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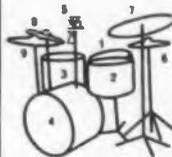
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the first chorus

by Charles Suber

With the rock and roll scene now on the downgrade, everyone is rushing over to the side of the angels.

Take the case of Howard Miller. This top-rated, Chicago-based disc jockey has never been loath to plug the Four Uglies, or some such, in response "to public demand demonstrated by their high standing on the charts." But in one of his recent columns in the Chicago *Sun-Times*, he claimed possession of affidavit evidence that some music stores list certain tunes high on the charts in return for free records from a grateful company. The versatile and wary Mr. Miller knows his trends.

It should be obvious that anything as musically impoverished as rock 'n' roll could not last five years without artificial stimulus. Oh, I do not deny that the kindergarten rhythm-band appeal is genuine enough. It is just interesting to observe the commercial machinations of more than a few record companies and broadcasters to perpetuate the musical fraud.

For the first four years of the move-

ment, the pitchmen thought they had a pipeline to Fort Knox, courtesy of the teen-age record buyer. Little was thought or mentioned about what was going on behind the scenes—or under the table. This shady parlay was made up of an exaggerated beat; childlike lyrics; the natural desire of youngsters to claim something for their own; rigging of the charts; blatant payola (see Ralph J. Gleason's column, page 65); radio stations looking for inexpensive, formula programming.

The first effective industry blast against r&r came from Mitch Miller when he spoke the truth in that now-famous 1958 speech to a disc jockey convention in Kansas City. Mitch spoke for the cooler heads when he pointed out that to program music exclusively for the teenage market was commercial suicide.

After all, aside from chewing gum and similar oddments, what products would the kids buy even if they listened to the commercials? It was a matter of self interest, of course, that album

sales were also being adversely affected, but the basic argument was sound. Broadcasters and their advertisers began to realize that the future of AM radio itself was at stake. FM, by default, was getting more and more of the quality (comparatively affluent consumer) audience. Today we find an impressive number of network affiliates and independents outlasting r&r, or limiting it severely.

So now we see the pendulum swinging in the other direction. The swing is somewhat slow because of the shortage of good pop material and the confusion in many poor souls' minds about the acceptability of jazz. It doesn't help either that so many lay journalists use "rock and roll" and "jazz" as interchangeable epithets. And it is not just a problem in semantics; the music business has not done very much to "sell" jazz for what it is. It would be blissful but naive to assume that the r&r "stars," Dick Clark, and Top Forty shows will be immediately catapulted into oblivion. The fadeout will be slow, if sure.

Meanwhile, we can only try to guess what new popular musical trend will next be aimed at the lowest public denominator. ■



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ON THE COVER

The cover picture is a collaboration between two photographers who have never met, working in co-operation with art director Robert Billings. Charles Stewart in New York took the original photo, and Ted Williams did the kodalith processing in Chicago. For a look at the shot the way Stewart did it originally, see Page 18—and the story that prompted the pictures, George Hoefer's article on Big T.

A special feature of this issue is the center spread—a section on Chicago's International Music Fair, which is now under way.

PHOTO CREDITS: Dizzy Reece on Page 12, by Robert Parent; Ornette Coleman on 17, by Gene Lees; Jack Teagarden on the cover and on Page 18, by Charles Stewart; Teagarden on 21, courtesy C. G. Conn, Inc.

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Name That Tune

I am one of those jazz listeners who wrack their brains trying to identify a tune the musician has failed to announce. This is not only annoying but unfair. It is not too bad if the tune is a standard but most of the modern groups have original numbers in their books, and it is impossible to know the name of the tune unless it is announced.

Equally as bugging is it to hear a record over the radio, and instead of the disc jockey telling you the name of the tune and who was playing, he tells you where you can get your stereo speakers on discount. I am in favor of the campaign to insist that jazz groups announce each tune.

Fort Totten, N. Y. Pfc. Jim Trent

I certainly agree with Mr. Hoefler on the Half Note in New York. When I was there, I found the place very relaxing (with) fine Italian food . . . But most of all what makes the Half Note is the music. When I was there the Cohn-Sims quartet was the featured attraction. The music was excellent. But I found the same fault that Mr. Hoefler did . . . I believe it is the performer's duty to inform the audience of the title of a song. It takes less than five seconds. You go to a ball game and you watch it without knowing who the players are. But it adds a little more color, a little more understanding, if you know the players. The same with jazz.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Gore Hall

I agree that the tunes should be announced. Nevertheless, there are sometimes good reasons why they are not, which must be understood before the difficulties can be overcome.

Not just shyness in many cases, but a plain unwillingness to name the tunes is behind it. The feeling in these instances is: either it is cooking and swinging or it isn't, and in either case those who are here to listen will enjoy it or not . . .

A further difficulty, involved sometimes with the first one, is that announcing a tune takes some technique and practice. I've heard announcements that don't make it at all, like when a player steps up to the mike and says, "Four," turns around and counts it off, and everyone is asking everybody else, "Did he say 'more' or 'floor'?" Better just count it off than this.

So, although I sympathize with those who feel the name of the tune, once grasped by the audience, is an excuse to file the thing away mentally, stop listening, and begin talking, I agree that the scene will be better off in the long run if the tunes are announced.

Seattle, Wash. Lowell Richards

Of Men and Miles

I have been meaning to air my views on this subject for quite some time, but only since the Miles Davis slugging have

I been able to do so. I am defending neither Miles nor the New York police on this issue, as I was not present . . . but I cannot help feeling that this ugly incident could have been avoided.

I have long been an admirer of Miles' playing, but his makeup and personality leave me very much disturbed. True, some idiosyncrasies can be attributed to artistic temperament, but other acts are entirely inexcusable. Many times I have seen the Davis groups in a club or concert, and never once have I heard Miles introduce a number, acknowledge applause, or in general show any concern for his audience.

We read Miles in print: "All white tenor players sound the same to me . . . Brubeck's piano makes me sick . . . Oscar Peterson ruins everything he plays . . . Billy Taylor had to learn to play the blues . . . I don't go for this dignity in jazz (referring to the Modern Jazz Quartet)," and countless other statements.

Surely the music and professionalism of a Brubeck, Taylor, Peterson, or MIQ performance has done a great deal more to further the cause of jazz than a picture in the *Times* or New York *Herald Tribune* of Miles beaten and bleeding, riding to jail in a wagon.

Jazz has come a long way, and it's a shame that one of its major voices is so discontent.

I am also irked by the trade magazines for holding Miles in such adulation that his views and opinions are held as the last gospel word, which indeed they are not. Miles has so much to say in print, yet so little to say in personal appearances. I will continue to buy and am sure enjoy Miles' records but cannot help feeling that his psychological maturation has not equalled his musical maturity.

Belmont, Mass. Tom Sheely

Ed. note: Amen.

Bouquets for Barbara

I have just finished reading *The Tampa Cannonball* in your Oct. 15 issue. That gal, Barbara Gardner, has a talent that comes rarely. Her story is one terrific piece — and I spend my days reading terrific pieces. I see that this is the first time she has appeared in *DB*. Please, don't let it be the last.

Chicago Lestre H. Brownlee
Reporter
The Chicago American

. . . Hope to see more of such by Barbara Gardner.

Chicago V. S. Gordon

You will.

Guilt by Association

Apropos of John Tynan's excellent column in the Sept. 17 issue, has anyone paused to wonder at not only the often inappropriate jazz backgrounds used in murder sequences in television and movie productions, but also their unfair and

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perhaps dangerous identification of jazz with violence?

This trend could not only be detrimental to the name of jazz but could even boomerang. As, for instance, a teenager's recent remark to me that she hated classical music because it always reminded her of the scary bits in movies.

Is it naive to hope that jazz musicians—sensitive persons that they are—might be able to hold out for some say in what context their music is to be used?

Boston, Mass. Grace C. Leonard
 Mass. Jazz Society of Boston

We fear it is naive to hope so. And many persons, including Tynan, have been concerned by this problem, as witness his full-scale article on jazz scores in the June 11, 1959 Down Beat.

Kind Word from KUMA

Your recent articles, features, and new "interest" have been eating away at my power of control . . . I am now in your clutches as a subscriber. I will never mind if you keep up the magazine that has caught my pocketbook and my eyes during the past eight months . . .

Since we passed *Down Beat* around in music class at school, I've been reading it. Most of it has been a hodgepodge of some persons who suddenly feel hip and are going to forcefully swing with all the squares even if they have to publish a national magazine for cats to do it. Not so now, Ol' Dad. You've grown up in a way. The way that no more pushing is necessary.

I hope in the coming months you will (try to) truly evaluate the jazz scene in every part of America, and not just in Newport, New York, Boston and Los Angeles . . .

Murray Westgate
 KUMA
 Pendleton, Ore.

For the Chorus

Bless you for your show of good guts in the *First Chorus*, (*Down Beat*, Oct. 15) where you finger *Porgy*, the Dukes of Dixieland, and Larry Adler.

John Steiner
 Chicago

Support for Ernie

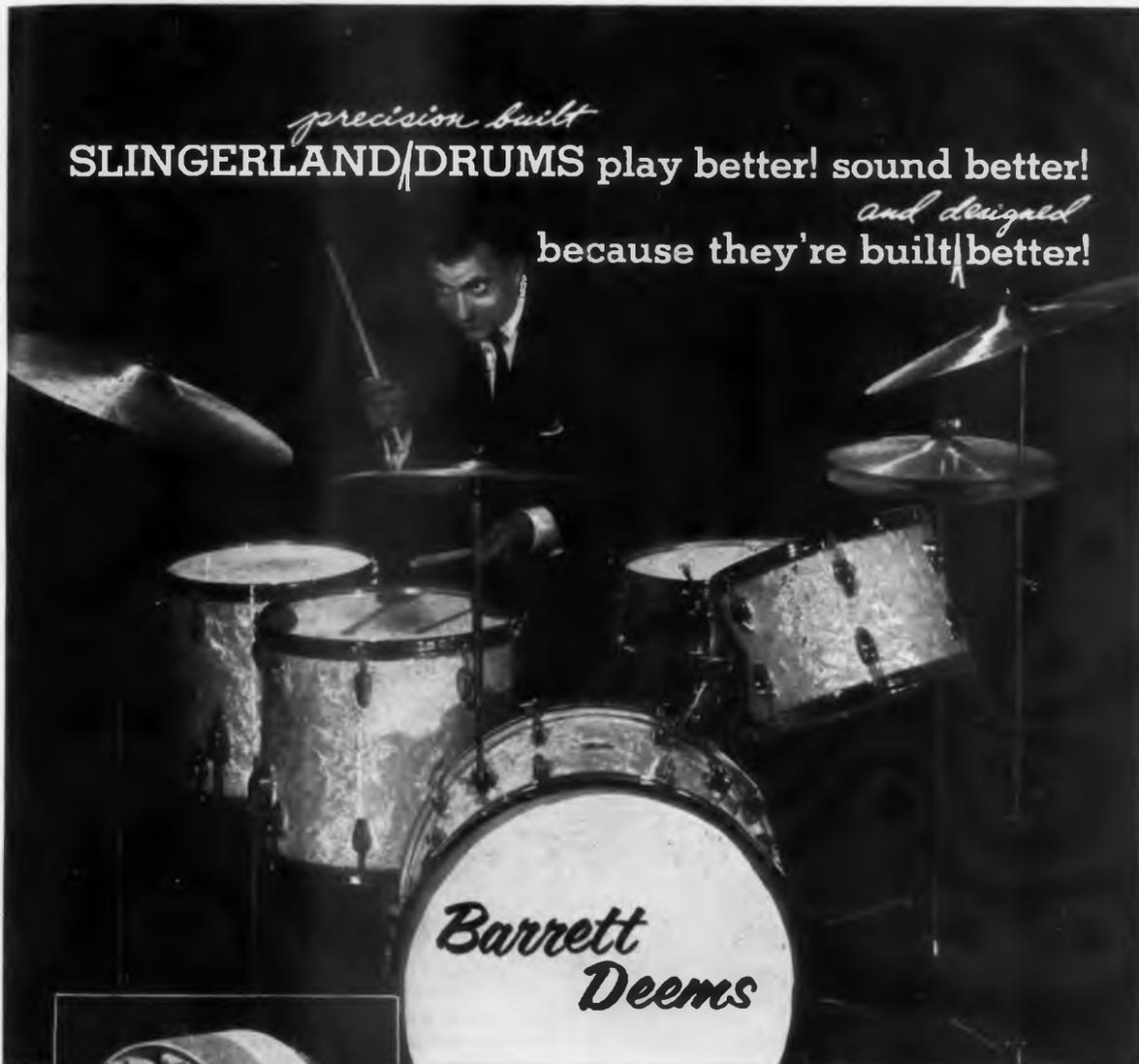
I recently bought an M-G-M LP (*Harry James and His Swinging Band*). The music is excellent, although James' band is plainly patterned on Basie's style, and the performance is superb. But the notes are so outrageously poor that I felt a letter should be written about it.

The notes apparently were written in one minute flat by someone who knew nothing about the music at all. It calls *Shiny Stockings* an original; Basie recorded it several years ago . . . Not a word about who performs in the band, who solos, nothing about the excellent block ensembles in some of the arrangements. It would be better to have no notes at all than this garbage.

Monroe, Conn. Jeanette Mulford

Ernie Wilkins, who wrote the charts for the disc, registered the same complaint in the Oct. 29 Chords and Discords.

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NEW YORK

Jazz movies, as well as jazz soundtracks, are being scheduled for future showings. The 1958 Newport Jazz festival film, called *Jazz on a Summer's Day*, will be released for U. S. showings about the first of the year. It is a feature-length documentary centered on the festival music of **Louis Armstrong, George Shearing, Gerry Mulligan, Thelonious Monk, Anita O'Day, Dinah Washington, Big Maybelle, Mahalia Jackson, Chuck Berry, Jimmy Giuffre, Chico Hamilton, Sonny Stitt, and Eli's Chosen Six**, in color. The editor of the film is **Aram Avakian**, and it was shown at the Venice Film festival last summer . . . Cinema 16, Gotham's film society for the adult moviegoer, has scheduled for the upcoming season the controversial and extremist work *Cry of Jazz*. In addition, a film called *Shadows*, actor **John Cassavetes'** explosive study of the night people, hipsters, girls, and jazz musicians of Times Square, is on tap in the Cinema 16 series . . . The new Paramount film *The Rat Race* is based on an original **Garson Kanin** story about a jazz musician. It's due for release in early 1960.



KESSEL

John Lewis, music director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, did the score for the United Nations film *Exposure*, a 10-minute picture of refugees around the world since World War II . . . **Prof. Marshall Stearns**, jazz historian and teacher of English literature at Hunter college, married **Jean Barnett**, who for the last three years has been critic-promoter **Leonard Feather's** secretary, and the couple spent their honeymoon in jazz incubator New Orleans . . . **Stanley Dance**, the British jazz critic now living in Connecticut, supervised a jazz date for the Camden label. The album will be entitled *Mainstream*, and the band included **Harry (Shorty) Baker**, trumpet; **Vic Dickenson**, trombone; **Jimmy Forrest**, tenor; **Jimmy Green**, piano; **Francisco Skeets**, bass, and **Oliver Jackson**, drums . . . **Kid Ory's** Creole Jazz band, now playing Europe for Norman Granz, includes in its personnel trumpeter **Henry (Red) Allen**, clarinetist **Bob McCracken**, drummer **Alton Redd**, pianist **Cedric Hayward**, and bassist **Squire Gersh**.



JAMES

The novel *Paris Blues*, published in 1957, will be filmed by actor **Marlon Brando's** independent company, Pennybaker, with **Paul Newman** as the star . . . **Sam Ulano** has started a new series of drum concerts at the Fraternal Club House on 48th St. Ulano, who runs a school for drummers, led off the series with a concert featuring **Charlie Persip** and his all-stars on Oct. 26 . . . Jazz writer **John Wilson** has started a new column entitled *The Theatre on Disc* in the November issue of *Theatre Arts* . . . **Charlie Spivak** has given up his big band and will start rehearsing a small group, featuring his trumpet a la **Jonah Jones**, for a possible Embers engagement early in 1960 . . . **Dizzy Sal**, a young pianist from Bombay, India, went from the School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass., directly to the Berklee school in Boston for further study. **Tony Scott** offered him the piano chair

(Continued on Page 66)

music news

Down Beat

November 26, 1959

Vol. 26, No. 24

Broken Color Line

Bulletin—As this issue of *Down Beat* went to press, the attorney general's office in California had just moved against segregation of locals of the American Federation of Musicians in San Francisco.

Segregated locals have long been a sore point for Negro musicians; there are 41 Negro locals in the United States.

The California action was taken under that state's Fair Employment Practices act, which became effective, Oct. 1. It prohibits "discriminatory practices" by either management or labor.

The attorney general has written local 6, the white local, and local 669, the Negro local in San Francisco, that they are in violation of the act. Local 6 has since taken in its first Negro member. He is folk singer and guitarist Walt Brown.

A full report on the situation will be in the next issue of *Down Beat*.

Not for Sale?

Mercury records is not for sale—not at the moment.

This is the word of Art Talmadge, executive vice-president of the company, who promptly denied a story appearing in one of the trade papers saying that Paramount Pictures was buying Mercury.

Mercury, said Talmadge, "is constantly being approached by motion picture interests and other organizations who wish to purchase the company. The most recent of these was Paramount, Randy Wood, president of Dot Records, a subsidiary of Paramount, stopped off in Chicago . . . to discuss with Irving B. Green, president of Mercury, whether he would be interested in selling the company.

"Before any further discussions were held, a story broke out of Hollywood in *Variety*, stating that Mercury Records was in the process of being purchased by Paramount for a price of \$3,000,000.

"President Green flatly discredits the *Variety* story, stating that Mercury Records . . . would never be for sale at the price quoted in the *Variety* story."

Pointing out that Mercury is enjoying its best year to date, Talmadge said that "because of the trend among various big companies to merge with other progressive organizations, Green said "there will no doubt be many more such inquiries to buy Mercury."

Armstrong-Brubeck Alliance

The English music magazine *Melody Maker* recently carried a story saying Louis Armstrong is scheduled to star in a musical to be produced in London's west end in March. Joe Glaser, Armstrong's manager, said in New York, "Yes, we'd like to do the show, but it won't be until September, 1960. That Louis is a busy man until then."

Modern jazz pianist Dave Brubeck and his wife, Iola, have composed a show written around Armstrong's goodwill tour, which was sponsored by the U.S. State Department. The title of the spectacular is *World, Take a Holiday* with parts for Armstrong (playing himself), Carmen McRae, two leading



BRUBECK

British actors, a Negro choir, and a group of dancers.

The book was written by Iola Brubeck. Mrs. Brubeck also collaborated with her husband on the lyrics for the 25 songs composed by Dave for use in the show. Brubeck's compositions were based on many of his recorded jazz themes.

London agent Harold Davison is making plans for the production and has in his possession a private tape recording of the complete show made in Brubeck's California home with Miss McRae.

Davison is enthusiastic about the possibilities of the show and told *Melody Maker*, "The show is fabulous. It is a great opportunity to present Louis as a serious actor—and singer—on stage for the first time."

Garner at Carnegie

It was a big moment for Erroll Garner: his trio had just become the

first jazz group to play Carnegie hall as a single attraction, that is, without supporting performers.

Everything was right. Under the impressive sponsorship of concert impresario Sol Hurok, Garner had come a long way from playing for coffee and cakes on 52nd St. And the audience was huge: 2,780 in Carnegie's seats, several hundred standees. Martha Glaser, Garner's colorful, devoted, and often salty personal manager, said she heard someone offering \$20 for ducats.

Everything was right, that is, but critical opinion.

Though *Billboard* and *Variety* liked the music as well as the jingle of the cash register, two of America's most respected jazz critics didn't dig it.

Under the heading "Garner Unveiled," Whitney Balliet in the *New Yorker* called Garner "a brilliant deceiver."

"Garner," he said, "has been following that subtle and melancholy downward curve that, in separating the men from the boys, proceeds from freshness, to out-and-out repetition, to the level where repetition topples over into unadulterated self-parody. The result is that Garner, no longer a true improviser or even embellisher, now approaches a melody as if it were a hatrack, by draping it with sets of well-tested, often self-caricaturing mannerisms that make even his accompanying vocal effects — "Ayumm," "Me-yes," "Uh-hum"—seem predictable . . . His lack of invention was almost completely concealed beneath these mannerisms . . ."

On a similar tack, John S. Wilson wrote in the *New York Times* that Garner's "playing falls into definite patterns and by the end of the first half the effectiveness of his thoroughly personal approach to the piano was beginning to wear thin through repetition."

The second half was better, according to Wilson. Then, he wrote, "Garner broke away from the relatively narrow confines of the opening portion of his program to whack out some strutting, striding playing reminiscent of Fats Waller . . . when (bassist Eddie) Calhoun and (drummer Kelly) Martin were admitted to performing recognition, a looser, less restricted feeling seemed to enter the playing of the three men and they tore through the latter part of the concert with a romping abandon."



One of the best young musicians to come up on the European scene in the past few years is trumpeter Dizzy Reace, who was born in Jamaica, moved to England, and has made record dates there and in France. American musicians coming home raved about him, and Blue



Note released on LP. Alfred Lion of Blue Note decided he should come to America, and when Dizzy and his English wife arrived aboard the *Liberte* recently, he was there to meet them. Lion is seen with the couple at dockside on the far right.

New Orleans Festival

To open the International week in New Orleans, the New Orleans Jazz club sponsored its 11th annual jazz concert at the Municipal auditorium on Oct. 26. A properly international flavor was established by one of the three groups in concert — England's Chris Barber Jazz band.

The Paul Barbarin All-Stars were chosen to open the program, representing the traditional style of jazz as an authentic Negro band. In selecting "a young, fresh group of white youngsters to lend a change of pace and round out the program" the club gave the nod to Pete Fountain and his band.

Although he is only 58 years old, Barbarin played with many of the earliest of the greats of this fast-disappearing brand of jazz. His band's performances of *Just a Closer Walk with Thee* and *Gettysburg March* bespoke early roots. Barbarin's ability as a drummer belies his years, and he has had experience, as well, as a composer, with *Come Back*, *Sweet Papa* and *Bourbon Street Parade* to his credit.

Although his roster, contrary to the custom of olden bands, includes a pianist (Lester Santiago) the old-time flavor is maintained in part by banjoist Manuel Sayles, who only occasionally uses a guitar.

Barber's band follows the early tradition of excluding a piano from the instrumentation. Eddie Smith is the banjoist. Clarinetist Monty Sunshine, along with Barber, evolved the idea of a traditional jazz group; and his tone on clarinet has much of the earthy quality of Pee Wee Russell and the late soprano saxophonist Sidney Bechet.

He was featured on the Barber band's hit record of *Petite Fleur*, one of the few instances in which Smith

plays guitar. The band's repertoire of traditional New Orleans tunes was enthusiastically received by the near-capacity crowd, another triumph in its current American tour. Woody Herman, who books the band, said that wherever the Englishmen have appeared, they received bids for early return appearances.

Clarinetist Fountain, steeped in jazz in New Orleans before receiving national recognition on the Lawrence Welk telecasts for two years, utilized his regular pianist Merle Koch for the concert (Fountain's portion was recorded by Coral Records for a forthcoming album), brought three ringers into the group with Les Brown drummer Jack Sperling, former Kenton bassist Don Bagley, and New Orleanian Godfrey Hirsch on vibes.

With a lineup like this, it's not surprising that this was the "swinging" segment of the concert, culminating in an encore of *China Boy* with extended solos all around that left the audience limp but ecstatic.

Superb planning by jazz club president Pete Miller and others in the club did much to make the concert the success it was. Although it started at 8:30 p.m., it lasted until after midnight, with only one 15-minute intermission.

Who Steals My Purse . . .

Television is an enlightening medium of mass communication. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt says so. Prominent educators say so. So do manufacturers, advertising agencies, and, in fact, anybody who stands to make a buck out of it.

Nobody denies that the educational and cultural potentials of television stagger the imagination.

But television can, in the wrong hands, prove to be a most dangerous propaganda weapon. See George Or-

well's 1984. More flexible than cinema and with far greater personal impact, television can mold mass opinion and create mass concepts as no previous communications medium ever could.

Consider, for example, the popular conception of the jazz musician.

To be honest, it must be stated that the average American—who does not devote too much thought to the matter in the course of daily living—has a vague notion that jazz musicians are strange creatures out of his ken, who

An Editorial Comment

This magazine—and its reporters—have given considerable coverage to the use of jazz in television. Such coverage and reporting was and is warranted, of course, and will continue whenever justified. But in the case of the two programs cited, jazz was prostituted, musicians as a group were vilified, and the American public was subjected to a vicious con job.

The official voice of the American musician is that of Herman D. Kenin, president of the American Federation of Musicians. In the past, when abuses of similar or identical nature have committed on the federation's membership as a group, the union always has chosen to look away instead of speaking out in protest and in defense of its membership.

It's about time it did.

lead erratic lives and "are always getting arrested for taking dope."

But John Doe doesn't really think too much about it—until jazz music is brought to his attention. Then his notions about jazzmen are expressed vocally in no uncertain terms. John Doe recalls, if he's old enough, the famous Gene Krupa marijuana arrest and trial of the 1940s or, if he can remember the

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lurid headlines, the Stan Getz heroin arrest of 1954.

While it is true that, in recent years, much has been accomplished in clearing up the lingering misconception in the public mind that "all musicians are dope fiends," it is equally certain that false concepts (especially if they derive from newspaper sensationalism) die hard.

When the "musician addict" theme is deliberately fostered on network television by cynical producers and script-writers, it serves only to implant it more firmly in the public mind and seriously injure innocent musicians and the attempts to foster the growth and acceptance of jazz as an art.

The evidence? Here it is—right out of the mouth of the National Broadcasting Co. in a publicity release dated Oct. 22, 1959:

Exhibit A) "SLAYER OF DOPE DEALER'S WIFE HUNTED ON 'M SQUAD.'

"A burned automobile at the bottom of a cliff yields a corpse, bound and gagged, in *Shred of Doubt*, an *M Squad* episode Friday, Nov. 6, on the NBC-TV network.

"The victim is identified as Gladys Gay (Cynthia Lourdes), a pretty singer. Detective Lt. Frank Ballinger discovers she had been married to a drummer named Stick Wilson (Don Dubbins), who deals in narcotics. Ballinger is almost sidetracked when a witness, also an addict supplied by Stick, refuses to talk for fear Wilson will cut off his narcotic deliveries."

Exhibit B) "CRACKDOWN ON NARCOTICS RACKET IN 'STACCATO' EPISODE.

"John Cassavetes, starring as Johnny Staccato, 'blows the horn' on a narcotics racket in *The Wild Reed* on the NBC-TV network episode of *Staccato* Thursday, Nov. 5.

"Staccato visits a night club to hear his old friend, Frankie Aspen (Harry Guardino), onetime great sax player. Frankie thinks he's still great, but Johnny knows he's lost his touch. When Staccato meets Aspen's girl, Sally (Olive Deering), he discovers she's a drug addict, who conspires with pianist Mike (Joseph Sargent), and bass man Jimmy (Guy Remsen)—the pushers—in drug-ging Frankie and using him as a front."

Thus, on two consecutive nights millions of televiewing Americans were presented the distorted image of narcotics-taking musicians. It is well to remember, too, that these TV films will probably be rerun many times over independent stations after the present series have run their courses over the NBC network.

Add to this already serious situation the fact that jazz music (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) is used as under-



PLENTY OF PIANOS

On the heels of its original-cast recording of the new Broadway hit, *Take Me Along* — Robert Merrill's musical adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's play, *Ah, Wilderness* — Victor rushed into production a modern jazz version of the music arranged and conducted by Marty Paich. What makes the jazz adaptation unusual is Paich's use of four pianos, trumpet, vibes, and rhythm section. Shown here during the session in Victor's Hollywood studios are (l. to r.) pianists Jimmy Rowles, John T. Williams, Pete Jolly, trumpeter Jack Sheldon and pianist-arranger Paich. Sheldon blew trumpet on two tracks; Stu Williamson is featured on the others. Backstopping the keyboard action were vibist Vic Feldman, guitarist Al Hendrickson, bassist Joe Mondragon, and drummer Shelly Manne. The paper cups on Paich's piano contain water.

score for these programs. Benny Carter composed the music for the *M Squad* show, and Elmer Bernstein did likewise for *Staccato*.

WEST

Birthday Fortune

On his 24th birthday Sept. 30, Johnny Mathis could have retired from music with a smile.

There are no income worries anymore for the slim San Francisco singer. In three years he has piled up investment interests, which, coupled with his professional earnings, today make him worth close to \$1,000,000.

Mathis' present holdings include a block of nine stores in New York's Harlem — down the road a piece from the Apollo theater on 125th St.; a large

apartment house on 78th St., also in Gotham, reputed to be worth approximately half-a-million dollars; four music publishing companies, Johnny Mathis Publishing (ASCAP), Cathyril Publishing (ASCAP), Noma Publishing (BMI), and Nomat Publishing (BMI).

Add to this list six standards (*Paper Moon*; *Great Day*, and *Without a Song* among them) recently purchased from the Billy Rose publishing organization by the Mathis ASCAP firm for an undisclosed figure reported to exceed \$50,000.

Add also the not inconsiderable fact that recently substantiated claims by his record company, Columbia, disclose Mathis' LP albums currently are selling at the unprecedented rate of 10,000 to 20,000 every 24 hours.

Expansion being the inevitable order of things in our economy, there is no reason to suppose satiety is in sight for this growing Mathis empire.

Command post of the business is a 16-room mansion in Beverly Hills, Calif., where the singer lives with his managers, Helen and John Noga, their daughter, Beverly, and granddaughter, Sheryl. 7. Mathis' parents and sister remain in the family home in San Francisco.

"Since I'd been trying to make it singing from the age of 12," said Mathis, his large, brown eyes implying a melancholy mood, "it's really quite difficult to pin down any one.

Monk's Time

Thelonious Sphere Monk pulled a switch when he opened at the Black Hawk in San Francisco Oct. 20. His opening in itself was news, but Monk showed up an hour early for the gig while the band (Charlie House. Frank Butler) straggled in a couple of hours late. Localites Brew Moore, tenor; Dean Riley, bass, and Willie Bobo, drums, filled in.

"I don't know why they're always puttin' me down for blowin' the gig," Monk said.

"I never do that. I'm here."



Readers who have contributed to Theo. R. Gravers' Jazzlift here get a chance to see what happened to their discs: they are seen being distributed at a "Jazzlift concert" in Gdansk, Poland. Because of the demand for them, they were distributed in a contest. The young lady at left won an LP in a jazz quiz. In the second photo J. Balcerak



gives a disc to another winner, a student. In the third photo, the proud young lady takes her prize home. More Jazzlift contributions—LPs or money—are needed. Send them to Gravers at PO Box 980, Battle Creek, Mich. Photos by Włodzimierz Martin. Their contribution to international understanding cannot be overemphasized.



single event which led to the big time.

"Actually, I think in this business you can't single out any one thing, because no one thing can do that much for you. It's more of a gradual building—first a solid foundation, then building on that. It's consistency that counts. You have to be so consistently big

He hastened to explain that he was not using the word "big" in the superficial "show biz" sense but rather in a realistic appraisal of an artist's popularity on records and at the boxoffice.

In Mathis' book, "Nat Cole is the best male singer there is. The best. No matter what he does, he's always got his tongue in his cheek. And this, to me, is all-important. Because that's all it is . . . It's all a big act—for all of us in this business. So how can you take it seriously?"

The tongue-in-cheek quality viewed by the singer as essential to his art was never more evident, he said, than in the work of the late Billie Holiday. Ella Fitzgerald ("she's always been my favorite singer") has it, too, he said, and so does Sarah Vaughan, whom he refers to as "Sass" and numbers with Ella as one of the two female vocalists in jazz who are "so complete in what they do. They leave nothing more to be done to a song when they get through with it."

Arranger Ralph Burns, said Mathis, writes all the music for what he calls "the saloon act."

"Ralphie understands completely what I want," he said. "We have a thing going between us. It's as if he gets inside my head and I inside his."

"People like Ralph Burns are the reason why everybody is going to have so much really good music everywhere in the future," he continued. "Quincy (Jones), Ralphie, and . . . what's the name of that arranger here on the coast? Oh, Johnny Mandel. They're the

ones who are making the general public aware of good music because the people can hear quality in the records and public appearances of their favorite popular entertainers."

Warming to the issue, Mathis said he feels that more jazz writers of good and original talent "should come out of their shells and not be prejudiced" against popular singers. "What are they proving by writing only for their own small group of followers?" he asked.

The newly acquired material riches of Johnny Mathis began to multiply only during the last year, according to Helen Noga. Her shrewd management and investment policies, plus the singer's level-headed attitude toward the business side of their partnership, evidently make for an ideal working arrangement. Most of the songs recorded by Mathis are published by one of his companies, she admitted, but quickly added that "a good song comes before everything else."

To be able to retire a rich man at 24 is something devoutly sought by every up-and-coming singer in the busi-

Crater's Folly

Bob Koester, owner of the Delmar label, with which George Crater has so much fun, is a dyed-in-the-wool Crater fan. But Bob has been wondering how long it would be before some not-too-hip fan actually asked for one of the mad fictional LPs that Crater keeps dreaming up for him.

When the request came, Koester broke up: it wasn't from a naive layman at all.

"Mr. Koester," said the voice in the telephone, "this is (so-and-so) with the (such-and-such) tape company. Now we understand you have the releasing rights to the soundtrack of *Ben Hur*, and we were wondering if we could work out a deal with you to release . . ."

ness. Mathis has no intention of doing that. His booking schedule grows more crowded by the month. Between television guest appearances, a wide-ranging night-club itinerary and recording, it seems certain that the plaintive voice of this young San Franciscan is bound to continue making bushel-loads of money for a lot of persons in time to come.

So far as Mathis is concerned, financially he is straight for life after only three years of climbing into the big time. And, in the words of Sweets Edison, "You ain't gonna get no better than that."

Coasting Count

A measure of the tremendous popularity of the Count Basie orchestra on the west coast these days can be seen in the dances lined up for the band when it arrives in Hollywood this month to appear in the new Jerry Lewis picture, *CinderFella*, now shooting at Paramount.

No sooner was the news out that the band was due to return to the Los Angeles area, following its highly successful participation in the first Los Angeles jazz festival at Hollywood Bowl Oct. 2 and 3 (*Down Beat*, Nov. 12), than local promoters were tripping over their briefcases in the scramble to secure Basie's services during his short stay.

First to be announced was a late afternoon "tea dance" at Santa Monica's Aragon ballroom, promoted by Bee-Rose Productions from 5 to 9 p.m. Sunday, Nov. 15. The Aragon is the home of the Lawrence Welk bubble machine, a device which reportedly will be turned off for the occasion.

For its initial venture into concert promotion, Edwin M. Pearl Enterprises got off to the best possible start in the field by securing the Basie band for two consecutive stands. Pearl, owner of the Ash Grove coffee house in Holly-

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wood, booked the band for a combined dance and concert featuring blues singer Barbara Dane at the southside Five-Four ballroom, Thursday night, Nov. 19. This concert will be followed by a concert the next night at Pasadena Civic auditorium.

As a followup to the Basie affairs, Pearl says he expects to launch a series of concerts that will cover San Francisco, Carmel, San Diego, and L. A. Featured will be folk and blues singer Josh White, in a long-awaited return to the west coast, and folk singer Martha Schlamme. Pearl says White and Schlamme will appear in two concerts in the L.A. area—at Barnum Hall, Santa Monica, Saturday, Nov. 27, and at Los Angeles State college, Saturday, Dec. 5.

Meanwhile, Basie's activities off the Paramount lot between Nov. 15 and Nov. 19 remained unaccounted for. Whether other active L.A. promoters had plans for the band during those three days and nights remained open to question.

Dane Digs the Blues

Barbara Dane digs two things: the blues and Chicago.

The buxom blonde blues and folk shouter, currently appearing at Hollywood's Ash Grove coffee-house, declares with unshakable conviction, "There's a genuine blues Renaissance in the offing. Right now, most of the action is in Chicago, but it's going to spread all over the country."

When that expansion happens, Barbara Dane aims to be right in the forefront of the movement to resurrect consciousness of the American blues tradition and heritage in the minds of Americans.

In addition to promoting her latest album on Dot Records, in which she belts out her message in the illustrious company of Earl Hines and Benny Carter, Miss Dane currently is occupied with work on a book on the blues titled *Old Blues Players Never Die—They Just Go to Chicago*.

"There's a joint there called the Trocadero," she enthuses. "It's just a cubbyhole on Chicago's south side and supposed to be a rock and roll joint. But you can find genuine young blues musicians and singers there sneaking in blues and jazz when they're supposed to be rocking and rolling. And it's a gas, believe me."

An unmatronly-looking mother of two, Barbara Dane lives a happily married life in Hollywood when she's not working the country's club and concert circuit. Her unexpected appearance at the Detroit jazz festival this summer as featured singer with the Jack Teagarden

band resulted in offers to appear elsewhere and a managerial contract with Teagarden's manager-wife Addie.

Since she first began to stir interest among aficionados and critics in San Francisco several years ago, this native Detroit and veteran of United Automobile Workers' picket-line entertainment has been strenuously and, more often than not futilely, trying to "put down the idea that I'm trying to sound like Bessie Smith. That's nonsense," she declaims. "It's just that there aren't any female singers around singing with an open throat. So I'm not a Negro and I'm not 50 years old . . .



BARBARA DANE

but I sure as hell know what it's all about."

Barbara, who describes herself as "an evangelist in the blues revival," is convinced that "despite the gimmicks of the a&r men, the blues is getting through to the people. Even on some of the rock and roll records," she believes, "the message is there."

The blues, Miss Dane is convinced, "is just as important a song form as, say, German lieder or opera, and it will endure one hundred years from now when most of the crap we're hearing now on the air is long gone."

This Is German?

A jazz festival held at Duesseldorf, Germany, early this fall featured 230 bands drawn from all parts of Germany.

The prevalence of un-Germanic band titles was noticeable. There were the *Gin Bottle Six*, *Duesseldorf Feetwarmers*, and the *Bonn Black Bottom Brass Band*. The coal mining region was represented by the *Darktown Stompers* from Dortmund, the silk industry by the *Silktown Stompers* from Frefeld, and the autobahn by the *Checkpoint Stompers* from Helmstedt.

Charge It

Jazz on a Diners Club card will become a reality soon.

Albums by Duke Ellington, Sarah Vaughan and Billy Eckstine from the Columbia and Mercury labels respectively will be available under the new Diners Record setup, as well as many other jazz packages from non-major labels, according to Bernard Solomon, head of the record club operation.

Solomon said the club will offer subscribers albums from such companies as Atlantic, World Pacific, Bethlehem, Interlude and GNP records, with LPs by Gerry Mulligan, Shorty Rogers, J. J. Johnson, and Kai Winding, among others.

"We'll be offering practically all the *Down Beat* poll winners," he said. "In fact, were basing our choices of jazz albums on those artists voted most popular in the magazine."

Solomon said the record club did not plan to venture too deeply into jazz albums for a while. But, he added, as the operation expands, so will the available modern jazz catalog.

Nichols To Mid-East

When Mel Shavelson and Jack Rose filmed *The Five Pennies* earlier this year, they could not have foreseen a real life climax more dramatic than any storybook or screenplay highpoint for the hero of their story, Red Nichols. For on Jan. 2, 1960, Nichols and his *Five Pennies* embark from New York on what assuredly is the proudest venture of Nichols' long career in jazz—a State Department-sponsored tour of the Middle East and possibly Europe.

America's latest musical ambassador, playing at Marineland Restaurant, Palos Verdes, Calif., when notified of final plans for the 11-nation tour, told *Down Beat*, "It is one of the most exciting moments of my life." Nichols said the tour would take in Turkey, Cyprus, Greece, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Iran, Iraq, Afghanistan, Egypt, and India. The *Pennies* accompanying the cornetist will be Bill Wood, clarinet; Pete Beilmann, trombone; Joe "Blizz" Rush-ton, bass sax; Al Sutton, piano, and Rolly Culver, drums.

Prior to leaving on the 12-week tour, Nichols and the band leave Los Angeles Nov. 22 for a stand at New York's Roundtable. They will stay there until Dec. 6, then move on to a week-long Pittsburgh stint until Dec. 14, when they will return to the coast for some relaxation until departure day.

When reminded of the tense political situation existing in Iraq at the present time, Nichols quipped, "I'm gonna take along an extra horn and lay it on General Kassem and then ask him to get us out of there in one piece."

By David B. Bittan

The Philadelphia Phillies, who finished a bad last this year in the National League, had hoped for a home run with their presentation of Philadelphia's first jazz festival. But, after the last out was made, the score showed they had struck out on three pitches at the box office, slugged a two-hagger musically, and hit a single on the production.

The trouble is, the Phillies made too many errors. Instead of the usual weekend format, a Thursday-Friday schedule was adopted, meaning the Phils had two strikes on them from the start. And they hit a loud foul in waiting so late in the year. Mid-October brings chilly evenings in the area. The mercury dipped to 45 opening night, cutting the crowd to a dismal and frozen 2,599. The next night, the thermometer fell only to 53 and 8,668 turned out. This total of 11,267 is fair for a baseball game, but poor for a musical event with a high talent budget.

The bandstand was perched on second base, a good 75 yards from the nearest spectator. Everyone was in the "peanut gallery" and the performers couldn't be seen without field glasses. Thanks to the hard work of acoustical expert Miles Rosenthal and the good-sized budget he had to work with, the sound was exceptional, except for a few understandable lapses. But with the audience spread all over the place, the personal, intimate quality that gives jazz much of its appeal was missing.

Because the Phillies wanted to keep the talent costs as low as possible, they limited the festival lineup to seven acts. Mahalia Jackson, the Count Basie band, Chris Connor, Chico Hamilton, and Jimmy DePreist's quintet (the only Philadelphia group on the bill) appeared Thursday night. Ahmad Jamal and Maynard Ferguson joined Basie, Miss Jackson and Miss Connor, who returned Friday night.

The relatively small bill made for a refreshing respite from the overloaded, overlong programs which bog down most festivals. The concerts began at about 9 p.m. and the last notes were blown by the Basie band about midnight.

A sour note was injected by the use of no less than eight disc jockeys to "introduce" the artists. Included was a rock 'n' roll spinner who bills himself as *Sir Lancelot* and another jockey who delights in calling himself *Wee Willie*. Sid Mark, anchor man of WHAT-FM's 24-hour jazz programming, was jockey in charge. This was probably the only festival in history where there were more introducers than artists. The plattermen led eight-to-seven.

Jimmy DePreist and his quintet got the opening night concert off to a firm start with a set featuring a clever waltz, *Home Folks*, written by talented trumpeter Owen Marshall. (The group also led off at Randall's Island.) DePreist is a hard-working, sincere musician and a competent drummer who is spending considerable time and money to establish a resident jazz orchestra in Philadelphia. Thus it was fitting that his group should open the city's first jazz festival. Unfortunately, the sound was poor for the first several numbers, though it later improved.

Another drummer-leader, Chico Hamilton, followed—his delicate flute-cello jazz providing a good contrast to the hard bop DePreist style. Hamilton still plays good drums but he can't seem to come up with a combo to equal the Collette-Katz-Hall unit.

Miss Connor, in good voice despite the chill air, got a big hand for her shouting enthusiasm on a set of her

standards, that included *Senor Blues* and *Ronnie*. Blessed with perhaps the heartiest voice of the jazz singers, Miss Connor showed she is getting away from her June Christy aping and coming into her musical own.

Another hearty singer, Mahalia Jackson, pleased both the gospel and blues fans with her familiar repertoire. Her good nature is contagious and she manages to win over even the "beat" fans of cool jazz who frown on such histrionics in music. It's hard not to get with her when, with handclapping, she begins shouting like Bessie Smith at her best.

But it's about time that someone took Miss Jackson aside and explained that jazz has risen in stature since she was a girl in New Orleans. Because of her alleged unwillingness to be connected with jazz (she reportedly cancelled out of Newport this year in fear of being criticized in religious circles) the Phillies advertised the two-day program as a *Festival of Music*.

Still, when you have Count Basie as an attraction, you don't have to use the word 'jazz' in your ads. Cold feet that started stamping with Mahalia's *When the Saints Go Marchin'* in kept moving as the Basie band started swinging, despite the 45-degree temperature. And Joe Williams, currently as much of a crowd-pleaser as the Basie band itself, showed that you don't have to grunt to sing the blues and that you can get away with using good enunciation. Coming into his own near the age of 40, after years of obscurity, Williams just might be the best all-around singer around today.

Friday night's concert opened with the light-hitting Ahmad Jamal trio. Jamal might do as a festival filler, but it was a real bobble to lead off with his twinkling, one-finger pianistics, which sound like a cross between Lionel Hampton and Joe Loco. Without his swinging partners, Jamal would be lost. With them, he was able to get some of his audience after stringing together three or four of his record hits.

Miss Connor followed, and, although the fans had been promised an entirely new show for the second night, she repeated most of the songs she had sung the first night. This time she was hampered by sound difficulties and was not nearly as effective.

Maynard Ferguson and his strident trumpet, band and vocalist—Anne Marie Moss—stirred up excitement that even surpassed that generated by Basie and Williams. Ferguson's music is shrill, it is harsh, but it is jazz. No one ever accused jazz of being pretty music. This is a swinging, soaring band that ranks with the old Jimmy Lunceford group for producing hard-hitting, uncompromising jazz. And this band has a "sound." Like the Goodman and Shaw and Dorsey bands of the swing era and Basie and Ellington today, the Ferguson group has its own individual flair, sparked by the leader's screaming high-note trumpeting, and the original arrangements.

The Phillies, obviously hard-hit at the box office, wouldn't talk too much about the possibility of another festival next year. Happily, they had a co-sponsor to share the losses. Food Fair, a large Eastern grocery chain, bought up all the \$3.25 seats and sold them for \$1 with each \$2 purchase. Food Fair plugged the festival in its newspaper ads and also on its radio spots so the project had its share of promotion. The chain said it is considering backing the festival again next year, "but in warmer weather." ■

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THE CONTROVERSIAL MR. COLEMAN



One of the most talked-about young musicians in jazz today is Ornette Coleman, who plays a white plastic alto saxophone with a tone that one critic says "can only be described as weird." Coleman has been around the music scene for longer than most persons realize, but he's been getting major attention only lately. Many critics and musicians think he may be the start of a new direction in jazz. Recently Coleman did a date for Nesuhi Ertegun, jazz a&R director of Atlantic records, to whom he is now under contract. (Another recording was made recently for Contemporary.) These pictures were taken at that date in Los Angeles. Working with Coleman are Billy Higgins, drums; Charlie Haden, bass; and Don Cherry, who seems to be playing Dizzy Gillespie to Coleman's Charlie Parker. Cherry plays a small (but physically heavy) "pocket" trumpet that was made in Pakistan. Someone described it as looking like "an unsanforized horn that got washed." After the recording, the quartet went to New York for a Nov. 16 opening at the Five Spot.

the change in big T



from footloose jazzman to musical statesman

By George Hoefler

Big T, the itinerant, hard-drinking jazz trombonist of yore, has become a man of considerable dignity with sincere feelings of responsibility toward his country, his profession, and his family. Jack Teagarden not only feels these responsibilities, but he also has become a crusader in their behalf.

Nothing points this up more than the presence of a large box addressed to a school in Kabul, Afghanistan, which was taken aboard a plane flying to the Orient recently. On the plane were the Rod Alexander dancers, who were part of an American National Theater and Academy package show that was to perform at some of the same locations Teagarden's sextet played last year.

The box contained a generous supply of school materials (crayons, pencils, erasers, even a complete encyclopedia).

which were brought by Teagarden at his own expense. He had noticed they were needed when he visited the school on the day of his Kabul concert. He had made many such visits to schools along the route of his 18-week tour.

Currently, Teagarden not only is lobbying for more U.S. jazz to be sent abroad but also has become quite active in fighting the federal 20 percent cabaret tax. If he succeeds, and the tax is lifted, more jobs for musicians could be expected to open up here at home.

The contemporary Teagarden, now 54 years old, is an entirely different man from the one who played Chicago during the 1930s and '40s. In those days his desire to play jazz, and only jazz, was constantly being frustrated.

During 1938, Jack was playing the Drake hotel in Chicago with the enor-

mous Paul Whiteman Concert orchestra. He was buried under every imaginable instrument, including a bicycle pump from which a sideman elicited weird sounds in tempo.

One morning about 4, I encountered him in an all-night Rush St. barbecue pit, munching ribs with the late Jimmy Dorsey. When asked how he felt, Teagarden replied, "Fine. I've just had a good night's sleep on the bandstand at the Drake."

This was the devil-may-care Teagarden, who never asked for a "drink"—he always said, "Give me a double." As soon as he had had his double, he would start to look around for a place to play jazz. If he had gone to church on Sunday morning, he would have his trombone out, playing in the choir loft.

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In this respect alone—in his desire to play—things haven't changed too much with Jack. One might think that the last decade of playing nothing but jazz with the Louis Armstrong All-Stars and with his own sextet, he would welcome a rest when he has a layover of several days.

Such is not the case. While in New York for a couple of days last month, I spent an evening with the Teagardens. We had dinner at the Arpeggio, where Marian MacPartland's trio was playing. Jack had his trombone, as he calls it, under the table, and when Marian's husband, Jimmy, showed up with his trumpet, and Don Goldie, of Teagarden's sextet, came in with his, Marian found herself playing piano for a full-fledged jam session.

After a couple of sets at the Arpeggio, Teagarden decided he would like to drop in at the Roundtable—where he last played in New York and will again come Dec. 7—to play a few with Tyree Glenn's quartet. The only difference from the old days was that Jack was drinking coffee instead of "doubles."

The factors that have stabilized Jack Teagarden are several. Probably the most important is his second marriage and the birth of a son eight years ago. Mrs. Addie Teagarden has become his business manager (and Jack can remember days when business and managers were the blight of his life, particularly when he had his big band). She has done such an excellent job that ANTA officials would like to have her manage all their traveling acts.

There is also the fact that Teagarden how can play jazz with his own small group every night and find acceptance. This couldn't be done during the earlier part of his career, and it was necessary for him to suffer through a lot of music he had no desire to play.

He signed a five-year contract with

Whiteman in 1933 and was forced to hold to it. He was asked to join Benny Goodman's first permanent swing band in 1934 and wanted to, but his contract prevented him from doing so.

Whiteman did permit him to record on his own, and Teagarden made records with the Goodman band on Victor in April, 1935. He was scheduled to do the vocal on *You're a Heavenly Thing*, but on the day of recording he was suffering from a bad hangover, and Helen Ward sang instead. He did play trombone, though, on the four sides recorded.

Whiteman, during 1938, divided the band into sections and assigned Teagarden to what was called the Swing Wing.

This unit (recorded on Decca) was a formal extension of the old Three T's act of Jack and Charlie Teagarden, plus the late saxophonist, Frank Trumbauer. However, these concessions by Whiteman were like giving a piece of candy to a baby and then hiding the box. One good side, *Aunt Hagar's Blues*, resulted from recording the Swing Wing.

There were other recording dates during this period with Whiteman, on which Teagarden had an opportunity to play trombone with other jazzmen like Bunny Berigan and Wingy Manone. He also made some jazz sides under his own name with groups selected by the Hot Record Society and Commodore Records.

Teagarden finally left Whiteman at the expiration of his contract in December, 1938. He wasted no time in organizing a big band of his own with Charlie Spivak, a partner in the venture as well as lead trumpeter. Jack had wanted to do this with his brother Charlie, but Charlie's contract with Whiteman still had a year to run.

Jack had his younger brother, Clois (Cubby) Teagarden, as the drummer in

the band until 1940, when the late Dave Tough joined.

Cubby was about the only unknown sideman in the original band. The group was top-heavy with expensive sidemen like Freddy Goodman. Benny's trumpet-playing brother; Leo Castaldo, now Lee Castle, trumpet; Allen Reuss, guitar; Ernie Caceres, baritone sax; Hub Lytle and Johnny Van Epps, tenor saxophones, and the late Nat Jaffe, piano.

When Jack entered the dance-band scene in early 1939, it was the beginning of almost a decade of trials and tribulations that would require a book to detail.

The early band recorded for Columbia and Varsity, but there was always the necessity of meeting the label's requirements for commercial, nonjazz sides.

There were several sides released that did have a jazz format, such as the original *Swinging on the Teagarden Gate* and the blues *Muddy Water*, both on Columbia, but the majority of the recordings were overarranged and contained few inspired Teagarden trombone solos or vocals.

Teagarden was beset, as well, by some rather unusual trouble in those days.

His first vocalist was a girl named Meredith Blake, whose brother had written a tune called *Darling, You Weren't There*. Miss Blake asked if she could sing it and plug the tune. Teagarden, always happy to help, put the composition in the band book. Later, when Miss Blake left the band, he discarded the number, only to learn a short time thereafter that Miss Blake's brother had filed suit against him for \$5,000 for each performance of the tune, claiming he held the copyright and saying he wanted compensation for the use of the number. Nothing came of the suit, but it caused the trombonist considerable irritation.



Shortly after Spivak pulled out in late 1939, Jack got into a tussle with the American Federation of Musicians over a charge made by a former personal manager that Jack owed him \$4,500.

The band had fallen apart in early 1940, and Teagarden filed a bankruptcy suit in February. When the personal manager filed his claim with AFM, Jack was told that the union does not recognize bankruptcy and he must pay the claim.

Here Teagarden decided to fight. He went to court to obtain an injunction against the AFM to restrain it from carrying out a threat of revoking his membership. The injunction was granted, and the court declared that the laws of the United States are superior to the rules and regulations of the AFM. A date for a hearing on obtaining a permanent injunction was set.

Teagarden then began getting together another band, with some fresh capital, and until the hearing, the union neither could take his card nor force payment of the alleged debt.

Jack had waged a singlehanded fight against what he believed to be unfair treatment by the AFM. This won for him the admiration and respect of thousands of musicians.

Many well-known jazzmen were in and out of his band during the following years. Among them were the late clarinetist Danny Polo, pianist Dave Bowman, trumpeters Jimmy McPartland and Stew Pletcher, and a young man who later was to make a name for himself in modern jazz, tenor saxophonist Stan Getz. The Teagarden family was represented by sister Norma, who played piano for a short time, and brother Charlie, who finally joined for a while in 1944.

But the band that had started as an all-around high-caliber musical organization gradually became only a framework for the leader's trombone and vocals. This decline was caused mostly by the loss of good sidemen to the draft and the necessity of using inexperienced men as replacements.

By late 1946, everything had fallen apart, and Teagarden lamented, "All I had left was an equity in the band bus, built up by making the payments for several years. And the manager ran off to Mexico with the bus."

Teagarden no sooner had got settled down in the next step of his career, playing with a six-piece combo of his own at the Club Susie Q in Hollywood, than he caught pneumonia. He was hospitalized, but found it necessary for financial reasons to return to work at the Susie Q immediately after leaving the hospital—in spite of the doctor's orders to take a rest of from four to



six weeks.

Things grew worse, the combo broke up, and Bing Crosby staked Teagarden to plane fare to New York City and a fresh start.

Jack showed up in Chicago with his only possessions, a camel's hair coat and his trombone. The latter was in a case held together by a piece of rope.

He spent two days and nights in Chicago sitting in with all the jazz bands in town. His horn was heard in bop bands; a band playing the floor show at the De Lisa, a Negro night club on the south side, and even in the dressing rooms of the Chicago theater, where Jack found an old friend, drummer Ray Bauduc.

When Teagarden finally got to New York, things began to take on a more hopeful hue. Louis Armstrong was in the process of breaking up his big orchestra in order to organize a small band. Teagarden seemed a natural for the trombone spot.

Jack had dreamed all his life of playing in a jazz band with Armstrong. It came to pass in mid-1947 when the Louis Armstrong All-Stars were organized, with Jack included as an attraction second only to Armstrong himself. They played side by side, trading horn choruses and singing vocal duets, for five years. It was the first time of any extended length that Jack could jam on the job to his heart's content and get a steady salary for it.

He left the Armstrong group in 1951 to form his own sextet. His years with Armstrong had convinced Jack and his wife Addie that the time had arrived in which a jazz group could make it playing the spots around the country that specialized in Jack's kind of music.

The Teagarden sextet, under the wary guidance of Addie, has worked steadily since 1951. It has appeared in most jazz clubs around the country, with frequent repeat dates; many of the jazz festivals, and is always doing one-nighters set up by Teagarden's many friends.

A highlight in the trombonist's varied career was last year's 18-week tour of 18 countries. The tour was arranged for the sextet by ANTA for the U.S. State Department and covered a good deal of the Orient.

The experience impressed upon the Teagardens the unlimited possibilities this kind of activity has in creating good will for the United States, not only where jazz is understood but also in remote areas where it is something entirely new. Jack saw the universal language of music work charms on people who never before had heard any Western music.

Robert C. Schnitzer, general manager of ANTA, recently said, "Our experience with such musical organizations as (those of) Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck, and Jack Teagarden have more than convinced us that jazz is one of the most useful weapons we have in our arsenal. The conduct of those bands we have sent on tour has done wonders in combating the idea that jazz is a degenerate art form, as the Russian powers are constantly stating."

Schnitzer cited one very strong example of the effectiveness of the jazz ambassadors. When Gillespie played Athens, Greece, several months ago, the Cyprus question was quite explosive. Some students had moved on the U.S. information agency office and wrecked it, destroying important documents and furnishings. The next day Gillespie played a concert in Athens, and the same students who had wrecked the USI office carried Dizzy through the streets on their shoulders like a homecoming hero.

The band that accompanied Teagarden on his Eastern trip included Max Kaminsky, trumpet; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; Don Ewell, piano; Stan Puls, bass, and Ronnie Greb, drums. The group traveled by airliner, jeep, ship, and automobile and astride camels and elephants.

From the first concert in Kabul, after they had left New York on Sept. 26, 1958, through the New Year's eve celebration in Hong Kong, to the final concert for U.S. servicemen on Okinawa, the success of the tour in the good will engendered by the band, collectively and individually, points up the value of such expeditions.

After the second stop, in Karachi, Pakistan, the city's chief commissioner wrote to the Pakistani public affairs officer, "My council members and my-

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In Bombay, India, young Indian girls came up to the stand and threw garlands around the necks of each band member, and a local paper wrote afterwards:

"Few foreigners have received such wide acclaim in Bombay in recent years as that accorded Jack Teagarden and his small group of swing jazzmen. They did more to bring Indo-American amity closer in a week than political ambassadors might have been able to do in a year."

A Colombo, Ceylon, newspaper reported, "The pleasing effect of the whole evening's entertainment was the modest, almost shy, way the band behaved and the happy, easygoing atmosphere of the whole group."

The response throughout the tour was similar. Profits from all the concerts on the tour usually were turned over to a local charity project. It was estimated that at one of the Burma concerts enough was taken in to support a Boy Scout troop for two years.

Aside from the obvious good Teagarden's trip did for his country, an item that the trombonist likes to savor now, Jack can look back on the 18 weeks and recall several chuckles and one or two hardships.

In the latter category was his own serious hernia ailment, which flared while the troupe still had six weeks of its schedule to fill. A doctor in Singapore insisted he fly to Manila in the Philippines and have an operation, but Teagarden insisted on continuing the tour without delay, even after ANTA told him to cancel the tour and return for the operation.

They played five cities on the Malay peninsula and then arrived in the Philippines, where a doctor confirmed the Singapore diagnosis. But Teagarden insisted on keeping to the schedule, although by this time he had lost considerable weight and was in constant pain.

They played Manila and two other island dates and went on to Hong Kong, where one dispatch described Jack as having laryngitis and "feeling generally bad" but "carrying out his responsibilities" and providing one of the "most successful president's program attractions ever to play Hong Kong."

After Hong Kong, the grueling schedule took Teagarden's group to Formosa for four dates, to South Korea for four more, to Japan for 10, and finally to Okinawa before the band got back to California and Jack could have the hernia operation.

But the incidents that probably will be remembered even longer are those

in the realm of human relations:

Kabul, Afghanistan, where the people never had seen a trumpet, clarinet, or trombone before and there were only two pianos in the city; Jack tuned up the better one himself . . . The elevated bamboo bandstand in Kabul, from which they could see the camels passing by outside and where the cape-covered women, forbidden to enter, stood outside and listened . . . The bamboo bandstand in Karachi, Pakistan, that swayed when the band got going strong . . . The Bombay, India, friends of the late pianist Teddy Weatherford, who left the Chicago jazz scene in the mid-1920s, went to the Orient and never returned . . . The reception in Bombay at which Teagarden and Fuller jammed with an Indian percussion.

. . . The meetings with the Orient's royal hipsters, the king of Thailand, the king of Cambodia and the prince of Cambodia. Thailand's monarch is a friend of Benny Goodman and also plays clarinet and saxophone. After Teagarden's group played a command performance for the king and queen, the sextet jammed with the king, who played clarinet. One of the tunes they did was *When*, a composition by the king . . . After Jack played the Cambodia concert for the piano-playing king and the saxophonist prince, the king awarded Teagarden a medal for meritorious service to the arts . . .

. . . The modern concert hall in Singapore with acoustics comparable to those of Carnegie hall, where the piano was rolled out of a vault for the concert. The heat and humidity there can throw it out of tune quickly when it's not in use . . . The appreciation of

Teagarden's vocals that was demonstrated in most former British possessions but the lack of understanding evident elsewhere . . . The universal popularity of the drum solos, which kept Greb busy . . . The 14-degree-below-zero weather and halls without heat at some of the Formosa concerts and the thunderous ovations for solos that the audiences gave in spite of it . . . Teagarden's reaction to Japan—even though he was painfully ill: "It was a ball; the country reminded me of New Jersey." . . . The 65-piece Japanese orchestra that backed his trombone and vocal work on *Stars Fell on Alabama* during a 1½-hour television show . . .

Teagarden took his own movies through the entire trip, as well as tape recordings of native music. The latter he'd like to assemble and edit for production of an LP for the commercial market.

Teagarden told of his concern over the impression many of the peoples he saw and played for have of the United States. They derive a great deal of their information and opinions about what Americans are like from movies, principally westerns and gangster films. Jack said that if this country doesn't start counteracting this impression with more substantial characteristic entertainment in all the arts, jazz included, there soon may be a rock and roll argot in the Indian dialects.

The new Jack Teagarden, a man socially aware and willing to accept responsibility for more than just good jazz, is eager to make another trip with this aim in mind. ■



REPORT FROM AFRICA



By John Mehegan

"The school must equip the native to meet the demands which the economic life of (this country) will impose upon him . . . There is no place for the native in European society above the levels of certain forms of labor."

This may sound like a line from *Mein Kampf*. It is not. This statement was made on the floor of the South African Senate by Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd, then minister of foreign affairs of the country. "If the native," he added, "is being taught that he will live his adult life under a policy of equal rights, he is making a big mistake."

Dr. Verwoerd is now prime minister of South Africa.

I had an appointment with Todd Matchikiza, South Africa's leading African composer. We met on the street and shook hands. People stared. We went to lunch in a small cafe in the Indian ghetto, the only restaurant in that fair city of Johannesburg where black and white can eat together. Of course, it was in a back room—and we had to pay double for the privilege of using it.

An Indian bass player played with me at the city hall in Durban. He was concealed behind a curtain—to be heard but not seen.

Joe Mogotsi, a member of the Manhattan Brothers, an African quartet, disappeared on the way to rehearsal, a

week before my departure for America. A few days passed, during which he could not be traced. He finally showed up at his home. It seemed that a government official had needed some weeding done in his garden. A policeman had found him a gardener.

At the airport in Johannesburg, Africans and Indians came to see me off. We stood for 2½ hours, because there was no place for black and white to sit together.

This is South Africa today—and it is getting worse. Legislation enacted in the last 11 years has left the African nothing. He must carry a pass after 6 p.m. If he is caught without it, he becomes a

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criminal offender, pays a fine, and is jailed.

The African must live in a municipally built "location," which is a grim community of prefabricated houses without electricity or plumbing.

These locations are 10 to 15 miles from the "white city," and the bus service stops at about 7 p.m. If he misses his bus, the African must make his way home on foot. If he is caught without a pass . . .

Where is the white jazz musician in the midst of all this? I'm afraid he is nowhere.

Jazz musicians all over the world pride themselves on being color blind. In fact, quite a mystique has evolved through the years around this vital idea. Perhaps it is true . . . perhaps it isn't. It is not, I fear, as true in the United States as we like to think; nothing could be further from the truth in South Africa. White musicians mysteriously failed to show up at integrated jam sessions, and those who did come made it clear that they wanted no part of any socializing; white musicians were unavailable for integrated recording dates: these same musicians seldom if ever look upon an African as an equal, though musically the African was above them.

I was asked to lecture before a private jazz club in Durban. As I gazed out at the sea of smiling white faces, I thought for a minute and then smiled back. My opening comment was, "Why is this a Jim Crow club?" The smiles disappeared and feet started to shuffle.

I was told there was a valid reason: there was liquor served. And Africans are not allowed by law to buy or be served liquor. So I suggested a weekly Coke clinic, at which African and Indian musicians would be invited to discuss musical problems and play. As far as I know, nothing was ever done. As a result, I transferred the classes I had been conducting at the club to an Indian restaurant where informal integrated social gatherings were encouraged. Attendance fell off badly, but the persons who did come got much more than the right chords for *Round Midnight*.

I mention the tune because there is an interesting story connected with it. On the evening I suggested the Coke clinic, I mentioned that I had met only one musician in South Africa who knew the correct chords to *Round Midnight*, an Indian pianist whom I recorded while in South Africa. The next day his phone rang three times; Chris Joseph, Indian pianist, was "accepted" at last.

Joseph explained that this was an old story with him. White musicians had called him before for chord charts, which he had given them. But when



Pianist Mehegan at a Bantu social club session in Johannesburg. Kippy Moeketsi is the altoist, Hugh Masakela is the seated trumpeter (with cigarette).

they met him on the street, the whites would walk by as though they didn't know him. When I heard this, I told Joseph not to give them one more chord. He probably will, he's such a friendly guy — but chords in South Africa are a weapon, and should be guarded dearly.

Only two appearances of U.S. jazz musicians preceded mine in South Africa: Tony Scott in August, 1957, and the Bob Cooper-Bud Shank quintet with June Christy in April, 1958.

With only the rather flamboyant Scott and the "cool" west coasters to go by, it was rather difficult for the South African to judge what American jazz musicians are like. In general, the Africans and Indians liked Scott, who quickly made it known that he was with them in their struggle, although they were a little confused by his ex-

travagant and sometimes irresponsible statements in the press and on the radio. Justifiably or not, the nonwhites felt snubbed by the west coasters, who seemed aloof from the desperate battle for existence that goes on in the Union of South Africa today.

As it stands now, the African musicians have no one to turn to for help in any kind of instruction.

It is not as though they could walk down a street to a club and sit and listen to jazz all night and learn from that. Today that is not enough . . . technical skill and knowledge of basic classic harmony is necessary. In trying to get books, instruments, and recordings, they also run into difficulty, this time financial.

In spite of this, there are three magnificent African jazzmen in Johannesburg: Kippy Moeketsi, alto saxophone; Jonas Gwanga, trombone, and Hugh Masakela, trumpet. Kippy I consider one of the greatest jazz musicians in the world today. He is, of course, deeply rooted in Charlie Parker but has a quality of his own of melodic sensitivity and melancholy beauty, and a pathos that comes from the very soul of this African.

Jonas and Hugh are younger than Kippy (he is 34) but have been well schooled by him in modern concepts of harmony and time. Recordings made by these three musicians and this writer in South Africa soon are to be released in the States. And plans are being made to send these three men to Europe next summer for appearances at Swiss and German jazz festivals (if they are allowed to leave their own country).

There are many gifted persons in South Africa besides them, who, with-

How to Help

Teacher, critic (for the New York Herald-Tribune), and pianist John Mehegan has just returned from several months of work and study in South Africa.

Those who, responding to the heartfelt plea on these pages, would like to help, can send instruments, new or secondhand books of music instruction, sheet music, etc., to Mr. Mehegan at 233 E. 69th St., New York 21, N.Y. Checks or money orders should be made out to the Union of South African Artists, a group dedicated to helping African artists. Plans are being made to form a branch of the organization in America. Further news of it will be announced in Down Beat.

out some help, never will be able to express the beauty that is within them. Claude Shange needs a bass; his brother, Ray, who has learned to play two pennywhistles simultaneously, wants a tenor saxophone. So it goes.

It is ironic, but one cannot find a good African jazz drummer in South Africa. The reasons, however, are quite simple. First, a set of drums is completely beyond the income of the African. Second, and more important, is the fact that it is extremely difficult to capture the many facets of good jazz drumming (snare, bass, high hat, ride cymbal, etc.), with only an occasional recording to go by—and this is the only road of learning open to a potential drummer. Third, it must be remembered that there is little connection between tribal drumming, which is performed in "banks" or choirs, (each drummer playing only one level of time) and the elaborate counterpoint of modern jazz drumming.

For the aforementioned recording session, I looked and listened everywhere for an African drummer, even a good time-keeper, but I finally realized that what Kippy had told me was true: there are no good African jazz drummers.

My last weekend in South Africa was spent at the coronation of Chief Edward Patrick Lebone Molotlegi, called Eddie by his friends and the Playboy Prince by the newspapers. Kippy, Hugh, and Jonas, along with their group, were going to play there and invited me to accompany them.

Chief Eddie is a great jazz fan and has two pianos and a fine record collection. When he tours his 261-square-mile domain to visit 68 subchiefs, he carries his own ice cubes and a few choice recordings.

The band was to play the coronation dance at the local movie house. We arrived early while the movie was still on. It was a real dog called *Don't Knock the Rock*, with Alan Freed. The African audience reminded me of some very hip patrons in some 42nd St. theaters. They ignored the corny dialog, which they understood (most Africans are at least trilingual—Afrikaans, English, and, of course, their own tongue, usually Basuto and their tribal dialect thereof). They did, however, give rapt attention to Bill Haley's Comets and the various other groups playing.

The movie finally ended, and the dance began. By this time, it was really difficult to realize that we were in a "primitive" African village, at a coronation dance.

It could have been a dance party on television—but the music was much better. ■

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feather's nest



By Leonard Feather

A few weeks ago I saw a vaudeville production entitled *An Evening with Pearl Bailey* at the Apollo theater. I had been reading about it (chiefly in the review quoted in those *Variety* back page ads for which Pearl seems to have signed a life-time contract) and had been impressed by the size of her payroll and the unanimity of the reactions. But I still wasn't prepared for what I saw and heard.

The show is a gas. It doesn't seem possible that Pearl Mae can have more personality, more audience rapport than ever, yet this is a case where the talent elevator hit the top floor and kept going up.

As a comedy artist, she has every nuance at her command; as a singer, in her straight vocal moments, she's a blues-rooted swinger of obvious jazz importance.

It's incredible that all of us so-called experts ignored her in the history books, including my own. Presumably when a jazz singer displays many other talents, and works the Flamingo in Las Vegas, Nev., rather than Birdland, she has extended herself beyond the jazz pale.

Miss Bailey is just one facet of a show that is, from the first moment to the last (90 to 100 minutes later), a smooth, briskly paced, funny, handsome, musical, sophisticated production. The dance acts are uniformly brilliant. It's the kind of show that hardly ever happens any more at places like the Apollo, where a typical offering simply presents one act after another, booked individually with no relationship. This is true, too, of most jazz concerts and festivals, not to mention night clubs, where integrated productions are increasingly rare.

One of the show's unadvertised virtues, put across in a beautifully taken-for-granted manner, is its completely interracial nature: chorus girls, vocal group, show girls, orchestra, everything. With word now around of the kind of business it's been doing, we may yet live to see Jim Crow disappear from the chorus line at the Copa.

Most important from the *Down Beat* viewpoint is the value of a show like this to the building of a band.

Louis Bellson has chosen top sidemen and kept them together under the ideal conditions (often only one show a day, never more than three, and at least a two-week stand at every spot),

so he doesn't have to be constantly replacing men who have grown tired of the one-nighter grind.

This is one of the cleanest-sounding, hardest-swinging big bands on the scene. Its personnel is an unusual mixture of veterans such as former Jimmie Lunceford bassist Truck Parham, east coasters such as the first-rate tenor man Aaron Sachs, west coasters such as the impassioned and compelling alto man Herb Geller.

Bellson's unique boo-bams produce the liveliest, most melodic sound I've ever heard from tuned drums. (He used them on a Verve LP due out soon.) As for Louie's rhythm section work, again the question of associations arises. If he'd been working at the Five Spot in New York City, it might have occurred to some of us to vote for him. Without attention from the jazz snobs he remains one of the two or three greatest living drummers. That he didn't get a single vote in the last Critics' poll is inexcusably idiotic, and here again I must take my share of the blame.

If every orchestra could stay together, as this one has for about a year, under these conditions, there would be a chance for the revival of big-band jazz. You just can't expect this kind of music from a large group that has to aim either at night clubs (after the Blue Note and Birdland, whither?) or dance dates (which leads to one-nighters and musical compromises.)

The giants of the big-band era had outlets that no longer exist: frequent live broadcasts, places like the Savoy ballroom (now demolished), Roseland, the Statler, (now unaware of jazz). In sad contrast, when Gil Evans, who deserves a big band as much as anyone in jazz today, tried one out at Birdland, by the time it was halfway in shape, his stint had ended and the group broke up. Other bands formed of late have had similar experiences.

Pearl Bailey has been keeping 48 persons at work, including a 17-piece orchestra, at a time when she could net as much money by just playing Las Vegas, the Waldorf, etc., for a couple of months and laying off the rest of the year.

She said after the show, "This is something I feel I have to do. This is real, old-time show business. We have to give people a chance to be heard and audiences a chance to know what real vaudeville is, otherwise it can never come back."

I'd like to see this exact pattern followed by the Coles, Sinatras, and Sammy Davises. Meanwhile, Pearl Mae deserves not only the solid patronage she already has but also the gratitude of everyone who may benefit from the initiative she has shown. ■

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November 15 North Carolina State Fair Arena, Raleigh, North Carolina
November 16 The Armory, Baltimore, Maryland
November 17 Bushnell Memorial Auditorium, Hartford, Connecticut
November 18 Zembro Mosque, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
November 19 New Haven Arena, New Haven, Connecticut
November 20 Carnegie Hall, New York City
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OUT OF MY HEAD



By George Crater

Dean Martin's playing *Jimmy Durante*?

I definitely believe Billy Taylor should open a school for jazz musicians. He could start small with, say, courses in:

1. Tune Announcing (in English)
2. Acknowledging Applause (Elementary)
3. Playing With Your Shoes Shined (Advanced)
4. Communicating with Your Rhythm Section and the World

To get things started, I'd even lay a little bread on Monk for his first year's tuition.

I wish Buddy Rich would make up his mind. He makes me nervous . . .

The night Lenny Bruce opened at The Den in New York City, I had the good fortune to chat with the managers of the Kingston Trio and the Dukes of Dixieland respectively. Despite their obvious ear trouble, we had an interesting talk on the two groups and their recent appearances at jazz festivals. I'm sure you'll be gassed to know that the appearances of these groups *bring in and win over* new fans for jazz.

My only thought was, Couldn't we save some money and still get those new supporters just by offering: free Schlitz; a complete raccoon coat restoration service; dirty pictures; a dictionary of popular profanity of our time; and a scuffed copy of *Boola Boola* by Pat Boone?

The entire evening was saved from a horrible death by Lenny Bruce, who was a gas. Even Ira Gitler had to show up to bug me . . .

No truth to the rumor that the new Mercer Ellington band charts are by Thermofax . . .

That Sinatra TV show grooved me, except for that flying-saucer set design on *Day In, Day Out* . . . I kept expecting Frank's nose to start blinking, "Pizza" on and off . . .

What ever happened to Lionel Hampton?

Zoot Finster, completely recovered from a severe cold, has left the *Jazz in the Raw* concert tour taking tenor man Prez Glick and new trumpet star Miles Cosnat with him. Tentative plans call for Zoot, Prez and Miles to form an octet utilizing the charts of Quincy Cohen. Several record companies expressed interest in the group as soon as the announcement was made public, especially Septic Records. Zoot refused to discuss any recording commitments until he first discussed things with Glick and Cosnat, both of whom were out to lunch . . .

A friend of mine attended the Hollywood Bowl jazz festival. His seat was in Santa Monica . . .

Speaking of jazz festivals, now that they're all over

till next season what am I going to do with all my flashy sport shirts, sunglasses, and calamine lotion?

I've heard that since Sol Hurok started presenting him, Erroll Garner now sits on the *Palm Beach* telephone directory . . . *Aw, come on, Martha, chuckle a little* . . .

Overheard in Junior's: 1st Jitterbug: Like, anybody we know in the back?

2nd Jitterbug: Like, just a couple of cats, man. Like just a couple of cats . . .

1st Jitterbug: Yeah, like who, baby?

2nd Jitterbug: Like *Phil Quill, Gene Woods and* . . .

Here are titles of some recently published books that are likely to be of interest to musicians:

The Art of Sneaking into Rehearsals Late.

5 All-Time Thelonious Monk Favorites Transposed to the Key of C.

How I Turned a Piano Player Who Didn't Show Into a Paying Proposition by Gerry Mulligan.

Stage-Staring as an Art by Miles Davis (as told to Sonny Rollins).

The Sal Mineo That I Know by Gene Krupa.

Sneaking off the Band Bus When the Stoplight Is Near a Tavern.

Sneaking on the Band Bus When the Red Light Turns to Green.

What to Do When You Swallow Your Mouthpiece.

Why We Wish Each Other Success by Junior and Charlie.

Convincing Bus Drivers Your Bass Won't Get In The Way.

. . . that's like Don Shirley playing Horace Silver!

deebee's scrapbook # 25



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TONY BENNETT

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INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FAIR

How many times have you heard something like this? . . . "Okay, it's a date. Who are we going to see?" Or: "A drive-in in this weather?" Or: "I know you dig jazz, but I want to see what a Fabian is."

Beneath such dialog is a basic truth about American audiences. Music, to them, is more than just an intimate and personal art form. (Thirty million Americans play a musical instrument.) It is a form of entertainment, amusement, and a reason for social gathering. Music is also a *product*, one that is sold in different forms and packaged in many ways. Musical tastes vary so much that arbitrary categories such as classical, pop, jazz, and folk are established for identification. A mongrel music like rock 'n' roll can become a public issue that is debated in Congress. It is not idle to say we take our music seriously.

The International Music Fair was founded on the premise that the public's appetite for music, live music, is not being satisfied. There are not enough concerts, festivals, stage shows, or other personal appearances by music personalities to reach a public that spent \$325 million dollars last year on records alone.

The fair management, realizing how tastes can vary even within families, decided on a show program that had wide appeal without sacrificing emphasis.

Presenting the star talent properly has been a major concern of the producers. They want you, the audience, to be able to pick and choose according to your individual tastes; but feel free to listen and enjoy any other form of music with which you are *not* familiar. Visit and browse among the exhibits illustrating the scope of the music business. In short, the producers want you to enjoy yourselves.

The International Music Fair is slated to be an annual event dedicated to the interests of the music performer and music listener. With music becoming more and more the one universal language, this new concept of a fair should draw its strength and purpose from all peoples and all cultures.

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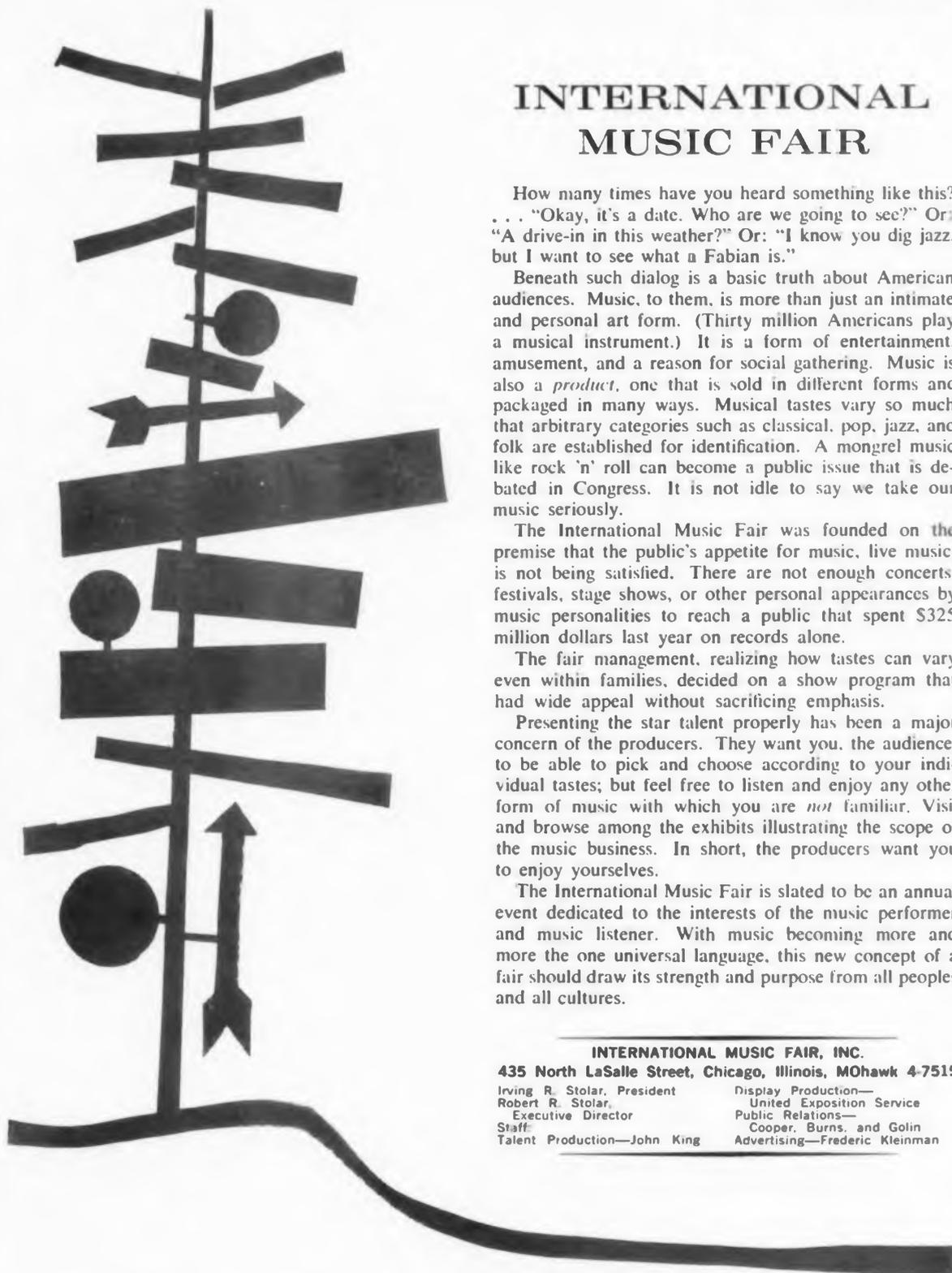
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Advertising—Frederic Kleinman



International Music Fair
Navy Pier, Chicago, Ill.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

THE ATTRACTION	Fri. the 13th	Sat. the 14th	Sun. the 15th	Mon. the 16th	Tues. the 17th	Wed. the 18th	Thurs. the 19th	Fri. the 20th	Sat. the 21st	Sun. the 22nd
Tony Bennett	★	★	★							
The Kingston Trio				★	★	★				
Johnny Mathis						★	★	★	★	★
Fabian								★	★	★
Oscar Peterson	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
Pete Seeger		★	★	★						
William Warfield							★	★	★	★
Anita Bryant	★	★	★							
Collegiate Jazz Contest		★	★						★	★
Four Lads		★	★							
John Gary	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
Lurlean Hunter	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
"Jimmy"	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
Betty Johnson	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
The Mastersounds	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
The Platters	★	★	★	★	★	★	★			
Lloyd Price				★	★	★				
Puppet Playhouse	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
Jimmy Rodgers	★									
Talent Winners	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★

(Exact show times will be announced. Individual bookings subject to late change.)

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A Tour of Popular Music

The history of American popular music goes back to times before the Civil War. During that conflict, it took on a particularly bellicose flavor, with various tunes that called northerners and southerners to be loyal and true to their area's viewpoint and defeat the dirty dogs who were threatening it. Some of the songs were sung on both sides of the battle lines, as *Lili Marlene* was in World War II.

Stephen Collins Foster was an early popular music composer of note, and in Kentucky today, the adulation of Foster has semi-religious overtones—although, in point of fact, his songs were musically unsophisticated and most of them saccharine sweet.

In the late 19th Century, minstrel shows contributed songs to the public consciousness the way Broadway musicals were to do at a later date.

But it wasn't until the 20th Century that American popular music began to take on a true professionalism and high musical quality. You could trace its history in a remarkably few men: Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, Cole Porter, Rodgers & Hart, Matt Dennis, and then the faceless (and talentless) composers who contributed rock 'n' roll and the trash music that has flooded America in recent years.

To trace the whys and wherefores of the rise and fall of American popular music involves sociology (periods of individualism followed by periods of conformity) and economics (payoffs to record company a&r men, rigged ratings of songs, payola to disc jockeys, and the sundry other arms of the immoral apparatus by which America has its tastes dictated and adolescents are given musical brainwashing). There isn't space here to trace the whys of it all—only some of the whats.

Irving Berlin was a remarkable natural talent. From the time of the rough-hewn *Alexander's Ragtime Band* until recent years, he went on growing, both his music and his lyrics becoming more sophisticated, more polished, more intelligent. He was eventually to produce (in 1932) such a warm, polished gem as *How Deep Is the Ocean*, and such striking satiric songs as *You Can't Get a Man with a Gun* (1946).

George Gershwin was a giant. The attempts to evaluate him have frequently gone astray because his aspirations to write "big" compositions have taken in even the critics—who should have been looking at the songs, most of them flawless masterpieces in miniature.

For Gershwin took the American song form seriously. He studied and worked consciously to be a *great composer of American popular songs*. He succeeded. Ask any singer how Gershwin songs (with the beautifully appropriate lyrics of his brother Ira) feel in the throat, how naturally they come out. Ask any jazz musician about the harmonic warmth of them. And then hear the remarkably plastic, solid quality of the melodic lines.

Rodgers & Hart also wrote well for the voice. The music was excellent, the lyrics brilliantly clever. Hart was probably the greatest lyricist America has yet produced; he trained himself translating Viennese operettas and, like the Gershwins, was a completely conscious and deliberate talent with uncommonly subtle taste.

It is a common opinion among jazz musicians who, by the very nature of their work, take American popular music apart and then put it back together again, that Richard Rodgers' music deteriorated after Hart died. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, of course, and the better class of American pop singers continue to honor Rodgers & Hart with performance while, comparatively speaking, ignoring the music of Rodgers & Hammerstein. Check over the credits on the Frank Sinatra LPs to see how much Rodgers & Hart he does compared with Rodgers & Hammerstein.

The argument, of course, is that Rodgers & Hammerstein were writing *the integrated musicals*. But the fact remains that despite the popularity of such shows as *Oklahoma* and *South Pacific*, their songs don't command the respect that the Hart songs did. They have yet to produce a single song of the stature of *My Funny Valentine*, which, with some of the Gershwin songs, pushed American popular music to a quality level comparable to that of European art songs.

By the end of the 1930s, American music (classical music excepted from this discussion) was working together in a smooth, integrated machine. Gershwin, Rodgers & Hart, Berlin, and a very young Matt Dennis were giving us popular *songs* of a high order, and the jazz-oriented dance bands were giving them popular *presentation* of a high order.

By 1945, everything had begun to fall apart. Jazz was going its own way, and popular music was rushing off in several different directions. The main branch of pops, however, was bumping down the cellar steps at an alarmingly noisy pace.

We had been getting the words of our songs from the tasteful young Frank Sinatra. Then we went to the more noisy, though still acceptable, Frankie Laine and Billy Eckstine. They produced their imitators, and we had Bill Farrell for a while. (What ever happened to him?) Then we descended to the strained, colorless singing of Eddie Fisher, utterly lacking in any semblance of musicality. And then we had Tony Bennett, whose early stuff was blatant, though he later expiated his early sins by becoming one of the few genuinely good pop singers around today. After Bennett came the sobbing effluvia of Johnny Ray, than which we thought there could be nothing worse.

We had reckoned without Bill Haley and Elvis Presley and Ricky Nelson—and without the money lust of vari-



(Continued from previous page)
ious record companies and disc jockeys. We had reckoned without Dick Clark, who would unctuously assure the youngsters that "you make the stars"—while he and others created the tastes of those malleable adolescents who were making him rich.

Where were the good composers of American songs all this while? Had we produced no talents at all in this time?

We had indeed. But they were writing a new breed of American song—a sort of hybrid art-popular song. Such

men as Bart Howard, Cy Coleman, and Tommy Wolfe were producing them—and Matt Dennis was still turning out good material such as *Angel Eyes*, though none of his later production was to equal the genuinely poetic *Viols for Your Furs*.

But the songs of these good composers weren't getting on the hit lists. They existed, as it were, underground, being sung by such as Julie Wilson, Lurlean Hunter, Teddi King, Betty Bennett, Mark Murphy and others of their kind who, for lack of a better

term, we're in the habit of calling "jazz singers".

And even here there has been a problem. All too many of these art-popular songs show the faults of all art that is produced for an overspecialized audience: many of them are more than a little precious.

And so where are we today?

Well, despite all the conformity of our society, our popular music has never been more disparate. We're still hearing Gershwin, Rodgers & Hart, and other good songs from the recent past; we're hearing such more recent but excellent songs as *Why Try to Change Me Now* in supper clubs and on recordings of such as Frank Sinatra, who has become a towering symbol of taste in a sea of trash (and, incidentally, may throw that reputation away when he gives a *Welcome Home Party for Elvis Presley* on TV next spring, which could lead an until-now loyal public to the conclusion that he's as cynical as the next man in the music business); we're hearing Elvis' musical stepchildren; and we're hearing folk music, some of it authentic and some of it commercial imitation.

This is to say nothing of the fact that classical music is selling more in America than ever before in its history, and jazz is enjoying an enormous acceptance.

What does it all mean?

Well, for one thing, it demonstrates that man, far from being a level featureless plain, is a jagged mountain of varying intelligence, varying cultivation, varying taste. It probably proves too that the seeking for a classless society, which the Russian's state as their goal, is futile. They should have checked with us first; we tried it.

And it shows why two kinds of radio in America have developed: AM and FM, the latter a response to the hungers of those who were fed up with mediocrity in music and other arts. (Don't forget that we produced Mickey Spillane, Grace Metallious, and the Ma & Pa Kettle movies at the same time we were incubating Elvis.)

And there we are. We have so many kinds of music we don't quite know what to do about them all. Our appetite for it is enormous, if incredibly varied.

Which is the purpose of the International Music Fair: to present a widely varied sampling of some of the kinds of music that dominate America today.

You may not like some of it, but you can bet that *somebody* does. And there it is, staring you in the face. ■

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THE HOUSE BAND

The House Band for the International Music Fair is that of Dan Belloc, who makes his home and headquarters in Chicago.

Down Beat's dance band directory last spring described the band as "unusual in the sense that it isn't the typical sweet band most often heard in the midwest. The leader features a big book of original arrangements geared chiefly to a younger audience.

"As a consequence, a typical evening is well-flavored with jump tunes as well as warmly-performed ballads."

Belloc is a native Chicagoan who has led bands ever since he formed his first—while he was still a freshman at De Paul University. He has been musical director for several small record companies in the Chicago area, and written a great many tunes, including a couple of hits.

Because of his popularity with the teen-age set, the Navy Department hired Dan to do a recruiting series called Teentown, U.S.A. In the same year he turned out the hit *Pretend*.

Belloc plays most instruments but prefers tenor saxophone.

JOHN GARY

The producers of the International Music Fair were especially careful in making their talent selections not to overlook any of the young stars who are about to break into the big time. John Gary is one such. His first release on Fraternity records was *Little People*, followed by *Let Them Talk*, which has met with wide acceptance by the record buyers.

Like so many other male stars, he started his singing career as a boy soprano. Before his voice changed he did several radio shows in New York, a concert tour of the United States and Canada, and appeared in *The Time of Your Life* with James Cagney.

At the age of 17 he left for two years in the Marine Corps and the Korean War. After his discharge, he did a European tour, returning to New Orleans, where he had his own television show on WDSU-TV.

John is serious about his hobby as well as his singing: until recently he held the world's record for underwater diving. He stayed under for 41 hours, one minute and 10 seconds.

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THE KINGSTON TRIO is made up of three young men named Dave Guard, Bob Shane, and Nick Reynolds. They started out as college favorites on the west coast. In 1957, a publicist named Frank Werber decided to take them under his wing. Since then, their fortunes have soared, and they moved into the hit record class with *Tom Dooley* and, later, *Tiajuana Jail*.

The Kingstons have played a number of jazz festivals in the past few months, thereby triggering a controversy. For the semi-folk material they play and sing is a far cry from jazz. But balling college-age kids who turned up at the festivals and college concerts were happily indifferent to whether the Kingstons constituted a jazz act. They liked them.

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JOHNNY MATHIS is probably reaching a broader age range of fans than any young entertainer today. He sells to the teen-age crowd; and to the patrons of such smart nightclubs as the Copacabana in New York, the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, and the Fontainebleu in Miami Beach.

Johnny's father, Clem, a former vaudeville performer,

started teaching his son about singing when he was 10. Johnny went on to become a crack athlete, but continued studying with an Oakland, Calif., vocal coach. He worked his first professional date at the 440 Club in San Francisco. Columbia Records signed him in 1956. He was a hit almost from the start, and his singles and LPs have continued selling big ever since.



TONY BENNETT is a remarkable case in the history of popular music. When the quality of that music began its decline a few years ago, Tony was among those singers musicians didn't dig. But as the music got worse, he went the other way: he got better . . . and better . . . and better. Today he is in that small inner circle of entertainers other entertainers enjoy.

By now a sensitive and tasteful singer, Tony is also one of the most dynamic performers in America to watch. He generates a vitality that makes most male singers look effete and indifferent. Noted for using top jazz musicians to back him, Tony has been accompanied by such men as guitarist Chuck Wayne, and more recently, the Count Basie band.

THE DOWN BEAT ROOM

featuring the Oscar Peterson trio, the Mastersounds and Lurlean Hunter

One of the key features of the International Music Fair is the *Down Beat* room. Here the jazz performances of the fair are heard.

We at *Down Beat* picked two groups to play during the 10 days of the fair—as well as singer Lurlean Hunter. They were chosen for quite specific reasons.

I believe it is entirely possible that Oscar Peterson is the
(Continued next page)



OSCAR PETERSON was born in Montreal, Canada, Aug. 15, 1925. He started studying music at the age of 6, at 14 won an amateur contest and went to work in radio. By his early twenties, he had a considerable reputation, and received offers to move to the United States. He performed for Jazz at the Philharmonic at Carnegie hall in September, 1949, and since has enjoyed a constantly deepening prestige as a jazz pianist.

Ray Brown, bassist of the Peterson trio, was born in Pittsburgh Oct. 13, 1926. He played with Dizzy Gillespie's small group and first big band in the mid-1940s. In 1951, he found his perfect complement: he joined Peterson. They have been together ever since.

Edmund Thigpen, born in Chicago Dec. 28, 1930, son of noted drummer Ben Thigpen, began studying drums when he was 17. He worked with Cootie Williams, Johnny Hodges, Lennie Tristano, Bud Powell, and Billy Taylor. He joined Peterson a few months ago and already he and his two colleagues have become one of the most cohesive units in jazz.

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most important jazz pianist of our era. It is significant that a lot of pianists also think that.

For Peterson has achieved something remarkable. He has taken the tradition of classical piano, with its richness and breadth and subtleties of dynamics, and all the funk of jazz piano together with the styles and technical innovations of just about any jazz pianist you can think of, and made them flow together into a homogeneous whole. And he has achieved this naturally. There has been none of the straining to combine, to borrow from classical music, that has made so much contemporary jazz sound ersatz, effete, and futureless. Peterson is an utterly earthy jazz pianist who has acquired all the facilities that the classically trained pianist has at his disposal. No one else has this duality to the same degree.

Not everyone agrees with this evaluation of Peterson. I know a record company executive who says Oscar doesn't swing. (When I told that to Andre Previn, he said, "My best wishes to him for the recovery of his health, whoever he is." Another pianist, Dick Marx, broke out laughing.)

The trouble, it seems, is that the world of jazz is so afflicted with the passion for innovation—even if innovation means mere novelty—that the non-appreciators of Peterson are disturbed that he has acquired techniques and methods from Earl Hines, Art Tatum, Fats Waller, Erroll Garner, and others. This implies that it is invalid for a jazz pianist to build on the foundations laid by his predecessors in the same way classical pianists do.

It should not be forgotten that in the huge tradition of western music, the majority of the greatest composers have not been innovators, they have been what we would call the Synthesizers, the Collators—men who took all the experimentation that had preceded them, wrapped it into a package, and left that particular line of musical development

completed, a monument for posterity to ponder. Oscar has done this not only with a vast range of jazz piano tradition but also with the two main streams of western music, which are the European (or classical) and the American (or jazz).

These days, of course, it is very hip to be a lover of both classical music and jazz. It always breaks me up when I encounter someone who laments Oscar's eclecticism but digs (or pretends to dig) Bartok. Bartok was nothing if not eclectic; he was also a very great composer, as Oscar is a very great pianist.

If Peterson is a pianist who leaves pianists open-mouthed, what can one say of Ray Brown? I never have known a bass player who didn't, when questioned, name him as his favorite bass player. No doubt they exist (Brown himself is an admirer of Oscar Pettiford), but I haven't run into them. At the Monterey Jazz festival, I saw a little crowd in a corner behind the stage. I pressed forward to see what was happening. And there was Ray Brown, playing solo bass for fellow musicians—including several name bass players.

I know of one instance when Ray couldn't make a record date and two other bass players turned the gig down because, after looking at the parts that had been written, they said, "This was written for Ray. Nobody else can play it properly."

Brown plays with incredible dexterity, yet never hurries. He has a remarkably clear, penetrating tone, and if he ever played a wrong note, you'd hear it: the sound he gets is so ringing that the intonation comes right through to you, whereas with so many other bass players, the instrument gives off a comparatively pitchless thump.

A few months ago, after guitarist Herb Ellis left the Peterson trio, drummer Ed Thigpen joined the group. Like his colleagues, Ed is an impressive technician. And he has superb taste. Listen, whenever you can, to the remarkable



THE MASTERSOUNDS comprise Buddy Montgomery, vibes; Monk Montgomery, Fender electric bass; Benny Barth, drums; and Richie Crabtree, piano.

The brothers Montgomery—along with a third brother, Wes, who has a constantly growing reputation as a guitarist—hail from Indianapolis, Ind. But it was in San Francisco, that city of infinite charm, cooking jazz, and breeding ground of so much that is important in the contemporary American culture, that they really got going.

Signed by Richard Bock, president of World Pacific Records, they did an album called, logically enough, *The Mastersounds*. Then they did their semi-jazz version of *The King and I*, which disc became a best seller among jazz LPs. They followed this with *Kismet* and *Flower Drum Song*, further enhancing their public reputation, and then *Ballads and Blues*, which did much for their critical reputation.

During this past summer, they played the Newport Jazz Festival, and then won the New Star Combo award in the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics' poll: Buddy Montgomery was named New Star on vibes.

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brush work he does in the breaks on *Golden Striker*.

These qualities, then, together with the group's great warmth, make the present Oscar Peterson trio, in my opinion, one of the most exciting and important groups in jazz today. And it IS a group—not a trio in which piano is accompanied by bass and drums. It works together, it swings together, and more and more—the longer Thigpen is in it—it is finding its groove. Each time I have heard the trio in recent months, it has been better than the last time. As the aforementioned Lurlean Hunter put it, "Those three really deserve each other. Each of them is so wonderful."

The Mastersounds were chosen for different reasons to work in at the *Down Beat* room.

The members of this group are taking jazz to the general public as successfully as any around today. They are not doing it with funny hats and a deliberate dilution of the music. They are achieving it because the public finds them fresh, and they are happy to play "popular" material, as they did in their best-selling album, *Kismet*.

Considered an unabashed imitation of the Modern Jazz Quartet when they first came into view a couple of years ago, they have of late been departing in a direction of their own. It is curious to note that while the MJQ has been found a little tired-sounding and weak by many persons lately, the Mastersounds have been growing musically stronger, driving harder, finding more individuality.

If you know the group only through such discs as *Kismet*, prepare yourself for a surprise when you hear them working on more standard jazz material. This group can swing.

The Mastersounds, then, were chosen because they represent some of the best elements in what we can perhaps call popular jazz today.

Lurlean Hunter?

I know one noted jazz authority, artists and repertoire director for a top jazz label, who says that Lurlean is "technically the best singer in jazz or popular music in America today. That girl's intonation is fantastic."

Miss Hunter is, with all her skills, the most under-appreciated singer in America as well.

She sings with effortless ease and innate musicianship. At the time I write this, there is still vivid in my memory an impromptu performance by Lurlean that I still don't believe. It happened only last night:

We were in the Chicago cafe called the Majestic, where a lot of show people hang out after work. The place was populated by cast members from *West Side Story* and *The Music Man*, both playing at nearby theaters. Lurlean knew many of them, and they urged her to sing. Little urging was necessary; she loves to sing.

The piano was out of tune, but Lurlean wasn't. She did a sophisticated tune; then somebody asked her to do *Time after Time*. She turned to me and said, "Do you know the words? Give them to me as I go."

And she sang, with me feeding her the lyrics in short takes under my breath.

And how did it come out? Jerky and poorly phrased? Not at all. The song flowed out of her like something made of rich velvet, done in exquisite taste.

We know the Oscar Peterson trio will stimulate and excite you; we know the Mastersounds will leave you with a warm and pleasant memory, and we hope that you'll derive from hearing Lurlean Hunter the feeling for her work that we think she deserves.

That's why we selected these artists for the *Down Beat* room.

—Gene Lees

LURLEAN HUNTER says that she would make an impossible guest for *This Is Your Life*. "Nothing very exciting has ever happened to me. It would be a half hour of silence."

They could always spare us the heart-aches and just let her sing.

But actually, a few things have happened to Lurlean, aside from acquiring a strikingly smooth, controlled voice. She was born, for example—in Clarksville, Miss., to be exact. And she moved to Chicago at the age of two months, presumably to remain with her parents. And eventually she was married, and five years ago had a son whom she named Tab, because the other Tab Hunter is one of her personal friends.

She went to Englewood high school in Chicago, where she first began singing, eventually turned pro, won the admiration of musicians who heard her, did three LPs (*Lonesome Gal* for R.C.A.-Victor, and *Nightlife* and *Stepping Out* for Vik) and is the favorite singer of a number of singers.





FABIAN is the latest idol of American teenagers. Two big hits propelled him into the spotlight — *I'm a Man*, and *Turn Me Loose*.

Given his first break by a couple of showmen who thought he bore some resemblance to Ricky Nelson, the 17-year-old Fabian has recently been working in that medium that is inevitable for those who have become teen-

age idols: the movies. 20th Century Fox is cashing in on his popularity with a film due for release at the end of 1959.

Dick Clark and Ed Sullivan are partly responsible for Fabian's popularity. Fabian's publicists, in their biographical data, proudly assert that two years ago he was a Philadelphia high school boy "without a musical bone in his well-constructed body."

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BETTY JOHNSON, whose singing has commanded attention for its caramel sweetness, was born in North Carolina, grew up on a farm on Possum Walk Road in the foothills of the Smokies, and went to high school in Paw Creek.

She sang in various church functions when she was five, and in 1935, Pa Johnson took his family (including Betty's twin brothers, Jimmy and Bobby) on a singing tour of the Southwest.

She's been singing ever since.

But it was a long trek to success. The trip took her, inevitably, to the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts show, such CBS radio shows as *There's Music in the Air*, and the *Galen Drake Show*. Eventually Jack Paar took a shine to her work, which will tell you what her singing style is like if you have not already heard it, and he put her on his show. It was this show that established her as a hot name in show business.

Her hit record *I Dreamed*, which went over the million mark in sales, was followed by *The Little Blue Man* and *Dream*. She records for Atlantic.



THE FOUR LADS — Along with such great talents as Oscar Peterson, Maynard Ferguson and Gil Evans, Canada has also contributed to American music such entertainers as Guy Lombardo and The Four Lads.

The four — Frank Busseri, Bernard Toorish, James Arnold, and Corrado Codarini — began singing together when they were at St. Michael's College in Toronto. They were choirboys when they met. They began singing in Toronto and nearby cities, then went on a coast-to-coast CBC radio broadcast. The Golden Gate Quartet took the group under their wing, and the boys went to New York and a 30-week engagement at Le Ruban Bleu. Then they went on a national tour.

They have played the Perry Como, Ed Sullivan and Patti Page shows, recorded with Johnnie Ray (*Cry, What's the Use*, and similar songs), had hits of their own such as *Mocking Bird* and *Turn Back*, and received gold records for such discs as *No Not Much* and *Who Needs You?*



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ODETTA, according to a recent *Down Beat* record review, "is an artist of the first rank. Whether singing children's fables or prison songs, she projects a sensitiveness for the story and its underlying emotional tone. And the emotions . . . run the gamut of expression from despondency . . . to religious hopefulness."

Born in Birmingham, Ala, 28 years ago, Odetta was raised in Los Angeles. She studied piano and voice as a child. After leaving high school, she worked in the road company of *Finian's Rainbow*, then started working nightclubs on the west coast and, finally at Chicago's Gate of Horn, where she began commanding more and more attention.

Later, she went into concert engagements throughout the United States and Canada. By now she had become a persistent searcher for valid folk material. "People, records, books, in that order," she said. "That's how I find material."

"None of the shallowness of the ever-smiling Gospel and folk singers," the *Down Beat* review said. "is anywhere evident in her work . . . Listen with an open heart to this very sincere and expressive artist."



PETE SEEGER—If this nation has seen a restoration of the glories of the American folk song, a good deal of it has been accomplished through the itinerant, indefatigable banjo and infectiously happy voice of Pete Seeger.

Seeger is a sort of reincarnated troubadour who has the genius to make us laugh or cry or think nostalgically. He has been called the "American tuning fork."

Seeger was born in New York City (an unusual origin for a folk-lore singer) 40 years ago. In 1935, while visiting a square dance festival in Asheville, N. C., he realized the direction his talent must take him.

He spent some time with Alan Lomax, the renowned folk music archivist, before entering the armed services during World War II. After the war he joined the Almanacs, and then in 1949 helped form the famous Weavers, remaining with them until 1952. Since that time he has toured the world, doing solo concert performances.

His most famous recordings are on Folkways and Vanguard records.

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ANITA BRYANT'S story is not an unfamiliar one. She was a beauty contest winner—Miss Oklahoma, and second runner-up in a Miss America contest—who has been singing as long as she can remember.

Her story proceeds more or less on schedule: hometown television (Tulsa's KOTV, later Oklahoma City's WKY-TV), and on to the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts show. After that she appeared on Don McNeil's Breakfast Club in Chicago, then toured Oklahoma, Kansas, and Texas with Ricky Nelson.

The Miss America contest, though she did not win it, did have the virtue of getting her offers from record companies. But by then she was already under contract to Carlton records, with her first single—*Be Good, Be Careful, Be Mine*—already in release.

After that she appeared on the Jimmy Dean show, flew to Louisville to appear on the Crippled Children's Telethon, and has since gone on going up.



THE PLATTERS are made up of Tony Williams, first tenor; David Lynch, second tenor; Paul Robi, baritone, Herbert Reed, bass, and Zola Taylor.

Buck Ram—The New York promoter, personal manager and publicity man all rolled into one—put the group together, had an audition disc made, and submitted it to Mercury records, who offered them a contract, thus releasing the group on the world public.

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- Blindfold Test
- Jazz Record Buyers Guide
- Caught in the Act

Records are reviewed by Don Henahan (classical), Don DeMicheal, Leonard Feather, Ralph J. Gleason, Ira Gitler, George Hoefler, John A. Tynan, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers. Ratings are: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor. [M] means monaural, [S] means stereo.

CLASSICS

Ernest Ansermet

MOZART—London CS-6091, LL-3020: *Concerto No. 2 in D Major for Flute K.314*; HAYDN: *Concerto for Trumpet in E Flat Major*; SCHUMANN: *Adagio and Allegro for Horn, Op. 70*.
Personnel: L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, conducted by Ernest Ansermet. Soloists: Andre Pepin, flute; Paolo Longinotti, trumpet; Edmond Leloir, horn.

Rating: ★★★

Ansermet offers here two of the classics of the wind repertoire, plus his own orchestration of a lovely late work of Schumann, originally for piano and horn. The performances are warm and well proportioned, though in every case there are editions available in which the soloists play with more bravura and security. The horn soloist, especially, blows bubbles on several low notes.

The Mozart concerto, originally for oboe but reworked by the composer himself, has

been truncated here, possibly to allow the inclusion of all three works on one record.

Listeners are familiar with the brisk and martial sound that German orchestras and soloists give both the Haydn and Mozart works may be taken aback temporarily by the soft-focus treatment Ansermet uses. But there is no denying the charm of the performances. The Schumann, of course, is tailor-made for this approach. (D.H.)

Sviatoslav Richter

SVIATOSLAV RICHTER PLAYS LISZT AND SCHUBERT—Columbia ML-5396: Liszt's *Harmonies du soir and Feux Follets from Transcendental Etudes*; *Valse Opulente No. 1, No. 2*; Schubert's *Moment Musical in C Major, Op. 90, No. 1*; *Impromptu in E-Flat Major, Op. 90, No. 2*, and *Impromptu in A-Flat Major, Op. 90, No. 4*.
Personnel: Richter, piano.

Rating: ★★★

The legend of Richter's virtuosity and musicianship has been current for years, but few decently recorded performances by the Soviet pianist have come from behind the Iron Curtain to testify to the truth of reports brought back by visitors from the

West. Richter himself, for some reason, never has been allowed outside the Soviet Union and its satellites.

This disc, recorded at an actual concert in Sofia, Bulgaria, in 1958, is somewhat better than other Richter releases, but the piano sounds spongy and important details of execution are fogged over.

It would seem, from the testimony of this record, that Richter's reputation is based upon something other than his fingers, which are sometimes wayward. But for a shimmering revelation of what Liszt probably was aiming at in *Feux Follets*, Richter's wraithlike version would be hard to surpass. (D.H.)

Hans Richter-Haaser

BEETHOVEN—Epic LC-3590: *Piano Sonatas No. 23 in F Minor (Appassionata), No. 8 in C Minor (Pathétique), No. 14 in C-Sharp Minor (Moonlight)*.
Personnel: Richter-Haaser, piano.

Rating: ★★★

Hailed in some optimistic quarters as the successor to Gieseking and Schnabel,

The New Look in Down Beat

With this issue of *Down Beat*, the change in the magazine that you have watched unfold in the past few months is accelerated.

Everything, from the cover designs by art director Robert Billings to the expanded news section and broader, deeper articles and reports, has been changed.

In line with this general expansion, you will now notice a change in the record reviewing system. For, as of this issue, we have expanded our reviewing staff to encompass some of the most distinguished names in jazz criticism.

Ralph J. Gleason, Leonard Feather and John S. Wilson are not new to *Down Beat* readers, but in recent years they have not been a part of the record reviewing staff.

Mr. Gleason, whose column *The Rhythm Section* appears in 27 daily newspapers, has been missing altogether from the pages of this magazine. With this issue, however, he not only returns to record reviewing but brings back his famous column *Perspectives*, which you will find on Page 41. Mr. Gleason is known for his constantly honest, frank comments on the jazz world, its denizens, and its hangers-on. *Perspectives* will henceforth appear in alternation with John Tynan's *Take Five*.

Author-critic-composer Leonard Feather, of course, needs little introduction to our readers; his *Blindfold Test* has continued to appear regularly. His column, *Feather's Nest*, which returned to *Down Beat* after a long absence when the author paid his now-famous tribute to Billie Holiday in the Aug. 20 *Down Beat*, will also be found in this issue. It will be a frequent, though for the present not regular, feature of the magazine.

Mr. Feather and Mr. Gleason will also have the status of contributing editors of *Down Beat*.

Mr. Wilson, a former New York editor of the magazine, is the distinguished jazz critic of the *New York Times*, and author of such books as the two-volume (Keystone books) *Collector's Jazz*. In the world of jazz, he is noted for the catholicity of his tastes, which embrace traditional and contemporary jazz with equal warmth, the depth of his insight, and the wry turns of his phrases.

But we have not limited ourselves to the established critics. Representing the younger element in jazz criticism are Don DeMicheal, who joined the reviewing staff some months ago, and Ira Gitler. Mr. Gitler, far from being a figment of George Crater's imagination, is very real, very talented, and very knowing about jazz. A prolific freelance writer, he has had occasional pieces in *Down Beat* and in such scholarly magazines as the aforementioned Ralph Gleason's *Jazz Quarterly*.

In addition to these men, John Tynan and George Hoefler—our Los Angeles and New York editors, respectively—will also contribute to the review pages.

With this expansion, *Down Beat* will now move into a schedule of reviewing every jazz record released. And because of the range and number of reviewers involved, the reviews will have more depth, more insight, than ever.

Meantime, Don Henahan—music critic of the *Chicago Daily News*—will continue to review those classical records that we think should be of interest to a primarily jazz-oriented readership.

There have been many changes in *Down Beat* in the past few months. This is one of the most important. There will be still more. Watch for them.

Richter-Haaser will be heard in this country for the first time this season.

In this record he attacks Beethoven's three most popular sonatas and makes clear that he has one quality in common with the two artists mentioned: dead seriousness. The German, who only recently returned to the concert stage as a pianist after a career as a conductor, is 47 years old, and obviously has mature ideas about these works. His technique is formidable, too, and he draws a big tone from the piano. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Chet Baker

■ CHET BAKER PLAYS THE BEST OF LERNER AND LOEWE—Riverside RLP 12-307: *Five Green Accustomed to Your Face*; *I Could Have Danced All Night*; *The Heather on the Hill*; *On the Street Where You Live*; *Almost Like Being in Love*; *Thank Heaven for Little Girls*; *I Talk to the Trees*; *Show Me*.

Personnel: Baker, trumpet; Herbie Mann, flute, tenor (Track 5); Zoot Sims, alto, tenor; Pepper Adams, baritone; Bill Evans or Bob Corwin, piano; Earl May, bass; Clifford Jarvis, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Baker, et al are victims of every bad job of recording. The echoes are so extreme that Adams sounds as if he were playing in a cave. Some will say that the recording technique is not pertinent to the music, but it definitely is if it interferes with the audio perception of the listener. The bad balance makes it difficult to tell much about Mann's scores or how well they're played.

Besides the recording defects, the group is hampered by a rhythm section that fails to jell. Young drummer Jarvis sounds quite inexperienced and is behind bassist May on most tracks. Only on *Show Me* do things begin to swing.

But not all is negative about this album. There are some very good solos by the hornmen, especially Baker and Adams.

Baker still plays well, as his long-lined lyrics in this album so cogently point out. Only his deadly treatment of *I Talk to Trees* detracts from his all-around playing. Adams is a consistently stimulating baritone man. His playing is especially fiery on *Street* and *Almost*. Zoot is not given much solo space, but what little room he has uses well. Mann's best track, both as soloist and arranger, is *Show Me*. (D, DeM.)

Count Basie

■ HALL OF FAME—Verve MG V 8291: *Blues Inside Out*; *Big Red*; *Trick or Treat*; *Lady in Love*; *Flute Juice*; *Lollypop*; *Slats*; *Move*; *Dolphin Dip*; *Stompin' and Jumpin'*; *Low Life*.

Personnel: Reunald Jones, Wendell Culley, Joe Newman, Thad Jones, trumpets; Benny Powell, Henry Coker, Bill Hughes, trombones; Marshall Royal, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, Bill Graham, Charlie Fowlkes, reeds; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Eddie Jones, bass; Sonny Payne, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

When you are a critic and get to hear too many records, champagne tastes like beer. This is especially true with Basie, who varies so little from LP to LP.

Most of these tracks were recorded in January, 1956. The band hasn't changed much in four years, but recording has, and this is one crew that cries out for stereo.

There are moments of substance: the funky (Marshall Royal's warm clarinet on *Inside Out*), the funny (Neal Hefti's cute

Lollypop), the pretty (Foster playing his own original *Lady in Lace*), the perennial (muted Newman in Johnny Mandel's *Low Life*) and the contemporary (Thad and Wess at their best in *Move*).

These five are the only numbers with much intrinsic melodic value. Arrangements like *Stompin'*; *Slats*; *Trick or Treat*, all chasing their tails around the same 12-bar tree, are indistinguishable from a hundred riffing cousins. The *Trick* track, by the way, has the earmarks of a reject released by mistake, with ensemble goofs followed by Basie calling out instructions

to the brass.

Note to Frank Wess, who may run out of puns: how about *Strange Flute?* (L.F.)

Bob Brookmeyer-Bill Evans

■ THE IVORY HUNTERS—United Artists UA 5-6044: *Honeysuckle Rose*; *As Time Goes By*; *The Way You Look Tonight*; *It Could Happen to You*; *The Man I Love*; *I Got Rhythm*.

Personnel: Brookmeyer, Evans, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is an unusual album and may not be to the taste of everyone, but there is no doubt it is tasty. Evans and Brookmeyer, who are closer together than one might

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.

★★★★★

- Dave Brubeck, *Gone with the Wind* (Columbia CL 1347)
- Charlie Byrd, *Byrd in the Wind* (Offbeat OJ-3005)
- Miles Davis, *Kind of Blue* (Columbia CL 1355)
- Gil Evans, *Great Jazz Standards* (World Pacific WP-1270)

★★★★½

- Miles Davis, *Miles Davis and the Modern Jazz Giants* (Prestige 7150)
- Doc Evans, *Muskrat Ramble* (Audiophile AP-56)
- Dizzy Gillespie, *Have Trumpet, Will Excite* (Verve MG V8313)
- Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, *The Swingers* (World Pacific 1264)

★★★★★

- Julian Adlerley, *Cannonball Takes Charge* (Riverside RLP 12-303)
- Ruby Braff, *Blowing Around the World* (United Artists UAL 3045)
- Nat Adlerley, *Much Brass* (Riverside RLP 12-301)
- Jimmy Cleveland, *A Map of Jimmy Cleveland* (Mercury MG 20442)
- Ellington-Hodges, *Back to Back—Duke Ellington and Johnny Hodges Play the Blues* (Verve MG V-8317)
- Red Garland, *Red in Bluesville* (Prestige 7157)
- Herb Geller All-Stars, *Gypsy* (ATCO 33-109)
- Ted Heath, *Things to Come* (London LI 3047)
- Jo Jones Trio, *Jo Jones Plus Two* (Vanguard VRS 8525)
- Philly Joe Jones, *Drums around the World* (Riverside 12-302)
- Thad Jones, *Motor City Scene* (United Artists UAL 4025)
- Wynton Kelly, *Kelly Blue* (Riverside 12-298)
- Merle Koch, *Shades of Jelly-Roll*, (Carnival CLP-102)
- Lee Konitz, *Tranquility* (Verve MG V-8281)
- The Mitchells, Andre Previn, *Get Those Elephants Outa Here* (Metrojazz E-1012)
- Kid Ory, *The Kid from New Orleans* (Verve MG V-1016)
- Bud Powell, *The Scene Changes—The Amazing Bud Powell* (Blue Note 4009)
- Sonny Rollins, *Sonny Rollins and the Contemporary Leaders* (Contemporary M-3564)
- Sims-Cohn-Woods, *Jazz Alive, A Night at the Half Note* (United Artists UAL 4040)
- Rex Stewart/Henderson All Stars, *Cool Fever* (Urania USD 2012)
- Sonny Stitt, *Sonny Stitt Plays Jimmy Giuffre Arrangements* (Verve MG V-8300)
- Mal Waldron, *Mal-A Trio* (New Jazz 8208)
- Si Zentner, *A Thinking Man's Band* (Liberty LST-7133)

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The master of the cool West Coast trumpet tones has another haunting, melodic winner in his latest: **CHET BAKER AND LOEWE** (RLP 12-307; also Stereo LP 1152)

RIVERSIDE



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suspect on the keyboard, are presented in a series of improvisations assisted by the beautiful culinary skill of Heath and Kay.

On one level this LP is good clean fun, so to speak, with plenty of wit and humor and wry asides as first one and then the other pianist comments on what his hunting partner says. On another it is a study in harmonic empathy (there's that word again!) and similarity in musical concept—another example of what Jon Hendricks refers to as "how two things could sound altogether different and yet have a familiar ring, because they're the same thing."

Although Brookmeyer always has been much more than casually interesting as a pianist, he never has communicated so fully, for me, as he does on this LP.

Evans, of course is one of the most fascinating and important pianists in jazz and a man whose mind is exposed here, more directly than usual, by reflection. (R.J.G.)

Harry Edison-Buck Clayton

Ⓜ Ⓢ HARRY EDISON SWINGS BUCK CLAYTON AND VICE VERSA—Verve MG V-8293; *Memories for the Count; Come with Me; Critic's Delight; Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Afternoon; It All Depends on You; Charmaine; How Long Has This Been Going On?; Makin' Whoopee.*

Personnel: Edison, Clayton, trumpets; Jimmy Forrest, tenor; Jimmy Jones, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Charlie Persip, drums; Joe Benjamin, bass.

Rating: ★★★

This is a nice LP: pleasant, swinging with good solos and a warmth that is gratifying. It is dispensable to those with representative libraries of jazz, but it won't turn anyone away from the music who gets it for Christmas. Everybody concerned (including some unidentified vibraphonist) plays well, and it's kind of fun to hear Buck and Sweets back to back. All trumpet players will want it for that alone.

Musically, the most impressive moments are in the ballad medley wherein the great natural gifts for lyric embellishment and interpretation that characterize the jazz musicians of the swing era absolutely glow. (R.J.G.)

Art Farmer-Benny Golson

Ⓜ Ⓢ BRASS SHOUT—United Artists UA S-5047; *Nica's Dream; Autumn Leaves; Moanin'; April in Paris; Five Spot after Dark; Stella by Starlight; Minor Vamp.*

Personnel: Golson, arranger, conductor; Farmer, Lee Morgan, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Curtis Fuller, Jimmy Cleveland, Wayne Andre, trombones; James Houghton or Andre, baritone horn; Julius Watkins or Bob Northern, French horn; Don Butterfield, tuba; Percy Heath, bass; Philly Joe Jones or Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★ ½

The only reason that this LP does not draw ★★★★★ is that this reviewer would like to make that classification a little harder to achieve. It is certainly a better album than many that have been given ★★★★★ in these pages: it has class, order, a high degree of musicianship, and thoroughly moving solos. It is an excellent example of good work that is only a slight degree removed from being a major effort.

Golson rapidly is assuming his place as one of the most dextrous composers in jazz today. He has a remarkable gift for ordering the talents of others into composite works of his own.

His settings for the appearances of Farmer and the other soloists in this excursion into brass textures are deftly handled, yet are

not superficial; Golson has his roots where roots ought to be all along. As a writer of jazz tunes, his compositions, such as *Minor Vamp*, are almost all touched with the quality that lasts.

As a trumpet soloist, Farmer is about the most consistently effective man of his generation. He has a highly developed sense of taste that makes him, in a way, a sort of Hank Jones of the trumpet. On records he is a trifle more inhibited than in person, and the overwhelming gravity of his appearance seems to creep through somehow.

The rhythm section consistently swings beautifully on this LP, and the ballad interpretations are absolutely lovely. (R.J.G.)

Jon Hendricks-George Russell

Ⓜ Ⓢ NEW YORK, N.Y.—Decca DL 79216; *Manhattan; Big City Blues; Manhattan-Rico; East Side Medley; Autumn in New York; How About You; A Hellova Town.*

Personnel: Hendricks, narration; Art Farmer, Doc Severinsen, Ernie Royal, or Joe Wilder, Joe Ferrante, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Frank Rehak, Tom Mitchell, Jimmy Cleveland, trombones; Hal McKusick, Sol Schlinger, John Coltrane, Al Cohn, Gene Allen, Benny Golson, Phil Woods, reeds; Charlie Persip, Don Lamond, or Max Roach, drums; Milt Hinton or George Duvivier, bass; Al Epstein, bongos; Russell, chromatic drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

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This is the most important album Decca has made in a decade and the only one since the Basic era that is indispensable for anyone interested in U.S. culture today.

The music is excellent, a triumph of indigenous feeling and concept that is bold, intuitive, and soft with love all at once—a much superior product to any such previous attempt by even the venerable *Manhattan Towers* man.

This is music for a real life, contemporary musical cultural expression, and if Russell will pardon me, I would like to leave the music and concentrate on the narration (except to say that one without the other would be incomplete).

Jon Hendricks is the most important man to come out of jazz in a long time. A genius, he is the living articulation of the thoughts, hopes, aspirations, reflections, and despair of the American Negro, as expressed through the vernacular of the Negro musician, the most vital stream of language in our society just as jazz is the most vital music. And the Negro the most vital force.

When you hear a Hendricks lyric to any solo, it seems only inevitable that this is what the musician said. Who can doubt it when Jon sings (for Lester Young) "How d'you do there?" in *Let Me See*.

This LP is not Hendricks' verse to another's melodic line; it is Hendricks as the jazz messenger delivering the word on New York, N.Y. ("a city so nice they had to name it twice") and all its faults ("the beauty and the beast side—the east side"), the joys ("there's one thing all New York City has and that's jazz"), and the sorrows ("if you pay New York dues, you get New York blues").

He comments on the flight from San Juan, the rum ads, the disc jockey, and the situation of the Negro (and other ethnic groups) today and equates them—as they should be—with jazz ("lack of acceptance

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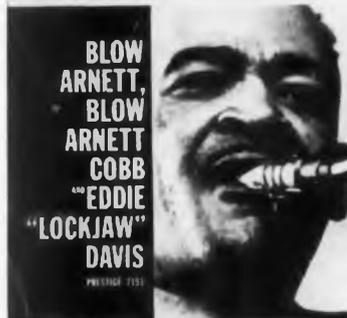
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is less like something to hide from and more like something Bird died from").

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Gene Krupa

■ HEY... HERE'S GENE KRUPA—Verve MG V-8300: *Day by Day*; *Little Girl Blue*; *As Long as I Live*; *Love Is Here to Stay*; *Jambin' at the Woodside*; *Memories of You*; *Gene's Solo Flight*; *Home*; *Chelsea Bridge*; *Out of Nowhere*; *China Boy*.
Personnel: Eddie Shu, tenor, clarinet, trumpet; Dave McKenna, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Krupa, drums.

Rating: ★★

This set probably would flip the middle-aged, middle class at a Saturday night dance at the country club. Even though it's middle-aged, it is also dance music with enough nostalgia content to rejuvenate tired organization men and their wives. Essentially, this is an album of four competent musicians playing a high order of dance music.

There is little attempt at integration or playing anything not time-tested. Shu displays his versatility on tenor, trumpet, and clarinet. But playing a rack full of horns fairly well is hardly the same as playing each with mastery as does Benny Carter or Ira Sullivan. His Lester-Getz tenor is his strongest virtue. McKenna is a strong, two-listed piano man; his work on *As Long as Memories* is excellent and is the highlight of the LP.

Krupa keeps more or less in the background except for two long, rather heavy solos on *Gene's* and *China*. Many young drummers do not appreciate Krupa or his school of drumming, but they fail to realize the basic difference between his style and that of the modernists. His is an abstraction or extension of military drumming while the modern school is an offshoot of concert and orchestral percussion work. It's unfair to say one is better than the other; it's just that they're different.

If you've been exposed to jazz for very long, you've heard most of the ideas present on this LP; however, it's a pleasant enough exposition of the late '30s approach to jazz. (D. DeM.)

The George Lewis Band

■ OH, DIDN'T HE RAMBLE!—Verve V-8325: *Say Si Si*; *Beale Street Blues*; *Down Home Rag*; *Riverside Blues*; *Streets of the City*; *Somebody Stole My Gal*; *Runnin' Wild*; *Lily of the Valley*; *Oh Didn't He Ramble*; *Weary Blues*.
Personnel: George Lewis, clarinet; Alvin Alcorn, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; Joseph Robichaux, piano; Alcide Pavageau, bass; Joe Watkins, drums.

Rating: ★★

Anyone who has one or two reasonably good Lewis LPs doesn't really need this one. Not only does it run through familiar Lewis territory, but the journey is made in relatively uninspired, perfunctory fashion. Most of the solos, except for Jim Robinson's lusty, bull-throated trombone forays, are thin, lackadaisical and, in some of Robichaux's piano passages, simply tiresome. On the final ensembles, however, the band usually pulls itself together and rides out in style as though the men had endured the

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There are some moments of merit in this collection. *Weary Blues* has a commendable élan and unity. Alcorn emerges briefly from a generally lethargic role to play with some force and character on *Beale Street*, while *Riverside Blues* is given a warm, relaxed treatment with Lewis in typical slow blues form, a Robichaux solo that starts uncertainly but takes positive shape as it goes along, a lot of admirably gutsy filling by Robinson, and clean, certain lead trumpet by Alcorn. But there is also the emptiness of *Somebody Stole My Gal*, *Runnin' Wild* and *Down Home Rag*, the disintegration of *Beale Street*, and the utter inadequacy of Joe Watkins as a vocalist which destroys whatever the band might have brought to *Oh, Didn't He Ramble*. J.S.W.

Charles Mingus

☞ MINGUS AH UM—Columbia CS 8171: *Better Get It in Your Soul; Goodbye, Pork Pie Hat; Bootie Stop Shuffle; Self-Portrait in Three Colors; Open Letter to Duke; Bird Calls; Fables of Faubus; Pussy Cat Dues; Jelly Roll*. Personnel: John Handy, Booker Erwin, Shaq Hadi, saxophones; Willie Dennis, Jimmy Knepper, trombones; Horace Parlan, piano; Mingus, bass; Danny Richmond, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

First let's put your minds at ease about that weird title: it's a corruption of an imaginary Latin declension (mingus-ming-angum). Don't ask why.

It seems to me that without retrenching from his position of a few LP's ago, Mingus has now completely found himself, found a personal and vital direction that does not lean on atonality or foghorn effects as crutches.

The nine pieces he created for this album do not represent a break from the past; rather, they are a reflection of the past and an image of the present, seen through the mirror of tomorrow. They are sanctified like *Soul*, touchingly emotional like *Pork Pie* (a moving tribute to Lester Young), sarcastic like *Faubus* (a witty and unforgettable little main strain). They are sometimes Dukish—strangely, there is more of Ellington in the up, minor *Shuffle* than in *Open Letter to Duke*, which to me spoke more of early Stan Kenton and actually resembles some old Pete Rugolo piece. They can also be deliberately comic: I'm afraid *Jelly Roll* will bring no joy to Martian Williams, its kidding of the early Morton corn being dangerously honest in its closeness to the truth.

Though Mingus still makes frequent use of the blues and of certain basic harmonic and structural patterns, he is their master, never their servant, just as the composition and over-all form are more the essence of each work than any one solo.

One comes away from this album not with a recollection of any specific solo tour de force but rather with the sense of having been in direct and invigorating emotional communication with Mingus.

Nevertheless, there are a number of solo credits that should be given, and it's too bad that the otherwise excellent, highly informative liner notes by Diane Dorr-Dorvnek didn't mention who plays what on which.

As far as can be determined with Mingus out of town at this writing, Hadi plays the alto solos, also tenor on *Pork Pie*; Knepper

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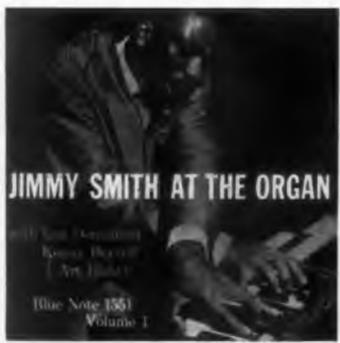
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has the solos on *Pussy Cat* and *Soul*, Dennis on *Duke*, Handy has the tenor solo on *Soul*, Erwin is the tenor on *Boogie and Roll*.

This is a consistently exciting and stimulating set. Mingus has something to say, knows how and through whom to say it, and it is all stated with communicative authority. (L.F.)

Johnny Rae's Afro-Jazz Septet

HERBIE MANN'S AFRICAN SUITE—United Artists UAL 4042; *St. Thomas; Jungle Fantasy; Sorimao; Bedouin; Sudan; Ekunda; Guineau*.
Personnel, Tracks 1, 2, 3: Johnny Rae, vibes; Herbie Mann, flutes, bass clarinet; Bobby Corwin, piano; Jack Six, bass; Jose Mangual, Carlos (Patato) Vades, Victory Pantaja, African drums; Philly Joe Jones, drums. Tracks 4, 5, 6, 7: Jones out.

Rating: ★★

Herbie Mann is certainly the most forthright of those who have tried to play jazz on a flute, for he is the only one who has made the flute his first instrument rather than a secondary one. And although even his obvious sincerity and concentration have not often enabled him to rise above the apparent jazz limitations of the flute, his persistence has finally led him to a setting for the instrument which seems to offer the best opportunities for its use in a jazz context—a mixed African-American rhythm section. Oddly enough, this takes him back to the sound and to the very number which originally inspired him to try the flute in jazz—Esv Morales' gut-tipping *Jungle Fantasy*. The lithe, limber, surging drive of three African drums plus Philly Joe Jones, Jack Six's bass, and Bob Corwin's percussive piano, gives Mann's flute the lift it needs to strip it of the insipid, plodding qualities the instrument has in the usual jazz surroundings.

He gets his teeth into the Morales piece (mistitled *Sorimao* on both liner and label) and stretches out impressively. Digging into fresh flute territory on Sonny Rollins' *St. Thomas*, his playing is again urgent and visceral, although he takes a bit of the edge off it by pushing a little too hard at times. On *Sorimao* he shifts to bass clarinet which, despite a slight tendency to sound like a drain pipe in heat, falls readily in with the lazy insinuating rhythm set up by the drums.

The importance of the jazz drummer in this group—and it almost has to be a drummer with the tremendous force of Jones—is made evident on the second side when Jones drops out and Mann, Rae, and the African drums run through four Mann originals in an African vein. These are pleasant enough in their derivative way, but they lack the stimulating qualities of the music which supposedly inspired them or of the adaptation which Mann makes of it on the first side. Rae plays a subordinate but generally helpful role, particularly on the straight African pieces, and presumably gets leader credit because of Mann's contractual tie to Verve.

The rating reflects the record as a whole, but the side on which Jones plays is genuine four-star stuff. (J.S.W.)

Billy Taylor

WITH FOUR FLUTES—Riverside RLP 12-306; *The Song Is Ended; Back Home; St. Thomas; Lady Be Good; No Parking; Koolhaug; Blue Shutters; One for the Woefer; How About You?*
Personnel, Tracks 1, 2, 8: Frank Wess, Herbie Mann, Jerome Richardson, Phil Bodner, flutes; Billy Taylor, piano; Tommy Williams, bass; Chino

Pozo, conga; Dave Bailey, drums. Tracks 6, 7: Billy Slapin for Richardson. Tracks 3, 4, 9: Mann, Richardson, Slapin, Jerry Sanfino, flutes; Taylor, piano; Williams, bass; Pozo, conga; Albert Heath, drums. Track 5: Sheldon Powell for Mann.

Rating: ★★

If nothing else, this record offers an encouraging sign that the flute as a self-sustaining novelty in jazz may have run its course. Apparently it is no longer enough to have one of the by now standard array of jazz flautists blow a long series of hopeful solo blasts. The realization has reached either the a&r department or the sales department that there has to be something more.

Billy Taylor's solution is ensemble writing for four flutes, backed by Chino Pozo's conga in addition to the customary rhythm, as a setting and stimulant for his own piano. It's an improvement over endless solo piping and it gives Taylor more variety and body for an LP than his dry, unexciting piano can usually muster by itself.

Taylor's writing for his flute section is generally attractive and occasionally surprisingly rich and positive (in the last choruses of *How About You?*) and he uses the section to good effect behind both his piano and some of the flute solos (they haven't been actually eliminated, of course, just trimmed down.) But while the flute ensembles are almost always pretty, they are more inclined to float than to swing.

Most of the flute solos are handled by Wess, Richardson, and Mann, with Wess, as is usually the case, coming closest to an adequate jazz feeling. Except on the up-tempo *No Parking*, Taylor plays with the uninvolved superficiality that has dogged him for some time, although bassist Tommy Williams pushes his jiggily piano exercise on *Blue Shutters* so hard that it almost seems to swing. Williams and Chino Pozo are a consistent help throughout the disc. (J.S.W.)

Cal Tjader

CONCERT BY THE SEA—Fantasy 3295; *Doxie; Afro Blue; Laura; Walkin' with Wally; We'll Be Together Again; Round About Midnight*.

Personnel: Tjader, vibes; Paul Horn, flute, alto flute, alto sax; Lonnie Hewitt, piano; Al McKibbon, bass; Mongo Santamaria, conga; Willie Bobo, drums, timbales.

Rating: ★★

This was recorded during a concert at the Sunset auditorium in Carmel, Calif., and features vibist Tjader's quintet with Horn as guest alto sax-flutist. This concert may have been fun to attend, but there is nothing memorable about it. Tjader, who is less dominated by Milt Jackson than before, can swing gracefully, as on Sonny Rollins' *Doxie*, in which the whole group hits a good groove behind his solo, but essentially he is not much more than pleasant.

Pianist Hewitt is too concerned with stacking up blues riffs (without the imagination of a Silver or a Hawes) to get off the ground. On his trio track, *Midnight*, he gets away from this but never gets his teeth into Monk's music.

Horn, while professional on his horns, has little to say. Invention and passion escape him. On the credit side there is the expert Afro-Cuban percussion by Bobo and Santamaria on *Afro Blues*, McKibbon's strong and true bass work throughout. Anyway, Martha Glaser is sure to dig the title. (L.G.)

Cal Tjader

■ **TJADER GOES LATIN**—Fantasy 3289: *Mi Chino; Close Your Eyes; Mamba at the "M"; Conatico; Bonito; The Lady Is a Tramp; Black Orchid; Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe; I've Waited So Long; Out of Nowhere; Guajira at the Blackhawk.*

Personnel: Tjader, vibes; Jose (Chombo) Silva, tenor; Vince Guaraldi, piano; Willie Bobo, timbales; Mongo Santamaria, conga; Al McKibbin, bass on Tracks 2, 4, 6, 8, 11, 12; Luis Kant, conga; Bayardo Velarde, timbales; Gene Wright, bass on Tracks 3, 9; Paul Horn, flute; Lonnie Hewitt, piano on Tracks 1, 5, 7.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

The rating is for Latin mood music, for there is not a lot of jazz going on here.

In its groove, this is a fine album. Tjader restrains himself to one jazz solo on *Tramp*, which like *Blackhawk* was taped live at the San Francisco club of the same name. The attack is carried for the most part by tenor man Silva. His jazz is appropriately dreamy; one of his professed favorites, Al Cohn, crops up from time to time in his playing.

If you like to dance to Latin rhythms or have it going in the background while you whisper sweet somethings into your girl's ear, then this is for you. The Afro-Cuban percussion is fine, both for time and dynamics. (I.G.)

Ben Webster

■ **BEN WEBSTER AND ASSOCIATES**—Verve MG V-8318: *In a Mellow Tone; Young Brum; Budd Johnson; Time after Time; De-dar.*

Personnel: Webster, Coleman Hawkins, Budd Johnson, tenors; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Jimmy Jones, piano; Lee Spand, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

After listening to this LP, one can hardly doubt the stature of Webster as a giant of the mainstream. Although his associates swing heroically, none reaches the emotional peaks that the Brute does; seldom in the past has Webster played with the dynamism that he does on this LP.

His sense of dramatic tension-building is marked by a virile masculinity tempered by passionate gentility. Never descending to a level of cascading technicality, as does Hawkins at times, Webster's playing approaches the warmth and elasticity of the human voice—he sounds as if he's talking to someone through his horn.

On *Time after Time*, the only ballad in the collection, he displays his breathy tone and ironic humor, escaping the morbid seriousness that creeps into present-day ballad playing. On the other tracks he builds his solos to a definite climax but leaves himself enough room to ease out of the chorus.

Rose Room, or rather *In a Mellow Tone*, takes up the whole first side, and it's the most satisfying track of the album. Brown pays his respects to Jimmy Blanton in the intro, but in his two solo choruses he shows just how far he has extended and developed the Blanton conception.

On this first side everyone solos well, but Johnson's bit is especially well conceived. It's high time that Budd received the recognition long overdue him.

De-dar, a slow blues, contains the best blowing of Hawkins and Eldridge as well as a fine example of Brown's marvelous section work. Working with Ray must be like having the Rock of Gibraltar under you. This track also offers a glimpse into

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OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Benny Goodman

THE BENNY GOODMAN TREASURE CHEST—MGM 3E9: Goodman orchestra playing: *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Dear Old Southland; When Buddha Smiles; Madhouse; Three Little Words; Chicago; Can't We Be Friends; I Know That You Know; Hallelujah; It Dreams Come True; Big John's Special; Bach Goes to Town; Honeyuckle Rose; Camel Hop; Alexander's Ragtime Band; I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm; Remember; Sleepy Time Down South; Choo; Goodman sextet on AC-DC Current; Goodman quintet on Twilight in Turkey; Goodman quartet on Diga Diga Doo; Tea for Two; I Got Rhythm; Limehouse Blues; Handful of Keys; Smiles; Some of These Days; Goodman trio on Whispers in the Dark; I Surrender Dear; Marie; Nobody's Sweetheart; Remember Me; So Rare; Goodman duo on Space, Man.*

Personnel: Goodman, clarinet; Harry James, Ziggy Elman and Gordon Griffin, trumpets; Murray McEachern, Red Ballard, and Vernon Brown, trombones; Vido Musso, Arthur Rollini, Jerry Jerome, Babe Russin, tenor saxophones; Hymie Shertzer, George Koenig, Dave Matthews, alto saxophones; Teddy Wilson, Jess Stacy or Lionel Hampton, piano; Gene Krupa, Dave Tough or Nick Fatool, drums; Charlie Christian or Allan Reuss, guitar; Harry Goodman or Artie Bernstein, basses; Lionel Hampton, vibraphone; James Mundy, Fletcher Henderson, Horace Henderson, Edgar Sampson, Henry Brandt and Mary Lou Williams, arrangers.

Rating: ★★★★★

This package, a three LP set, is full of a nostalgic feeling for the years 1937-38, when Benny Goodman was riding the crest of the swing era rage. Here is a 1½ hour concert—taken from air checks originally commissioned by Goodman himself to keep tabs on how the band, quartet and trio were sounding on radio—neatly packaged in a box.

Most of the tunes herein played are, or have been, available on other recordings in more exciting versions, though here you have the crowd sounds to enhance the atmosphere. Of special interest to collectors and Goodman fanciers, however, are several tunes that Goodman did not record commercially: *So Rare, Whispers in the Dark, Twilight in Turkey, Remember Me, Three Little Words, Marie, Hallelujah, and Space, Man, Space, Man* is a duet played by Jess Stacy and Lionel Hampton on one piano. Hampton romps all over the treble while Jess anchors the bass figures.

Most of these takes were made during the period when Goodman was under contract to Victor records. The billing on the box cover of the set prominently displays the name of guitarist Charlie Christian. The liner notes admit there is one ringer in the set, the *AC-DC Current* by the sextet, which of course had to be recorded sometime in 1939 or 1940, after the late great guitarist had joined the band. The sextet included Goodman, clarinet; Artie Bernstein, bass; Christian, guitar; Nick Fatool, drums; Teddy Wilson, piano; and Lionel Hampton, vibraphone. On this side you can feel and hear the impetus Christian's guitar gave the group. Only three of the tunes on this set duplicate numbers played at the 1938 Carnegie Hall concert—*Avalon, I Got Rhythm* and *Big John's Special*. The last-named was an encore.

A decidedly positive value with the Treasure Chest set are the liner notes by James

Continued on

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by
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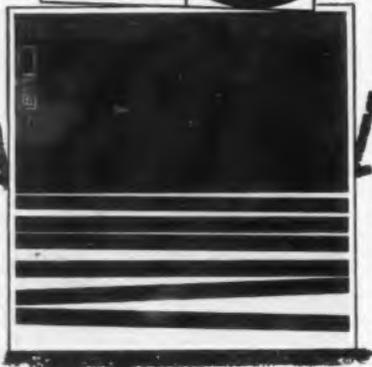
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The Record

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By Leonard Feather



'It sounded like they were living it.'

Although Vic Dickenson's career goes back further than the birth-date of most present-day jazz fans (he started jobbing around his native Ohio in 1922), he is among that small and elite group of veterans who have managed to retain the admiration of old-timers while earning new respect from fans of the present generation.

A name band trombonist from the mid-'30s (with Claude Hopkins, Benny Carter, and Count Basie), Dickenson drifted into the Dixieland orbit a decade or so ago, though his solo personality is far too flexible to be attached to any one school of jazz.

Recently he began to emerge in a new light, opening in New York City with a quartet in a new E. 52nd St. restaurant-cum-night-club, the Arpeggio.

For his first *Blindfold Test*, Dickenson listened to a variety of sides encompassing big bands, modern groups, and swing and traditional combos. His comments were tape-recorded, and he received no information about the records played.

The Records

1. Buck Clayton, *Outer Drive* (Columbia). Emmett Berry, first trumpet solo; Buck Clayton, second trumpet solo; Dickie Wells, trombone; Earl Warren, alto; Buddy Tate, tenor; Al Williams, piano.

I recognized almost all of them. I think it may have been Sir Charles on piano . . . The ensemble was very good, and the recording was good. I'm gonna give that five stars because that was extra good.

It was Buddy Tate, Dickie Wells, Emmett Berry, Earl Warren, and Buck Clayton, right? They all had good solos. They say my solos are humorous, but to me Dickie's solos are funnier than mine . . . Buck's going to England for the Newport tour. He should go good there. That's a fine group.

2. J. J. Johnson-Kai Winding. *Rise 'n' Shine* (Columbia). Winding, Bart Varsalona, Urbie Green, Jimmy Cleveland, trombone soloists. Who was that? J. J. and Kai and Cleveland? It's a nice thing. The ensemble sounded a little rough to me, but I liked the solos. It sounded like Jay and Kai and Cleveland and a group like that. Let me give that three stars. There was a lot of interference in the ensembles—too much going on, but the solo work was fine.

3. Turk Murphy. *Fidgety Feet* (Verve). I hate to do this to Dixieland, really. I've got to give it two stars . . . I don't know who it is, but it sounded like Kid Ory. I didn't like that sort of beat . . . The ensemble work was all right, but I didn't particularly care too much for the solos . . . It sounded authentic all right, but it just didn't inspire me. It didn't have the lift like some Dixieland things you hear.

4. Count Basie. *Meet B.B.* (Roulette). Henry Coker, trombone; Frank Wess, flute; Quincy Jones, arranger. That sounded real great. Stereo really

does something to you. That's what should have happened to Jay & Kai's number. I think if they'd been on stereo, I would have given them a higher rating. That sounded like Koko playing the trombone solo . . . It was very good. I'll tell you that. I'll give this four stars.

I like the arrangement and the flute sound. The band is more modern now, and the old band was a shoutin' band, but times change and people have to change with them.

5. Nat Adderley. *Accents* (Riverside). Adderley, cornet; Slide Hampton, trombone, composer, arranger; Laymon Jackson, tuba (no bass trombone); Albert Heath, drums.

I don't know what to say here. I liked the drummer very much . . . Wasn't it three or four trombones playing in there? They were all playing the same style, it seemed to me. I'll have to give that three stars.

Was that Miles Davis? The trumpet was nice, but I didn't care too much for the writing. All I can say is the effort was good on this . . . I couldn't distinguish the style of the trombones; there was more than one taking the solo. I know there was a bass trombone, but he didn't get to come out too well. Maybe it was the recording.

I'd say it was a good theme, but I just don't care for the way it was arranged.

6. Jack Teagarden. *Eccentric* (Bethlehem). Teagarden, trombone; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Jimmy McPartland, trumpet.

Yeah! That's Ed Hall on clarinet all the way . . . I always liked Ed . . . and it was Jimmy McPartland. Now who was that on trombone — was that Cutty? Let me hear that trombone part again . . . (Later) Yes, it's Jack Teagarden. Jack has a little pet thing that he puts in, and I hear it there.

I like that . . . I'll give it four stars. It's a nice recording, and it had a lift. It sounded like they were more *living* it than reading it on the paper. I've played that tune, but I can't think of the name of it.

7. Bob Brookmeyer. *Oh, Bess, Oh Where's My Bess?* (United Artists). Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Bill Potts, composer, arranger.

That's a very rich orchestration . . . I like the sound of it. I don't know just who was playing the trombone, but it sounded like a valve trombone. I didn't recognize the tune. It sounded sort of like a waltz beat to me. I'll give that three stars . . . That valve trombone was very nice.

8. Pepper Adams-Jimmy Knepper. *Beaubien* (Metrojazz). Adams, baritone, composer; Knepper, trombone (no other trombone); Wynnton Kelly, piano.

That was a good blues theme . . . That baritone player was very good, so was the piano. There were two different trombone players on that, I think. The one who played high at the last — I liked him very much. The other one — I don't know — he sounds something like another guy I heard before. I'll give that three stars.

9. Kid Ory. *Maryland, My Maryland* (Good Time Jazz). Ory, trombone; Mutt Carey, trumpet; Darnell Howard, clarinet.

That was a real old-timer on the trumpet . . . I can't place who it was. It sounded like Kid Ory on trombone. They had a very nice effort, and for being the age they are and playing that way, I'll give them three stars.

It makes me think about years ago when I was a kid and I heard bands like that. The most modern in the group sounded like Darnell Howard on clarinet. If they weren't old-timers, they fooled me. If they were some *young-timers*, better give them *one* star! ■

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LEBLANC

(Continued from Page 58)
T. Maher. Maher gives a thorough history of the impact Goodman had in 1937-38, as well as complete information on the tunes and personnel of the various sides. G.H.

VOCAL

Jimmy Wisner

■ **BLUES FOR HARVEY**—Felsted FL 7509: *Blues for Harvey; Man About Town Blues; Ballad for Harvey; Crosstown; Sidney's Soliloquy; Colina Roja; They're Off and Running; And Then There Were None.*
Personnel: Wisner, piano; Chick Keeney, drums; Ace Teagoe, bass.

Rating: ★★ ★

One odd point: this LP is dedicated to the late Harvey Huxton, and there are two sets of warmly affectionate liner notes, yet not at any point does either writer explain who or what Harvey was. (He ran a night club outside Philadelphia, the Red Hill inn, and judging by the tributes of Sid Mark and Jimmy Wisner must have been quite a guy.)

Wisner has a touch that sounds a trifle too deliberate at times on ballads, but he cooks in an eclectic modern manner on the ups. Tesone, too, has a little more quantity than quality in his tone, but he plays good notes. Keeney swings, and the trio is fairly well integrated. Like every piano trio I ever heard of, it claims (via Wisner's notes) to offer "not the usual piano trio sound" but a unified effect.

Of the eight Wisner originals, I found a couple dull, two or three quite pleasant, and two most attractive—*Soliloquy* and *Colina Roja*, despite the latter's obvious debt to Bud Powell's *Poco Loco*.

I don't suppose many non-Philadelphians will rush madly to their neighborhood disc dispensary; but I also don't suppose we've heard the last of Jimmy Wisner. (L.F.)

Big Miller

■ **DID YOU EVER HEAR THE BLUES?**—United Artists UAS 6047: *Five O'Clock Blues; Lament; Did You Ever Hear the Blues?; Tired as I Can Be; Good Old Guy; Mr. Blues' Child; Red Sun Blues; Mojo Blues; Cool Saturday Night; Got to Live; Wee Small Hours.*
Personnel: Jimmy Jones, piano; Gus Johnson, Jo Jones, or Elvin Jones, drums; Billy Bauer and Barry Galbraith or Chuck Wayne and Turk Van Lake or Everett Barksdale and Kenny Burrell, guitars; Chet Amsterdam, bass; Vic Dickenson or Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Pat Brooks, trumpet; Al Cohn or Sol Schlinger, baritone; Zoot Sims, tenor; Phil Woods, alto.

Rating: ★★

Attractive as this idea may have seemed at the time and well intentioned as its producers may have been, the sad tale is that it just doesn't make it on any level. Langston Hughes' lyrics do not seem to lay well as blues verse, and Miller's vocals are not natural and easy. The only point at which this listener could find a plus value was in the accompaniment when Dickenson shouted and Gus Johnson swung. Let's hope UA in the future utilizes Miller's potential as a blues singer in a more natural setting. (R.J.G.)

New Jazz Releases

The following is a list of last-minute jazz releases intended to help readers maintain closer contact with the flow of new jazz on records. Reviews will appear in future issues of *Down Beat*.

Van Alexander orchestra, *The Home of*

Happy Feet (Capitol ■ T 1243, ■ ST 1243)

Australian Jazz Quintet, *Three Penny Opera* (Bethlehem ■ BCP 6030)

Count Basie orchestra, *Chairman of the Board* (Roulette ■ R-52032)

Elmer Bernstein orchestra, *Theme Music from the New TV Series Staccato* (Capitol ■ T 1287, ST 1287)

Ray Coniff and Billy Butterfield, *Coniff Meets Butterfield* (Columbia ■ CL 1346)

Don Ewell quartet, *Yellow Dog Blues* (Audiophile ■ AP 66)

Linton Garner, *Garner Plays Garner* (Enrica ■ 2001, ■ 2001ST)

Gigi Gryce orchestra and quartet, *Nica's Tempo* (Savoy ■ MG 12137)

Bobby Hackett quartet, *The Bobby Hackett Quartet* (Capitol ■ T 1325)

Edmond Hall, *Rumpus on Rampart Street* (Raccoon ■ 1120, ■ 1120ST)

Calvin Jackson, *Cal-Essence* (Raynote ■ 3001)

Dick Katz, *Piano and Pen* (Atlantic ■ 1311)

John LaSalle quartet, *Potluck* (Capitol ■ T 1238)

Mitchell-Ruff Duo, *Jazz Mission to Moscow* (Roulette ■ R 52031)

Turk Murphy, *Music for Wise Guys and Boosters, Card Sharps, and Crap Shooters* (Roulette ■ R 25088)

Annie Ross with Buddy Bregman's orchestra, *Gypsy* (World Pacific ■ WP 1276, ■ 1028)

Lee and Hal Schaefer, *Finian's Rainbow and Brigadoon Remembered* (United Artists ■ UAL 3035)

Bud Shank and Bob Cooper, *Blowin' Country* (World Pacific ■ WP 1277)

Johnny Smith, *Designed for You* (Roost ■ 2234)

Sonny Stitt, *A Little Bit of Stitt* (Roost ■ 2235)

Jack Teagarden sextet, *Jack Teagarden at the Roundtable* (Roulette ■ R 25091)

Cal Tjader sextet, *A Night at the Blackhawk* (Fantasy ■ 3283)

Various artists, *Jazz Hall of Fame Vol. 2* (Design ■ DLP 113)

Various artists, *New Orleans Jazz—The Flowering* (Folkways ■ FA 2465)

Various artists, *Blowin' the Blues—Vol. 3* (World Pacific ■ JWC 512, ■ 1029)

Ben Webster, *Ben Webster and Associates* (Verve ■ MGV 5-6056)

Joe Williams, *Every Day I Have the Blues* (Roulette ■ R 52033)



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**Caught
 in the
 Act**

**JIMMY WITHERSPOON-PAUL
 HORN QUINTET**
 The Renaissance, Hollywood

Personnel: Jimmy Witherspoon, vocals; Paul Horn, alto and flute; Emil Richards, vibes; Paul Moer, piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

In a town where jazz club activity is at an all-time low, the thriving existence of the Renaissance is significant. Basically, it is a coffee house, though wine and beer are also served. But the place represents a new concept in the presentation of jazz, one that is bound to grow in Los Angeles and, indeed, already has put out some roots in similar establishments elsewhere in L.A.

Gone is the sleazy environment of the old-time club, with its hustling waitresses, devious-looking operators, and watered whisky. The emphasis is on exhibition of all the arts, or as many as possible—painting, sculpture, literature, music, and the products of an arts-and-crafts workshop near the entrance.

The overhead is modest, despite the Sunset Strip location. The decor is plain but tasteful.

Witherspoon, tall and with a build as powerful as his blues voice, gets excellent backing from Horn's confreres. In the set caught on the night of review, he opened with a jumping *There's Good Rockin' Tonight* that set the pace for the rest of the performance. Vibist Richards, in several solos scattered throughout the vocals, revealed himself as a performer of force and taste, with a built-in swing and independence of thought.

Spoon's singing is innately musical, i.e., there's no blues shouting for its own sake. His voice can bellow on occasion; conversely, it can become almost caressingly gentle with a ballad such as *Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You*. The feeling pours out like molasses from a keg. There lies half hidden in Spoon's voice, moreover, an elusive quality of pathos, a touching thing that impels close attention from the listener.

Other songs chosen by the singer from his album, *Singin' the Blues*, were the slow and moving *When I've Been Drinkin'*, the rolling *Then the Lights Go Out*, and *Ain't Nobody's Business*. He wound up the set with a very slow

in the

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he of the "Magic Horn", makes his big sound on an Olds Opera trumpet. Lead horn or jazzman (with big bands, stage bands, and on Decca records) his trumpeting is variously called: "fantastic, brilliant, exciting, unique, spellbinding, great." And the sound is always Olds.



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S.K. Blues on which Moer's accompaniment shone and Spoon broke up the audience with one refrain, "Gimme back that wig I bought you and let your head go bald."

He revealed himself with no trouble at all to be one of the greatest living blues singers.

Horn's impressive little group is ideal for this booking. It provides suitable contrast in hard-swinging modern sets. The leader continues to grow as a jazz interpreter on alto and flute, though this development is most evident on the sax. No innovator, he concentrates on soundly constructed, digging-in solos executed with an admirable technique that never runs away.

Richards, as noted previously, is a little fireball on vibes. Moer and Bond work well together, blending in a sound combination of musicianship and rhythmic *simpatico*. But the dynamo of the quintet is young Higgins, a constantly smiling power plant who kicks the group with almost savage energy. He is already one of the outstanding jazz drummers in California and keeps developing at a frightening pace. A few years from now he'll be scaring *everybody*.

The Renaissance is the last outpost of jazz in the Hollywood vicinity. It is eminently worth visiting.

—John Tynan

BUD AND TRAVIS BARBARA McNAIR

Mister Kelly's, Chicago

Personnel: Bud Dashiell and Travis Edmonson, guitar and vocal; Miss McNair, vocal; accompaniment for Bud and Travis on the night reviewed by John Frigo, bass, and Jerry Slosberg, drums; for Miss McNair, Frigo, Slosberg, and Dick Marx, piano.

Only five months after they came out of the west coast coffee houses that seemed to be their inescapable habitat, the two young men known as Bud and Travis have put together an act that would go well in the most chi-chi clubs in the country.

They have pulled off the neat trick of combining folk-rooted music and smooth, literate patter into a surprisingly homogeneous whole.

With their use of folk-derived songs and funny talk, the duo would suggest a comparison to the Kingston Trio. But, musically, they have much more in common with Marais and Miranda, who were very big in clubs until the time they were sublimated into concert artists.

And insofar as their humor is concerned, Bud and Travis are much less like the Kingstons (with that group's slightly blue jokes, and obvious playing for the college crowd) than they are like an unangry Mort Sahl.

Sample scrap of their between-the-tunes dialog:

Bud (to the audience): "If you don't accept us, our solution is to run straight home . . ."

Travis: "And jump into bed . . ."

Bud: "In the prenatal position . . ."

Travis: "Yes, and turn the electric blanket up to 9 . . ."

Their delivery is relaxed and natural, showing no surface hint of the effort and care that has obviously gone into it.

Bud and Travis should not be approached with the expectation of authentic folk music. They have used folk material in several languages (including a fragment in what they claim is Sino-Tibetan; who knows?) to their own ends, which is vigorous, polished entertainment. They have made no effort to sound like a couple of country boys, but rather have let their own educated personalities find expression in the music—which they obviously respect too much to phony it up with affected accents and deliberately clumsy guitar playing.

Some of their best material is of Mexican origin (Edmonson sings very good Spanish). Other songs are French, a few are African, and some are originals written in folk style.

The trick of injecting that kind of material into a sophisticated dialog frame obviously wasn't easy. Yet the elements do not conflict.

Barbara McNair, a singer who has obviously listened long and well to early Kay Starr records and who in a spotlight even resembles the other singer somewhat, made a good counterbalance to Bud and Travis.

She's picked up a number of the Starr musical mannerisms, melodic twists, and even a hint of that nasal effect in vowels, coupled with a terminal vibrato.

Miss McNair can belt, as in a far up-tempo *The Lady Is a Tramp*, and *Frankie and Johnny*, or fade to a breathy fragility which is her own, and very un-Starrish, on some of the ballads.

One of her best numbers is *Alone Together*, a lovely ballad that few singers seem to bother with, which is a shame, since it builds beautifully for the voice. Chances are most haven't the timidity to do it—the time is funny, the intervals of the main ascending line are treacherous for the comparatively unschooled vocal equipment of most jazz and pop singers, it is hard to phrase, and the range is fairly broad. Only the range seemed to bother Miss McNair; her voice was a little scratchy in the high ending of the tune. Otherwise she did it beautifully.

—Gene Lees

a book review

By Richard Hadlock

The Baby Dodds Story, as told to Larry Gara. Contemporary Press, 109 pp. \$2.50.

The opportunities for the literate enthusiast to gain perspective in jazz history by sharing the triumphs and disappointments of important early jazzmen are becoming increasingly rare events — events for which we might feel more and more grateful as time withers the living roots of today's music.

Now we have the story of a charming and ingenuous New Orleans drummer who never quite believed he had entered the realm of the jazz greats.

Baby Dodds found his supreme moment in jazz playing for his brother, John, and a group of home-town boys under the leadership of Joe Oliver; the years that came after were an anticlimax. Interviewer Gara has skillfully edited his tapes to produce a poignant portrait of a simple man who thrived on music, whisky, and whatever love he could pick up along the way.

Throughout the pages of this slender book, the reader is reminded that New Orleans jazz was music that men played



together, sharing musical experiences that grew out of common social and regional attitudes. The remarkable ensemble blend of the 1923 King Oliver band can be readily understood as Dodds lays down his uncomplicated musical philosophy:

"I studied each player individually. I had to study their method of improvising and to know what they intended to do. And when the band came in as a whole, in ensemble, I had to do something different again . . . Those of us

who worked with the King Oliver band had known each other so long we felt that we were almost related. That outfit had more harmony and feeling of brotherly love than any I ever worked with."

While Baby's desire for recognition and his need to play led him into some unlikely situations in his later years (the drummer tells unashamedly of his desire to play with young revivalists who looked up to him), it never clouded his primary purpose — to play *with* and *for* other musicians. Perhaps that explains his great sense of loss when the Oliver band was dissolved.

Continuing to play with his older

brother, Baby remained active — and astonishingly unaware, it seems, of new developments in jazz — until, with Johnny's death, he lapsed into comparative obscurity.

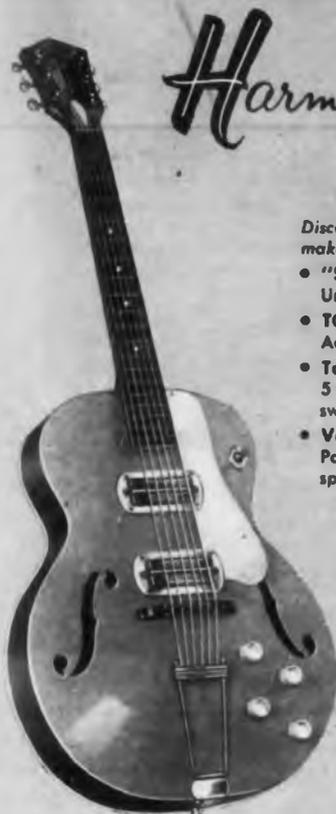
The New Orleans revival, stimulated by Bunk Johnson, kept him busy again from 1944 to the occasion of his first stroke in 1949.

There are many lessons to be learned from Dodds in this short and rather hard-to-find volume (it is available *only* from Contemporary Press, 8481 Melrose place, Los Angeles 46, Calif.), not the least of which is the virtue of genuine unpretentiousness combined with artistic pride. ■

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the hot box

By George Hoeker

Jazz has arrived, man — it's being used to sell commercial products. Even a conservative bank in New York City is advertising for prospective depositors with the catch-line, "Stash your cash where it's solid, man, B-sharp get 3½ per cent."

The above, in a three-column ad appearing in the staid New York Times, has art work consisting of a sketch of a musician completely equipped with a beret, bop glasses, string tie, and a goatee, circa 1947. The cat not only holds a clarinet in his mouth with his left hand but also manipulates the keys with the same hand, indicated by the lines of sound emanating from the bell of the misshapen instrument.

Another quarter-page ad for a cloth-

ing store features a caricature of a trumpeter with a string tie and a checkered uniform coat. He is playing a trumpet and manipulating a mute. There is a little bird dancing on the bell of his horn. The copy reads: "M is for Musician. Musicians have to keep in tune with the times. They are in the public eye as well as the public ear. When it comes to clothing, _____ has on-the-beat fashions, and sweet 'n' low prices strike a responsive chord with many a musician's budget. Day-in and day-out, _____ puts on a virtuoso show of values that wins bravos from the experts."

It also mentions in the ad that the prices will be music to your ears.

And then there is a national newspaper ad from a distillery, where two cats in a Steig cartoon exchange choruses. The trombonist blows, "Same great whiskey," while a trumpeter answers, "Now only \$4.95 for 4/5 quart."

The New York Daily News is trying to lure readers away from the Times by taking box ads in the Times. The heading of one of the columns was, "This cat will clue you, baby," and continues with copy reading, "You seem to hear more about the Jazz World every day. It's a mysterious world to most of us, a world of strange exciting sounds, unusual, colorful people, a world that seems to have little relation to the 9 to

5 way of life. Doug Watt can tell you all about it. He knows where you must fall by if you dig Dixie, where to go for a Cooler Sound. Read him in the newspaper that can guide you to the Way Out—the Daily News."

Henry Dormann, publicist for the Brooklyn Extravaganza, produced late in October for a week at the Brooklyn Paramount theater by Franklyn Geltman and the Randall's Island Jazz Festival, Inc., issued a release predicated on that well-known fashion model Miles Davis' selection of a suit to wear for the concerts.

The release states, "Miles Davis, the world's most famous trumpet virtuoso, will be a resplendent sight at the Brooklyn Paramount. He will wear an especially designed jazz suit made in Italy of special light weight material, as soft as cashmere, but as strong as some of the notes Miles plays. He will display a cutaway jacket, with new six inch wide trousers."

The above event will be continuous daily, alternating with a western movie featuring Pat Wayne, son of John Wayne, which ought to keep the cats from sitting in the theater all day.

To top this tale of jazz maturity is Mildred Fields, who handles publicity for the Five Spot in New York. She gives the address of the jazz spot as 5 Cooper Hip.

accordion buyers' guide

(If you wish complete information on accordions, or accordion accessories such as amplifiers, microphones, etc., we recommend your careful attention to the manufacturers listed below. If you wish to receive such material, address inquiry to Readers' Service, DOWN BEAT, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill.)
Note: Brand names are italicized.

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Bell, Camerano, Cellini, Dallape, Scandalli, Settimio Soprani

Crown Accordion Co.
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Crown

Empire Accordion Corp.
337 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 14, N. Y.
Acme, Acmette

Excelsior Accordions, Inc.
333 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 14, N. Y.
Excelsior, Excelsiola, Accordiana

Fender Sales, Inc.
1536 E. Chestnut St., Santa Ana 5, Calif.
Fender

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"Dominador I", "Super Classis"

Giulietti Accordion Corp.
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Giulietti

The Fred Gretsch Mfg. Co.
60 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
LaTosca, Eldorado

Hershman Musical Instr. Co.
61-63 W. 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.
Hagstrom, Morelli

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Marchesa

Imperial Accordion Mfg. Co.
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Tonemaster, Chambertone, Artistic

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Italo-American Accordion Mfg. Co.
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PERSPECTIVES

By Ralph J. Gleason

As I was saying . . .

A fella hardly knows where to turn these days. Bill Stern cops out in his autobiography (*The Taste of Ashes*, Holt) and hips us — he's been strung out behind Big M for 22 years; and Charlie Van Doren turns out not to be the All-American egghead.

What's with us, anyway?

Well, according to Virgil Pinckley, a salty commentator for ABC, our school system "has filled the minds of these men with knowledge but failed to instill in them the streak of honesty that is equally or even more important . . . In an atmosphere of dishonesty among adults, what can we expect of our youth?"

You can say that again. And again. Dishonesty has become so much the norm that some people find it hard to believe there's any other groove. The artist thinks he can buy a hit with "personal sell" and the "sincere pitch"; the record company thinks it can buy a hit with payola (cash, a reasonable facsimile thereof, or consumers goods) and the disc jockey thinks it's okay to take it. "Why not? We help them make the hit."

In the midwest, a trio of disc jockeys formed an organization offering a complete promotional (?) service at a regular fee to record companies. In Los Angeles, a record company gave stock shares to disc jockies. The average r&b jock anywhere in the U.S. plays for pay only and isn't shy about naming the fee.

In jazz, as it becomes more and more a profitable part of the record business, this will have its effect. We already have the jazz jockey who takes his taste of two bits or more to plug the concert ("Just send the check to me; I didn't put it through on the station tab"), who wants a commission for getting a band a gig, who digs writing a tune the musicians can record, who has eyes to be a personal manager.

Fifteen years ago in New York, a jazz jock had a price scale for plugs. Ten years ago Stan Kenton's flack came in off the road complaining about the DJ payola, and today you have a jock who wouldn't air the Ellington *Anatomy of a Murder* disc; the film company didn't kick in with spot advertising.

But I suspect these DJs are, in the long run, hurting themselves more than jazz. Jazz is a music of honesty, and sooner or later the hype artist reveals himself, and the payola jock is known for what he is — and despised. The record companies (and the musicians)

who condone payola are equally at fault. But basically, there is something sick about a culture that permits a man to be educated and literate and rise to a position of importance and then sell his personal endorsement for two bits. Sometimes for less.

And the horrifying thought is that they don't even think they're doing anything wrong.

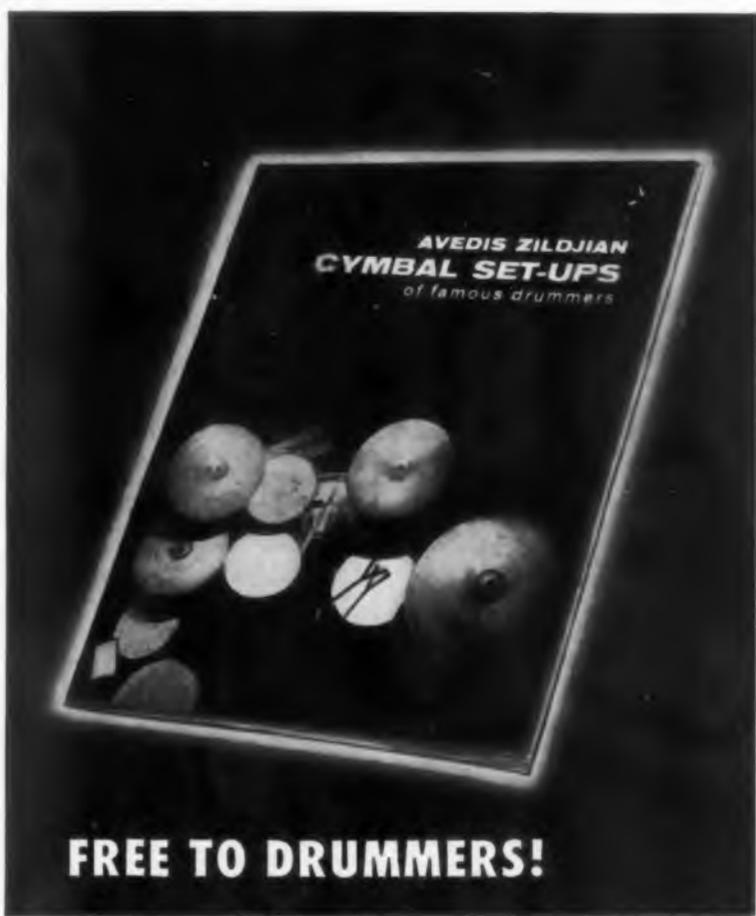
They just don't want the station manager to know about it.

So add to that the twisted perspective a musician gets viewing things from the wild side of life, and it is no wonder at all what happens. Surrounded by

prejudice and dishonesty (there's the false count of his record sales from the record company, the kickback with the manager and the club owner, and naked graft), he doesn't know where to turn.

"There ain't no more than three or four who know the truth and then play it," Jon Hendricks says. It makes it worse, much worse, when those who seem to be on your side are just as corrupt as the rest. To quote Jon again: "Lack of acceptance is less like something to hide from but more like something Bird died from."

Virgil Pinckley isn't the only one who's worried. ■



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PLAYS



LEBLANC

AD LIB

(Continued from Page 10)

on his forthcoming Indian tour, but Sal decided to make the most of his opportunity to study in the United States. He is busy taking two full semesters simultaneously.

Guitarist **Barney Kessel** signed an exclusive, long-term contract with Contemporary Records upon expiration of his old contract. **Babs Gonzales** has the starring role in a jazz operetta, *After Hours*, scheduled to open in Boston Nov. 16 and in New York Dec. 22. He also has a book *The Be-Bop Story* finished for December release. **Orrin Keepnews** of Riverside Records recently recorded the new **Cannonball Adderley** group in San Francisco. The personnel of the group is **Louis Hayes**, drums; **Sam Jones**, bass, and **Bobby Timmons**, piano, with the brothers **Nat**, cornet, and **Julian**, alto.

There are rumors that a new Savoy ballroom will be built in Harlem on the site of the old one... **Harry James** came all the way east for some one-nighters: Roosevelt ballroom in Philadelphia on Oct. 27. Reading, Pa., Oct. 28, two one shots in New England, and then back to Las Vegas, Nev.

Atlantic Records recorded the two compositions featured at the **Modern Jazz Quartet-Beaux Arts String Quartet** concert reviewed in *Down Beat* Nov. 12: John Lewis' *Sketches* and **Gunter Schuller's Conversations**... **Miles Davis** may tour England in January... **Thelonious Monk** leveled a tirade against the owner of the Club 12 in Pittsburgh on his opening night because of the condition of the piano. The next night he came to work and found a new baby grand piano awaiting him... The **Frank Carey** sextet features Dixieland at the Monterey club in Brooklyn... **Benny Goodman** is recording on Chess. A&R man **Jack Tracy** recorded Benny's new big band, and the set is called *Benny Rides Again*... **Fred Waring Jr.** and **Dixie Waring**, son and daughter of maestro **Fred**, are touring with the **Pennsylvanians**. **Waring Jr.** plays trombone, and **Dixie** is a member of the glee club... Trumpeter **Donald Byrd** has signed to record for Blue Note... **Rudy Viola** has returned to the **Willard Alexander** office and will head up the jazz department for the agency.

The **Clara Ward Singers** recorded an album of spirituals from the stage of the Apollo theater for **Bob Thiele's** Signature label... **United Artists** held an all-star recording session at the Five Spot jazz club last month. Participating were **Brock Peters** of *Porgy and Bess* fame and **Coleman Hawkins**, **Randy Weston**, **Art Farmer**, **Roy Haynes**, and **Paul Chambers**... **Junior's Backyard**

on 52nd St. (**George Crater's** hideaway) is seriously considering putting in a small jazz group... **Big Miller**, the blues singer, answers to the name of Clarence... Bassist **Whitey Mitchell** conducted an orchestra accompanying vocalist **Chrys Larke** for the Do Re Mi label. The group included **Pepper Adams**, baritone; **Al Cassamette**, guitar; **Bobby Donaldson**, drums, and **Ed Swanston**, piano... **Red Garland** and his trio (**Jimmy Rauser**, bass, and **Specs Wright**, drums) recorded for Prestige (their first on-the-spot record date) from the floor of the Prelude, a new club in Harlem. **Rudy Van Gelder** handled the recording. Before leaving the Prelude, Garland also acquired a wife, hat-check girl **Marie Adams**.

George Simon made a paper record for insertion in *Look* magazine. The title is *Musical Shave By*, and it is a gimmick for Remington shavers. The disc contains music by **Bing Crosby**, **Louis Armstrong**, **Rosemary Clooney**, and the **Hi-Lo's**... **Mahalia Jackson** was backed by **Jimmy Raney's** guitar and **Specs Powell's** drums on a recent *Look Up and Live* program... **Sam Sam Charters** has a profile of **Moe Asch** of Folkways Records in the first issue of *Folk Music Guide, U.S.A.*... **Don Costa**, now at United Artists, has recorded an album of **Bill Potts'** arrangements using a tenet... Former **Tommy Dorsey** drummer **Alvin Stoller** had a feature spot on the television spectacular *Another Evening with Fred Astaire*, which also featured trumpeter **Jonah Jones** again... Columbia Records has signed **Sir Charles Thompson**, **Vincent Lopez**, **Mose Allison**, **Billy Butterfield**, and **Joya Sherill**. The last-named is onetime **Duke Ellington** featured vocalist.

IN PERSON

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Apollo Theater—**GOSPEL SHOW**.
Arpeggio—**BARBARA CARROLL** trio, until Dec. 28.
Basin Street East—**BENNY GOODMAN** orchestra, until Nov. 21. **DIZZY GILLESPIE** quintet and **DINAH WASHINGTON**, Nov. 23-Dec. 3.
Birdland—**MILES DAVIS** sextet and **JOHNNY SMITH** trio, until Nov. 18. **MILES DAVIS** sextet and **HARRY EDISON** quintet, Nov. 19-25.
Bon Soir—**ROSE MURPHY**, with **SLAM STEWART**. **THREE FLAMES**, indefinitely.
Central Plaza—**CONRAD JANIS**, **WILLIE (THE LION) SMITH**, Fridays and Saturdays.
Condon's—**BUCK CLAYTON**, **HERB HALL**, **GENE SCHROEDER**, and others.
Copacabana—**NAT (KING) COLE** until Nov. 18.
Copper Door—**CAB CALLOWAY** and **EDDIE BAREFIELD'S** band, indefinitely.
Count Basie's Lounge—**SIR CHARLES THOMPSON** on organ, indefinitely.
Downstairs at the Upstairs—**BLOSSOM DEARIE**, indefinitely.
Embers—**JONAH JONES** quartet and **HAROLD QUIN** trio, until Dec. 6. **EARL (FATHA) HINES** quartet and **EDDIE HEYWOOD** trio, Dec. 7-Jan. 3.
Five Spot—**LOU DONALDSON** quartet and **ORNETTE COLEMAN** group, until Dec. 1.
Gatsby's—**VIVIAN GREENE**, pianist, indefinitely.
Half Note—**LENNIE TRISTANO** with **LEE KONITZ**, until Nov. 27. **CHARLIE MINGUS**, Nov. 28-Dec. 27.
Hour Glass (Newark)—**HORACE SILVER** quintet, until Nov. 15. **J. J. JOHNSON** quintet, Nov. 16-22.
Living Room—**MATT DENNIS**, until Nov. 15.

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 Roundtable—**MUGGSY SPANIER'S** Frisco All-Stars, and **FRANK ORTEGA** trio, until Nov. 21.
 CY **OLEMAN** quartet, Nov. 23-28.
 Uptown—**MORGANA KING** and **DUKE HAZLETI**, indefinitely.
 Village Gate—**GEOFFREY HOLDER**, until Dec. 1. **PHIL LONG-SYMPHONY SID** jazz concerts, Monday nights.
 Village Vanguard—**TURK MURPHY** jazz band with **PAT YANKEE**, until Nov. 17. **ANITA O'DAY**, Nov. 17-Dec. 1.

PHILADELPHIA

Dave Cavanaugh, Capitol a&r man, caught **George Shearing's** band at the Red Hill Inn to set up a record date for the rapidly-improving no-sax group. Shearing has a new book featuring arrangements by trombonist **Hale Rood**, formerly with **Sal Salvador's** brass band. **Chris Connor**, featured at the Phillies Jazz festival here, followed Shearing into the New Jersey spot . . . **WHAT**, which features 24 hours of jazz daily on its FM outlet, sponsoring the **Stan Kenton-June Christy-Four Freshmen** concert at the Academy of Music. The recent **Ray Charles-Miles Davis Cavalcade of Jazz** concert at the academy was a sellout, with hundreds turned away . . .

WCAU, long known for its good pop music programming, is slipping somewhat under its CBS ownership and is throwing in borderline rock 'n' roll numbers like *Primrose Lane*. Disc jockey **Doug Arthur**, who switched to **WCAU** from **WIBG's** r'n'r madness, has discontinued his Saturday morning jazz shows . . . The girl singers are taking over in the downtown jazz rooms. **Betty Carter** followed **Nina Simone** into the Show Boat and **Carmen MaRae** was featured at Pep's after **Gloria Lynne** . . .

Harry James played a late October one-nighter at the Boulevard Ballroom . . . The Newport Youth Band, playing dates in the East, was featured recently at Pottstown's Sunnybrook Ballroom . . . The **Dayton Selby** trio is being featured at Spider Kelly's . . . **John Jacob Niles, Cynthia Gooding** and others were booked for a Town Hall folk concert Oct. 31.

TORONTO

Just for **Lennie Tristano**, the management of Jazz City, the new room at the Famous Door tavern, installed a concert grand piano. Lennie's one-week engagement was his first Toronto club date—one he said he enjoyed as much as his first Toronto appearance seven years ago. At that time he appeared at a concert sponsored by the New Jazz Society. **Lee Konitz, Warne Marsh, Roy Haynes** and **Sonny Dallas** made the club date with him.
 At the Town Tavern, **Dwike Mitchell**



James Austin, with his Martin Trumpet, and Frederick Fennell, Conductor of the Eastman Wind Ensemble.

According to Dr. Fennell, the founding of the Eastman Wind Ensemble arose from a need for an instrumental group of virtuoso caliber to play every type of music written for wind instruments. The wide popularity of Mercury recordings featuring the Ensemble proves the soundness of Dr. Fennell's planning. Mr. Austin serves as first trumpet player in the Ensemble and, as do most major symphony trumpeters, uses a C trumpet for practically all of his work. His trumpet is a Martin DeLuxe Committee model.

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and **Willie Ruff** showed off their duo jazz, as well as bringing interested customers up to date on their July journey to Russia . . . **Eddie Heywood** was next at the Town, with **Mary Lou Williams** in the week of Nov. 2 . . . **Wild Bill Davison** follows **Cootie Williams** at the Westover . . . **Stan Kenton's** orchestra, the **Four Freshmen**, June Christy, Mel Torme, were in town Oct. 19 to star on Jack Kane's *Music 60* show on CBC-TV. Kane has just been signed as arranger and musical director for the **Ethel Merman** NBC spectacular in December. He was asked to provide music for the Merman show after New York producers heard his work on the **Andy Williams** summertime program.

LOS ANGELES

For the first time since **Bixie Crawford** left the Basie band in late 1953, the Count has a female singer in the person of 22-year-old **Toni Harper**, who joined the band for its current stand at Chicago's Regal theater. The Los Angeles singer just completed an album of her own on RCA-Victor that is due for January release.

Blues for Indian Jim, a new play by **William Coss**, opens in mid-February at the New York Palace with a cast that includes **Chico Hamilton**, **Anita O'Day** and **Woody Herman**. Chico, resting in L.A. prior to embarking on the *Jazz for Moderns* tour, told *Down Beat* their roles will be legit acting parts.

Blues Singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** signed on the managerial dotted line with the topflight agency of Gabbe, Lutz, Heller and Loeb, pilots of **Lawrence Welk**, **Liberace**, **Mel Torme**, et al. He is personally handled by agent **Arnold Mills**. Looks like big things are finally in the making for Spoon, whose new album, recorded by **Dave Axelrod** at the Monterey festival for Hifijazz Records, definitely places him in the BIG league.

The long-awaited **Curtis Counce** quintet album, recorded late in 1956 and in January 1957 on Contemporary, finally is due to hit the stores. It features the late, brilliant pianist, **Carl Perkins**, playing the last composition he wrote before his death, *Carl's Blues*, as well as the bassist-leader, tenorist **Harold Land**, trumpeters **Jack Sheldon** and **Gerald Wilson**, and drummer **Frank Butler**. Butler is now with **Thelonious Monk's** group.

BAND BRIEFS: Looks like the **Rey De Michel** band will land **Bob Hope's** annual December Armed Forces tour this year. The band will be built around the comedian who, it's reported, will sing, too . . . The new **Glen Sponseller** big band debuted Nov. 6 and 7 at the

Hollywood Palladium. **Tommy Oliver** penned the book . . . Right in the middle of recording his second album for Liberty Records, bandleader **Si Zentner** had his trombone stolen out of his station wagon. Panic!! A hasty substitution was arranged and everything came out swinging . . . The busy **Johnny Catron** orchestra has dates pencilled in for the Christmas ball held by the American Banking Institute Dec. 5 at the Ambassador hotel; Continental Company's Thanksgiving dance Nov. 25; March Field AFB Dec. 19 and New Year's Eve; and Pomona's Rainbow Gardens Dec. 18. A trip to Germany for the Air Force next June is a possibility . . . **Chuck Marlowe** loaned scores from his building big band library to **Don Erjovic** for the latter's projected school dance band contest.

Cal Tjader left the Milt Deutch agency to sign with **Joe Glaser's** Associated Booking corporation . . . Former drummer **Scat Man Crothers** was signed for his first screen role in Warner Bros. *Rachel Cade*. He'll play a Congolese tribesman . . . Look for **Desilu (Desi Amaz-Lucille Ball)** Productions to jump into the record business soon. Bandleader **Rey De Michel** is rumored to be set as boss of the a&r department. The new firm will utilize the old Capitol studios on Melrose.

COMBO ACTION: The Contemporary Jazz Trio (**Gene Estes**, vibes; **John Pisano**, guitar; **Chuck Berghofer**, bass) moved operations to **Hal Broadhead's** and **Al Williams' Coventry Inn** on east Foothill blvd., Fridays and Saturdays . . . Altoist **Tony Ortega**, blowing with **Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All-Stars** the past four months, moved his horn to the Sunday afternoon sessions at Santa Monica's King's Surf with pianist **Claude Williamson**, bassist **Red Kelly** and drummer **Frank Capp**. **Bob Cooper** re-joined the Lighthousekeepers after a sabbatical to concentrate on composing . . . Making music for **Frank Sinatra** and **Peter Lawford** at their Beverly Hills eatery, *Puccini*, are **Jim Herbert**, piano; **Jimmy Bryant**, bass, and **Harry Davis**, drums . . . **Harry Babasin's** quartet (Babasin, bass and cello; **Charlie Kennedy**, alto; **Benny Aronov**, piano; **Bill Douglass**, drums) joined singer **Bob Manning** at the Encore restaurant on La Cienega . . . **Paul Horn**, whose quintet continues to share the stand with **Jimmy Witherspoon** at The Renaissance, will play himself in the new **Tony Curtis-Debbie Reynolds** picture, *The Rat Race*, now shooting at Paramount. Horn coached Curtis on flute playing and the actor will blow a chorus of blues in the forthcoming soundtrack album from the film . . .

IN PERSON

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Slate Bros.—**JACKIE PARIS,** opened Nov. 6.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Riverside cut an LP with the new **Julian and Nat Adderley** group at the Jazz Workshop in October. **Bobby Tim- mens,** piano; **Sam Jones,** bass, and **Louis Hayes,** drums, make up the unit . . . World Pacific cut **Jon Hendricks** in a new LP while Jon was at Fack's II with **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross.** Among the accompaniment was **Pony Poindex- ter,** the **Adderleys, Thelonious Monk, Wes and Buddy Montgomery, Walter Bolden, Ike Isaacs, Gildo Mahones and Jimmy Wormworth.** **Bill Perkins** assisted on the engineering chores . . . Both the **Oscar Peterson** trio and **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** did good business while in town after the Monterey Jazz festival . . . **Jack McVey** is leading a group at the Melody club in Sacra- mento . . . **Dave Van Kreidt** has a trio at Zack's in Sausalito . . . **Currie Tjader** and **Ron Croty** have a small group at the Crocodile Casbah on Van Ness . . . **Bob Cedar** plays during the week at the Coffee Gallery . . . **Brew Moore** currently is working during the week with **John Mosher** at the Cafe Court in Palo Alto and weekends at the Tropics.

The **Mastersounds** open Nov. 25 in Chicago at the Sutherland lounge and then return to the Jazz Workshop in December. Meanwhile, **Wes Montgom- ery** takes his own group into the latter club with **Paul Parker,** drums; **Punky Atkinson,** tenor, and **Mel Rye,** organ . . . **Johnny Coppola** is in the house band at the Moulin Rouge . . . **Dick Oxtot** is leading a Dixie group with **Frank (Big Boy) Goudie** at Nod's in Berkeley.

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DOWN BEAT

10 Years Ago

On the cover: Artie Shaw, with vocalist Pat Lockwood and pianist Dodo Marmarosa — currently at Blue Note, Chicago . . . Charlie Barnet breaks up his big band because of "public's non-musical tastes" . . . Buster Wilson, Kid Ory's pianist, dies in Los Angeles . . . Ralph Marterie gets first Mercury release, *Green Dolphin Street* . . . Louis Armstrong is doing an Italian movie, *Botta e Riposta* . . . Lennie Tristano returns to native Chicago with Lee Konitz, alto; Warne Marsh, tenor; Billy Bauer, guitar; Jeff Morton, drums; Joe Shulman, bass . . . Red Nichols joins Ray Noble band for Edgar Bergen radio show . . . Lucky Millinder is forming new band . . . Lester Young is out with own group until rejoining JATP in January . . . Ralph Flanagan is getting unprecedented Victor build-up, Decca answering with Jerry Gray . . . Roy Haynes replaces Max Roach in Charlie Parker group . . . Top Drawer Discs: *Tautology*, Lee Konitz (New Jazz); *Emanon*, Dizzy Gillespie (M-G-M); *My Hero*, Ralph Flanagan (Bluebird); *Lonely Girl*, Sarah Vaughan (Columbia).

25 Years Ago

Headline: Lucas Walks Out at Edgewater. Clyde cut short his booking at the exclusive Chicago hotel rather than change his style . . . Paul Whiteman records a 12-inch concert record of *Stardust* for Victor backed by selections from Noel Coward's *Conversation Piece* . . . Clyde McCoy follows Bernie Cummings into St. Paul hotel . . . Jimmy Grier is doing best business on west coast at Biltmore Bowl with recent liquor legislation not hurting any . . . A leaders' dream band played a sad date at the College inn, Chicago. Personnel included Art Kassel, Clyde Lucas, Kay Kayser, George Olson; Henry King, Jan Garber, Earl Burnett, Carlos Molina, and Stan Meyers . . . Johann Strauss III, the Viennese waltz king, will open Chicago's French Casino with 35 musicians . . . New revue, *Thumbs Up* has two numbers slated for hit status — *Autumn in New York* (Vernon Duke) and *Zing Went the Strings of My Heart* (James Hanley) . . . *Blackbirds of 1934* has two hits — *St. James Infirmary* (Joe Primrose) and *Christmas Night in Harlem* (Mitchell Parish and Raymond Scott).

THINGS TO COME

Ten years ago next month, a young man then in his early 20s named Morris Levy opened a jazz night club in New York. He named it for Charlie Parker: Birdland.

Fighting tough opposition from Bop City—a talent war was one feature of the struggle—Levy eventually won out. Since then, Birdland has become synonymous with "jazz club" to millions of jazz fans all over the world. George Shearing wrote *Lullaby of Birdland* and the tune, with lyrics in both French and English, and as an instrumental, became such a standard that today the average jazz musician grimaces if you ask for it in a night club.

Tracing the history of Birdland, George Hoefer writes a special tribute to the club in the next issue (Dec. 10, on sale Nov. 26).

The issue will also provide a special Christmas buying guide to discs, tapes, and audio equipment.

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