market to concentrate sales promotion on artists not constantly exposed to the public in clubs and concerts throughout the country. Levy's activity since he signed with Victor has been confined to studio work, accompanying such top vocalists as Peggy Lee and Ella Fitzgerald, and working as sideman with various jazz groups.

Ten For Terry

Due to embark upon an extensive road tour in the New Year, vibist Terry Gibbs this month re-signed with Mercury Records. His new contract calls for a flat guarantee of \$10,000.

Mercury a&r chief Bobby Shad, in announcing the re-signing of Gibbs, noted that his present pact does not expire until August, 1958. The new contract is for a two-year period during which the vibist will record a minimum of two LPs a year, one big band album and an *Experiments in Sound* LP. He will also arrange and conduct for both jazz and pop Mercury vocalists.

MISCELLANY

That Lunceford Touch

Herb Pomeroy's band has a number in its book for the Jimmie Lunceford section of its living History of Jazz presentation entitled, *Lunch for Lunceford*.

He and the band played it recently at the Stable in Boston, and one of the patrons came to the bandstand after the set. "Man," the listener said, "that just doesn't make it. That isn't Lunceford. The Lunceford band was a swinging band."

Then bassist George Duvivier, who was the Lunceford band's arranger at the time of Jimmie's death, introduced himself. He offered to score an original for the Pomeroy band, pay for the copying, and then help the band rehearse it.

"That way," he smiled, "people will really know how Lunceford sounded."

At the next Pomeroy band rehearsal, Duvivier and drummer Jimmy Crawford, another Lunceford alumnus, sat in and whipped the band through Duvivier's original, *The Lunceford Touch*.

Band members told Duvivier and Crawford, who were working in the Lena Horne show, *Jamaica*, during its Boston tryout, that they had never been through such an experience.

And the number now holds a place of honor in the Pomeroy-John McLellan *Living History of Jazz* presentation.

Never A Dull Moment

Accordianist Leon Sash has been busy lately.

He's actively promoting his Verve Newport LP. His group has been drawing customers to Chicago's Blue Note, encouraging club owner Frank Holzfeind to book the quartet for a return in February. Recently, the American Accordion Association named Sash the jazz accordionist of the year.

Also, Sash recently made two changes in the group's personnel. New faces include tenor man Frank La-Marca and drummer Dick Gill.

In addition to the return Blue Note booking, Sash will open 1958 at Campbell's in London, Ont., working two weeks beginning Dec. 30.

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Women In Jazz?

(Continued from Page 17)

lift a bassoon to her lips or get squarely behind an outside bass, however startling it may be to watch a woman lock herself firmly inside a French horn or tuba, these feats have been accomplished and accomplished with distinction by women many times now. They are not to be restricted to the keyboard instruments or the larynx.

How strange it is, really, that jazz should be so long in accepting women as instrumentalists and equally curious that women should have taken so long to demand a sizeable place for themselves in jazz. It may be that jazz musicians are more conservative than they—or we—usually think.

It may be that having so many other obstacles to overcome they don't want to add to their lives the difficulties with the public and the inner disturbances that surely must follow their acceptance of women in quantity as instrumentalists to sit and play beside them.

It may be that they don't want any more competition: jobs are still scarce enough.

It may even be that there just aren't that many talented jazzwomen, girls who can negotiate the horns in this tradition, in this idiom, as distinguished from the purely or impurely classical.

Whatever the reason or reasons, as long as any group of jazz quality remains unheard because of the sex of its members, it is a major loss to the jazz world and to the dignity of those who make it up.

English Pastry

New York — Members of the Count Basie band were mystified by the appearance of an LP titled *Basie in London*, with a cover picture showing Basie exchanging greetings with pearl-studded cockneys. Nobody in the band could recall having seen recording microphones at any of the London performances.

A closer listen revealed the facts, first tipped off some weeks ago by Pat Brand in the London *Melody Maker*.

Basie In London was recorded in Stockholm.

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Billy Taylor

(Continued from Page 16)

GARTERS: "I never wear them . . . although I used to."

LORENZ HART: "The greatest lyricist I ever heard. He wrote without using an extra word; he wrote in the simplest possible form. Most of the things he wrote had a direct relationship to life as he knew it. He stands so far above the others—Porter, Ira Gershwin, or Hammerstein. His lyrics seem natural; you're never aware of the technique involved. Rodgers has never written as well with Hammerstein as he did with Hart."

AARON COPLAND: "Like most composers of concert works, he has no conception of jazz, but most jazz musicians would do well to study his rhythms. His *Three Piano Blues* is horrible, as a blues."

BOB AND RAY: "They break me up. I think they're serving an important purpose, in poking fun at clichés."

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE: "It covers a surprising amount of territory. Many of its things are very well written. I'd like to see more musicians write in the jazz columns."

GOV. ORVAL FAUBUS: "I think he's as phony as many southern politicians are, using the double standard of living to further their own political ambitions. The most vicious thing they do is the harm they do to kids. The conscious warping of a young mind is a horrible thing to see."

JAMES P. JOHNSON: "He was the greatest stride piano player I ever heard. It's unfortunate that Fats Waller had more personality. I'd like to see some of his compositions — and they are compositions, not tunes — performed in today's context. Jazzmen of his era were more allied to classical tradition than many young jazzmen today realize."

CONTACT LENSES: "They must be painful, because I've known people who have worn them on TV and they don't like them. I'm told, by those who've tried them, that they're not comfortable to keep on. It's never occurred to me to try them."

JOHN MEHEGAN: "Despite the fact that I disagree with him in many areas of jazz, I like him very much as a person. We've had our discussions. I think he should compete as a pianist, not a writer, if he wants to be a jazz pianist."

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CALIFORNIA Berkeley: Bob Stewart, KPAS-1490, *Bob Stewart Show* (M-F 9 pm-mid., Sat. noon-6

Berkeley: Jack Dunn, KRE-1400, *Sunday Night Session* (10:35 pm-mid.); Phillip F. Broad, KPFA-KPFB-97.3, 94.1, *The Jazz Review* (Sun. 12-2 pm); Jazz Archives (W. 7:45-8:30 pm, F. 4-4:45 pm) Joseph Agos, *Modern Jazz* (F. 7:40, Tu. 4-4:40 pm) Hollywood: All Jazz Station, KNOB-FM. 108.1 (8 am-2 am daily); Bob Crane, KNX-1070, *Bob Crane Show* (M-F 6-8:45 am); Bob Kinstala, KGJ-1230, *Jazz Showcase* (M-F 5:30-6:30 pm); Gene Norman, KLAG-570, *Gene Norman Show* (nightly 10 pm-mid.); Pop Concerts with Stan Lawson, Richard Moreland, Jim Fitch, Jaha Strasser, KPLA-FM-104.3 (M-F 1-4 pm); Bill Stewart, KMPC-710, *Bill Stewart Show* (M-F 5:05-6 pm, M-Sat. 6:30-9:30 pm, Sat. 12:05-2 am, Sun. 2-8 pm, 6-8 pm); Jack Wagner, KHJ-920, *Jack Wagner Show* (M-F 1:05-3:30 pm); Modesto: Bob Hansen, KREE, AM, FM-970, 103.3 *Town Clock* (M-F 5 am-noon), *Jazz Gallery* (F 10:30-11 pm); Monterey: Johnny Adams, KIDD-630, *Jazz at Midnight* (M-Sat. mid-2 am); Jimmy Lyons, KDON-1460, *Discapades* (M-Sat. 3:30-4 pm); Sacramento: Glenn Edward Churches, KCRA, AM, FM-1320, 96.1, *Jazz, Rhythm and Blues* (nightly 10:16-11:20 pm, Sat. 10-11:30 pm) Glenn Churches *Show* (Sat. 8:30-1:30 am); San Francisco: John Hearty, KSAN-1450, *Showcase of Jazz* (M. W. F. Sat 2-5 pm); Jimmy Lyons,

KGO, AM, FM-810, 108.7, *Discapades* (Tu.-Sat. mid-2 am)

San Jose: Bob Custer, KLOL-1170, *Custer's Jazz* (M-Sat. 11 pm-mid.); San Mateo: Cliff Johnson, KVSM-1050, *Strictly From Dixie* (Sun. 4:30-5:30 pm) Santa Monica: Frank Evans, KDAY-1500, *Frank Evans Show* (daily 6-9:30 am, Sun. 8-10 am) Stockton: Walt Christopherson, KCVN, AM, FM-660, 91.3 *Something Cool* (AM) (Sun, Tu, W, Th 7:30-8 pm) *Rainbow in Sound* (F. 9-9:30 pm) Ventura: Frank Heines, KVFN-1450, *House of Haines-Jigger of Jazz* (M-F 10:30 pm-mid.)

COLORADO Boulder: Johnny Wilcox, KBOL-1490, *The Listening Post* (M-F 10:15-mid.) Denver: Bill Davis, KTLN-1280, *Cool Bill Davis Show* (M-Sat. 8-10 pm)

CONNECTICUT Bridgeport: Rocky Clark, WICC-600, *Rock 'n' Rhythm* (Sun. 4-4:30) Hartford: Mike Lawless, WPOP-1410, *Modern Sounds-Lawless of Large* (M-F 8:30-10 pm) New Haven: Tiny Martie, WAVZ-1300, *Tiny Martie Show* (M-F 3-7 pm)

DELAWARE Wilmington: Mitch Thomas, WILM 1450, *Mitch Thomas Show* (M-Sat. mid-1:30 am)

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FLORIDA West Palm Beach: Art Dunklin, WJNO-1230, *Art Dunklin's Open House* (W. 10-11 pm) *Uncle Dunklin's Record Room* (F 12:05-12m); Geoff Edwards, WEAT-850, *Geoff Edwards Show* (M-Sat. 6-9 am), *Geoff's Grottto* (M-Sat. 8-8 pm), George Simpson, WJNO-1230, 1230 *Jazz Club Jazz Workshop* (M-F 11:30 pm-1 am)

GEORGIA Atlanta: Jack Gibson, WERD-860, *The Sound* (M-Sat. 6:30-7:30 pm)

ILLINOIS Chicago: Bob Bradford, WCML-FM-101.9, *Jazz Personified* (nightly 10-mid.); Dick Buckley, WNIB-FM-97.1, *Waxing Hot and Cool* (M-F 7-9 pm); Ron Whiteley, WSEL-FM-104.3, *Gems of Jazz* (M-F 11 pm-mid.)

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INDIANA Fort Wayne: Bill Hauman, WKJG-1380, *Styliner* (M-F 11:05 pm-mid.); Bob Martz, WGL-1250, *Bob Martz Show* (Th, F, Sat. 10:30-mid., Sun. 9:30-mid)

Hammond: Earl Vieaux, WJOB, AM, FM-1230, 92.3, *Opus* 12:05 (M-F 12:05-1 am)

Indianapolis: Bennie Herman, WIRE-1430, *Niteclub* (M-Th. 12:45-1:30 am, F 12:45-2 am, Sat. 12:45-2:30 am)

Michigan City: Frank Saulino, WIMS-1420, *Frankly Modern* (M-Sat. 9-10 pm Sun. 6-7 pm)

Logansport: Mel Clark, WSAL-1230, *Nightwatch* (M-F 9:05 pm-mid.), *Jazz '57* (W-F mid-1 am)

IOWA Des Moines: George Fletcher, WHO-1040, *The Jazz Man* (Sun. 11:30 pm-mid.)

KANSAS Emporia: Joe McAdoo, KYDE-1400, *Jazz In The Night* (Sat. 10:15-11 pm) *Caravan* (M-F 7:35-9 pm) *Hi Fi Showcase* (Sun-F 9:05-10 pm)

Great Bend: Buddy Elsworth, Keith Knox, Randy Russell, KYGB-1590, *House of Wax* (M-F 9:30-10 pm, 10:30-11 pm)

KENTUCKY Lexington: Len Carl, WLAP-630, *Jazz Limited* (Sun. 10 pm-mid.)

Newport: Dick Pike, WNOP-740, *Jazz for '67* (M-F 2-3 pm)

LOUISIANA Baton Rouge: Ray Meadors, WROR-1260, *The Digger Doo Snow* (M-Sat. 2-5 pm), *Modern Music* (Sun. 4:30-8:30 pm)

New Orleans: Dick Martin, WWL-870, *Moonglow with Martin* (M-F 12:05-2 am, Sat. 12:05-1 am)

MARYLAND Baltimore: Kelson Fisher, WSID-1010, *Swing Party* (M-Sat. 6 pm)

MASSACHUSETTS Boston: Norm Nathan, WHDH-850, *Sounds in the Night* (M-Sat. Mid-5:30 am); The Rev. N. J. O'Connor, C.S.P., WGBH-FM, TV, WBUR-FM, *Jazz Anthology, Jazz Trends, Jazz TV*, (Sat. 7:15-7:45 pm, Tu. 8:30-9 pm, Th. 8:30-10 pm, F. 5:30-6:30 pm)

Cambridge: Greg Dickerson, WHRE-FM-107.1, *Jazz Entrée* (M-F 5:10-6 pm), Bruce Weisman, *Jazz '57* (M 7:10-7:40 pm); Bailly Atkinson, *Jazz Workshop* (Tu. 7:10-8 pm), Fred Stars, *Biography in Jazz* (Th. 7:10-8 pm), *Jazz Steamboat* (F 7:10-7:40), *Accent on Jazz* (Sat. 3-7:30 pm)

North Adams: Dave Kirkpatrick, WMNB-1230, *Record Rack* (M-F 7-9:30 pm)

Pittsfield: David R. Kidd, WBRK-1340, *The Story of Jazz* (M. W. F. 9:05-9:30 pm)

Springfield: Jack Frost, WSPR-1270, *The Jack Frost Show* (M-Sat. 7:30-11 pm); Joe Scalia, WMAA, AM, FM-1450, 94.7, *Society in Jazz* (M, W, Sat. 11:10-mid) *Jazz* (M,W,F. 9:05-9:30 pm)

West Yarmouth: Dan Serpico, WUCB, AM, FM-1240, 94.3, *Dan's Den, Music on the Upbeat* (Sat. 4-6 pm, 8-11 pm)

Worcester: John Carmichael, WORC-1310, *Knickerbocker All Night Show* (Tu.-Sun. 1-6 am)

(Continued next issue)



Thanks!

BG

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His Excelsior was especially important to him 20 years ago

If you are determined to reach the top, be like Art Van Damme. *Overlook nothing*—especially don't overlook the importance of playing the finest of artist accordions. Art discovered the Excelsior performance 20 years ago (see small photo) and has been playing Excelsior ever since. Today, he alternates between an Excelsior and his special jazz model electronic *Excelsiola*.

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 for 6 consecutive years



Gibson congratulates all the winners!

in the DOWN BEAT

21st ANNUAL READERS' POLL

ON THE GUITAR HERE THEY ARE:

1. Barney Kessel
2. Tal Farlow*
3. Jim Hall*
4. Johnny Smith
5. Herb Ellis*
6. Kenny Burrell*
7. Jimmy Raney*
8. Sal Salvador
9. Freddie Green
10. Laurindo Almeida
11. Les Paul*
12. Howard Roberts*
13. Mundell Lowe
14. Eddie Condon*
15. George Van Eps
16. Billy Bauer
17. Joe Puma
17. Chuck Wayne*
19. Don Hund
20. Barry Galbraith*
21. Bill Harris
22. George Barnes*
22. Dick Garcia*
24. Jean Thielemans*
25. Steve Jordan
26. Tony Rizzi*
27. Wilbur Wynne*



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in the COUNTRY & WESTERN JAMBOREE

3rd ANNUAL READERS' POLL

A GREAT BIG HAND FOR THESE "BESTS"

- Best Male Singer:* Faron Young*
Best New Male Singer: Bobby Helms*
Best Female Singer: Kitty Wells
Best New Female Singer: Patsy Cline
Best Dance Band: Hank Thompson*
Best New Dance Band: Miller Bros.
Best Show Band: Hank Thompson*
Best New Show Band: Bill Wimberly
Best Singing Group: Wilburn Brothers*
Best New Singing Group: Everly Brothers*
Best Sacred Group: Louvin Brothers
Best New Sacred Group: Porter Wagoner*
Best Male Sacred Singer: Jimmie Davis
Best Female Sacred Singer: Martha Carson
Best New Sacred Singer: Porter Wagoner*
Best Instrumentalist: Chet Atkins
Best New Instrumentalist: Larry Collins
Best Instrumental Group (less than six):
Flatt and Scruggs*
Best New Instrumental Group:
The Tennessee Two (Johnny Cash)*
Best Comedy Act: Homer and Jethro
Best Instrumental Record of 1957: "Under the
Double Eagle" (Hank Thompson)*
Best Vocal Record of 1957: "Bye, Bye Love"
(Everly Brothers)*
Favorite Regional or National TV Show:
Jimmy Dean and his all-Gibson gang of stars*
All-Star Orchestra
Hawaiian guitar: Jerry Byrd
Lead guitar: Chet Atkins
Rhythm guitar: Randy Hughes
All Time Favorite: Hank Snow



THEY PLAY GIBSONS

Yes, here's a great big hand from Gibson to all the music-making winners in both these popular reader polls. Gibson is happy to have had a part in the well-deserved success of so many of these players—both well-knowns and newcomers—who've made their mark this year playing Gibsons.

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