

COMPLETE COVERAGE OF THREE FESTIVALS

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muted jazz

Jonah and his OLDS

The muted jazz of Jonah Jones on his trumpet is a sound that's keeping the jazz world talking about that Jones boy—and listening for his every mellow, muted note.

It's Jonah—leading his group in the bright, easy-swinging Jones style and adding his own lyrical improvisations and off-beat accents—who fills Manhattan's *Embers*, packs Chicago's *London House*, and sells his Capitol LP recordings (how they sell!). "The group has reached the point where everything blends," says Jonah, "and we have our sound." What a sound—bright, irresistible, captivating, fascinating, subtly sophisticated.

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Jazz devotees who hear Jonah's muted Olds—and late at night his open horn—say no one sends them like Jonah.

Jazz like Jonah's happens only with an



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JONAH JONES QUARTET, Capitol Recording Artists

the first chorus

by Charles Suber

Shelly Manne leaned out of his second floor window of the faculty section and yelled, "Any drummers down there?" No answer came for several moments. Then one adolescent voice spoke up: "No, Mr. Manne, only one: you."

Actually there were 48 drummers among the 157 students gathered that Sunday afternoon at Indiana University for the beginning of the first Stan Kenton National Dance Band Camp. (See news section for complete story).

As soon as auditions were over on Monday morning, six bands were quickly formed on the basis of relative ability. By Monday afternoon, two hour-long band rehearsals were going strong, along with section and arranging classes. School was scheduled from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. but no one wanted to quit. Russ Garcia still had students knocking on his door at midnight with "just one more chart."

The only disciplinary incident came about as a trumpet section decided to take it from the letter "A" at 1:15 in

the morning. They were given felt mutes.

By Tuesday, it seemed that everyone was riding the crest of a long wave of enthusiasm . . . to the point of inspiration. It was hard to tell who was more excited, the students or the faculty.

Shelly Manne would come over and say, "I never worked so hard in my life but I think by Thursday I'll have all of them keeping good time. And that Laurindo (Almeida). It's worth it just to listen to him." Don Jacoby would shake his head and say in an awed tone: "That La Porta is too much. Did you hear that lecture on improvisation?" John La Porta put it so well to Kenton when he left on Saturday (he said good-bye at least five times): "I feel so far up that I'm afraid that anything for the next six months is going to be an anti-climax."

I felt so swept up in this atmosphere that I couldn't trust my judgment, so I invited a veteran newspaper man to go with me on Saturday morning for the "graduation" performances. When

the kids acknowledged their faculty with prolonged and tremendous applause, tears came to his eyes. As a matter of fact he was literally on the edge of his seat as the six bands played three or four numbers each of such arrangers as Slide Hampton, Russ Garcia, Maynard Ferguson and La Porta. Kenton couldn't sit still as the student arrangements were being performed. He just sat on the edge of the stage and grinned.

You could see the pride in the 90 kids who went over to French Lick on Friday night to watch the "red" band (the top rated) break it up at the Jazz Festival. And with only four days rehearsal.

What did the kids learn? Well, here is one example of one teaching another in between-class conversation: "You have to like this music so much that when you go to bed at night you wake up in the morning loving it even more." The other kid said he understood very well—and he did.

The best result of all was indicated when I asked one of our scholarship boys if he wanted to apply for Berklee this year. "No," he said, "not this year. I've just found out how much I don't know."



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down beat

VOL. 26 NO. 18

SEPT. 3, 1959

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

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Photo credits: Pictures of Jonah Jones on cover and Page 18, courtesy Capitol Records. Page 8, Quincy Jones by David P. Shelhamer, Duke Ellington by Popsie; Page 10, Popsie; Page 11, Hartley Alley; Page 12, Derek Evans; Page 15 and 16, Robert Steino; Page 21, Leonard Feather; Page 31, Aram Avakian.

ON THE COVER

One of the most spectacular financial successes in the middle land between pops and jazz in recent years has been scored by trumpeter Jonah Jones. Jonah, now in tremendous demand, is seen on the cover with his drummer, Harold Austin. His full story is told on Page 18 in an article by John Tynan and George Hoefler.

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(ADV.)

education in jazz

By Marian McPartland

During my appearances at various night clubs around the country, I am constantly being approached by young people anxious to know whether jazz can be taught, and if so, where they can go to study it.

I tell them first, that there are certain intangibles in jazz that cannot actually be taught but that I do know an excellent school of music where they can learn the basic elements of jazz playing, a school which has specialized in the field of jazz education and training since 1945.

This is the Berklee School of Music in Boston, undoubtedly the only school of its kind to offer such a wide range of courses to men and women alike, courses that include modern theory, composition, and improvisation, besides regular "jam" sessions.

I highly recommend Berklee to any young man or woman who is anxious to embark on a musical career. At Berklee one can work in a happy, relaxed atmosphere—there is a warm comradeship between students and teachers, which helps to develop students into mature, creative musicians. A prime example is the young Japanese pianist, Toshiko Akiyoshi, now studying at Berklee, who has attained great stature in the jazz field since her arrival in this country a few years ago.

There are many more top flight musicians, too numerous to mention, who are graduates of the Berklee School and I suggest that those aspiring musicians who would like to join them, should write for further information to Mr. Lawrence Berk, Director of the Berklee School of Music, at 284 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Marian McPartland

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chords and discords

The Anniversary Issue

. . . I was bowled over when I turned to Pages 34 and 35. Have non-musicians, or men who are primarily non-musicians, ever been so honored before? I don't recall any such instance. Certainly I have not been and I am, as you may imagine, immensely pleased (at being a Silver Medal Award winner).

New York

Charles Edward Smith

. . . I am very pleased and honored to have been selected for a Silver Medal award by the editors of *Down Beat*, and immensely flattered by its significance.

New York

Willard H. Alexander

I have just this minute finished reading the Anniversary Issue of *Down Beat* and the Newport Festival program which you prepared. They arrived in the same mail, and I want to say that this is by far the best issue of *Down Beat* in a long, long time, and that the Newport program is the best festival program I have ever seen, well worth binding and keeping permanently. Congratulations.

San Francisco

Ralph J. Gleason

P.S. And, of course, deep thanks.

(Ed. note: Mr. Gleason, as everyone must know, is the noted syndicated columnist whose articles on jazz appear in more than 25 newspapers.)

I have just finished reading your 25th Anniversary issue, and though I enjoyed a good deal of its content, I would like to register a couple of beefs.

First, nowhere in its 100 pages did I see the name of Ned E. Williams. I realize you consider your basic responsibility is to today's readers, but I do think that at least a mention could have been made of the man who for 10 of the most tumultuous years in *Down Beat's* history was its editor.

Secondly, even though I must say I am flattered to be named one of the men "who have made their efforts felt in recent times" in jazz in your Silver Medal Awards, I do think a number of us who were placed in that category, as well as the medal winners themselves, would be happy to have our names replaced by such as Bill Russell, the noted collector and historian; Milt Gabler; Barry Ulanov; Charles Delaunay, who did so much to build a jazz audience with his *Hot Discography* and tireless work in Europe, and Frank Hofbeind, who for more than a decade has operated the Blue Note in Chicago, the nation's premier club devoted to presenting every jazzman of merit.

Jack Tracy

(Former *Down Beat* editor Tracy is correct in thinking that we considered our primary responsibility to be toward today's reader. Many, many noted former *Down Beat* staffers—such as Mike Levin, Carl Cons, Dave Dexter—were not mentioned, except in passing. The issue was meant to reminisce about music, not necessarily about *Down Beat*, and to take a good hard look at the position of jazz today.

(The Silver Medal Awards specifically covered "men who have remained active"

in the jazz field "for at least the last 15 years." Thus some of the men mentioned did not qualify on these grounds. The awards also, and very specifically, did not apply to men in other lands. M. Delaunay, though one of the great contributors to jazz abroad, is only one of many. To cite one or two of these would be unfair to such men as Hugues Panassié, Max Jones, Steve Race, André Hodeir—who was involved in smuggling discs into France during the German occupation, if heroism for the cause of jazz is a requirement—Arrigo Polillo, and many others who, as we said, are unknown both to us and to Mr. Tracy.)

On Ernestine

I was going along pretty well with the July 9 copy of *Down Beat* when I came to Page 39 and the latest *Blindfold Test*. There, looking out at me, is one Ernestine Anderson, and she's saying things like, "I think June Christy has big ears, as they say in the trade. She hears very well." Yes, Miss Anderson, but June Christy sings very well, and her supposedly "big ears" could never become as big as her talent.

That Julie London and Helen Merrill are "nothing" singers is something that might not be known "in the trade." Miss Anderson hit the old nail on the head when she refers to the "bedroom quality" of their voice. That is precisely where they belong . . . in the bedroom. Not gracing the recording studio turning out such memorable sides as *Mad About the Boy*.

To keep up her perfect score, Miss Anderson voices her belief that Lurlean Hunter "can't make a bad record." O yeah! What really surprised me was that she didn't flip over the Jonathan and Darlene Edwards record. Somehow I thought she would really find that to be a wonderful and thoroughly rewarding side.

This was Miss Anderson's first *Blindfold Test*. I hope it's the last.

Bloomfield, N. J.

Renel Hagopian

P.S. How much is a one-way ticket to Sweden? If not for her, for me. There might just be room enough for both of our opinions here in the U.S.

(Check with your nearest travel agent, and Bon Voyage.)

Words for Lady Day

"My mother was 15, my father 18, and I was three years old when they got married." So says Lady Day in her book, *Lady Day Sings the Blues*.

But today Lady sings the blues no more. Tragedy surrounded Billie Holiday as an octopus surrounds its victim with its tentacles . . . (But) she wore it, tragedy, like a cloak of honor.

Even in the songs she sang, pathos reared its sentient head. The theme was invariably one of misuse: "My man, he beats me, too." "Jim never brings me pretty flowers." "Lover man, some day he'll come and he'll dry all my tears." The heart-rending *Gloomy Sunday*, and *Strange Fruit*. Happy songs, you ask? Sure, she sang them, but even these had an aura of gloom.

(Continued on Page 33)

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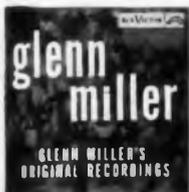
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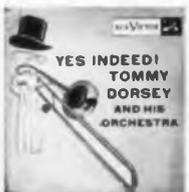
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116. Best of the 1940 (Butterfield, etc.) and 1945 (Eldridge, Kessel, etc.) Fives. Summit Ridge Drive, My Blue Heaven, Cross Your Heart.

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NEW YORK

Quincy Jones is beginning to shape up his 17 piece band to take on the road this fall. A debut performance is scheduled for September at Chicago's Blue Note, and the band has a reported two years' work ahead of it. Among others who will be in the band's stellar personnel are trombonist-arranger Melba Liston; Lenny Johnson, Benny Bailey, and Floyd Standifer, trumpets; Buddy Cattlett, drums; Jerome Richardson, flute (and 10 other instruments); Phil Woods, alto, Sahib Shehab, baritone; and Lester Robinson, trombone. The band has already recorded two albums for Mercury. Quincy, who returned to the U.S. last fall after an extended stay in Europe, will be re-united for one night with Dizzy Gillespie at the Randall's Island Jazz Festival. Quincy arranged for and rehearsed the band with which Diz toured the Middle East some time ago . . .



Quincy Jones

Della Reese has left Jubilee Records to join RCA-Victor on a long-term contract. She will be recorded by Hugo and Luigi, the independent pop record creators for RCA, who are considered the biggest thing in sound since Mitch Miller introduced the mule whip . . .

Dwike Mitchell and Willie Ruff have returned to New York after their triumphant tour of the Soviet Union. On top of their Moscow coup, they managed performances in Leningrad and in Lvov, in the Ukraine. Their mail, they report, was confiscated in Moscow, so that they were unaware of the sensation they had caused in the U.S. press. They attended the World Youth Festival in Vienna, but didn't play there. Ruff had his camera broken and the film confiscated during an altercation at one of the gates to the fairgrounds.



Duke Ellington

Duke Ellington record collectors are jealous of England's Queen Elizabeth. She has the only copy of Ellington's *Queen Elizabeth Suite*, recorded by the full orchestra on Columbia equipment for presentation to Her Majesty. The rare LP includes *Sunset and the Mockingbird* (based on a theme sung by a bird as it winged alongside Duke on a Florida highway), *Lightenin' Bugs and Frogs*, *Northern Lights* (as seen from Quebec city), *LeSueur Velour*, *The Single Petal of a Rose*, and *Apes and Peacocks* . . .

Elements of Newport, R.I., society are trying to put an end to jazz festivals there, because of the unruly youthful mob that showed up for Newport '59. Certain levels of society and several church groups are pressuring the municipal government to rule that the city's historic and genteel tradition is in jeopardy because of the influx of revelers. Meanwhile, the Newport Jazz Festival Committee is making ambitious plans to have the premiere of a new jazz opera at the Festival in 1960. The committee has also filed an answer to Elaine Lorillard's suit (see *Down Beat* August 6) against the Festival, saying that Mrs. Lorillard was given \$45,000 for

(Continued on Page 39)

music news

Down Beat September 3, 1959

Vol. 26, No. 18

NATIONAL

In the long struggle in which jazz has attempted to find its "true" direction, Dave Brubeck has become the sort of individual who is journalistically described as "controversial."

Brubeck's attempts to blend classical and jazz traditions have brought both praise and criticism — and Brubeck's own pointed insistence that the blending started well before his time.

Whoever started it, Brubeck advanced it by another considerable pace recently.

In Cleveland, performing with the Cleveland Summer Symphony (whose membership is largely the same as the regular Cleveland orchestra) the Brubeck quartet played *Brandenburg Gate*, a composition by Howard Brubeck, the pianist's brother. Dave describes the work as "impressions of Germany."

Does it refer only to the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin, or does it have some relationship to the Bach Brandenburg Concertos? Perhaps a bit of each, according to the pianist.

Brubeck was satisfied with what happened at Cleveland. "In the first place," he said forthrightly, "I enjoyed it. That's very important — that the artist enjoy the music he's playing. In the second place, the orchestra swung . . . In a way it was almost a concerto grosso. . . ."

A theme and variations, *Gate* featured an alternation of quartet and orchestra. The orchestra would play one of its portions of the work; then the quartet would improvise in the style in which the orchestra had been playing.

Some 3,500 persons heard the performance, and applauded it roundly.

After the performance, Brubeck pointed out that his quartet was not quite the first jazz group to do this sort of thing with a symphony orchestra. "Still," he said, "outside of Ellington, I think we're about the first."

"But first doesn't mean anything. It's who does it right."

EAST

Help from a Festival

On April 21, when the City Council of New York passed a resolution to set up a committee to inves-



DAVE BRUBECK

tigate all phases of the narcotics problem in the city, there was only one hitch: the committee was given no money to work with.

Nonetheless, the Special Committee to Investigate the Narcotics Problem, headed by the Hon. Earl Brown, went to work, and soon came up with some surprising information:

- According to available statistics, musicians are far down in the list of professions in which narcotics use is common. The biggest users: doctors.
- Fifty per cent of narcotics violations in the United States have occurred in New York City.
- On reason for the staggering New York figures can be found in the Bronx, where a large number of teen-agers are known to be "hooked."
- The narcotics problem is cost-

So They Say

Jonah Jones, on the use of shuffle rhythm in his music, "It really gets 'em. I get them in to hear me, and then I convert 'em."

Page 18

Leonard Feather, on the discrimination experienced by Negro musicians on jazz tours in the south, "The south must be eliminated from future tours." Page 21

Billy Taylor, of Louis Armstrong, "When you know the guy can still play like this, it's a shame not to play like this." Page 31

ing U.S. taxpayers an estimated \$200,000,000 a year.

The committee is continuing its investigation, hoping to educate the public to the idea that narcotics users are sick individuals who should not be treated as criminals. And this week it got a little financial help: \$1,000, presented by the Randall's Island Jazz Festival.

Randall's Island producer Franklin Geltman elected to present the check in the name of John Birks Gillespie, on Dizzy Gillespie night at the festival, Aug. 21.

Gillespie, a long-time fighter for a sane approach to the narcotics problem, said, "I am honored that this tribute is being paid to me. I also consider it a tribute to the memory of Charlie Parker and Billie Holiday."

The ironic touch in the situation is that although the statistics showed the music profession was one of the less involved in the narcotics problem (though it is among the most frequently accused), it remained for its members to come forward with a little hard cash to help solve it.

A Coda on a Blues

The end of Billie's blues evidently has not yet been heard: extensive litigation over disposition of the Billie Holiday estate began shaping up within days after the singer's death.

The money involved is considerable. Although Billie died with 70 cents in her bank account and only a few hundred dollars in cash, a figure that may run to more than \$100,000 is involved. Royalties on her last M-G-M album, released several months ago, may total \$30,000 in a year's time. Older albums that have become perennials bring in about \$20,000 annually, and there are royalties on tunes such as *God Bless the Child*, on which she had composer credits. At least a half-dozen reissue albums are in the works.

On top of that, there is likely to be money from the film version of her life story. She was offered \$50,000 for the rights to it before her death.

Who will claim the money? Billie's parents are dead, and she was estranged from husband Louis McKay. But informed sources are saying that, all of a sudden, relatives of the sing-



THE DEBUT OF JAZZ JACKSON

The young man at the drums is Duff Jackson, whose father, Chubby, is the famous bass-player-turned-children's show host. Duff, who has nicknamed himself Jazz Jackson, has only one ambition in life: to run away with Count Basie's band. Just five, Duff is showing remarkable talent as a drummer. Seen with him is seven-year-old pianist David Van Leer, who appeared with Duff on Chubby's *Little Rascals* ABC-TV show in New York.

er are popping up all over the place: cousins, sisters, aunts and uncles.

Thus, while Billie is at rest, her name is evidently going to be involved in a long, drawn-out court struggle over the money she didn't live long enough to use.

Behind the Walls

Lost in the shuffle of more famous festivals around the country, a far different and enormously satisfying jazz festival was held on a prison baseball field in Virginia near Washington, D. C.

The event was Lorton Reformatory's fourth annual jazz festival, and the performers were Ella Fitzgerald ("I really enjoyed it very much"), Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, Ed Thigpen, Herb Ellis, Lou Levy, Willfred Middlebrooks, Gus Johnson, Stuff Smith, Charlie Byrd, Keter Betts, and Eddie Phylfe. Emcee was Felix Grant, WMAL Washington jazz disc jockey.

The fact that the show was behind prison walls with only prisoners, guards, a *Down Beat* correspondent and a few other hangers-on in attendance, was not the only reason that this festival was decidedly different from most. For one thing, all of the musicians performed for free. For another, the audience was attentive throughout, and obviously deeply appreciative. And finally, all of the music was good.

After working regular jobs in Washington the night before, the musicians gathered at a Washington

hotel at noon and went to Lorton, about 35 minutes from Washington, by bus. As the bus moved onto the field, a prison combo, the Jazz Disciples, greeted the special guests boppily, and the musicians received thunderous ovations as they stepped off the bus and into one of the field's dugouts, which served as backstage. With no fuss or bother, Ella changed into a show dress in one corner of the dugout as several musicians created a temporary dressing room by holding up instrument cases and covers.

Following the opening set—an impressive demonstration of jazz on an unamplified concert guitar by Byrd—Ella Fitzgerald came on to give first-offenders and long-termers at Lorton some singing that will be long remembered. Ella was particularly impressive on the bright *Lady's*

Lending Library

Bob Share, administrator of the Berklee School of Music, announces that a special lending library has been set up by the school. Any school music director may borrow a complete score from Berklee by writing his request on a school letterhead and sending it to Share. The library is intended to make hundreds of valuable scores by top arrangers available to school dance bands.

Berklee's address is 284 Newbury St., Boston 15, Mass.

in *Love With You*, chorus after chorus of the blues (up), and *Angel Eyes*. During the ballads the prisoners in the grandstand sat as if entranced, silent save only for oohs and ahs of appreciation and surprise as Ella's voice glided into striking melodic nuances. "She sings like an angel," said an old trustee serving coffee and lemonade to the musicians in the dugout.

Stuff Smith, in snappy Bermuda shorts, proved again that a violin, in his hands, can swing mightily, and the Peterson trio rang a large bell loud and clear with a romping version of *Golden Striker*. All in all, it was a highly successful event, whether judged by musical standards or as a morale-boosting rehabilitation project.

Prison Chaplain Carl J. Breitfelder, who received a large ovation from the prisoners when introduced during the show, was the organizer of the show, although he was quick to say that the festival was originally created and developed by Donald Clemmer, director of the District Department of Corrections.

Except for Smith, Byrd, Betts and Phylfe, all the musicians were on tour in Washington with the Ella Fitzgerald show that week. Smith has been working in Washington since January at the Mayfair restaurant.

NARAS Balloting Starts

When the NARAS awards are handed out Nov. 29, the presentations will be made in style: on network color television.

Ballots for the 1959 awards by NARAS (National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences) were mailed in early August to all record companies and members of the academy.

There are 34 categories for awards this year. Last year, there were 28. Record companies have been permitted to nominate as much as 10 per cent of their 1959 output in each category.

Among the new categories is one for "best new artist"—defined as a performer who appeared on records under his own name for the first time after Sept. 1, 1958. Rock 'n' roll and folk music are in separate categories this year.

Eligible to vote are active members of NARAS—recording artists, musicians, singers, conductors, songwriters and composers, arrangers, engineer mixers, a&r mem. art directors, literary editors and recording documentarists. The academy is at present in the midst of a drive for new members in both its east and west coast chapters.

MIDWEST

A Camp for Learning

In the past few years, nothing has demonstrated the inadequacy of Top Forty programming as much as the dance band programs in the nation's high schools.

Helped by a new breed of young educators, kids all over the country, hungry for more substantial dance music fare than what they were being fed from radios and juke boxes, began to form themselves into bands. In many cases the bands were very good, in other cases even excellent.

How to co-ordinate and channel the young creative energies represented by these bands?

Two years ago, an altruistic Indiana dance promoter named Ken Morris had an idea. Why not set up a summer instruction camp for dance bands, comparable to the training camps in classical music at such places as Tanglewood and Aspen?

Morris broached the idea to Stan Kenton. Kenton was interested. But problems with the bandleader's booking agency blocked the project temporarily. Late last year, the agency had a change of heart, and Kenton was able to go ahead and make plans for a faculty.

With the help of fellow promoters in Indiana, Morris arranged bookings for Kenton in the area all around Bloomington, Ind.—home of Indiana University, where the first Stan Kenton National Dance Band Camp was to be held. Thus Kenton was able to take charge of the school and still keep his band working during the week of the camp.

On July 26, the camp got under way. Kenton had rounded up such ex-sidemen as Shelly Manne, Laurindo Almeida and Russ Garcia, who flew in from California to teach at the camp. In each case, it meant considerable financial sacrifice. But they did it.

But they were not the only teachers. The Conn Co. had lined up the services of Don Jacoby, band and trumpet instructor, and also contributed band and reed instructor Bud Doty, who is head of Conn's education service.

The faculty also includes Ray Santisi (piano) from the Berklee School; John La Porta (reeds and arranging); Tommy Shephard (band and trombone) from CBS-Chicago; Dalton Smith (band and trumpet) from Mississippi Southern College; and Dr. Gene Hall (dean of the camp), formerly of North Texas State College, now teaching at Michigan State University.



LA PORTA AND THE 'RED' BAND
At French Lick

The students numbered 157. They ranged in age from 14 to 56, and they came from 26 states and Canada. Six of them were girls, including the woman of 56 who said she had played "butterfly" piano in the 1920s and wanted to brush up. A house mother, provided for the protection of the girls, could have slept through the five days: she said she wasn't disturbed once.

Classes began at 8 a.m. At 9 a.m. there would be a demonstration or lecture—perhaps Almeida on guitar concert work, La Porta on improvisation, or Kenton on the professional aspects of the business.

At 10 a.m., rehearsal for six big bands assembled out of the student body would get under way. Students not assigned to the bands went into section or arranging classes. At noon, lunch, with Jello smeared on many a chart as it was passed around the tables.

Big band rehearsal resumed at 1 p.m. A lecture to the full student body came at 2:30 p.m. Rehearsals resumed at 3:30 and ran to 5 p.m.

After dinner, students and faculty were on their own. But no one left the grounds. Students continued to hover around teachers, seeking more and more information, late into the evening.

When it was all over, one of the teachers said: "Amazing. They were playing and learning things in a few days that usually take months to accomplish."

Said another instructor: "We gave the kids a high standard to hit, no condescension, no compromise with performance . . . and they loved it."

The culmination of the effort came at the end of the week—at the French Lick Jazz Festival. The best band from the camp, with four days re-

hearsal under La Porta's direction behind it, astonished audience, musicians, the press and George Wein. The youngsters were not even nervous. La Porta counted them off, and told them to blow. So they blew.

So successful was the camp that plans for next year's are already under way. The staff will be increased to 20, and the enrollment is expected to reach 300. To boost the program, *Down Beat* will greatly expand its scholarship program to offer a "revolving fund" from which students can borrow the money for tuition and expenses.

Still unsettled is where the camp will be held. Chances are it will be right back at Indiana U.

Music Fair for Chicago

Chicago is going to get another big musical blow-out this year—perhaps the most spectacular ever held anywhere.

During the 10 days from Nov. 13 to 22, Navy Pier will ring all day long with live music—jazz, pops and classical—in addition to the sounds from hi-fi and stereo equipment. Called the International Music Fair, the show is being organized by promoter Irving Stoller, who is acting as its executive director.

Record and hi-fi equipment companies will have exhibits at the show. Another feature will be a record *Hall of Fame*—an exhibition of mementoes from various dates that produced great records.

Stoller, who is booking the artists for the show now, expects an audience of 500,000 during the 10 days. If the fair is successful, he plans similar events in New York, Cleveland, Dallas and Los Angeles.

WEST

New Band Life for Avalon

Some 10 years ago, when the radio networks stopped broadcasting jazz music from the famed Casino ballroom in Avalon—capital town of Santa Catalina island off the southern California coast—it seemed to symbolize more than anything else the death of the band business.

Long the home ground of the Jan Garber band, the Casino had been visited by every important name orchestra during the 1930s and '40s, and the weekly network radio shot did much to popularize those bands.

In recent years, the Casino ballroom has housed during the summer months mostly small groups. Then, last year, the Santa Catalina Island Co., which controls the island's commerce (largely tourist business), decided to experiment for one season with a big dance band.

While business at the ballroom didn't boom, the general reaction to the Claude Gordon band during the summer of 1958 was overwhelmingly favorable. Heartened by this acceptance, management resolved to go it one better this year.

Last month, for the first time in a decade, there was a network (CBS) radio wire from Casino ballroom. Encoined for the season was the band of Jerry Gray, which is heard over 246 stations coast to coast every Thursday night. Gray, who celebrates his 10th anniversary as a leader July 25, is reported on good authority to be drawing a nifty \$3,250 a week for the band's Casino sojourn.

L.A. Unions Hassle Again

After a deceptive lull in the bitter war of attrition between the American Federation of Musicians and the Musicians Guild of America, the western front cracked once more last month with the new developments in the jurisdictional war that has been tearing at the loyalties of west coast musicians. Items:

● On the first anniversary of MGA's contract with the major motion picture studios (Allied Artists, Columbia, Walt Disney, M-G-M, Universal-International, Warner Bros., and 20th Century-Fox), AFM made an ambitious bid to regain its lost status as bargaining agent by filing a petition with the National Labor Relations Board for a new musicians' election. Within weeks the



DIG DANKWORTH

Johnny Dankworth and his band, after their successful first tour in the United States, are back in England, getting ready for their new Dig Dankworth show on the TWW network. Altoist Dankworth is seen here in rehearsal.

federation had withdrawn the petition because of shaky legal grounds and consequently lost another round to MGA. AFM will try again in April, 1960.

● Turnabout being fair play, MGA applied to NLRB for a musicians' election to decide whether the guild would henceforth bargain for musicians working in independent motion picture and television production, a field now controlled by AFM. NLRB gave the nod and ordered a collective bargaining election to decide the issue in the near future.

● A local union controversy in which MGA did not directly figure—for a change—is the disputed question of imposing work quotas on Local 47 musicians. The quota issue reared its head again this month when NLRB trial examiner William E. Spencer in Washington, D.C., threw out a complaint brought by NBC studio trombonist Joe Howard,

Man Here Does What?

Excerpt from a recent press handout by Barney McDevitt, publicist for pianist Joe Bushkin:

"As a composer, Joe wrote . . . 'The Man Here Plays Five Pianos,' recorded by Benny Goodman. The . . . number, incidentally, won the 1947 Esquire Magazine Award."

Who cares about getting the tune title correct; how did Joe make it from one stool to the next?

who charged that he had been denied opportunity to work a Verve record date on union-imposed grounds that he had already made two such sessions in one week, thereby filling his quota. Spencer's recommendation that the 20-year-old quota system be upheld by Local 47 came on the heels of a recent union board of directors decision to abandon the practice. Despite the NLRB examiner's recommendation, informed sources close to the Hollywood union saw little chance that quotas would be removed.

● The continuing battle against imported soundtrack in motion pictures entered a new phase this month when John Tranchitella, president of AFM Local 47, offered to throw picket lines around the entrances of theaters showing the picture *John Paul Jones*. Music for this film was recorded by British musicians. Demonstrating unusual unity-in-principle, Tranchitella declared that though MGA is bargaining agent for musicians at Warner Bros., which released the picture, at least the men and women employed in the orchestra, had recording been done in Hollywood, would have been Americans who need the work.

● On the legislative front Representative James Roosevelt (D., Calif.) introduced a bill July 30 in the House to insure that all imported film, soundtrack and recording would be clearly marked as to country of origin. The object of the bill is to make sure that importer, exhibitor and public realize immediately that the product they see and hear was not made in the U.S. Roosevelt's move ties in with a resolution introduced earlier this session in the Senate by Wayne Morse (D., Ore.) which requested an investigation by the finance committee of the economic effects on American musicians by cheaply produced foreign soundtracks.

Rumsey Spans a Decade

For the last 10 years, a beachside cafe and bar called the Lighthouse has been the enviable phenomenon of Los Angeles night-club operators. Located in the seaside suburb of Hermosa Beach, some 20 miles from downtown L.A., the club is probably unique in that it has been going full blast as a modern jazz room since May 29, 1949, and today can be

considered the west coast Mecca for jazz-loving tourists and local fans.

The successful business operation of the Lighthouse results from the level-headed acumen of owner John Levine and bass player Howard Rumsey, whose Lighthouse All Stars are internationally known, both as a group and as individuals. The partnership of Levine and Rumsey has proved ideal: John takes care of the cash customers; Howard caters to their musical tastes.

In 10 years, Rumsey estimates, the Lighthouse has had 156,000 customers, roughly 3,000 a week, sit and dig the sounds of his all-stars, the personnel of which through the years has included every major modern jazz man in California, and some, such as Max Roach, from parts east.

The fact that the Lighthouse continues to prosper, at a time when metropolitan Los Angeles jazz club operators are crying the cash register blues, is because of one basic economic factor: its proximity to L.A.'s giant International airport, second in the U.S. in number of incoming flights. Not only does the club do well from the tourist trade, Rumsey said, but it also has become a hangout for many airport employes and workers at a nearby giant aircraft plant.

The steady patronage of industrial workers and tourists, in Rumsey's view, accounts for the Lighthouse remaining open for business with a live modern jazz policy seven nights a week, 365 days a year.

For the jazzmen employed by Rumsey (Bob Cooper, tenor; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Vic Feldman, piano and vibes, Stan Levey, drums and Rolleiflex) the ozone-scented club is a base of economic operation for studio and concert work in the L.A. area. Rosolino, for example, is a regular member of the orchestra behind the 77 *Sunset Strip* and *M Squad* television series. Cooper is constantly on call for the *Richard Diamond* teleshow, and Feldman is a very live shell in the *Peter Gunn* pistol. Levey is practically house drummer at Norman Granz's Verve Records and makes the vast majority of Verve dates, as well as other Hollywood recording work.

After 10 years, Rumsey refuses to kid himself about the economic motives of his sidemen. "The annual income they derive from the Lighthouse," he said, "is just about one-half of what they make each year from outside sources."

Whatever the reasons for the obvious stability of his all-stars, Rumsey, who first came to jazz promi-



LIGHTHOUSE ALL STARS

Seen here, from left to right, are Frank Rosolino, Stan Levey, Bob Cooper, Howard Rumsey, and Vic Feldman. Rumsey's Lighthouse, where they operate, has been in business 10 years.

nence with his *Concerto for Doghouse* with the Stan Kenton band, cannot only count on their continued presence on the bandstand five nights a week (a relief group takes over Monday and Tuesdays), but also can rest easy in the knowledge that his gig is here to stay.

SF Gets All-Jazz FM

As AM radio stations continue to cater to "Top-40" listeners, the responsibility for adult programming has fallen largely to independent FM stations. One of the most independent FM ventures yet is the brand-new all-jazz station that operates out of a closet-sized back room in Berkeley, California under the call letters KJAZ. The hippest wave length in Northern California is owned and operated by a pair of remarkably confident young men who are convinced that the whole world will soon be jazz crazy, or at least enough of it to support 105 hours of jazz each week within a fifty-mile radius of their station.

The intrepid team is Pat Henry, 33, a jazz DJ of considerable renown in California, and Dave Larsen, 24, a precocious hard-sell man who received his basic training promoting for the Norman Granz empire. Engineer-promoter-disc spinner Henry and salesman-promoter-manager Larsen pooled their resources, bought a second-hand transmitter, erected a tower overlooking the bay, and opened their swinging doors to business on August 1.

Henry draws upon ten years of

jazz broadcasting in San Francisco (KROW) and Los Angeles (KNOB). Larsen, who worked with L.A.'s Sleepy Stein to put all-jazz station KNOB on the air in 1957, has been around radio since he broke in as a teen-age DJ in Minneapolis some eight years ago.

The new station offers "live" shows conducted by top local jazz jockeys Wally Ray, Jerry Dean, and Jeannie Blevins, in addition to taped programs put together by Leigh Kamman of Minneapolis, Father Norman O'Connor of Boston, and Frank Evans of Los Angeles. Semantist S. I. Hayakawa, jazz columnist Russ Wilson and C. H. Garrigues, and *Down Beat's* Dick Hadlock are also included on the roster.

The daily schedule offers traditional, mainstream, and modern jazz, *Jazz for Housewives*, *Dinner Jazz*, and latest releases. Weekends are devoted to *Jazz Off Campus*, *International Bandstand*, *Jazz Audition*, *Jazz Seminar*, and several interview-discussion shows. All programming will be jazz-based, including newscasts and Sunday's "religious" hour. Non-jazz sponsors, however, will be permitted.

Henry and Larsen, already thinking of other markets, view their project as a logical step toward a mass acceptance of jazz in America beyond what even professionally optimistic record companies and musicians dare to predict. The two youthful partners have, in fact, cheerfully wagered their own careers on the future of jazz.

Report on Three Festivals

No. 1—Toronto

By Helen McNamara

If the simply-named Canadian Jazz Festival—first festival outside the United States to be sponsored by the directors of the Newport festival and the Sheraton hotel chain—was a financial failure, there was no doubt that it was a considerable artistic success.

Held in Toronto, in the Canadian National Exhibition grandstand, from July 22 to 25, the festival featured most of the jazz stars who had appeared at Newport this year, along with several Canadian groups. American or Canadian, all the groups encountered such quiet, respectful audiences that even musicians had to admit the whole thing was a rewarding experience. Indeed, it is likely that the rapt attention of audiences was responsible for the inspired performances that persisted during the four-day event. Each concert, from the opening night on, when Count Basie, Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie, Gene Krupa and the Four Freshmen led off the parade, offered a dazzling array of jazz, piped through a magnificent sound system, a theater-type set-up that operates during the CNE's annual grandstand show in August and September. Every note of jazz was picked up with such amazing clarity that even festival director George Wein had to admit that it outshone the Newport setup.

Unfortunately—from the standpoint of Newport successes—the crowds were comparatively small. Only about 16,000 persons (most of them from Ontario and New York state) attended all the concerts, with the three matinees drawing only 200 customers each, even for Leonard Feather's *Seven Ages of Jazz* star-packed concert, easily the best organized program in the series.

If the festival returns again next year—and Wein says there is a possibility that it will—it would be wise to drop the afternoon shows. Unlike Newport, which attracts an out-of-town holiday-mood crowd that makes a point of attending every event, most of the Canadian customers were Torontonians who just can't get away from jobs or other daytime duties. Even the closing Saturday night show, which featured no less a star than that normally infallible box-office attraction, Louis Armstrong, culled only 5,000, the smallest crowd to attend the evening shows.

One reason for the meager turnout that night could have been the flow of weekend traffic away from the city. Most Torontonians make a point of getting as far away from the city as they can on summer weekends. Another unforeseen factor was the number of factories and firms that had closed down for holidays.

Except for rain that dampened the Thursday matinee and part of the Thursday night performance, the weather was ideal throughout. That first matinee was further marred by the non-appearance of the Maynard Ferguson band and the Toshiko trio. The Ferguson band couldn't make it because its instrument truck had caught fire in Waterloo, New York. Toshiko had been delayed at the U.S.-Canada border. Both, however, appeared the following day, which expanded the Friday concerts to enormous length. Since some of the programs ended as late as 12:30 and even 1 a.m. it became almost an endurance contest to hang on. Most of the crowd did.

Maynard was particularly happy to appear on a concert that also featured his old boss, Stan Kenton. Torontonians were delighted to hear Toronto vocalist Anne Marie Moss, who had recently joined the Ferguson orchestra. She had time for only one number, but it was enough to indicate

that her voice is an ideal complement for the band. And as Maynard said, "It was just a preview of things to come."

While the caliber of performances was uniformly high, there were moments of show-stopping excitement, generated chiefly by Jimmy Rushing and the Newport Jazz Festival Jazz Greats (Buck Clayton, Pee Wee Russell, Vic Dickenson, Bud Freeman, all of whom have a large Toronto following, Buzzy Drootin, and George Wein); the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross trio with Joe Williams and Count Basie's orchestra; the Dave Brubeck Quartet, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Louis Armstrong, looking and sounding better-than-ever on the final night.

It was almost impossible to pick out a bad performance by anyone, the only dissenting note being aroused by the off-hand manner of the Miles Davis sextet. Although the men played well, their disdainful attitude almost made one feel that the audience had strayed by accident into a private session.

But there was no cause for complaint in the outstanding performances by Marian McPartland, the Max Roach quintet, Ruby Braff's quartet, Sarah Vaughan, Ben Webster, the Jazz Messengers, Ahmad Jamal, Barbara Carroll, the Stan Kenton orchestra, and Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins.

The less known but extremely talented Canadian groups made an impressive showing. Except for the Mike White Dixieland band and the Moe Koffman quartet, which appeared on the Armstrong program, the rest had to appear on the poorly attended afternoon shows. These included the Georgie Arthur quintet and the Ron Collier quintet, who had the added disadvantage of appearing on that first rainy afternoon; the Peter Appleyard quartet, the Pat Riccio quartet, and the Phil Nimmons group. Since this a Canadian jazz festival, it's to be hoped that if the festival returns next year, the Canadians will be given a chance to display their talents before evening crowds.

Like Newport, this festival had its academic moments. Dr. Marshall Stearns lectured on the *History of the Jazz Dance*, with the help of dancers Al Minns and Leon James, providing one of the highlights of the festival. He also conducted a panel discussion on *The Effectiveness of Jazz as a Goodwill Ambassador*, with Leonard Feather, George Wein, Henry Whiston, a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation producer and *Down Beat* correspondent, James Magdanz of the U. S. State department, Willis Conover, and this writer taking part. The consensus: Jazz is an effective ambassador if its musicians are as diplomatic offstage as they are on. From a Canadian viewpoint, it was interesting to hear Whiston's comments on the effect of Canadian jazz abroad. He pointed out that CBC transcriptions of the Phil Nimmons group are being heard in Malaya and Pakistan, and there is a constant demand for transcriptions of Oscar Peterson's records.

A panel discussion on *Jazz Festivals and Their Value*, featuring visiting musicians, had also been scheduled. But its moderator, Father Norman O'Connor, was unable to attend and none of the musicians ever arrived for the discussion. Perhaps like so many others, they had been up too late the night before listening to the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross trio, who all week had been packing the Town Tavern, unofficial headquarters of jazz fans during this first Canadian Jazz Festival week.

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No. 2—French Lick

By William Peoples

The second annual French Lick Jazz Festival was a puzzler. It drew nearly 30,000 persons—about twice as many as the 1958 inaugural—but, curiously, the audiences were not as enthusiastic as they were last year. Nobody really broke it up as Ellington did at Newport this year.

Ellington, it is true, wasn't here. But many of the big names in jazz were. Along with some names that have as much to do with jazz as Blue Barron.

It was hard to tell whether the thousands who turned out for each evening concert were predominately square or appreciatively restrained. Or oppressed by the humidity that sometimes settles over Southern Indiana like a pall.

Nevertheless, there were heartwarming moments.

For one thing, the Kingston Trio's slick blend of neo-folk music and college-fraternity level patter failed to hit as hard as it has elsewhere and as hard as the festival promoters had expected. In fact, Stan Kenton and Ahmad Jamal got as strong a response from the audience as the Kingston bit, even though in a last-minute switch George Wein put the trio on last, in anticipation of a smash ending that didn't quite materialize.

There were other moments . . . the impressive performance of an 18-piece youth orchestra under the direction of John La Porta, which had been organized only five days before at the Stan Kenton Dance Band Council at Indiana University . . . The standing ovation an afternoon crowd gave clarinetist Tony Scott for his moving, funky playing of a blues he composed as a memorial to Charlie Parker . . . Another standing ovation for Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers on the same afternoon program (these were the only standing ovations of the entire festival) . . . the subtle but swinging configurations of the Chico Hamilton quintet . . . The driving force of the Count Basie orchestra when it was playing at the top of its bent . . . The real jazz feeling projected by the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross trio . . . And the disciplined power with which Roy Eldridge can still play



SARAH VAUGHAN

when he isn't trying to break the sound barrier for Norman Granz.

There were also moments that weren't so good, artistic and otherwise. The festival was marred by an element that was interested first in a Roman holiday and last in jazz.

Recalling Newport, drunken college-age revelers almost took over the corridors of the French-Lick Sheraton on Friday evening after the concert, and the lobby was a mess. This prompted the management to take special precautions for Saturday night—the big night, when a crowd of more than 11,000 descended on this quiet village of 2,000 souls.

Extra police details were called in, and Pinkerton men were scattered around the grounds and in the hotel. The hotel ruled that only registered guests would be permitted inside.

But this seemed only to provide the stimulus of a challenge to some of the more determined troublemakers, and they tried to push in anyway. A few windows were broken. A few people got slugged on the grounds. But on the whole the police lines held, and there was relative calm inside the hotel, though outside the bacchanalia continued until dawn.

Perhaps a certain amount of trouble of this sort is inevitable when you get 11,000 persons together for a ball. More difficult to comprehend was a general state of disorganization that afflicted the festival on Friday and Saturday.

Some artists billed to appear simply didn't show up, especially for the afternoon concerts.

On Friday afternoon, neither Ruby Braff nor Maynard Ferguson played as scheduled. Sonny Stitt and the Jimmy Smith trio carried the whole bill. After a contract hassle, Ferguson wound up opening the Friday evening concert instead.

On Friday afternoon, nobody showed up but a band from Cincinnati. People who came out expecting to hear Horace Silver, Toshiko, and Harry Edison will have to catch them some other time; the fans paid \$2.20 each for the privilege



THE MJQ AT FRENCH LICK

of sitting in the hot sun and listening to a group most of them had ever heard of.

On Friday evening, Miles Davis didn't go on as scheduled. Two members of his sextet didn't arrive in time, and he was rescheduled for the Sunday evening concert.

Liaison between management and publicity staff was evidently non-existent. Management had known 10 days in advance that Andre Previn would not be at the festival, but radio advertising went on saying that he would right up until the day of his non-appearance.

But enough of who didn't show up. As for those who did . . .

Thursday Evening

The Modern Jazz Quartet opened the program and, as usual, played with a certain delicacy—although they have played better—that was largely lost to a combination of poor miking and the lack of intimacy that is inherent in most large outdoor areas.

The George Shearing quintet followed with the same material Shearing was using 10 years. Philly Joe Jones (he and Shearing parted ways after the concert) provided the only sparkle to the entire Shearing act. Shearing, incidentally, didn't really gas the audience with his play for laughs between numbers.

Sarah Vaughan came on and sang adequately, with the



GEORGE SHEARING

octave-jumping technique that she still has a tendency to overdo.

And then Basie and the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross and Joe Williams took the release that carried the evening.

Friday

The honors were shared between the Eldridge-Hawkins-Helen Humes combination and Chico Hamilton. Eldridge and Hawkins proved that old jazzmen never die, even with the ragged support of a pickup rhythm section. And Helen Humes hasn't lost a thing to the years. She can still belt a blues with the best of them and she covered beautifully for the pianist who gave her the wrong key.

Maynard Ferguson's band worked hard and, at times, showed a glimpse of its real potential, but it has played better and no doubt will again.

The Chico Hamilton quintet, as noted above, was in good form and sparkled with wit and drive.

The Dukes of Dixieland . . . Well, what can you say, other than "horrible"? The guts of Dixieland is the fire of

spontaneity, and this group plays with a studied, mechanized denial of everything that the real article is. A little-known group from Dayton, Ohio—the Juvenile Six Plus One—made hash of the Dukes on the same program.

Dakota Staton sang with everything but feeling.

Saturday

Stan Kenton, playing with more authority and dash than he did at French Lick last year, quickly established rapport with the audience and stayed on for an hour. Ahmad Jamal's trio also was in a swinging mood. Jamal, although he may have certain cocktail-piano tendencies, is jazz-rooted and can play low-keyed but visceral piano when the spirit moves him. Israel Crosby's bass helped.

Chris Connor, listless and off pitch from time to time, would have been the disappointment of the evening but the Kingston Trio saved her by being even more unattractive. Entertainers they may be, but so is Ted Lewis, and it would be no less logical to have him on a jazz program. The Kingstons are clean-cut all-American kids, who would no doubt flip any fraternity party—especially since they lean on off-color material laughs between numbers—but jazzmen or folk singers they are not.

Sunday

Tony Scott and the Jazz Messengers carried the afternoon program, which got off to a biting start with the Dave Baker band from Indianapolis. This band has dynamic arrangements and two or three soloists who show promise. The Kai Winding septet, which is badly in need of some new material, was uninspired.

The evening concert was uneven. Jack Teagarden got things off to a pleasant, traditional start, but the Miles Davis sextet, with a goodly portion of the talent in the world, didn't get off the ground.

The Davis group's wispy mosaics were at times impressive to the attentive ear, but not often enough. Cannonball Adderly remains the tremendous technician but he still tends to the redundant—he hasn't learned that sometimes one note can serve as well as three—and Miles, who blew well, never acknowledged that an audience was present. He walked off stage so much that he left the same impression he had at Toronto.

Marian and Jimmy McPartland, Vic Dickenson, PeeWee Russell and Buck Clayton came on too, but they never really cut loose until they started backing Jimmy Rushing. Then, things were swinging for a while.

Sunday evening's performance was all jazz—no Kingston, no Dukes, nothing but jazz. And this provided an interesting comment on what causes drunken revelling at jazz festivals: the phony jazz fans, the kids who came only for the shallow fringe stuff, had all gone home, and only a true jazz audience remained. Their behavior was quiet and orderly. And the question this left in observers' minds was this: is it worth it to draw a couple of thousand more kids by using "popular" acts at a jazz festival when all they do is cause damage and discredit jazz? Eventually, it seems likely, if jazz festivals continue to get that kind of noisy reputation, the real jazz fans will hesitate to come. And that will be all, brother, that will be all.

Dave Brubeck's quartet ended the Sunday evening concert and the festival in a funereal mood that was hardly a fitting climax. Something in a swinging, down-home vein would have been much more suitable.

For, after all, this was a successful festival.

The mood Brubeck signed off with would have been more appropriate for the Toronto festival, which was a financial failure. This one wasn't. The only thing that stands in the way of a repeat of the French Lick festival is Sheraton's concern about coping with the virtually overwhelming crowds that turned out this year. It's a better than even money bet, however, that it will be in business next year.

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No. 3—Playboy

By Gene Lees

Long before the dust had settled, it was evident that the *Playboy* Jazz Festival was a success—financially and otherwise. To be sure, much of it had the superficial shine you can expect in mass-produced music. But there were some superb musical moments during the three-day Chicago show, above all the performance of Ella Fitzgerald, one of the most electrifying of her entire career.

Playboy claimed a total audience of 70,000 for the two matinee and three evening performances. Chicago Stadium was either sold out or close to it each night—meaning a nightly attendance of about 19,000. The audiences were well-behaved, and the scores of policemen stationed around the huge arena had little to do but listen to the music. Some of them even dug it.

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the festival was its high organization. A revolving stage obviated delays. When one group finished, the stage would turn and the next would go on. To put even more gloss on the staging, cue sheets—comparable to those used in radio and TV—were used. An added insurance against lulls was provided by a good pick-up house band, led by Henry Brandon, which played offstage music between some acts.

Much of the credit for this slick continuity goes to Don Gold, *Playboy's* jazz promotion director, who was largely responsible for the good programming of the festival.

This is not to say that the festival was esthetically impeccable. But there was not much that was in true bad taste, and the audience seemed fairly aware.

Musically, one of the most interesting segments of the festival was the Friday evening program that saw Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis playing within an hour of each other. Cross-comparisons were inescapable and they were made more engrossing by the fact that both men played close to the top of their form. Miles' work was full of the best of his unique poetry; Dizzy's was full of his fire and his humanity. Irrepressible, Dizzy took the audience in his hand with a grin, a cocked eyebrow, and some mad gesture, within seconds of coming on stage. Even Miles seemed in good mood. He came close to acknowledging that the audience existed; once he even smiled. No amount of incredulity from the profession will deny the truth: Miles smiled . . . and played beautifully.

The Dave Brubeck quartet had a considerable impact. The great cohesiveness that has come to the quartet since drummer Joe Morello joined it was much in evidence.

The Saturday afternoon performance was uneven. Duke Ellington opened well, then gave way to the wispy gentleness of the Jimmy Giuffre Three, whose subtleties were largely lost in so large a hall. The Signatures, a smooth and inoffensive pop vocal group, followed—and were followed in turn by the Dukes of Dixieland, for whom you can invent your own pejorative terms.

Then came the Oscar Peterson trio. So enormous was the swing of the trio that the audience of 5,000 seemed at the end of the set to be trying to stop the revolving of the stage by sheer force of applause.

Frank D'Rone, another pops artist, replaced the scheduled Bobby Darin and produced pleasantness. A great Ellington-Jimmy Rushing performance followed.

Count Basie blasted Saturday evening to a start. Don Elliott, backed by a Chicago group, the Ed Higgins trio, played a rather unexciting set, though he reached a real high point as he satirized various fellow vibraphonists.

The Earl Bostic Sextet played rhythm and blues type material, and the altoist's out-of-tune high-note endings and his gimmickry took the festival to its musical nadir. Jack Teagarden blew fresh, clean jazz back into the huge hall, and Don Goldie showed why he is one of the most talked-about trumpeters in traditional jazz today.

The Ahmad Jamal trio followed intermission. Jamal played well, though the virtues of his subdued approach remain debatable. It was at this point that Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, backed by Basie, added another to their list of festival triumphs.

The Stan Kenton band opened Sunday afternoon. The Kenton rhythm section worked with a real unity, much of the credit for which went to the excellent bassist Carson Smith.

Nina Simone followed. Miss Simone plays unimpressive and often pretentious piano, but she is a remarkably communicative singer. She has blended elements of folk, jazz and pop singing into something fresh and promising.

Singer David Allen provided a considerable change of pace. One could argue that Allen is not a jazz singer and therefore has no place in a jazz festival. But he is a very, very good singer and he belongs in such a show much more than a Kingston Trio.

The Austin High Gang followed. At the last minute, cornetist Jimmy McPartland invited George Brunis to add his trombone to the group. Until then, the group had been playing lifelessly. Perhaps it was merely warming to its work, but Brunis made an astonishing difference. The emotion-steeped reunion of these historic artists produced a wonderful performance of traditional jazz.

Sonny Rollins, though using a pickup group (bass and drums) played with consummate ease and his usual complete technical command, along with astonishing resources of harmonic and linear ingenuity. The Four Freshmen followed, and were bland.

Kenton opened the evening set. Then J. J. Johnson played excellent trombone, but without the solid backing he deserved from the members of his quintet. The brilliant set by Ella followed.

Miss Fitzgerald displayed a technical facility beyond anything heard even in her formidable past. Her scat choruses (backed by Lou Levy, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Wilfred Middlebrook, bass; Gus Johnson, drums) were fabulous. Thing of the best you have heard from her and double it. She got the festival's one standing ovation.

Coleman Hawkins, backed by the Ed Higgins trio, had the unenviable task of following her, but survived it creditably. Chris Connor had the even less enviable task of following both of them. Red Nichols and his Five Pennies were interesting and good, and Louis Armstrong was in good form—but still no topper for Ella.

If the festival pointed up any moral, it was that festival audiences can be well behaved. This may be due to the fact that there were no collegiate attractions. It may be because so many cops were on duty. And it may be simply that a big city is more capable of absorbing and dissipating the energies of a huge crowd than a small town.

Playboy has plastered Chicago with posters and had advertised heavily for weeks. The economic success of the festival established that good music, if given the kind of high-pressure hoopla normally applied only to soft drinks, underarm deodorants, and toothpastes, can sell as well as bad. Everyone would be wise to remember it.

The Belated Success of Jonah Jones

A swing-era trumpeter is winning 'converts' for jazz

By John Tynan and George Hoefer

One of the most consistent rationalizations used by a&r men to cover up for some of the rampant commercialism they produce is that they are somehow doing a service for music.

This excuse is particularly applied to rock 'n' roll, which, it is claimed, is creating a new audience among the young, who will later become fans of jazz. This apologia is offered despite history, which shows that, in all cultures, when youth is raised on trash, it has a curious tendency to develop a taste for trash.

One of the hottest commercial properties in America today, but one for whom no apology is necessary, is a husky, contented, middle-aged trumpeter named Jonah Jones. Jonah is creating a new audience for jazz, and thereby doing a service even for those who consider themselves too hip for his kind of music. (Notably, you're not likely to hear that kind of comment on his playing from musicians, among whom he commands great respect; only from fans, whose judgment of music is often likely to be more austere and high-toned than that of the men who have to make their living from it.)

Jonah has stepped in to fill a gap in American music, to become the liaison man between the neophyte and the hard core of the American art form. And wherever he plays—whether it's Detroit, where he was a few weeks ago, or Monaco, where he is at the moment, or Las Vegas, where he'll be in a couple of weeks—he hears the same kind of comment.

Husbands and wives come in to say: "My 12-year-old boy just loves your music, and now he's getting interested in other jazz too."

Or: "I'd lost interest in jazz al-



together until you started making those Capitol records."

Jonah explains his seductive approach with a quiet chuckle: "That shuffle rhythm gets 'em. They think it's rock 'n' roll. I get them in to hear me, and then I *convert* 'em."

It is one of the occasional examples of justice in the music business that Jonah Jones, after years of work as a musician whose reputation within the profession was equalled only by the indifference of the public, is making a bundle of money in the process of "converting" people. "It's all so beautiful," said Jonah, "and my wife and I are so happy about it. It's as if it's making up for all the bad years. Now, I just want things to go on being nice."

Things started being "nice" for Jonah when Dave Cavanaugh, Capitol Records a&r man, signed the trumpeter to a contract on Christmas Eve, 1956. He had known Jonah since 1936. Jonah had played with a vast variety of bands before he got his break.

He was born in Louisville, Ky., in

1909, and christened Robert Elliott Jones by his parents. The nickname "Jonah" was hung on him by friends. In Negro slang, it meant a hard luck guy, a nebbish, someone with a hex on him. Until three years ago, the name fit him well.

Louisville, because it is a river town, in the days of Jonah's youth was something of a jazz center, though the memory of its eminence in jazz has long since faded. Jonah was able to hear the bands that played on the boats plying the Ohio River.

By the time he finished high school, Jonah had learned to play a trumpet and thought it was time to land a job with a riverboat band. On a fine spring day in 1929, he boarded the paddle steamer *Island Queen*, and went to work with Wallace Bryant's dance band. All that summer, they made the trip back and forth between Louisville and Cincinnati, 110 miles up river. When fall came, Jonah went ashore—and stayed there.

But already he had a small reputation. Fletcher Henderson's younger

brother, heard a offer ar Cleveland the band Wesley

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Jonah p recordings York. He Teddy W and Lion Waller, h vocals ou material : which in routine w Clark.

But the Blue I Hotel in Beat Club Jonah cau were burn ing. 1940 were the o instrument

brother, Horace, who played piano, had heard about him. He made him an offer and Jonah joined the band in Cleveland late in 1929. He stayed with the band a few months, then went with Wesley Helvey's band.

A short while later, Jonah was summoned to join Jimmie Lunceford. The band was in the process of moving its base of operations from Memphis, Tenn., to Buffalo, N. Y. They had been making records for Victor and they were ready to try for the top time. Jonah worked with the band for about a year in the Buffalo area.

It was in Buffalo that he came to know Hezekiah Smith, better known as Stuff, who was playing his brand of hot violin in a small Buffalo club. Jonah decided to join Stuff's group. It was hard for him to leave Lunceford; he had a vast respect for the Harlem Express. But at the time, neither Stuff's group nor Lunceford's was making it. And, of the two, Jonah felt that Stuff might offer the better chance.

Again he was Jonahed:

Stuff paid him only a few dollars a week more than Lunceford had paid, and Jonah's creditors were getting nervous. Later Jonah said: "Jimmie called me several times to come back, but I insisted on sticking with Stuff and his zany fiddle."

And what happened? Lunceford landed the biggest job in jazz at that time: the Cotton Club in New York. "Those cats were in the Cotton Club, broadcasting nightly on the radio," says Jonah, "and I was up in Buffalo, monkeying around for peanuts and no fame."

Still, Jonah stayed with Stuff from 1932 until 1935, when he left the group to play with the then-fading McKinney's Cotton Pickers on a long road tour. He rejoined Stuff in 1936 for a four-year hitch, during which he became known as a comedian, a foil for the antics of the madcap violinist.

Jonah got his chance to be heard on recordings when the group was in New York. He cut a number of discs with Teddy Wilson, the late Billie Holiday, and Lionel Hampton. But, like Fats Waller, his ability to perform comic vocals outshone his playing. They did material such as *Ferdinand the Bull*, which involved a matador-and-hull routine with tenor saxophonist George Clark.

But they played many good clubs: the Blue Fountain Room in the LaSalle Hotel in Chicago, and Carl Cons' Off Beat Club. At the Off Beat, Jonah's Jonah caught up with the group; they were burned out on New Year's morning, 1940. Jonah and George Clark were the only ones who didn't lose their instruments. They had taken them

home after the night's festivities.

The group managed to recoup its losses at the New Onyx Club in Hollywood. After that, they went to New York (in April, 1940) to open at the Hickory House on 52nd St. Stuff made some records for Eli Oberstein's Varsity label. They weren't very good, but one side did show Jonah off to advantage. It was *Crescendo in Drums*, and it featured Jonah on solo horn.

At that time Jonah also made some records with a Decca studio group under the direction of Lil Armstrong, ex-wife of Louis. On the date with him, besides Lil, were Don Stoval, alto saxophone; Wellman Braud, bass; and Manzie Johnson, drums.

But by now Jonah was growing tired



THE ANTICS
in the days with Stuff

of having his horn obscured by the countless antics of the Stuff Smith group. And though he stayed with it during the remainder of 1940, in March of the following year he gave his notice so that he could join the new big band being organized by Fletcher Henderson. They went into the Roseland Ballroom in New York. It was to be Fletcher's comeback after the years of devoting himself to arranging for Benny Goodman. But the band didn't catch on.

In the meantime, Jonah had made some records with the Benny Carter band. But once again he was given a comedy role: Carter waxed *Sugar Blues*, and Jonah had to do the Clyde McCoy take-off.

Later in 1941, Jonah joined Cab Calloway. He was to spend the next 11 years with the band, working beside such men as Tyree Glenn, guitarist Danny Barker, altoist Hilton Jefferson,

tenor man Foots Thomas, and trombonist Quentin Jackson. Here again luck was not with him. He was completely overshadowed by a spectacular young trumpeter named Dizzy Gillespie.

Dizzy left Calloway after a year, but it was not until 1952 that Jonah parted company with Cab. The swing era had come and gone, and one of its most personable and individual trumpet players had remained buried in big band sound and irrelevant comedy routines...

AFTER THAT, life was uncertain for Jonah. He worked for a short time with his old friend Stuff, at the Onyx. He tried the quieter atmosphere of the Embers with pianist Joe Bushkin. Then he spent a short period on the road with the Earl Hines sextet (other personnel: Bennie Green, Osie Jonson, and Aaron Sachs). In 1953, he worked for a while in the pit band of the *Porgy and Bess* revival.

In 1954, Jonah went to Europe to play with Gerry Mulligan and Thelonious Monk at the Paris Jazz Festival—although, interestingly, he has never been asked, right up to the present, to play at any of the flourishing jazz festivals of America. At the Paris Festival, he became the central figure in a minor controversy. "They put me in a Dixie group," Jonah recalls, "but the modern cats wanted me. But I said I was a swing player who could bend either way, and so it worked out all right."

While he was in Paris, Jonah made some discs for the French Vogue label. He was co-starred with the late Sidney Bechet. This material was issued in America on a Good Time Jazz LP. It shows, among other things, that Jonah was one of the few horn men Bechet respected; he gave Jonah plenty of solo space, which was not exactly typical behavior for the soprano saxophonist.

When Jonah got back to New York, he felt "kind of down". Where did he go from here? The question continued to dog him.

ONE NIGHT in 1955, friends of George Wettling held a birthday party for the drummer at the Stuyvesant Casino. After several sets of non-descript Dixieland, Jonah, Jimmy Rushing, and several other musicians of swing era orientation got on the stand. Wettling himself played drums, making the indisputable point: "Who the hell's birthday is this?" The group broke up the party, and after the session, a *Down Beat* writer commented to Jonah that someone should pick up the swinging group that had just come off the bandstand and do a package tour with it. Shortly afterwards Jonah formed his own group.

He hired John Brown for bass, Bill

Austin, piano, and Harold Austin, drums, and the group went into the Embers.

Just how discouraged Jonah felt at the time can be judged by a recent comment. "I was about ready to quit. I was thinking about getting a day job, like Hilton Jefferson and some of the others, and putting my horn away. You know, just get it out weekends, for enjoyment. Then the Embers thing happened."

The "Embers thing" was a one-week engagement that stretched into 12, and the first flush of Jonah's success. It was also the start of what was to become known to an increasingly large following as the Jonah Jones sound.

That sound was, in a sense, an accident.

The Embers is a mink-lined bistro on Manhattan's toney upper east side. It has a clientele that tends to frown on any music a fraction above *mf*. So Jonah was asked to mute his horn. He resisted using a mute at first. He feared it would dilute his tone. But he gave in, and today he sports a collection of seven mutes, including a bathroom plunger.

From this point on, Capitol a&r man Cavanaugh (who shudders at the suggestion that he "discovered" Jonah) tells the story best.

JONAH WAS working with Stuff at the Famous Door on Vine St. in Hollywood when I first met him," Cavanaugh recalls. "I was an active musician at the time. Sunday was my night off. I'd either go down to Main St. to hear Lionel Hampton, or the Famous Door to dig Jonah and Stuff.

"After that, I kept track of Jonah when he went with Calloway. Later on, when he first opened at the Embers, I used to drop in whenever I was in town."

Cavanaugh saw the possibilities in what Jonah was developing. He signed the artist to a long-term contract, and subsequently has supervised all his recording dates. But even Cavanaugh was astounded at the sales of the trumpeter's albums. The first LP, *Muted Jazz*, was an enormous hit. *Swingin' on Broadway* followed. Then came *Jumpin' with Jonah*—all hits (Capitol won't give the exact figures). None can be any stretch of the imagination be called hard jazz. But all the albums are relaxed and pleasant listening, and perhaps the most remarkable single thing about Jonah's success is this:

His discs have been perhaps the first records by a good instrumentalist to become juke box favorites since the end of the so-called Big Band Era. As such, they may signal a shift in American popular music tastes—a shift very much



The inevitable hat: he always wears it to record.

for the better.

What is the reason for the success of Jonah's albums?

Says Cavanaugh: "Jonah simply plays a type of jazz that's very commercial. Perhaps the word 'commercial' is not quite the right word here, because of its derogatory connotations. But Jonah's jazz appeals to the kids.

"The way I look at it, all kids want to be like older people, and they set models for themselves. For example, the high school kids today are modelling themselves after the college set. And if the college set goes for a particular type of music, then the high school kids follow suit by emulating their models. In Jonah's case, this means big record sales."

Jonah's not sure it's so simple.

"I can't put my finger on it," he says. "The people seemed to be ready to accept this kind of music. Even myself, I didn't think *On the Street Where You Live* would be a hit. I thought any of the others in the album, such as *My Blue Heaven*, might have made it, but not that one."

"The public doesn't know what it wants till it hears it.

"I think that in music you can reach a happy medium. You have to play something they like, every night. You can still get your kicks doing it. On *Street*, I play mostly melody, but I slip in some little things too . . .

"You have to give them something they can tap their foot to. And you've got to sell your music. If you're not going to sell it, you might as well sit in a room and play for yourself. Too many people now play as if they're saying, 'I don't want anybody to know what's happening but me.'"

"But I understand it. You couldn't tell me anything when I started, either. I know how the young musicians feel.

But the sooner they learn, the better.

"They need experience, a lot of them. I've played Broadway shows, and even played with guys like Lester Lanin in one of those society bands. And you know who sat beside me? Urbie Green and Big Chief Moore. After all, it was a gig. We sat there and played what they wanted. Believe it or not, you learn something, even from that. You learn about how to change your tone so it will blend, and a lot of things."

STRANGELY ENOUGH, this burst of success hasn't changed either Jonah or his way of life. "My wife and I live about the same as we always did. I'm not home much, but we're used to that. With Cab, we'd go out on the road and be gone six months.

"My wife can travel with me sometimes, of course. The kids are all grown up, or they're growing up." (Jonah's four children range in age from 16 to 24.)

One of the places Jonah has been able to take her is Monaco, where he is playing at the moment, in a place called the Sporting Club. He's there for three weeks at the personal invitation of Prince Rainier.

"A guy walked into the Embers one night," Jonah said. "He said, 'I've got a cable for you. Prince Rainier has asked for your group.' I thought he was putting me on, so I said: 'Sure, tell him we'll come right over if he can get the bread together.'"

"Then I found out he wasn't kidding."

Jonah plans to go to Paris for a week before returning to America.

"I want to show Paris to my wife," he said. "I thought we were going to loaf around for a week there, but it looks as if I'm going into the Blue Note."

After that, he'll return for a series of engagements that includes the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. Then the group goes into rehearsal for a Fred Astaire TV spectacular, similar to the one Jonah and his group did with the dancer last fall.

The show is likely to enhance Jonah's position in American popular music even further. For it was his appearance on last fall's show—which later took nine Emmie awards—that put the cap on Jonah's bright new career.

"I never dreamed I'd reach this height of popularity," Jonah says. "If I'd been younger and not known how hard it can be, I might have got chesty. But now it's just nice, and I feel so good about the things that have happened to me."

Comments Dave Cavanaugh: "Leo Durocher used to say, 'Nice guys finish last.' Well, this is one time that a real nice guy is finishing first. It couldn't have happened to a better cat." ■

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Life on a Jazz Tour, U.S.A.

An intimate
look at trials
and problems
'on the road'

By Leonard Feather

(Ed. note: As fall approaches, plans are being confirmed for various jazz tours. In addition to the probable regulars, there will be a Newport Festival tour, starting Sept. 3, and another tour organized by Ed Sarkesian. To give its readers some feeling of the flavor of one of these tours, Down Beat presents the following article by Leonard Feather, written after a tour last year.)

For 24 days last fall the bus was our only constant home. For the first time I could observe the United States from the viewpoint of the one-night stand. I was on a typical jazz concert tour.

When a group of jazzmen appears in your city for a concert, you may wonder who and what brought them there; what they were doing last night and earlier today, where they are bound for tonight and tomorrow, and possibly, if they sometimes don't live up to their reputations, why they didn't perform as you expected. The 24 days on tour with Jazz for Moderns offered some answers.

The names and occupations of the bus inhabitants will serve to show what and who comprises a touring unit. (The bus personnel varied from day to day, as Dave Brubeck, the Four Freshmen, and others occasionally took a plane.)

THE BACKER: Ed Sarkesian, an amiable, honorable, nervous man from Detroit, bought the talent for the show, signed contracts with the booking agencies, and made deals with individual promoters to stage the concerts in each city. In a couple of cities, Sarkesian himself rented the hall and promoted the show.

THE BOOKER: An absentee partner, Associated Booking Corp., which



EN ROUTE

Ross Barbour of the Freshman; Sunny Rollins reads over Don Barbour's shoulder.

serves as regular booking agent for all the artists involved (except the Freshmen, who are with General Artists) and was responsible for lining up and routing most of the bookings. Sarkesian booked a few himself.

THE ARTISTS: Dave Brubeck quartet, the Four Freshmen, Maynard Ferguson and his band (at that time, Bill Chase, Jerry Tyree, Larry Moser, trumpets; Slide Hampton, Don Sebesky, trombones; Jimmy Ford, alto; Carmen Leggio, alto and tenor; Willie Maiden, tenor; John Lanni, baritone; Bob Dogan, piano; Jimmy Rowser, bass and Frankie Dunlop, drums), and the Sunny Rollins trio. Ferguson's wife was on the bus during half the tour. One or two other wives or girl friends also traveled with us briefly.

THE MANAGEMENT: "Honest John" Srabian, Sarkesian's partner, who concerned himself mainly with the sale of the \$1 souvenir programs at each show; Mort Lewis, Brubeck's manager, who edited and produced the souvenir programs and assisted in the staging of the show, and Rick Gibbons, another Detroit, who worked on stage lighting for the Freshmen, sold programs, and handled other jobs.

THE DRIVER: Joe Walus, of the Raritan Valley Bus Co. of Metuchen, N. J., from which the bus was rented. An invincible, untirable, invaluable cat.

EMCEE: Leonard Feather.

It can be seen that the bus had to

hold up to 30 passengers as well as three basses, two sets of drums, thousands of programs, clothes, instruments, etc. Let's just say that we were as comfortable as circumstances allowed.

Here are a few day-by-day observations:

SATURDAY — The tour began yesterday as we took the bus from Columbus circle in New York City to Symphony hall in Boston. Tonight, at Smith college in Northhampton, a panic: Ross Barbour of the Freshmen was taken ill, and the hospital wouldn't release him. "Only the third time in 10 years that this has happened to us," moaned Freshman Bob Flanigan. Result: no Freshmen for the Freshmen-frantic Smith college students. To fill time, Rollins played a number with Ferguson's band.

SUNDAY—We were booked tonight in Allentown, Pa., in something called Agricultural hall, compared with which the Holland tunnel would be a model of acoustical perfection. Sound problems aside, there was an upright piano in such condition that Brubeck concentrated on numbers featuring Paul Desmond.

We were all happy to get out of Allentown.

MONDAY—Yesterday I asked Gene Wright, Brubeck's bassist, if he was growing a beard. "No," he said. "I just decided to let it grow until we do a bad

Continued on Page 36

out of my head



By George Crater

Did you hear about the cat who was cleaning his alto with *Mr. Clean* and *poof!* . . . it turned into a bathtub! You hadda be there . . .

A good indication of how much Dwiki Mitchell can cook is *Foggy Day* on the first Mitchell-Ruff Epic LP . . .

Does *anybody* use the hair-tonic and cologne they have in nightclub men's rooms?

. . . but I like Ira Gitler . . .

When Previn-Mitchell-Manne record the jazz score to *JB—I quit!*

Will somebody tell me what clarinetist Owen Engel does between his yearly World Jazz Festivals . . .

How come the State Department's so hip?

Wouldn't it be wild if they hired Gene Krupa to star in the *Sal Mineo Story*?

No reflection on the man's trumpet-playing, but I'd sure be a little hung up saying, "*Hi, my name's Dizzy Reece*" . . .

Tony Scott asked Earl May, the bass player, if he'd make an around-the-world jazz tour with him, and Earl sleepily replied: "Crazy! Just as long as it isn't out of town . . ."

deebee's scrapbook #16



"Like, good evening, Mr. Murrow . . ."

ED SHERMAN

Pssttt! Anybody wanna buy a picture of Erroll Garner?

A few years back a new, fresh, exciting band was scheduled to open at Birdland. But a day before the opening, all the band's arrangements were stolen, and all looked hopeless. Count Basie came to the rescue and volunteered his entire book to the dejected young bandleader. Comes opening night and the band sounded horrible. Midway through the evening, the bandleader went into a long, humble spiel about how *a great guy, Count Basie had been kind enough*, etc., etc. He capped this (after slaughtering Basie's charts beyond description) by introducing Count and saying: "Count, is there anything we can do for you?" Only a few heard Basie's muttered reply: "Hell yeah . . . you can give me back my arrangements."

I've heard of east coast jazz, west coast jazz and Afro-Cuban jazz. But will somebody please explain to me *what is Middle-East jazz?* I can't get that Lateef cat on the phone . . .

The 52nd Street Boys, a softball team made up of New York jazz musicians, confuse hell out of teams like I.B.M. and Standard Oil when they start shouting signals to hitters and base runners. Seems nobody at I.B.M. knows what *cool it, crazy, split and wail* mean.

Don't look at me, I dig Frank Sinatra . . .

It looks like Delmar Records scores again. They're going to get 324 alto flute players all named Frank and record them in the *men's room* at Soldier Field. Tentative title for the album is: *324 ALTO FLUTE PLAYERS ALL NAMED FRANK PLAYING ALTO FLUTES IN THE MEN'S ROOM AT SOLDIER FIELD*. If this album proves successful, the Delmar execs will get 324 *girl* alto flute players, all named Phylis, and record them in the *ladies room* at Soldier Field.

One of the most beautiful records I've ever heard in my life is an old single on Triumph Records, Al Cohn's *How Long Has This Been Going On* . . .

What ever happened to Claude Jarmon Jr.?

No truth to the rumor that Annie Ross is replacing Alice Lon with the Welk band. Also no truth to the rumor that Alice Lon is replacing Joe Williams with Basie.

Did you hear about the cat who was cleaning his alto with *Mr.*

Records
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- Records
- Blindfold Test

- Jazz Record Buyers Guide
- Caught in the Act

Records are reviewed by Gene Lees, George Hoefler, Richard Hadlock, John A. Tynan, and Don Henahan (classical). Ratings: ★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor. [S] = Stereo. [M] = Monaural.

CLASSICS

Krips/Haydn

☐ HAYDN—London CS-6027: *Symphony No. 91 ("Surprise") in G Major; Symphony No. 99 in E Flat Major.*
Personnel: Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Josef Krips.
Rating: ★★★★★

There are two basic approaches to the symphonies of Haydn. There is the ultra-reverent musicological attack, which at its Teutonic worst can dry out every drop of blood from even the blithest of his scores. There also is what may be thought of as the tuneful touch, which tries to turn every score into *Clair de Lune*.

Somewhere between there are dozens of legitimate styles, and musically literate persons can find as much satisfaction in the devil-may-care Haydn of Sir Thomas Beecham as in the more traditional but gorgeously realized Haydn of Hans Rosbaud. Krips, in this excellent release of the 94th and 99th symphonies, proves himself worthy of being mentioned in the same breath with these two Haydn experts.

Despite the fact that he seems, on the evidence of this stereo recording, to be working with a larger ensemble than Haydn requires, he keeps everything yeasty and free from overinflated sonorities. The stereo here is not especially widespread, but it brings out the interplay of the various choirs subtly and pellucidly.

Since this is the first stereo version to include the lovely 99th, the release may be recommended wholeheartedly.

Verdi's *La Forza*

☐ THE FORCE OF DESTINY, opera in four acts by Giuseppe Verdi—RCA Victor LSC-6406; four 12-inch records, boxed, with Italian-English libretto.

Personnel: Zinka Milanov, Giuseppe DiStefano, Leonard Warren, Giorgio Tozzi, Rossini Elias, with orchestra and chorus of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome, conducted by Fernando Previtali.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is in many respects the production that the Met has been giving for some time now.

Milanov's *La Forza del Destino* has been available in excerpted form on one record, with Peerce and the Robert Shaw chorale instead of DiStefano and the Roman orchestral and choral forces.

As in the case of many Met recordings, this one makes up in over-all polish and unity what it lacks in individual soloists in some key roles. Milanov, for instance, no longer has the upper register in *forte* to compete with the Leonoras of Callas or Tebaldi, both of whom are available on records (Tebaldi in stereo).

The once great Zinka now gasps for breath in the most audible places, and

strains to reach beyond a mezzo-forte A. But the famous Milanov high pianissimo is preserved well enough to give the knowledgeable listener a thrill now and then.

The rest of the cast is uniformly good, and DiStefano is exactly in his element in this irresistibly crude and powerful opera, bawling out Don Alvaro's passionate arias in matchless Italianate style. Previtali, who also is at his best in the broad manner, propels the score with gusto from start to finish.

Ansermet/Weber

☐ WEBER OVERTURES—London CS-6074: *Preciosa; Oberon; Euryanthe; Abu Hassan; Der Freischutz; The Ruler of the Spirits.*
Personnel: L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, conducted by Ernest Ansermet.

Rating: ★★★★★

Besides the usual Weber overtures, Ansermet offers here the seldom-heard *Abu Hassan*, and that virtual unknown, *The Ruler of the Spirits*, all played with vigor and intelligent attention to Weber's imaginative orchestral effects.

Why conductors have neglected the *Ruler of the Spirits* is a perplexing question. It is a far better work than most of the Rossini and Berlioz overtures that we are familiar with.

London's stereo contributes an impression of depth to the music, rather than spreading it out abnormally across the living room. If you want a stereo "demonstration" record, look elsewhere: if you want a good collection of Weber overtures, this is it.

JAZZ

Candoli Brothers

☐ BELL, BOOK, AND CANDOLI—Dot DLP 3168: *Boulevard of Broken Dreams; Pavanne; Spanish Carnival; Old Devil Moon; What Is This Thing Called Love? Bell, Book, and Candoli; Hey, Bellboy!; Pagoda; Night Walk; I May Be Wrong.*

Personnel: Pete and Conte Candoli, trumpets; John Williams, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Red Mitchell or Joe Mondragon, bass; Alvin Stoller, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The big bit here is the writing of Pete Candoli. Working with an instrumentation that in less capable hands might tend to pall for lack of variety, he has done a very competent job of sustaining interest over the course of the LP. The older Candoli mixes his colors well by writing moving, contrary lines and by making use of Harmon and cup mutes instead of depending solely on open horns. His blending of Kessel's guitar with the two brasses gives an illusion of a larger group than six men.

The humor that Pete was known for in the old Herman Herd days creeps into the arrangements every now and then. It would be better left dormant. For instance, the

cats-mecowing-on-the-back-fence sounds in *Spanish Carnival* and *Night Walk* are a little too coy, a little too cute.

The influence of the Impressionists and modern composers is discernible in Pete's writing, especially on *Pagoda* and *Bell, Book, and Candoli*.

Williams is the outstanding soloist on the date. To those who are familiar with his earlier work, the craftsmanship and technique he displays here come as a not unpleasant surprise. The funk is still there, but some first-rate piano playing *per se* has been added.

One couldn't want a better example of the subtle differences between two schools of modern jazz trumpet than those offered by the Candoli brothers. Conte's Miles-based conception stands out in bold relief against his brother's sometimes-edgy Gillespie-oriented style.

To those who like their jazz mixed with Impressionism—or vice versa—this will be highly rewarding listening; others would do well to listen closely before parting with any bread.

Sonny Criss

☐ SONNY CRISS AT THE CROSSROADS—Peacock PLP-91: *Sweet Lorraine; You Don't Know What Love Is; I Got It Bad, and That Ain't Good; Sylvia; Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise; Butts Delight; Indiana.*

Personnel: Criss, alto; Ole Hansen, trombone; Joe Scott, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This compelling set was recorded during Criss' and Hansen's stint with the most recent Buddy Rich small group. Although the Peacock label is headquartered in Houston, Texas, the session apparently was made in Chicago because of the presence of Windy Cityites Cranshaw and Perkins.

Criss is a powerful altoist of considerable improvisatory prowess and a high level of technical ability. Although he has been heard as leader in recent years on a couple of Imperial LPs, his domicility in Los Angeles has resulted in only a limited following on a national scale.

As an instrumentalist, his musical taste and sensibility are marred only by constant overblowing so that the over-all effect is one of stridency and sometimes shrillness. This is particularly irritating on the first three ballads. On the up tunes that comprise the second side, Criss gallops along, swinging hard and preaching a meaty jazz message.

Hansen contributes some very good trombone solos in easy, unruffled vein but with considerable cogency. Pianist Scott solos well throughout, and the rhythm team wallops its way with funky abandon.

Duke Ellington

☐ ELLINGTON JAZZ PARTY—Columbia CL 1323: *Malletoba Spank; Red Garter; Red Shoes; Red Carpet; Ready; U.M.M.G.; All of Me; Tymperterably Blue; Hello Little Girl.*

Personnel: Ray Nance, Clark Terry, Cat Anderson, Shorty Baker, Andres Ford, trumpets; Johnny

Hedges, Paul Gonzalves, Harry Carney, Jimmy Hamilton, Russel Procope, saxophones; Britt Woodman, Quentin Jackson, John Sanders, trombones; Duke Ellington, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

Guest Stars: Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Jimmy Jones, piano; Jimmy Rushing, vocals; Morris Goldenberg, George Gabe, Elden C. Bailey, Chaucer Morehouse, Harry Brewer, Robert M. Rosenzweig, Walter E. Rosenberger, Bradley Spinnny, Milton Schlesinger, percussionists. Percussion includes vibraphones (2), xylophones (2), glockenspiel, marimba, kettle drums, bongos, tambourine, and a triangle.

Rating: ★★★★★

One of the many things that keeps Ellington in the spotlight is that he is never at a loss for ideas. Some of his inspirations are wonderful, some good, some screwy, some downright bad. But they are always interesting.

According to the liner notes, this album started out as a routine recording session of three or four of Duke's latest compositions. Before it was over, it had turned into an all-night Ellington bash with Duke in a let's-see-what-happens mood, inspired by an unexpected studio audience made up of fans, fellow musicians, and a receptive group of recording technicians.

For *Malletoba Spank* and *Tymperturbably Blue*, Duke got on the phone and summoned from among New York's symphony musicians nine percussionists who worked a concert with him last year at Lewisohn Stadium. In stereo, some interesting effects are produced by the row of nine tympani on these two tracks.

Dizzy Gillespie became a participating guest of U.M.M.G. (which stands for *Upper Manhattan Medical Group*) and the blues *Hello Little Girl*. For the latter, a new Ellington blues composition, Duke invited Jimmy Jones to sit in on piano and Jimmy Rushing to sing. Duke enjoyed Rushing's work so much that he brought Jimmy to the stand at Newport to join the band in some blues. Both Dizzy and Jimmy Jones get off on some fine blues choruses on *Hello*, with the Ellington regulars weaving around in the background. The only non-Ellington tune on the date was the standard *All Of Me*, which features the alto of Johnny Hodges.

The balance of the *Party* had to do with a suite Duke wrote a year ago and hadn't had a chance to record. The title is *Toot Suite*, and it has four parts, *Red Garter*, *Red Shoes*, *Red Carpet*, and *Ready, Go*, featuring, in order, Woodman, Hamilton and Baker; Procope and Jackson; and Paul Gonzalves. As recorded, the third section, *Red Carpet*, itself became divided into three sections featuring Procope, Jackson and Nance.

This is probably the first album on which unanticipated studio applause is included. They used to invite guests just to get the applause.

Stan Getz

AWARD WINNER STAN GETZ — Verve: *Where or When*; *Woodsy's You*; *Smiles*; *Three Little Words*; *Time After Time*; *This Can't Be Love*.

Personnel: Getz, tenor; Lou Levy, piano; Stan Levy, drums; Leroy Vinnegar, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

If anyone in jazz points up the necessity of talking about Joe Doakes the Man, as opposed to Joe Doakes the Artist—keeping both carefully separated in the mind, on the grounds that they are different creatures—it is Stan Getz. He of the troubled

life somehow continues to play some of the most untroubled and concentrated jazz of any musician around today.

This is excellent Getz, and all his talents are on display, the lyricism, the effortlessly flowing line, the subtle shifts of tone, the sudden turns and expectedly bent notes, the constant freshness. The whole bit. What's more, he has excellent backing, and Vinnegar and Levy dig in for hard cooking all the way. Indeed, there is a certain grimness about the whole performance, as if the men had set out with deadly seriousness to do some swinging. The point is, however, that they succeeded. Unfortunately, there is a sameness about most of the tracks. This is a blowing session, if an orderly one, and there is not sufficient variation of tempo and mood.

Levy does some good solo work, but the date is primarily Getz', as it was meant to be. He is an awful lot of musician.

Roy Haynes

WE THREE — New Jazz 8210: *Reflection*; *Sneez Ray*; *Solitaire*; *After Hours*; *Swakin' Around*; *Our Delight*.

Personnel: Haynes, drums; Phineas Newborn, piano; Paul Chambers, bass.

Rating: ★★

Though this trio appears to be under the leadership of drummer Haynes, it is more appropriate to regard Newborn as the leading figure, for he is essentially accompanied, and very well, too, by the two rhythm men.

One supposes that Newborn is a happier man than he once was; he has junked his filigree style and settled into a thoroughly "acceptable" funky groove, a move that has brought him praise from the "right" sources (other musicians) and resulted in this record from a small, hip label to offset his previous false starts on a big, square label. It looks like the Andre Previn story all over again.

The curious outcome of all this is that Newborn, a most gifted player, now sounds

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of jazz record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz LPs rated four stars or more during the preceding five-issue period. LPs so rated in this issue will be included in the next listing.

★★★★★

- Mississippi Delta Blues Men, *Blues In The Mississippi Night*, (United Artists UAL 4027)
- The Trombones, Inc. (Warner Bros. WS 1272)

★★★★½

- Ruby Braff, *Easy Now* (RCA Victor LSP-1966)
- Bill Evans, *Everyone Digs Bill Evans* (Riverside 12-291)
- Machito-Herbie Mann, *Machito with Flute to Boot* (Roulette R 52026)
- Thelonious Monk Orchestra at *Town Hall* (Riverside RLP 12-300)
- Bud Shank-Laurindo Almeida, *Holiday In Brazil* (World Pacific ST-1018)

★★★★

- Count Basie Orch., *Basie One More Time* (Roulette R 52024)
- Ruby Braff, *You're Getting To Be A Habit With Me* (Stereocraft RCS 507)
- Ray Bryant, *Alone With The Blues* (New Jazz 8213:Blues #3)
- Kenny Dorham, *Blue Spring* (Riverside RLP 12-297)
- Bobby Hackett, *Blues with a Kick* (Capitol ST 1172)
- Chico Hamilton, *Gongs East* (Warner Bros. WS 1271)
- Johnny Hodges, *Duke's In Bed* (MG V-8203)
- Billie Holiday, *Billie Holiday* (MGM E3764)
- Milt Jackson, *Bags' Opus* (United Artists UAL 4022)
- Barney Kessel, *Some Like It Hot* (Contemporary M3565)
- Lou Levy *Plays Baby Grand Jazz* (Jubilee SDJLP 1101)
- Mundell Lowe, *Porgy and Bess* (Camden CAS 490)
- Lou McGarity, *Some Like It Hot* (Jubilee SDJLP 1108)
- Miff Mole, *Aboard the Dixie Hi-Flyer* (Stephens MF 4011)
- Red Rodney *Returns* (Argo LP 643)
- Tony Scott-Jimmy Knepper, *Free Blown Jazz* (Carlton STLP 12/113)
- Horace Silver, *Finger Poppin'* (Blue Note 4008)
- Buddy Tate, *Swinging Like Tate* (Felsted FAJ 7004)
- Jean Thielemans, *Man Bites Harmonica*, (Riverside RLP 1125)
- Cy Touff, *Touff Assignment* (Argo LP 641)

like Joe Anybody. Perhaps it all will work out eventually, but at this point one might ask whether it is better to conform capably or to remain an inferior "original."

The answer is not easy to find, for there are the recordings to prove that Newborn wasn't making it before and that he now "qualifies." Perhaps his course is right for him, but we might all be thankful that Lester Young and Dizzy Gillespie and Thelonious Monk refused to give in to similar pressures, which would have left posterity with only second-rate versions of Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, and Teddy Wilson.

Newborn's discovery that prodigious technique alone does not a jazzman make put him back to the starting line, but it did not rule him out of the game. This record may be the beginning of a rewarding jazz career for him, although the spark of individualism is yet to be apparent.

Paul Horn Four

■ IMPRESSIONS—World Pacific 1266; Debussy: *Maid with the Flaxen Hair*, *The Little Shepherd*; Stravinsky: *Berceuse* from *Firebird Suite*; Bartok: *Pavane for a Dead Princess*, *Waltzes Nos. 2, 3* from *Waltzes Nobles et Sentimentales*; *Green-sleeves*; *Baltimore Oriole*; *Mist*; *Green Dolphin Street*; *Good Bait*.

Personnel: Horn, flute, alto, clarinet; John Pisano, guitar; Gene Estes, vibes; Lyle Ritz, bass.

Rating: ★ ★

Rather than bringing classical conceptions to jazz, the Paul Horn Four here pulls a switch: they take jazz instrumentation to a group of Impressionist compositions. The attempt is courageous but foolish. Men who are not primarily classical musicians find themselves in the position of competing with experts and with an inadequate instrumentation at that.

Judged as "classical" music (as it must be) Side 1 of this disc just doesn't make it.

The revoicing of the music utterly disrupts most of it. Stravinsky, Ravel and Debussy are among history's great masters of orchestration. Ravel and Debussy were particularly adept at writing for piano. You tamper with their sonorities at your own risk. Thus, when you hear Pisano stating the opening line of the lovely and fragile *Maid with the Flaxen Hair*, you are forced immediately to compare the thin sound of his guitar with the piano sound of such a man as the late Walter Gieseking. And when Pisano appreciates chords meant to be solid, yet very light, you may squirm.

Stravinsky's *Berceuse* is done the most violence here. The *Firebird Suite* is scored for an abnormally large orchestra, and the voicing on this record is not only indescribably too weak, it is utterly inappropriate as well. Vibes sound deadly wrong for the opening figure, and when Ritz produces on bass the wonderful delicate melody meant for oboe, the effect would be ludicrous if it were not so discomfiting.

The best "impressionism" on the disc is Horn's original, *Mist*, perhaps because he had the specific sounds of instruments in mind, as did the other composers. *Mist* picks up a jazz flavor at times, and it is quite lovely, if derivative.

Of the playing, it can be said that the men sound less inhibited than does Benny Goodman playing Mozart.

Side 2 opens with a nonjazz performance, the antique English song *Greensleeves*. In the standards, the group is quite good, on the whole, though there are moments of

lethargic playing. *Bait* and *Dolphin* are attractive, if not stirring.

About the only grounds on which one can firmly recommend this disc is that it may lead some of the hippies to listen to Ravel, Debussy, and Stravinsky in the original. Those who know the originals are unlikely to derive much pleasure from it.

Italian Jazz

■ ILL FESTIVAL DELL JAZZ—Sanremo—Verve MG V-20007; *Zoot*; *The King*; *Lullaby for Trio*; *This Is Always*; *L'Amico del Giaguaro*; *Lover Man*; *Memories of You*; *Fine and Dandy*; *Ten Men Blowin'*.

Personnel: (Track 1) Ernaldo Volante, tenor; Sergio Fanni, trumpet; Renato Angiolini, piano; Alceo Gustelli, bass; Lionello Bionda, drums. (Track 2) as above with addition of Glauco Masetti, alto. (Track 3) Enrico Intra, piano; Ernesto Villa, bass; Pupo DeLuca, drums. (Tracks 4, 5) Oscar Valdambri, trumpet; Gianni Basso, tenor; Gianfranco Intra, piano; Berto Pisano, bass; Gilberto Cuppini, drums. *Side Two* (Track 1) Flavio Ambrosetti, alto; Piero Paganelli, piano; Jean Siebenthal, bass; Bernard Peritz, drums. (Track 2) Paganelli, Siebenthal and Peritz. (Track 3) Nunzio Rotondo, trumpet; Leo Cancellieri, piano; Sergio Biseo, bass; Gilberto Cuppini, drums. (Track 4) Rotondo, trumpet; Peppe Cuccaro, trumpet; Ennio Gabbi, trombone; Marcello Bocchi, alto; Marco DeConte, tenor; Gino Marinacci, baritone; Bill Smith, clarinet; Leo Cancellieri, piano; Paulo Pea, bass; Cuppini, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

On Jan. 18 and 19 last year, the third annual Sanremo Jazz festival was held, with a dozen jazz groups presented in a program that included the Modern Jazz Quartet; Britain's Don Rendell sextet; an English blues singer, Beryl Bryden, and most of the foremost modern jazz exponents in Italy.

This album presumably consists of the best selections by Italians culled from the two-day event.

It really is not quite fair of Verve to pit the eclectic offerings of these musicians against the big guns of jazz so readily available in the United States. For the most part, the soloists strive to be carbon copies of their obvious American idols. And the rhythm sections are incohesive, by and large; they lack the unified feel of better Stateside teams.

Some of the soloists, however, are impressive. Pianist Enrico Intra shows authority and positiveness of keyboard approach; Nunzio Rotondo is a trumpeter of firm conception of contemporary blowing and carries a fine, fat (if a trifle overbrassy) tone to go with it.

On the debit side, Masetti's alto playing shows little subtlety and less imagination, and Cuppini's drumming behind the adequate piano of Cancellieri on *Fine and Dandy* is downright corny.

The most ambitious number of the set is the final *Blowin'*, a "tentette" endeavor showcasing some fair ensemble work and the solo playing of Rotondo (who penned the piece) and baritone, alto, and clarinet by Smith. Smith is an American who was studying in Italy at the time of the festival and whose compositions have been recorded by Shelly Manne on the Contemporary label. He is heard here in a brief if spectacular solo, mostly in chalumeau register.

This album has its interesting moments—mostly from the soloists mentioned—but simply cannot stand up against the better jazz releases made by the home boys.

J.J. Johnson

■ BLUE TROMBONE—Columbia CL 1303; *Hello, Young Lovers*; *Keo*; *What's New*; *Blue Trombone Parts 1 and 2*; *Gone With The Wind*; 100 Proof.



THE MOST
IMPORTANT
JAZZ RELEASE
OF THE YEAR

The Modern Jazz Quartet At Music Inn Volume 2

GUEST ARTIST: Sonny Rollins

ATLANTIC 1299 Available Stereo & Monaural

Side One 1. Medley: Stardust
I Can't Get Started
Lover Man
2. Yardbird Suite
3. Midsummer

Side Two 1. Festival Sketch
2. Bags' Groove
3. Night In Tunisia

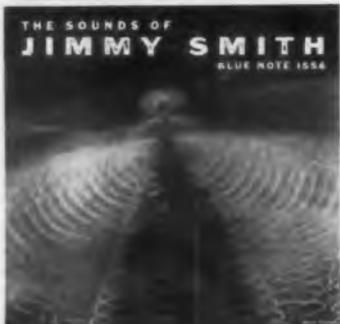
Here's the quartet's first LP in about a year—recorded "live" at the Music Inn at Lenox, Mass., last year. Present at that session was innovator Sonny Rollins on the tenor sax. Our microphones caught him as he appeared as guest artist with the Modern Jazz Quartet on *Night In Tunisia* and *Bags' Groove*. An exciting record that you'll want to hear again and again.

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ART BLAKEY BLP 4003

BLUE NOTE RECORDS INC.
47 West 63rd St., New York 23

Personnel: J.J. Johnson, trombone; Max Roach, drums; Paul Chambers, bass; Tommy Flanagan, piano.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is the latest work of *Down Beat* Critics Poll winner Johnson, and it fully displays his well-rounded musicianship. Here is ample showcasing on his playing technique, his arranging, and his composing talent. *Key*, *Blue Trombone* and *100 Proof* are Johnson originals.

The perfect control and the rich tone of Johnson's horn are comparable to that of the late Tommy Dorsey, although Johnson's tone is less sweet and has a much deeper texture than Dorsey's.

Johnson plays more creatively on his originals, allowing his own improvisational ideas full sway, while on standards such as *What's New*, he stays close to the original melodic line.

The three rhythm men are individually and collectively fine. Roach takes a noteworthy solo on the second part of *Blue Trombone* and Flanagan's piano is exceptionally good on *Gone With The Wind*. Paul Chambers' bass is effective throughout, but particularly good on *100 Proof*.

Gene Krupa

■ **BIG NOISE FROM WINNETKA**—Verve MG V-8310: *Big Noise from Winnetka*; *Take the A Train*; *Some of These Days*; *Sweet Georgia Brown*; *Petit Fleur*; *Lonesome Road*; *Don't Be That Way*; *Drum Boogie*.

Personnel: Krupa, drums; Eddie Wasserman, tenor, clarinet, flute; Jimmy Gannon, bass; Ronnie Ball, piano.

Rating: ★★★★★

This satisfying collection of old stompers, neither trail-blazing jazz nor immortal improvisation, was recorded "on location" at Chicago's London House. Wasserman, like Charlie Ventura and Eddie Shu before him, blows with outgoing enthusiasm in a swing style of passing interest. Ball is a fine minor talent, who holds up well under the percussive barrage that occasionally surrounds him.

There are moments of swinging unity as the leader percolates happily in the background, but there are also the inevitable outbursts of fancy stickwork that one expects from the naturally showy Krupa. In a quartet situation, unfortunately, Krupa's noisy fills are frequently annoying and in poor taste.

To his credit, though, is his generally more serious approach to the responsibilities of an ensemble rhythm man than he has previously shown. He is at his best on several swift but tight ensemble passages that bring each player into ideal balance with the other three. Krupa's attempts at modern "ride" cymbal patterns, however, are stiff, and less effective than his top-hat work.

The above flaws notwithstanding, this is one of Krupa's best and happiest little groups, and Verve seems to have caught its members on a good night.

Herbie Mann

■ **JUST WAILIN'**—New Jazz 8211: *Minor Groove*; *Blue Echo*; *Blue Dip*; *Gospel Truth*; *Jambal* with *Symphonic Sid*; *Trinidad*.

Personnel: Mann, flute; Charlie Rouse, tenor; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Mal Waldron, piano; George Joyner, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

A group of able jazzmen rattle off some blues and stock pseudo-gospel effects with results that are both pleasant and undistinguished.

Rouse is a warm-toned saxophonist with

little more than clichés to offer. Mann, probably the most inventive musician of the lot, seems content to play efficient changes rather than ideas here. Burrell sounds like a lifeless Charlie Christian.

No one on the date is bad, but none of the tracks catches fire or goes anywhere in particular either. There is here that same indescribable lack of originality that inhibits so many European jazz recordings. The difference, in favor of this record, is that these jazzmen are relaxed—too relaxed, perhaps.

Nice background music, though.

David Newman

■ **FATHEAD/RAY CHARLES PRESENTS DAVID NEWMAN**—Atlantic 1304: *Hard Times*; *Weird Beard*; *Willow*; *Weep for Me*; *Bill for Bennie*; *Sweet Eyes*; *Fathead*; *Mean to Me*; *Tin Tin Deo*.

Personnel: Newman, alto, tenor; Ray Charles, piano; Bennie Crawford, baritone; Marcus Belgrave, trumpet; Edgar Willis, bass; Milton Turner, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is Ray Charles' band, of course, and a logical setting in which to present the popular singer's talented saxophonist. Charles remains discreetly in the background, functioning solely as pianist on the date.

The emphasis is upon forthright, if not always significant, blowing in the blues-gospel idiom associated with the Charles band. A shift in personnel since this recording, incidentally, has left only Newman and Willis from last year's cohesive and versatile little unit.

Newman plays expressive and authoritative tenor, as one must on rhythm and blues circuits, but it is his alto work that holds promise of a distinctive new jazz soloist. Bird-touched but never frantic, Fathead, as an altoist, cries out in a tradition-steeped voice, an unmannered and persuasive voice that stirs the kind of enlightened (more than physical) emotional listener response that only an intelligent blues player can.

Hard Times, an attractive composition by Paul Mitchell, is as good a jazz track as you'll find on almost any contemporary recording. It was scored by Crawford, whose respectable baritone solo work is also heard on this LP.

Here is dramatic evidence of the degree to which so-called rhythm and blues players have moved toward advanced jazz techniques and of the continuing value of r&b bands as training camps for major league jazzmen. Newman is almost ready.

Johnny Pate

■ **A DATE WITH JOHNNY PATE**—King 611: *A Date With Pate*; *Lonesome Road*; *Why Don't You Try?*; *Broadway*; *Huff's Bluff*; *Flamingo*; *Have You Met Miss Jones?*; *Autumn Leaves*; *Mean to Me*; *They Can't Take That Away from Me*.

Personnel: Johnny Pate, bass; other personnel unlisted.

Rating: ★★

According to the liner copy, this music "is not jazz, nor is it swing." It is, however, a very innocuous collection of cocktail-styled renditions well calculated not to disturb even an onion in a Gibson.

Pate is a more-than-competent bassist who has worked with Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, and many other top entertainers. He is the propulsive force here, occasionally moving to the fore to take the lead in, for example, *Lonesome Road* and *Miss Jones*.

The pianist is an instrumentalist of highly commercial acumen frequently mindful

Mann, efficient Burrell pianist. None of where in that same that recordings, record is relaxed,

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of Ahmad Jamal in basic style. He tinkles too much and flourishes too much and the result is too close for comfort to faggot jazz.

This type of trio fare undoubtedly sells, but the album might as well have been subtitled *Music for the Mindless*.

Oscar Peterson Trio

■ **THE OSCAR PETERSON TRIO AT THE CONCERTGEBOUW**—Verve MG-V 8268: *Fun Got the World on a String; Daahoud; When Lights Are Low; Evered; The Lady Is a Tramp; We'll Be Together Again; Bags' Groove; Budo*. Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Herb Ellis, guitar.

Rating: ★★★★★ ½

This recording was taped at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam by a Dutch jazz fan. The trio didn't know it was being made, and Peterson's recollections of the concert cast considerable light on the quality of the recording:

"It was a midnight concert, very exciting," he said. "They were sold out, and some of the kids were sitting on the stage. You can't get much closer to your audience than that. We had a ball."

Because of these circumstances, the recording quality of this disc is inferior; the quality of the music is highly superior. To be sure, it is the sound that Peterson-Ellis-Brown made so familiar. But familiarity has not tempered its excitement. The rapport achieved by the three men is astounding, the swing devastating. The programming is varied between the medium *Lights* to the wild *Lady*.

One would regret Ellis leaving the group—were it not that drummer Ed Thigpen makes such an excellent replacement.

Bill Potts

■ **THE JAZZ SOUL OF PORGY AND BESS**—United Artists 4032: *Summertime; A Woman Is a Summertime Thing; My Man's Gone Now; It Takes a Long Pull to Get There; I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'; Bess; You Is My Woman; It Ain't Necessarily So; Medley: Prayer, Strawberries, Honey Man, Crab Man; I Loves You, Porgy; Clara, Clara; There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York; Bess, Oh Where's My Bess?; Oh Lawd, I'm on My Way*.

Personnel: Art Farmer, Harry Edison, Bernie Glow, Markie Markowitz, Charlie Shavers, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Frank Rebak, Jimmy Cleveland, Earl Swape, Rod Levitt, trombones; Phil Woods and Gene Quill, altos; Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, tenors; Sol Schlinger, baritone; Bill Evans, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Herbie Powell, guitar; Charley Persip, drums; Potts, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

An immediate and obvious comparison will arise between this album and the Miles Davis *Porgy* album. It should be dismissed. All they have in common is that they are the two outstanding instrumental *Porgy* performances in the rash of recent releases of discs inspired by the movie. Otherwise, they are dissimilar. Their purposes are different, and so are their final effects.

This LP, in which United Artists is taking thoroughly justified pride, is actually truer to the spirit of the Gershwin music than the Miles-Gil album was or was meant to be. And it establishes Washingtonian Potts as a major arranger. This is a man to be watched.

The instrumentation he has used is what might be termed augmented conventional. Potts finds his colors—and rich ones they are—in the instruments considered normal to jazz. But by the careful (and brilliant) use of the highly individual soloists at his disposal, he has created a tapestry of rich variety.

All the men are given blowing room, and

Sims, Cohn, Brookmeyer, Farmer, and Edison turn in individual statements that are up to the standards we have come to expect of them. Indeed, there isn't a poor solo in the lot, and some are superb. Evans plays with a harder jazz feeling than has usually been thought to be within his scope. Markowitz, not too known to the public as a jazzman, invests *My Man's Gone Now* with all the warmth and feeling it can hold.

Of course, there can be a danger in having so many gifted soloists playing section. But in the ensemble passages, all of them submerge themselves in the task at hand, and the result is a cohesiveness and power rarely found in studio-band playing.

This project was the coddled baby of UA's jazz a&r man, Jack Lewis. The coddling was worth it, and he is to be congratulated. This is a beautiful, beautiful album.

Bud Powell

■ **THE LONELY ONE**—Verve MG V-8301: *Confirmation; Star Eyes; Lullaby in Rhythm; Willow, Weep for Me; Mediocre; All the Things You Are; Epitaph; Dance of the Infidels; Salt Peanuts; Hey, George*.

Personnel: Powell, piano; George Duvivier or Percy Heath, bass; Art Taylor or Kenny Clarke, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Recorded in New York more than four years ago (Jan. 13, 1955, for Side 1, the first four tunes listed above, and April 27, 1955, for Side 2), these 10 tracks present a Bud Powell alternating brilliance with mediocrity, technical sloppiness with agile facility.

On both sides the rhythm support is excellent; the teams of Duvivier-Taylor (on Side 1) and Heath-Clarke are constantly on the qui vive, keenly attuned to the unpredictable pianist's turns and variations.

One of Powell's marked characteristics is his penchant for the unexpected—whether it be chord, arpeggio, or twisted line. This is no less true here, and the idiosyncrasy reaches some lofty plateau in *Mediocre*, during which Powell strides like Fats Waller in the left hand while paying tribute to Thelonious Monk in the right. Incongruous to be sure, but the piece is oddly fetching.

Full of inconsistencies as it is, this set is nonetheless definitive Powell; not the best available but constantly intriguing.

Max Roach

■ **MAX ROACH 4 PLAYS CHARLIE PARKER**—Mercury MG 36127: *Yardbird Suite; Confirmation; Ko-Ko; Billie's Bounce; Apres-Vous; Parker's Mood*.

Personnel: (Tracks 1, 2, 5) Roach, drums; Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor; George Morrow, bass. (Tracks 3, 4, 6) Roach, drums; Dorham, trumpet; George Coleman, tenor; Nelson Boyd, bass.

Rating: ★★★

Roach's drum solos are rarely a bore; here, however, they are assuredly overlong. But when the brilliant percussionist works with either Morrow or Boyd in booting along the trumpet and tenor soloists, it is rhythmic drive of joyous character indeed.

Dorham is sometimes trite, noodling with trifling figures as if either bored or drained of ideas. On *Parker's Mood*, though, he plainly states the main line with doleful beauty, before Coleman solos in rather uninspired fashion, and then begins a series of triple exchanges with the tenorist and Roach.

Tracks 3, 4, and 6 were recorded in New

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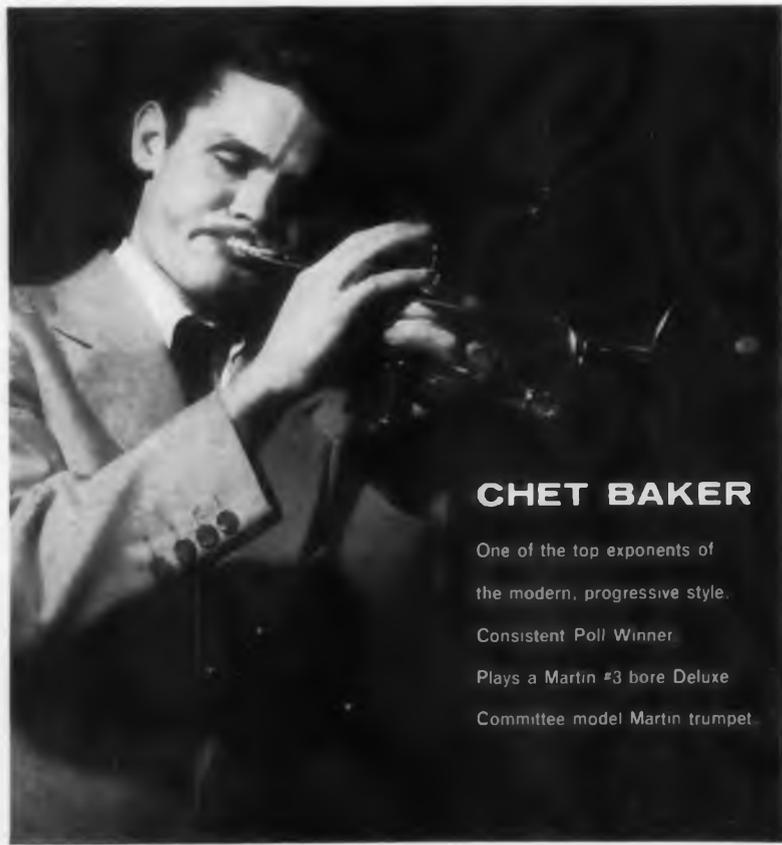
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Mobley is powerful and assertive on his three tracks. He gets sonorous and thoughtful on *Yardbird*; tends to be a little groping and tentative, however, on *Confirmation*; plays with good sense of structure on *Aptis*.

Coleman's superior technical facility gets a good airing on *Ko-ko*, which stampedes at a furious tempo, but his declamations are rather empty, in the main. He is more controlled on *Billie's* and plays with an easy, floating feeling.

The set has its moments, but they are not as plentiful as might be expected from the men involved.

Seven Ages of Jazz Concert

THE SEVEN AGES OF JAZZ — A LIVE CONCERT PRESENTATION — Metrojazz 2-E1009; Tunes and Personnel: *I'm Gonna Tell God How You Treat Me* (Brownie McGehee, vocal, guitar); *Take This Hammer* (Brownie McGehee, vocal, guitar); *See, See* (Brooklyn, vocal); *Maple Leaf Rag* (Willie [The Linn] Smith, piano; Lamond; Hinton); *Tiger Rag* (Don Elliott, trumpet; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Dick Hyman, clarinet; Smith; Lamond; Hinton); *Dipper Mouth Blues* (Elliott, Buck Clayton, trumpets; Glenn; Hyman; Smith; Lamond; Hinton); *Swab Away* (Smith, Lamond, Hinton); *Singing the Blues* (Elliott, Hyman, Lamond, Hinton); *It Don't Mean a Thing* (Clayton; Glenn; Coleman, Hawkins, tenor; Hyman; Lamond; Hinton); *Stompin' at the Savoy* (Clayton; Georgie Auld, clarinet, tenor; Elliott, vibes; Hyman; Lamond; Hinton); *Honky-Tonk Train Bues* (Hyman, Lamond); *Monday Date* (same); *Ain't Misbehavin'* (Hinton added); *After You've Gone* (same); *I Wishcd on the Moon, Lover Man* (Billie Holiday, vocals; Waldron; Clayton; Lamond; Hinton); *One O'Clock Jump* (Clayton, Elliott, Glenn, Hawkins, Auld, Hyman, Lamond, Hinton); *I'm Beginning to See the Light, Lock Lamond* (Maxine Sullivan, vocal; Hyman; Lamond; Hinton); *If I Could Be with You* (Hawkins, Hyman, Lamond, Hinton); *Groovin' High* (Elliott, trumpet, mellophone; Auld, alto; Hyman; Lamond; Hinton); *Stuffy* (Elliott, trumpet; Glenn, vibes; Hawkins; Auld, tenor; Hyman; Lamond; Hinton); *Indiana* (Hyman, Lamond, Hinton); *Ballad Medley: Blue and Sentimental; I Cover the Waterfront; Indian Summer* (Clayton; Auld, tenor; Hawkins; Hyman; Lamond; Hinton); *Vibes Impressions* (Elliott, vibes; Hyman; Lamond; Hinton); *Jazz Lab* (Clayton; Elliott, marimba; Glenn; Hawkins; Auld, tenor; Hyman; Lamond; Hinton). Produced and narrated by Leonard Feather. Music direction by Hyman.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This two-disc concert album was recorded at the Oakdale Musical theater, in Wallingford, Conn., late last year. The same program with minor changes in personnel has been given this summer again by Feather at the Toronto Jazz festival.

This is a highly worthwhile set of records for two classes of jazz fans. First, those who are currently interested in the music and would like to know more about its history, development, and highlights. The four sides have been carefully put together in proper sequence; the seven ages being folk, blues, ragtime, Dixieland, swing, bop, and modern, with an articulate stream of musicology in Feather's narration and sympathetic music re-creation under Hyman's direction.

The second group that should derive benefit from an album of this sort is the jazz students and collectors group, many of whom lived and collected records through the various periods. And there are sides that include tunes from before their time. This set should prompt this group to delve into their collections and again enjoy some of the originals of the performances here revived.

There are not any soul-stirring choruses here, for these are concert rarities, whether the music is contemporary or re-creative, but there are fond memories revived, plus stimulating incentives to further listening.

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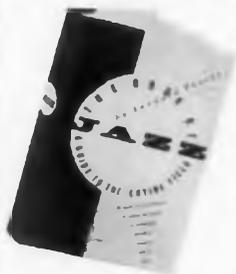
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Besides the above intangibles, this reviewer enjoyed Hawkins' work on *It Don't Mean a Thing*, the Auld-Hawkins solos on *Sturdy*, and the heart-warming applause loaded with "more, more, more" after the late Billie Holiday's two songs.

It is remarkable that a dozen musicians could be found who could present the entire history of jazz as authentically as it is here. The weakest of the re-creative attempts in the *Singing the Blues* tribute to Bix Beiderbecke.

The Three Sounds

■ **BOTTOMS UP** — Blue Note 4014: *Besame Mucho*; *Angel Eyes*; *Time After Time*; *Love Walked In*; *I Could Write a Book*; *Jimmie Lou*; *Nothing Ever Changes My Love for You*; *Falling in Love with Love*.

Personnel: Gene Harris, piano, celeste; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Bill Dowdy, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a rather unusual unit in the world of jazz. It features a light, melodic, individualistic instrumental style. As their name implies, there are three sounds, with Harris' piano dominant, so cohesively integrated that it sounds like an instrument with different voices being played by one man.

The results are unobtrusive but seductive. It is like listening to pleasant background music at first, but you find yourself constantly cocking an ear toward the sound to hear what is happening with the piano, drums, and bass, individually and in interplay.

The playing is highly improvisational with considerable original melodic content. Harris, who arranged everything on the set with the exception of *Nothing Ever Changes*, proves his inventiveness with his composition *Jimmie Lou*, which is a light blues tribute to a former employer. One feels the influence of old Chicago blues piano, but in a sophisticated interpretation.

Here, as pointed out in the liner notes of their first Blue Note offering, is a group developing interesting musical sounds without the help of new or unusual jazz instruments. The rhythmic effects of the group surpass anything heard before from the usual piano trio. It is subtle jazz without pretension, with all the basic elements there but brought into modern focus.

Teddy Wilson

■ **"GYPSY" IN JAZZ**—Columbia CL 1352: *All I Need Is The Girl*; *You'll Never Get Away From Me*; *Small World*; *Little Lamb*; *Together Wherever We Go*; *Everything's Coming Up Roses*; *Some People*; *Mama's Talkin' Soft*; *Cow Song*; *If Mama Was Married*; *Let Me Entertain You*; *Mr. Goldstone*; *I Love You*.

Personnel: Teddy Wilson, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass; Bert Dahlender, drums.

Rating: ★★

There's always a limit on how far any idea can go. They should have drawn the line, in the flurry of jazz recordings of hit show recordings, before they got to the undistinguished score of *Gypsy*.

Teddy Wilson's impeccable piano is present, but there is nothing for him to work with in this music, written to set the mood for a story that takes place in the late 1920s and early 30s. The effect is that of one long piano solo, or a well-played exercise.

Two tracks edge out of the mass of piano to tantalize the listener: *Cow Song* and *Together Wherever We Go*, both of which seem to swing a little on their own under Teddy's flying fingers.

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■ STRINGS AROUND THE WORLD — Omega Disk OML 1023: *Charmaine; Around the World; Stella by Starlight; Our Waltz; Song from the Moulin Rouge; Greensleeves; Unchained Melody; Laura; California Melodies; Autumn in Rome.*

Personnel: The Brussels World's Fair orchestra, conducted by Peter Plum.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Even music that you'll forget having heard must be judged on its merit. This selection of well-known melodies is frankly designed for background play, not primarily for undivided attention. It is "mood music," and good at that. The strings are silk-smooth and lush, there is even an accordion introduced into *Moulin Rouge* to add just the correct note of French stereotype. *Greensleeves* is the epitome of tranquility and summery drowsiness.

The surprising thing about this album package is the extensive liner notes. There's a lengthy discourse on mood music as well as useful information on the origin of the melodies on the record. The stereo recording is a gas.

Gary Crosby

■ GARY CROSBY BELTS THE BLUES—Verve MG V 2112: *Sentimental Journey; What's Your Story Morning Glory; In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning; Breeze; After the Lights Go Down Low; St. Louis Blues; I Miss You So; Night Train; Baltimore Oriole; I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town; Mood Indigo; Blues in the Night.*

Personnel: Crosby, vocals; Frank Rosolino, trombone; others unidentified.

Rating: ½ ★

Gary's a big fellow now and it's about time for him to face the music: he has a poor singing voice, no compensating extra-musical assets that come through on records, and no feeling whatsoever for the blues. There is a quasi-acceptable version of *Baltimore Oriole*, but the eleven other tracks constitute a kind of brutal and expensive joke that can only hurt Crosby's future in show business, whatever it may be.

This kind of production doesn't do Verve any good either.

Carmen McRae

■ BOOK OF BALLADS—Kapp KL-1117: *By Myself; The Thrill Is Gone; How Long Has This Been Going On; Do You Know Why?; My Romance; If Love Is Good to Me; When I Fall in Love; Please Be Kind; He Was Too Good to Me; Angel Eyes; Something I Dreamed Last Night.*

Personnel: Carmen McRae, vocals; Don Abney, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Charles Smith, drums; orchestra directed by Frank Hunter.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

A thoroughly impeccable set by lyrically soaring Miss McRae, this collection of better romantic ballads provides ample testimony to her pre-eminence in modern song.

If there is one single quality characteristic of Miss McRae's work, it is exquisite taste. She manages to give the constant impression that she's never wrong in the interpretation and delivery of any song. Coupled with her distinctive vocal quality and subtle jazz feeling (even in instances — such as this one — where the intention is not to sing jazz), this quality makes every track a delight.

Arrangements are not particularly outstanding, but they never intrude. And pianist Abney is heard — to suave advantage — from time to time.

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the blindfold test

Billy Taylor

By Leonard Feather



'I'm as big a Basie Fan as ever was'

Billy Taylor is a prototype of the kind of musician who deserves recognition, and increasing opportunities, as a critic. Luckily he has had the time, and has found openings in *Down Beat*, to write intermittently, and invariably he has shown a healthily objective, realistic, and nonneurotic approach that sheds needed light on many aspects of the music that has concerned him.

When Taylor listens to records and analyzes them, the interview becomes simply a critical observation session rather than a *Blindfold Test*. The guessing of identities, always of secondary importance, becomes insignificant while Taylor speaks, not as a pianist or composer or writer of piano instruction books, but as an acute and witty observer of the whole jazz scene.

Because so much time had elapsed since his previous test, and because of the length and value of his responses, Taylor's interview was permitted to run to double length. He received no information, before or during the test, about the records played.

The Records

1. Benny Carter. *I'll Remember April* (United Artists). Carter, alto arranger; Buddy Collette, tenor.

It sounded like Benny Carter on alto and his writing. I didn't recognize the soloists other than the alto . . . The tenor player I couldn't identify . . . I like this sound—a well-rehearsed band. I'd give it five stars for Benny Carter. I think he's one of the most fabulous musicians I've ever met. I wish he'd record on piano—he's a good pianist.

2. Ahmad Jamal. *The Girl Next Door* (Argo). Jamal, piano; Vernel Fournier, drums; Israel Crosby, bass.

This is, of course, the Vernel Fournier-Israel Crosby group, featuring Ahmad Jamal! . . . There's a lot to be said about understatement, and, Miles Davis to the contrary, I think that Ahmad perhaps overdoes it now. I think the way he used to play—as a matter of fact there's evidence on some of the earlier albums for Argo; the arrangements were freer, had more content, even though he left some long spaces. Now he's using it as a gimmick, and it's a trap. I think he's a very imaginative young guy, and he's got a lot to say musically, but I don't think he's saying it now. He *has* said it. I used to listen to him at a little place on the south side in Chicago—the Kitty Cat. He had Ray Crawford on guitar and Richard Davis on bass. They sounded wonderful together, but he's gotten hung up in these stylistic things, and it's a dead end.

I would give him as a pianist a good rating, but this particular record . . . I consider Randy Weston the waltz king in jazz. I love the way he plays waltzes, but I'd give *this* record no stars.

3. Count Basie. *One O'Clock Jump* (Verve). Recorded 1958.

Well, this is one of my all-time favorite bands—past, present, and future. I guess I'm about as big a Basie fan now as I ever was. It kills me . . . I have a sentimental attachment to the original version of this, and I can't be objective about it, but this particular version or arrangement, when you hear it in person, is even more exciting. As for the soloists—Wess, Benny Powell, and the rest—I like the way they play, so this version kills me. The over-all standard of the solos is as vital to the sound of the band now as ever.

I think people overlook the fact that what the men do individually in the band now has a direct influence on what writers write for them. Whether it's Neal or Quincy . . . They know these guys, and they don't write for them in the same way they would have written for Pres and Herschel and those guys.

These guys are more of a band in terms of playing together. Pres and Jo Jones and the guys in the early Basie bands hit some wonderful grooves just off the top of their heads—playing together in a very exciting way. This couldn't have been without that, but I think there's a very real difference in the way the guys write now. Five stars.

4. Lester Young-Teddy Wilson. *Louise* (Verve) Young, tenor; Wilson, piano; Jo Jones, drums; Gene Ramey, bass. Recorded about 1957.

That sounded like somebody's attempt to recapture something from days gone by. Sounded like Pres and Teddy Wilson, Jo Jones. I couldn't hear the bass well enough to tell who it was—it might have been Gene Ramey. I've heard all of them play better. It was as though someone—they were looking at Dave Kapp's Indian in the old Decca studios, and somebody said, "Stick close to the melody, fellas."

It wasn't a very adventurous record even by their standards, which I always listen to them by. I always get a charge out of Jo Jones—he breaks me up and plays the funniest drums of anybody I know. Tremendous sense of humor.

I wouldn't really like to rate this. As I say, if this is Lester, it sounds more like a Lester imitator—not really like Lester. It sounds recent—in the last few years.

5. Bill Evans. *Oleo* (Riverside).

Sounds very much like Bill Evans—very adventurous. I like his playing. He's one of the few guys around now—even though he plays quite a lot in the hornlike lines when he's playing with drive like this—who has two very good hands. When he plays solos or ballads, he plays very pianistically.

Actually, he has two styles at the moment—a ballad style and up-tempo style. His work is very personal. Five stars for this.

6. Ray Draper, *Pivot* (Prestige). Draper, tuba; Mal Waldron, piano, composer.

On dates like this, I think all the musicians should be given two or three hours more to familiarize themselves with the tunes. Everybody on the date can obviously blow, but since the material was unfamiliar, they were sort of staggering around.

It sounded as though the pianist must have written it because he came off best, solo-wise. The tuba was wasted on this . . . I can't see the reason for it, and I think it spoils the record. It wouldn't have come off as badly to my ears without the tuba, but once again I think perhaps if he were familiar with the tune and had worked out things that suited his instrument better, it might have been a different story.

It's too bad that records like this are allowed to be released. It isn't fair to the musicians or the listener . . . It's a very good idea somebody had: "Let's use the tuba in this context," and it could have come off very well if they had taken a little more time. One star.

7. Miles Davis, *Bess, Oh Where's My Bess* (Columbia). Davis, trumpet; Gil Evans, conductor, arranger.

It's a pity Miles doesn't always play like this. He's perhaps the best example of someone who has given himself a limited area in which to work and made the most of it . . . But he seems to be making that area smaller and smaller by some of the things he does.

I was always interested in Miles when he played with Bird, because on some of the records I have of him

playing, he takes a solo after Bird.

Perhaps the best example of "you play what you are" is Bird—he was big and robust and had a big and robust, forthright sound. He said exactly what he had to say all over the place. Miles is sort of whispering along and wondering if this is all right if he says something here—and now to see him mature without actually changing what he's doing . . . He's made the best of what he has.

But for my own taste, I like a different approach—somebody like Art Farmer . . . He's also someone who does a lot with the device of understatement, but I think he fulfills more of the potential of the instrument. He covers more of the range, and his harmonic approach is one which is to be admired . . . What he says, he says in a little more consistent fashion, I think.

As a leader, I have been interested in Miles' effect on his sidemen; how for instance he changed Cannonball's way of playing and his approach to music—also Red Garland and different guys in the band. The guys who seem to come off best are the guys who are as strong as he is personally: Philly Joe Jones, Coltrane. They go their own way and present quite a contrast. I think he's wise enough to realize this, because he won't play without them.

I think it's a beautiful arrangement on this. It certainly captures the feeling of Gershwin, which is not quite jazz but yet not classical . . . But it's certainly beautiful music. This is a perfect vehicle for Miles, because it calls for understatement

and this is the kind of melancholy approach he's so good at.

It's only on hearing something like this that it makes you aware of the inconsistency of his performances. If he'd only play like this in person, I think it would certainly be more enjoyable. I'll give this four stars.

8. Louis Armstrong, *Panama* (Decca). Armstrong, trumpet; Earl Hines, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Jack Teagarden, trombone.

Yeah! That gets pretty lively there. Earl Hines on piano . . . I didn't recognize the others . . . Sounded like Wellman Braud on bass. Perhaps this is the group Earl's been playing with at the Hangover. It's a pretty powerful trumpet player . . . He's got a nice lip. I like it—like the spirit of this kind of thing.

I've heard solos in the style that I've thought were more traditional. But this is to me what happens to guys who continue to play after they have really developed a style . . . I noticed many of the things in each of the styles, including Earl's, which obviously came from people who came after him, so it shows they still have their ears open and they take these things and put them into their own way of playing, which is the way it should be.

I like it—I'll give it four stars. I don't really recognize the horns—the trombone sounded like Higginbotham, but I don't know the clarinet. **Afterthoughts By Taylor**

I'm really surprised that was Louis on that last record, because it sounds so much like the Louis of old. The spirit is there and this is especially true of Louis, who has listened—despite comments to the contrary—to all the trumpet players who have followed him, and his playing reflects that.

It really makes it all the more disagreeable to me when I see him on the Timex show . . . When you know the guy can still play like this, it's a shame for him not to play like this. He does things that are fine entertainment, but no finer than this playing. He does a disservice to himself, because as an artist he has a certain standard to maintain, and he's certainly set very high standards for himself . . . I think he should live up to them.

I think this was perhaps one of the best all-star bands he'll have. His bands recently are not anywhere near this standard of proficiency. Everyone who plays on this plays a good solo, and you have the feeling they're having a ball playing together. With his present group you have the feeling they're kind of bored, despite their showmanship attitude to the contrary. ■

deebie's scrapbook #17



"Oh come on, Helen, let's go in the stage entrance
—I know Thelonious personally!"

(Continued From Page 6)

Lady sang out for all the world to bear witness to the suffering of womankind. Moreover, men and women both received her message. Someone I know, very dear to me, while suffering in a hospital, heard repeatedly in her delirium the voice of Billie Holiday—her only consolation.

After entering the hospital and being put on the critical list for complications, Billie was said to have been found with a bundle of heroin by a nurse, who was "happening by." From this, I deduce she was still fighting for her life. However, after the police, the notoriety, the inevitable court hassle to follow, she seems to have given up, and unlike old generals, just faded away. This, to me, is a sad note of our times, our society, in which something as heinous as this is allowed to happen. A thinking person can denote many other intangibles in a situation such as this.

... Billie's contribution will always be near, for many singers carry her style on today. One vocalist in particular not only sings like her, but snaps her fingers, taps her foot, holds her head to one side like Lady Day. Lady's voice, while very sophisticated, was coarse, soft, yet earthy. Her style and delivery were unique, all her own. The contribution she made to the American art form, jazz, was infinite and immeasurable and meant many things to many people.

Generous to a fault, Billie was misused by people, many people. Loving well but not wisely, that is the story of Billie Holiday's life. Although regal, but not "pale," Lady to me was a queen.

Los Angeles

Dexter Gordon

(Tenor saxophonist Gordon's long letter is printed almost intact because of its summation of the feelings of countless persons, friends and fans, on the death of Billie Holiday. His outrage at her treatment is shared by all of us.)

I am writing to you regarding your very commendable report on Lady Day. Believe me, it wasn't strong enough.

I'm not very old, but I've been a "Day" fan for quite a while. I saw her when she was in Detroit last September... At that time she was accompanied by a nurse who didn't let her out of her sight. It was a shattering experience. She was a sickly shell of herself.

Again I commend you on your straightforward article and hope it woke some people up to the fact that all is not rosy in our modern age...

Detroit

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take five

By John Tynan

Although he was only about five feet five, Charlie Emge was one of the biggest men I have known. He was a grizzle-haired man with a keen, birdlike face and a steeled sense of independence that lent to his music coverage of the west coast over the period of a quarter century an incisiveness and uncompromising honesty that was always impressive to behold.

Charlie was 56 when he took his own life nearly two-and-one-half years ago. Since he and a partner, Ward Humphries, started the weekly *Tempo* music paper in the early '30's (he joined *Down Beat* in 1940 after the national magazine bought the locally distributed *Tempo*), he had seen and chronicled the rise and fall of talents big and small. He was at the Palomar ballroom on the Big Night in 1934 when Benny Goodman crashed the swing barrier . . . He played an important role in bringing about the integration of the Los Angeles Negro and white A.F.M. locals, a major victory over the rotten Jim Crow setup still prevailing in many other "northern" cities. He was as much a part of the Hollywood music business as Vine St. itself.

Because I was privileged to know and work with Charlie for only a scant 18 months before his death, these reflections are necessarily of a highly personal nature. Most of them are prompted by stories told by the man himself.

A ceaseless and sometimes relentless raconteur, Charlie could, and frequently did, yarn for hours on persons and events — phonies and nice guys, triumphs and debacles. Nor was he loath to put himself on from time to time.

One of his favorite stories—on himself—reached back to the early 1930's when he was playing alto sax on a steamer plying the west coast between San Francisco and San Diego. When the boat docked in San Diego, Charlie, along with the rest of the band, went out on the town and succeeded in painting the local bars a bright red. Weaving home long after midnight, Charlie approached the dock where his boat had been tying up for years. On this occasion, however, there had been a change in docking plans and the boat was not in its customary berth. Singing happily and quite oblivious to the world, Charlie walked straight to where he

supposed the gangplank to be—right over the side of the dock into the harbor. When they pulled him out he was more outraged at the absence of the boat than shocked by his ducking.

According to Charlie, the word "jazz" was always the wrong word for the wrong music, as he used to put it. To him, jazz stood for funny hats and clowning and he never quite got accustomed to the word. On one occasion, when this magazine ran a contest to find a new name for the music, Charlie reported a winner. She was a Hollywood resident and, as it turned out later, a professional contest entrant. Her choice of a new expression for jazz which earned her the prize money was—"crewcut." After that, Charlie used to remark, there was nothing left but resignation to the term "jazz"—but he never ceased to register his protest.

As Hal Holly, Charlie covered the movie studio beat with a thoroughness and perception that won him the respect and affection of almost everyone connected with the picture business. I say *almost* because there *were* a few individuals who, while they respected him, regarded him with something less than affection. Invariably these were the phonies who had felt the sting of Charlie's copy when he called the shots

in print. He could write waspishly when he wanted to, but his barbs were never unwarranted or malicious.

Once, when the press agent of a well known singer-dancer made publicity capital out of the injuries sustained by his client in an auto accident, Charlie blasted in print the press agent's opportunism. When the p.a. saw the item in the magazine, he called Charlie in a rage, demanded a retraction and made some pretty strong threats.

That was a mistake. Charlie heard him out, then said quietly, "Look, hustler, I may be just a little guy, but I can take you on anytime. I retract nothing. I change nothing. The item stands because it happens to be the truth. Now, you know where to find me and any time you feel like living up to your threats, I'll be waiting for you, Mac." Next time the press agent came around, it was after calling first to make sure that Charlie was not in the office.

If Charlie Emge had one outstanding characteristic, it was a fierce sense of individualism. He was the living refutation of the organization man, and there was not in his makeup the smallest grain of compromise. While he lived, he clung with fiery pride to his dignity as a man. And that dignity never left Charlie Emge. Not even in death.



CHARLIE EMGE

presenting a *Down Beat* award to Bing Crosby

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By George Hoefler

You're in Greenwich Village, you spot an old four story building on the corner of 14th and Sixth with wildly painted upstairs windows in bright carnival colors, and you go up a narrow wooden staircase into a sort of lobby. It is filled with coffee drinkers. Through an open door, you continue toward a "pad" already occupied. You're in the Living Theater. The play is *The Connection*.

If you're straight, you suddenly realize that you belong to your left where there are rows of seats. To your right is Leach's pad (no curtain hides the low stage at one end of the room) where Leach (Warren Finnerty), Solly (Jerome Raphael), Sam (John McCurry), and Ernie (Garry Goodrow) are waiting with four musicians for their "connection." The lights on the stage are low and everyone is nervously relaxed.

Three of the musicians in the play are draped over their instruments. Ernie, wearing a white trench coat, moves his head up from the table to make noises with the mouthpiece of his missing "ax" (it has been hocked.)

The audience, after seating themselves, gaze towards the pantomime of movement in the pad. Sam, a large Negro, moves a leg on the couch, while Leach, a vague homosexual, starts to pace, finally joining Solly, a middle-aged philosopher, at the window in search of The Cowboy (played by the late Canada Lee's son Carl), who has gone out to make the connection.

It would have been much better if the play had just segued into the action from the silent prologue, but author Jack Gelber felt constrained to frame the scene into a fantasy of folderol about a producer, an author's author, and a couple of photographers. This harshly detracted from the living aspects of the production.

After all this has gotten out of the way, the play, devoted to the depiction of what goes on in a nest of junkies awaiting a "fix," continued to unfold.

A weird character named Harry (Henry Proach) makes the scene carrying a portable phonograph with one Charlie Parker side. Harry is a wordless jazz lover who goes into a trance under the spell of Bird, and if the pad has little to offer the outsider, it does have an overhead double light socket. Harry plays his euphoric crutch and splits.

The Parker sound has an effect on the lethargic musicians, who muster their strength enough to get a jam session under way.

Freddie Redd, the pianist, wrote the

original music that enhances the power of the play considerably. He plays with Jackie McClean, alto, Clyde Harris, drums, and Jimmy Corbett, bass. The modern jazz helps greatly in furthering the dramatic action of the play. It highlights the yearning in Act I; and in Act II, after the white-suited Cowboy arrives and administers to each one individually in the bathroom, the revival of well being—although destined to be short-lived—is heard in the music.

This is the first time this writer has ever seen jazz used as a living adjunct to drama. It has been used to set a mood and create atmosphere, but here

it is a part of an unpleasant situation like Camille in the throes of consumption.

The performances of all the actors and musicians were realistic and believable to the point where the constant off-stage voice (from all corners of the room) incanting, "That's the way it really is," was totally unnecessary and distracting.

Freddie Redd and Jackie McClean are both former members of a Charlie Parker Quartet. Their playing fulfilled the belief of this writer that jazz is a symbol and reflection of the emotional state of our times. ■

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Continued from Page 21
show." Presumably this meant he did hope to grow a beard; after the show last night, he shaved.

THURSDAY—Now the real traveling has begun. Instead of 50 to 100 miles a day, it's climbing toward 300 or 400. After Harrisburg, Pa., on Tuesday, we drove right through to Pittsburgh, arriving at 5 a.m. and spending the day there. A good hall, good acoustics, and a wildly enthusiastic sellout house made Pittsburgh a happy night.

Then we left early this morning for the long haul to Toronto, which involved an almost endless delay at customs as we entered Canada. We barely made the theater on time. Good promotion, thanks to local disc jockey Phil McKellar; big house.

SATURDAY—Mad, mad, mad! An all-night bus trip from Toronto, giving us a few hours grace in New York, before the two shows at Carnegie hall. After the second show ended about 2:30 a.m., we had exactly 3½ hours in which to get home, sleep, get up, dress, and get to Columbus circle in time for the 6 a.m. bus departure for Virginia. This was too much for me. After oversleeping and missing the bus, I flew

ahead, arriving 20 minutes before the weary musicians unloaded from the bus.

Today we played two colleges 150 miles apart geographically and a million miles apart in every other respect.

The audience at the first, trudging in from a football game, was noisy and restless. Many of the students brought in bottles or checked them at the door. The setting was a huge gymnasium in which, not provided with seats, the audience squatted on a floor strewn with rugs and blankets. Though it was virtually impossible to be heard above the uproar, the performance earned a vociferous reaction.

After Rollins' opening stint, and the Brubeck set that followed, these two groups and I sped ahead on the bus to the second college date while the Ferguson band and the Freshmen, completing the show, followed us an hour or two later, in a specially chartered second bus, arriving as the second show was half over.

Before we opened the second show, which was at VPI, one of the musicians commented, "Will this evening be like this afternoon, or do we have to play good?" As it turned out, VPI was a model audience. We had a concert hall with first-class sound, and in contrast with the afternoon show, the students

were a sober, quietly attentive crowd. Our faith in the future of America was restored.

WEDNESDAY — A ghostly camp follower on parts of this tour was Jim Crow. We ran into him several times in a few days, notably when seven of the 30 of us were unable to check in at the same hotel.

Yesterday, an hour out of Indianapolis, where we had played the night before, we stopped at a diner for breakfast. The waitress, after keeping Gene Wright and me waiting a long time before taking our orders, finally gave Gene a sidelong look and said, "I'm sorry, but we can't serve you."

Happily there was enough esprit de corps and sense of humor to take these incidents in stride. When a soft-drink machine outside a St. Louis diner failed to cough up a bottle, somebody cracked, "Even the machines down here discriminate."

There was a general laugh-it-up atmosphere during the long days on the bus, as if it were tacitly admitted that the one-nighter grind is tough and the only thing to do is pretend it isn't happening.

Motion pictures notwithstanding, there is no such thing as a jam session on a bus. The only time music even comes under general discussion is when somebody (usually Ferguson) reads aloud some newspaper review of the show that has caught up with us—usually with sarcastic interpolations and changes in the script and with frequent derisive reactions from the bus audience.

The conversational sparkplug of the bus was Willie Maiden. Gaunt, bearded, spectacled, an incessant and hilarious gabber, Maiden apparently is the world's foremost authority on beer and the liquor licensing laws of every state.

If Willie's personality is the most extrovert, his antithesis must be Sonny Rollins' bashful bassist Henry Grimes, who exchanged about 10 words in the first 12 days and earned himself the nickname Loudmouth.

The personalities of the others slowly came into focus en route. Various types of senses of humor were at play.

Ferguson based much of his kidding on a pseudo-stern-leader role; Joe Morello joked about his poor vision; Paul Desmond's is the quieter, more intellectual brand of humor. Desmond, who spent most of his time playing chess with Morello or scrabble with me, is tough to beat at either. Gene Wright was the unofficial pinochle king of the bus. Like record reviews or items in a *Blindfold Test*, ratings from one to five stars were accorded to everything from a bowl of soup to a men's room.

The Four Freshmen broke it up at



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2 a.m. one night on the bus by unveiling their Homer-and-Jethro-like versions of such songs as *Angel Eyes* and *The Nearness of You*, which they reduced to three chords apiece, with extra beats thrown in here and there for bad measure.

There was a real camaraderie, strong enough to keep everybody's spirits at a high level. As Ferguson said one day, "We've got to get some hate going around here. There isn't enough good, healthy hate around this bus."

THURSDAY — A hilarious scene yesterday on our way to Iowa City when we stopped for lunch at Keokuk, Iowa.

Bob Dogan, Ferguson's new pianist, is a tall, handsome, blond fellow who looks vaguely like Van Cliburn. Hearing that Cliburn had been appearing in the area, some of us planned a man-in-the-street interview, with Dogan as "Cliburn." I took along my pocket tape recorder, and as I stood on a street corner, Rick Gibbons, microphone in hand, introduced me, and I began my interview with "Cliburn."

While I asked such questions as "is your real name Sam Van Cliburn or Max Van Cliburn?" or "how does Moscow compare with Keokuk?" a group of teen-agers surrounded us. Soon local businessmen, eager to get publicity, were introducing themselves, and Paul Desmond had climbed up a fire escape to take photographs while Willie Maiden brushed the crowds back with "Gangway! This is a photographer from *Life* magazine!"

After my interview with "Cliburn" ended, Flo and Maynard Ferguson walked up and were introduced as singer Lizzie Schwartz and her manager.

I hope somebody in Keokuk reads *Down Beat* and herewith learns that all was not what it seemed to be.

SUNDAY — Poor Ed Sarkesian's nerves were yanked to the breaking point tonight. The Freshmen and Brubeck, deciding to save time by flying to Detroit from Chicago, got all the way to Detroit, circled around the airport for 90 minutes in the fog, and then turned back. Our concert was due to start at 8:20 p.m. At 5:10, Brubeck called to tell us he was back in Chicago!

Starting the concert a half-hour late, we stretched it every conceivable way. Ferguson brought things out of the book that hadn't been heard on the whole tour. He doubled not only on valve trombone but also on baritone horn. Jimmy Ford sang. After the intermission, Maynard went on again and, exhausted, ceded to a Brubeckless quartet, which I introduced as the Paul Desmond trio. They had been onstage some 10 minutes when Dave strode on in the middle of a tune, glasses missing, and dressed in rumped traveling clothes.



CATS MAPPING
Maynard and Flo Ferguson

and started playing. ("Paul called out to me that they were on the release," he told me later, "but he didn't say the release of what.")

This happened at 11:25 p.m.; by the time the Freshmen had added their stint,

the concert ran almost to 12:45 a.m., yet very few patrons left, and none asked for his money back.

MONDAY—Our only day off during the entire 24 and this by accident, because a booking was canceled. Since it happened to be the birthday of Sarkesian's partner, Srabian, we devoted much of the day to a celebration in his house. Preparing to leave the party, Carmen Leggio almost cut off his right forefinger closing a car door and was rushed to a hospital. How were we going to make out with a three-piece sax section the next night? You can't make replacements in the middle of a road tour.

TUESDAY — A brutally long trip from Detroit to Rochester, N. Y. We arrived at 8 p.m.—too late to eat, check into a hotel, or do anything but look for current outlets for our electric shavers. The concert went on at 8:28. Somehow Leggio managed to get his bandaged finger to do most of the work required of it.

WEDNESDAY—Srabian this morning kiddingly issued the following announcement: "During the last three days of the tour, a psychiatrist will be on the bus for reorientation."

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SATURDAY—After an all-night bus trip from Cleveland, we arrived tonight in Buffalo, N.Y., and were happy to find a beautiful, acoustically perfect hall, Kleinhans auditorium. Splendid promotion by Joe Rico assured two big houses. Everybody played a great show.

A curious thing through the tour was the similarity of audience reactions. All the artists played much the same tunes every night and got almost consistently big hands. Rollins' best was the frantic-tempoed *After You've Gone*. Brubeck gassed them with extracts from the *Impressions of Eurasia* album, with the Morello solo used as a finale; Ferguson had two brilliant Slide Hampton arrangements. *My Man Chopin* and *Fugue*, both of which drew tremendous hands. And the Freshmen, of course, broke it up with Ross Barbour's falsetto *Sweet Lorraine* and with their biggest record hits, *Day by Day* and *It's a Blue World*.

Another invariable was the laugh meter on the Freshmen's comedy lines. Bob Flanigan's comment, "Did you know that Lawrence Welk makes Guy Lombardo sound progressive?" not only drew loud laughter, but also applause, almost every night.

SUNDAY—This was parting-is-such-sweet-sorrow day as we closed the tour with a matinee and evening show in Philadelphia. All the musicians were running around backstage asking each other to autograph copies of the souvenir program. A genuine air of regret enveloped us as we prepared for the trip back to Columbus circle.

All of us learned some lessons from the experience of this tour. A few of them are incorporated in the constructively meant suggestions that follow.

First, there must be much earlier planning of jazz tours. Ours was booked so late that there was an absurd waste of bus mileage and of our physical energies in the way it was routed. For example, Detroit and Toledo are only 58 miles apart, yet between these two dates we played Rochester, N. Y., which is 300 or 400 miles from both! Similarly the Toledo and Cleveland dates, instead of being played consecutively, were separated by a booking in Louisville, Ky. No wonder agents are accused of routing bookings by throwing darts at the map!

Earlier planning and better routing could have done much to improve this tour; would have saved the wear and tear that affected even Ferguson's granite lip, which could not be expected to hold up under such conditions; would have enabled everybody to be in good enough physical shape to feel like *wanting* to play instead of *having* to, and would have enabled the leaders, and my-

self, to arrive in some towns early enough to appear on disc-jockey shows and thus help promotion.

Second, a questionnaire should be sent to every musician months in advance of the tour to determine how much he is willing to spend on hotels. Reservations then should be made in advance for everybody so they won't arrive in a town with no idea of where to stay as we did so often.

Third, as the sensitive Sarkesian pointed out, the south must be eliminated from future tours.

Fourth, with a little consultation among the leaders of the various groups, it would be possible to work out a few collaborations—in our case between Ferguson's band, say, and Brubeck or Desmond or Rollins—so that the show could consist not simply of four acts, one right after the other, but of a carefully integrated production.

Fifth, it would be better not to play a town at all than to play in a hall where the sound bounces back so hard that you can return the next night and hear the same show still reverberating. Better, too, to skip a date than assign it to the type of local promoter who figures a jazz show should be handled along the same lines as Fats Domino, whom he played last week.

Six, I'm sure all the artists would agree to work for slightly less, or prorate their salaries, if they could have one day off each week to catch their breath. Our 30 shows in 24 days represented a hardship that could and should be avoided.

Aside from these points, I have only one suggestion, and I'm sure it will meet with the approval of any musician who ever has made a jazz tour: buses should be equipped with DC-7 engines and should have a cruising speed of 400 m.p.h. ■



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LARRY ADLER-BETTY BENNETT
Mister Kelly's, Chicago

Personnel: Larry Adler, harmonica, accompanied by Ellis Larkins, piano, and rhythm. Betty Bennett, vocals, accompanied on the night heard by Dick Marx, piano; John Frigo, bass; Jerry Slobberg, drums.

If you have a taste for good singers and you're in Chicago, by all means drop by Mister Kelly's and catch a performance by Betty Bennett.

Miss Bennett has several virtues to set her apart from most singers. One is an excellent ear and, normally, quite accurate pitch. But the most arresting characteristics in her work are the interrelated ones of her phrasing and breathing. She has an ability to phrase long, smooth phrases without strain, without those pushed consonants at the end that indicate the singer has run out of wind and is faking the termination of the note.

Alas, she has also a tendency to indulge her not inconsiderable vocal technique in Sarah Vaughan-like jumps and slides. She does these things well, but not as well as Sarah. Anyway, they are not always attractive, even in Sarah's execution. Of course, when you have this ability, it is difficult to resist indulging it. It feels good in the throat and chest, and there is a peculiar satisfaction in pulling the tricks off well. But to keep some of your ability in reserve is the very definition of restraint, and this is something Miss Bennett can learn.

For, essentially, the display beclouds the most important facets of her work: the sheer intelligence of her interpretation of lyrics, and the lovely enunciation of them. Her use of the English language is about the most correct and gracious of any singer this side of Frank Sinatra.

If she'd put the gymnastics to work in the service of the songs instead of vice versa, this could be one of the most charming jazz-edged pop singers around today. She's certainly one of the most beautiful.

Miss Bennett is actually the supporting half of a double bill headed by Larry Adler. Superbly accompanied by pianist Ellis Larkins—who is by now virtually the Gerald Moore of jazz—he does an act largely made up of what he calls "jazz." Unfortunately, he shows in his playing no feeling or understanding whatever for the idioms of the art, and how he manages the astonishing technical trick of blowing a harmonica out of tune is anybody's guess. The "classical" things he does are better.

—Gene Lees

(Continued from Page 8)

her interest in the Festival last year in a settlement made with Louis Lorillard.

Jazz has arrived when the Hearst movie column conducted by Louella O. Parsons starts out with a paragraph involving Gerry Mulligan. Quote: "Mulligan, who toots as mean a saxophone as I've ever heard . . ." Buddy Rich is back on the song-and-dance kick. He insists that the drums will go in storage come October and he will go into the Living Room as a crooner. Buddy has been assigned a hoodlum role in the *Pretty Boy Floyd* movie scheduled to be made in Manhattan this October. Buddy's younger brother, ex-trumpeter Mickey Rich, is an assistant director on the picture . . . The youth of Poland has voted on their choice of the greatest living American: first, Louis Armstrong; second, Willis Conover, who introduces the Voice of America's nightly radio broadcasts . . .

Art Ford, WNTA executive, has definitely set a jazz festival to be played at the Ocean Beach Community Center on Fire Island Saturday night, Aug. 29 . . . Dick Cathcart, who plays Pete Kelly's horn on TV, has a gimmick for personal and TV appearances: a puppet that dances on his horn while he is playing . . . John Steiner of Chicago, who owned the rights to the name Paramount Records for many years (he bought it from the original owners, a furniture firm in Port Washington, Wis.) recently received a juicy settlement from ABC-Paramount . . . John Clellon Holmes' novel *The Horn* is now available in a Crest (35c) book reprint . . .

Every Friday night, a band made up of Max Kaminsky, George Wettling, Hank D'Amico (clarinet), Mickey Crane (piano), and Dicky Wells (trombone) goes up to Westport, Conn. to play a "listening jazz session" at the Westnor. The spot is a diner with a back room cafe . . . Mike Longo of Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., who in 1959 won the \$400 *Down Beat* Hall of Fame scholarship to attend Berklee, joined the Salt City Six on piano during the group's recent engagement at the Town House Motel in Pittsburgh . . . Sarah Vaughan, currently on a Brazilian concert tour, will move from Mercury to Roulette in April, 1960 . . . Cozy Cole has a new single release on the King label, *Blop-Up*. It's backed by *Blop-Down*.

Many fans of the big bands during the 1940s will be saddened by the death of Ginny Powell Raeburn.



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wife of orchestra leader **Boyd Raeburn**, on July 25 in Nassau, The Bahamas. Ginny, a singer, was from Chicago. Her professional career was launched the week she graduated from high school, when she appeared at a Sunday afternoon jazz concert at the Hamilton Hotel in the Loop. She appeared with the Harry James' band and the band led for more than a decade by her husband. She once was the subject for a *Down Beat* cover . . .

Members of the music business are also mourning the passing of **K. K. Hansen** in Alexandria, Virginia. He was a partner with former *Down Beat* editor **Ned Williams** in a publicity office that represented **Duke Ellington**, **Cab Calloway**, **Ray Noble**, **Jack Teagarden**, and **Mitch Ayres** during the 1930s. After World War II, Hansen had elected to stay in the service in which he had risen from army private to a colonel. He died of a heart attack . . .

Alex Grossman, now writing a column, *Jazz Profiles*, for the *Catskill, N.Y.* paper, recently presented **Cutty Cutshall**, trombone; **Gene Schroeder**, piano; and **Mousie Alexander**, drums, in a jazz concert at Sausto's Pleasant Acres in Leeds, N.Y. The money goes to the local **Boys Club** . . . **Chet Baker** left for Europe in late July after recording a Lerner and Loewe album for *Riverside* . . . The **Newport Youth Band** will appear at the Boston Jazz Festival. Recently they have been playing city dances at the Central Park Mall and Prospect Park in Brooklyn . . . **Billy Taylor's** trio at the Hickory House includes **Willie Dennis** on drums and **Aaron Bell** on bass . . . **Walter Allen** of Belleville, N.J., announces that *Jack Teagarden's Music*, by **Howard J. Waters, Jr.** will soon be available. It includes biographical, discographical information and new photos on the great trombonist . . . The British revue, *Shave My Lettuce*, bombed at the Village Gate. The show featured a Negro jazz quartet playing in the background, "softly during breaks and loudly whenever anyone was on stage," as the *Village Voice* put it.

The **Johnny Dankworth** band, back in England now, is starting a new series of *Dig Dankworth* programs on the TWW network . . . Jazz recording has moved into grand opera with Contemporary's new **Barney Kessel** *Carmen* album . . . If anyone has any biographical information on **Blind Blake**, **Gary Davis**, **Blind Boy Fuller**, **Lemon Jefferson**, and **Willie Johnson**, contact **Richard**

Weissman, 156 West 106th Street, New York City. He would like to borrow or buy it to use in a master's thesis . . . **Art Farmer** made a guest appearance at the Mexican Jazz Festival this summer. **Walter Carter**, a medical student at the National University of Mexico, writes that it was great to have some modern jazz there. The local concept of jazz is mostly Dixieland . . .

The Folklore Center, 110 MacDougal, New York, announces publication in September of a new magazine, *Folk Music Guide—USA* . . . A new comedy, *Dimmy and The Witches* written by **William Gibson**, is slated for an off-Broadway opening in November. The 12-character fantasy has a setting in Central Park and the central figure is a jazz musician who is given a chance to win the world on his own terms . . . Modern jazz is being played at **Kutsher's Country Club**, Monticello, N.Y., by the **Jazz Prophets**: **Mike Melvoine**, piano; **Ish Ugarte**, bass; and **Bobby Fuhlroudt**, drums.

The Off-Beat Club on upper Broadway is being remodelled and will re-open as a jazz club named the Prelude. An ex-detective is one of the owners . . . **Jimmy Knepper**, who jobbed around New York for a year with **Charlie Mingus** and **Tony Scott**, has now added his trombone to the Kai Winding trombone choir after a short stint with **Stan Kenton** . . . **Red Nichols**, who couldn't play himself in the movie based on his life, is now playing himself in *The Gene Krupa Story* . . . Trombonist **Chuck Maxon** will join the new **George Shearing** big band when it debuts at Basin Street East. Maxon and another trombonist, **Larry Wilson**, who was once with **Hampton**, took a group of musicians to Roosevelt Hospital recently to entertain patients and staff. **Harry Biss**, piano; **Steve Perlow**, baritone sax; **Lou Ornstein**, tenor sax; **Mel Zellman**, drums, and **Chuck Anders**, bass, were in the group . . . **Jeri Southern** has her husband, **John Kitzmiller**, accompanying her on bass at the Den in the Duane . . . Bard College at Annadale-on-the-Hudson will have a jazz weekend Nov. 6 and 7 . . . **Mark Murphy** is appearing at Cape Cod after a stint at the Page 3 bar in Greenwich Village.

Count Basie insisted that it be in his contract to play a Hudson boat ride that he could tell the captain to return to the dock if he or any of his men got seasick . . . **Jerome Richardson** has a singing bit in a nightclub scene in *The Fugitive Kind*, the new **Marlon Brando-Anna**

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IN PERSON

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Basin Street East (Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays only) DIXIE WASHINGTON, Aug. 20, 21, 22. GEORGE SHEARING big band, Aug. 27, 28, 29.
Birdland—CHICO HAMILTON quintet, until Aug. 26. RUDDA RICH quartet and ART BLAKEY'S Jazz Messengers, Aug. 27-Sept. 10.
Bon Soir—JIMMY KOMACK opens Sept. 10.
Cordon — CONDON, HALL, CLAYTON ALEXANDER, LEONARD GASKINS are regulars. BOB CORWIN is intermission pianist.
Copacabana — MORT SAHL and EARL GRANT open Aug. 30.
Den (Hotel Duane)—JERI SOUTHERN. Indefinitely.
Downstairs at the Upstairs—ROSE MURPHY trio with SLAM STEWART. Indefinitely.
Embers—TEDDY WILSON trio and REX STEWART quartet, until Aug. 30. JOHN NY OSTA trio and COTTIE WILLIAMS quartet, Aug. 31 - Sept. 13.
Five Spot—MAL WALDRON quintet with PEPPER ADAMS, and the RANDY WESTON quartet, indefinitely.
Hickory House—BILLY TAYLOR trio and BERNIE NIEROW, indefinitely.
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Mermal Room (Park Sheraton Hotel)—TIL DIETERLE trio, indefinitely.
Metropole Cafe (Downstairs)—HAWKINS, ELDRIDGE, BAILEY, PARENTI, HIGGINBOTHAM are regulars. (Upstairs)—AHMAD JAMAL trio, until Aug. 24. DIZZY GILLESPIE quintet, Aug. 25 - Sept. 8.
Nick's Tavern—PEE WEE IRWIN band, indefinitely.
Playhouse—JEROME RICHARDSON quartet, indefinitely.
Roseland Dance City — PAUL MARTELL orch., until Sept. 7. BUDDY BAIR orch., Sept. 8-Oct. 19.
Roundtable—SHARKEY RONANO Kings of Dixieland, and Tyree Glenn quartet, until Sept. 1.
Ryan's — WILBUR DEPARIS band, indefinitely.
Showplace (Village)—TONY SCOTT quartet, with BILL EVANS, indefinitely.
Versailles—BLOSSOM DEARIE, and the SAL SALVADOR trio, indefinitely.
Village Gate—Monday night jazz concerts.
Village Vanguard—TIRK MURPHY band, until Sept. 2. CHRIS CONNOR, Sept. 3, 21.

MONTREAL

CBC's coverage of Queen Elizabeth's tour canceled the Aug. 1 chapter in the radio series *From Basin Street to Bidland*. It has been rescheduled for Sept. 5 on AM and FM. The June 27 show in the same series also was postponed for the same reason and will be broadcast on Aug. 8. The first mentioned is a salute to Duke Ellington; the second a survey of the swing era.

Don Rondo sang at the Mocambo recently . . . Yolande Lisi, one of the swiftest singers locally, finally got a guest television spot on the show *Rhythmes*. She has also recorded for the CBC Transcription service with the Buck Lacombe septet. The septet, was one of the attractions at the *Showcase Montreal* offering in the open-air theater in Lafontaine park. Alan Mills, Canadian folk singer, also appeared. *Showcase Montreal* also has featured the Yvan

Landry quartet, the Montreal Saxophone quartet, and organist Buddy Jones, with his quintet, featuring Buddy Jordan, trumpet; Bob Rudd, bass, and Benjamin Lundy, tenor . . . The Barry Townley trio was heard on the CBC network series *Cue for a Combo*, as have the Vic Centro quintet and the Peter Appleyard quintet.

TORONTO

The colorful Willie (The Lion) Smith was featured at the Westover's Basin Street in August while the regulars, the Mike White Imperial Jazz Band, took a two week's vacation. Smith's group included drummer Arthur Trappier and local trumpeter Stu Eaton . . . Name dance bands dated in the area during August include Larry Elgart at the Palace Pier, the Tommy Dorsey Band under the direction of Warren Covington at Burlington's Brant Inn and Duke Ellington for two nights at Frank Leslie's Bigwain Inn at Muskoka . . . Buddy Greco recently worked the Town Tavern . . .

PHILADELPHIA

Three members of the cast of *Jamaica*, touring the St. John Terrell music circus circuit this summer, have jazz backgrounds: singers Bertice Reading (ex-Lionel Hampton) and Abbey Lincoln, and Bill Dillard (ex-Dizzy Gillespie trumpeter.) Miss Reading was the first U. S. jazz artist to sing in Russia when she toured last year with a British group. Terrell also is featuring Duke Ellington, Dave Brubeck and Erroll Garner at his tents . . .

Johnny Coates Jr., ex-Charlie Ventura pianist, is playing at the Tremont Lounge in his native Trenton. Another Trentonian, drummer Tony DiNicola, also a Ventura alumnus, has joined Harry James in Las Vegas . . . A swinging 12-piece band, featuring some of Philadelphia's top sidemen, augmented drummer Mickey Rodgers' quintet for the Crosby Brothers' week at New Hope's Fountainhead. Dick Stabile directed . . .

Recent attractions at Philadelphia clubs included Lambert-Hendricks-Ross and Chico Hamilton at the Showboat, and Harry (Sweets) Edison at Pep's . . . The Red Hill in Pennsauken, N. J., featured tenorman Frank Tiberi and Al Steele and their group . . . Buddy Rich, who gives up the drums soon to turn singer, appeared at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City. Frank Sinatra had an eight-day date at the 500 Club in the shore city.

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CHICAGO

Clarinetist Albert Nicholas, back on vacation from France, where he now makes his home, played his first professional engagement in the United States in six years at Jazz Ltd. He replaced Bill Reinhardt with the club's regular group while club owner-musician Reinhardt was on vacation. The one-week gig lengthened into two, and while he was in Chicago, Nicholas cut two LPs for Delmar. Working with him on the recording date were Nat Trottier, trumpet; Floyd O'Brien, trombone; Art Hodes, piano; Marty Grosz, guitar, Mike Walbridge, tuba, and Fred Kohlman, drums. . . . Hodes has a quartet in the Continental Sundays through Thursdays. . . O'Brien is fronting the Dixieland group at the Preview Mondays and Tuesdays. . . Lil Armstrong is still playing Sundays at the Red Arrow, and Franz Jackson appears Fridays and Saturdays. Jackson is also playing Thursdays at Jazz Ltd.

Louis Armstrong was in town to record an album with the Dukes of Dixieland for Audio Fidelity. It's to be called, straightforwardly enough, *Louis and the Dukes* . . .

Joe Segal's sessions at various clubs are now running three nights a week, with the possibility of more in the wind. Sunday evenings he has a session at the French Poodle; Monday evenings, the boys are at the Gate of Horn; and Tuesday evenings, they're at the Sutherland. Recent participants have been Philly Joe Jones, Sonny Stitt, Rolf Erikson, Carson Smith, and Norman Simmons (Dakota Staton's accompanist).

We're all used to seeing the various types who follow the festivals, turning up to work at each of them: concessionaires and others. Latest addition to the ranks of itinerant festival workers are two waiters who were at Newport earlier this summer, then at French Lick, then at Chicago this week, and when last seen, were headed for the Detroit festival. Napkin over arm . . . ?

Thursday night sessions at the Archway Lounge, now being run by Alice Walker, are doing good business. . . Jackie Wilson, the pianist with the Richard Evans trio (which recently cut its first album for Argo) is Army-bound. Chicago musicians gave him a noisy send-off with a session. . . Bass player Bill Lee has been doing so well with Odetta and Josh White that he has been emboldened to move to New York, where he is now waiting out his 802 card. . . Another recent departure was that of CBS staff trombonist

Tommy Shephard, who decided to make the scene in Los Angeles. Shephard packed up his family and means the move as a permanent one. . . Two musicians from the Dave Baker Indiana U. band, trombonists Bill Hanna and Bud Baker joined Stan Kenton for three weeks before going back to the campus. . .

The Club Laurel, at 5300 Broadway, tried booking the 15-piece band of Dick Long on July 2 and 3. Long decided to shoot the works and try the band's jazz book on the audience, figuring that since there was little room for dancing in the club, he had nothing to lose. Far from backing off, the audience evidently dug the proceedings—so much so that the band was booked back for two weekends late in August. The significance of the event may evade a cursory glance, but essentially it's this: the club is way up on Chicago's North Side, far removed from the center of things or the South Side where jazz traditionally happens. That the group should meet success indicates that jazz—or near-jazz—may indeed be spreading out in Chicago, as some recent clues have indicated. The room seats only 300; the musicians were paid over scale. . .

IN PERSON

- Aragon—FLORIAN ZARACH, thro Sept. 20.
- Bambu—GEORG BRUNIS, indefinitely.
- Blue Note—JIMMY RUSHING, Aug. 10-21.
- Cloister—DELLA REESE and RAY HASTINGS, August 18 for 3 weeks.
- London House—DON SHIRLEY TRIO, to Sept. 6.
- Mister Kelly's—LARRY ADLER and BETTY BENNETT, through Aug. 30.
- Preview—PEE WEE HUNT, through Aug. 30.
- Ray Colombe's Jazzville—CAROL RICHARDS and DON MARLOW through Aug. 30.
- Sutherland Lounge—RED GARLAND TRIO and SONNY STITT, Aug. 20 for two weeks.

LAS VEGAS

Band leader Ray Sinatra at the Riviera hotel spends much of his time in the pit during the Red Skelton act kidding with the comic as they throw ad libs back and forth. . . Bill Reddie set to take over the musical reins at the Dunes hotel in mid-September replacing Cee Davidson. . . Charlie Ventura and his "hot" jazz group keeping the New Frontier lounge jumping every night with the hottest music on the Strip. . . Ray McKinley leads the Glenn Miller Band in the Flamingo's Driftwood lounge to packed houses each night. . . Frank Owens is playing piano during Johnny Mathis stint on the Sands stage and handles Antonio Morelli's orchestra.

Lionel Hampton and Red Skelton, both at the Riviera, have formed the Mason-Dixie company to record their jazz records with the first one being *The History of Jazz* with Lionel supplying the music and Red doing the vocals and narration. . . Johnny Adamono at the Nevada

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Club swings a mean guitar to the amusement of music lovers . . .
Orch leader **Nat Brandwyne** at New Frontier where "Holiday in Japan" is the rage, is learning a few words of Japanese so he can converse with stars of the show . . .
Bill Hitchcock of Shaw-Hitchcock at the Sahara has come up with some great original numbers for his new production number, "Cinderella" which opens the Crosby Brothers' show . . .
Carlton Hayes, Desert Inn musical director, spends his spare time handling talent along the strip through his agency . . .

Desert Inn—McGUIRE SISTERS until Aug. 21. TONY MARTIN starts Aug. 25.
Dunes—JACK CARSON until Sept. 2. FRANKIE VAUGHAN starts Sept. 3.
El Rancho Vegas—JOE E. LEWIS and La Sue Eve, indefinitely.
Flamingo—PEARL BAILEY, indefinite period.
New Frontier—Holiday in Japan, indefinitely.
Riviera—KEN MURRAY Spectacular, until Sept. 6. RED BUTTONS starts Sept. 7.
Sahara—CROSBY BROS., until Sept. 3. DAN DAILEY starts Sept. 4.
Sands—MARGUERITA PIAZZA and LOUIS ARMSTRONG, until Sept. 9.
Silver Slipper—Hank Henry in Paris or Bust.
Starclub—Le Lido de Paris, indefinitely.
Thunderbird—Ecstasy on Ice, indefinitely.
Tropicana—DICK SHAWN, until Sept. 15.

LOS ANGELES

When the Steve Allen Show bows from Hollywood Sept. 28, **Les Brown** will be on podium as music director. Some of the Brown sidemen will be included in the studio orchestra, it's reported . . .
Harry James will reap \$8,500 per working week till December 1960, under his new contract with the Las Vegas Flamingo hotel, which begins next month. The band will play the location 26 weeks annually.

Erroll Garner's contract with **Gene Norman's** Crescendo calls for the pianist to play only two sets a night when he opens there Sept. 10 for 11 days. But there's no truth to the rumor that **Sol Hurok** will fill in as intermission comic . . .
Pam Garner, who leaped from her spot as between-acts singer at the Tiffany burlesque to a Coral recording contract last year, exited the Decca twin to jump to Columbia and a&r man **Mitch Miller**.

Contrary to all rumors, the **Chuck Marlowe** band is *not* touring Alaska. It's swinging in southern California, where Marlowe already has dates booked up to next New Year's Eve . . .
The **Claude Gordon** band, now in the midst of a three-month tour after cutting its first album for Warner Bros. Records, is playing the Willowbrook ballroom in Willow Springs, Ill., the 19th through 23rd . . .
The **Si Zentner's** band, busy in the southern California region, will cut two more LP's for Liberty before the

year is out . . . The wild and wooly **Johnnie Cascales** band is causing mucho commoto along Vine street these days with its far, far, far out charts.

It'll be **Cole** at the Bowl the night of Aug. 21 when **Nat** takes over the evening with **Nelson Riddle's** orch and a 100-voice Negro choir . . .
Bobby Troup is portraying the late **Tommy Dorsey** in the **Gene Krupa** Story (he was **Artie Schutt** in *The Five Pennies*) while **Shelly Manne** again plays the part of **Dave Tough**. Type casting? . . . And now it's **Andre Previn's** turn to thesp—as a

jazz pianist in **Arthur Freed's** M-G-M production of **Jack Kerouac's** *The Subterraneans* . . .
Ernest Gold, who nabbed the scoring job on **Stanley Kramer's** *On the Beach*, wrote jazz sections into the underscore, using such top men as **Benny Carter**, **Pete Candoli**, **Shelly Manne**, **John T. Williams**, **Gus Bivona** and **Bobby Bain** . . .
Emil Richards, ex-vibist with **George Shearing**, is now teaching his instrument at the Professional Drum studios on Vine . . .
The new **Rey De Michel** band has just had its second LP released on the Challenge label. It's titled *For Bloozers*

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Altoist Tony Ortega is filling in at the Lighthouse for Bob Cooper Wednesdays, Thursdays and Sundays . . . Pacific Ocean Park's Lighthouse club features the *Limelight Rhythm Kings* six nights a week, with jam sessions Monday nights . . . Terry Gibbs' big band continues weekends at the Sundown while Shorty Rogers' big crew wails every Sunday night at the Cloister.

Barney Kessel re-signed with Contemporary Records. He's been with Les Koenig's label since 1953 and, in addition to extensive recording and writing for movies and television, he is now mapping a ten-week tour for the fall . . . Album title of the year: Shelly Manne's new Contemporary disc with more of Hank Mancini's *Peter Gunn* music, *Son of Gunn!*

ADDED NOTES: Ampex is going into manufacture and marketing of four-track stereo tape. Russ Molloy left Bel Canto to head up the firms west coast coordination department. Jack Andrews from Central Record Distributors took Molloy's place . . . The Freddie Estrada trio opened the Swing Club on Santa Monica (formerly the strip joint, Near 'N' Far). Estrada's on piano, Dick Haney on drums and Tiny Ayala on bass . . . Jan Tober, former (and shortlived) vocalist with Stan Kenton is now with the Les Elgart band.

Andre Previn will conduct and arrange Julie London's new Liberty album, *Your Number, Please* . . . Nelson Riddle, in addition to scoring 20th Century-Fox's musical, *Can-Can*, will be musical director on all four Frank Sinatra TV spex this coming season . . . Elvis Presley and Natalie Wood will star in the filmization of *West Side Story*; Leonard Bernstein is being urged by producer Harold Mirisch to write new music for the picture. The old stuff wasn't good enough? . . . Veteran screen composer (over 200 pictures and 11 movie companies) Darrell Calker will score all the upcoming pix for Pacific International Pictures to be released through MCP distributors. Calker just completed work on *Beyond the Time Barrier* and *The Amazing Transparent Man*. Huh?

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 Aug. 27-28.
 Intime—JACK MILLMAN Quintet, opened
 Aug. 3; through Sept. 8.
 Jazzville—SHORTY ROGERS AND HIS
 GIANTS, Fridays and Saturdays, indefinite.
 Keynote—CLAUDE WILLIAMSON, piano;
 REP KELLY, bass, Resident.
 King's Surf (Santa Monica)—BETTY BRY-
 ANT TRIO, indefinite. JOE MONDRAGON
 quartet, Sundays only.
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 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach)—HOWARD
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 Moulin Rouge—LIONEL HAMPTON orch.,
 Oct. 1-4.
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 PENA, bass, indefinite.
 Sun-down—TERRY GIBBS orch., Fridays,
 Saturdays, Sundays, indefinite.
 Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena)—REN GOLDEN
 quintet, opened July 23, indefinite.

SAN DIEGO

San Diego's Fiesta Del Pacifico has Johnny Green set to direct the music show, which will run for two weeks in Westgate Park. Show has Peggy Lee and Earl Wrightson set. Al Sodas, former sideman with Goodman, et al, whipping together a 15-piece dance group for the bash Dan Lewis, resident conductor of the San Diego Symphony, has departed for points in Europe on a Howard Foundation Grant. He'll study conducting . . . Trumpeter

Marvin Howard suffered a heart attack; Leader Merel Carlson retiring from the biz on doctor's orders.

What's the kick dept: It used to be that the luses were on the floor, and the musicians on the bandstand, but the Pacific Ballroom shoed out bands and dancers both to make way for a run of the play, *The Drunkard*, which now puts the musicians on the floor, and the luses on the bandstand.

SAN FRANCISCO

Benny Carter in town as a tourist for a few days' rest between writing assignments . . . The Burt Bales-Dick Oxtot-Bob Mielke Dixieland broadcasts from Pier 23 resumed as of Aug. 3, this time on KOFY . . . Disc jockey Wally Ray lost his excellent all-night jazz show on KWBR, but began spinning jazz on KJAZ the next day . . . Kid Ory's clarinetist, Bill Shea, had to drop out of the band due to a bad case of ulcers. Ex-Lu Watters reedman Ellis Horne was the replacement . . . Fantasy Records reports that comic Lenny Bruce is out-selling their jazz catalog these days . . . Artist Justin Murray, a top magazine illustrator until he was afflicted with eye trouble recently, is now leading a Dixieland band in the Bay Area . . .

IN PERSON

Blackhawk—CAL TJADER, with LONNIE HEWITT, MONGO SANTAMARIA, AL MCKIBBON, WILLIE BOBO, through Sept. 13; SHELLY MANNE Quintet, Sept. 15-Oct. 4; OSCAR PETERSON trio, Oct. 6-18; ANDRE PREVIN trio, Oct. 20-Nov. 1; HARVEY KESSEL quartet, opens Nov. 4.
 Booker T. Washington Hotel—MERLE SAUNDERS trio, indefinitely.
 Top City—After hours sessions, usually including MONTY WATERS, EDDIE KHAN, FRANK HAYNES, GLE CALEMEYER, LEE WILLIAMS, and guest artists.
 (Continued on Page 46)

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DOWN BEAT

10 Years Ago

On the Cover: George Shearing and his vibist, Margie Hyams . . . Lead article by Mike Levin and John S. Wilson quotes Charlie Parker trying to define bop. "It's just music. It's trying to play clean and looking for the pretty notes." . . . Chubby Jackson is calling square dances (calling them what?) for the New York City parks department . . . Benny Goodman cancels European tour after London Palladium because of currency restrictions . . . June Christy cuts four Capitol sides with Laurindo Almeida, ex-Stan Kenton guitarist . . . Chicago gets first look at Louis Prima's new vocalist, Keely Smith, at Oriental Theatre . . . Chesterfield Supper Club (NBC), featuring Mitchell Ayres orch, has Buddy Morrow and Bob Haggart as sidemen, Norm Leyden and Ralph Flanagan arranging, and Kay Starr on vocals . . . Dave Barbour cuts new sides for Capitol with Barry Galbraith, guitar; Joe Shulman, bass; Hal Schaefer, piano; Alvin Stoller, drums . . . Universal lets Negro sidemen make sound track for Charlie Barnet and Woody Herman shorts, but drops them from the film . . . Jimmy McPartland and his wife, Marian Page, open, Detroit . . .

25 Years Ago

Page one headline: Herbie Kay at the Edgewater Beach; his featured vocalists: Ramon Adams and Dorothy Lamour . . . Benny Goodman and his band working opposite Jerry Arlen at Billy Rose's Music Hall, 52nd and Broadway, N. Y. . . Goodman's new rhythm section includes Claude Thornhill, piano; Sammy Weiss, drums; George Van Eps, guitar . . . Cecil Read continues on in Chicago Theatre pit band . . . Gray Gordon and His Tic Toc Rhythm still at Canadian Club, Chicago's Worlds Fair . . . Charlie Barnet at the Park Central, N. Y. . . Charlie Teagarden is buying a plane after being taught to fly by Frankie Trumbauer. Red Ingle of the Ted Weems band rents his planes . . . Johnny Hamp opens at the Silver Forest Room, Drake Hotel . . . Rudy Vallee has gala opening at the Hollywood Restaurant on Broadway . . . Jules-K. Stein listed in *Down Beat's* Musician Directory as doing business at 32 W. Randolph Street, Chicago under corporate name of Music Corporation of America . . . Columbia has just released three new Benny Goodman records: *Moonglow*, *As Long As I Live*, and *I Ain't Lazy, I'm Just Dreamin'*.

(Continued from Page 45)

Burr Hollow—BOB MIELKE Bearscats, indefinitely.
Cahaba—HARRY (The Hipster) GIBSON trio, indefinitely.
The Cellar—"COWBOY", with BILL WIESE, JAHN, MAX HARTSTEIN, CHUCK THOMPSON, indefinitely.
El Dorado, Cupertino—CHUCK TRAVIS quartet, indefinitely.
Fairmont Hotel, Venetian Room—WIENE BROTHERS, Aug. 29-Sept. 16; TONY BENNETT, Sept. 17-30; DENNIS DAY, Oct. 1-21; TONY MARTIN, Oct. 22-Nov. 11.
Hangover—EARL HINES, with MUGGSY SPANIER, DARNELL HOWARD, JIMMY ARCHIE, POPS FOSTER, EARL WATKINS and JOE SULLIVAN, through Oct. 31; closed November and December.
hungry 1—TOM LEHER opened Aug. 17.
Jazz Workshop—The MASTERSOUNDS, until Oct. 4; CANNONBALL ADDERLEY quintet, Oct. 6-25.
Harrah's, Reno—LIBERACE, until Aug. 23; GORDON McRAE, Aug. 24-Sept. 6; ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI, Sept. 7-20; FRANKIE LAINE, Sept. 21-Oct. 4; GUY LOMBARDO, Oct. 5-25; XAVIER CUGAT & ARBE LANE, Oct. 26-Nov. 8; GISELE MACKENZIE, Nov. 23-Dec. 6; RED SKELTON, Dec. 22-Jan. 3.
Kerosene Club, San Jose—EL DORADO JAZZ BAND, Thursdays and Saturdays only, indefinitely.
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