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BY CHARLES SUBER

I hope you saw the Ford Star Time TV Show, Swingin' Singin' Years, a couple of weeks ago. It was well done.

The production never cloyed (although the *Alice in Wonderland* commercials did seem pretty far out) and never condescended. Backgrounds and dialog looked and sounded authentic. The Ford company and Hubbell Robinson, the packager, are to be complimented for allowing associate producer George Simon to use his considerable knowledge of the band business to create a believable and entertaining show. This could not be said of his Timex efforts, hampered as they were by Mad Avenue geniuses.

Basically, the purpose of the show was to present examples of band and vocal styles of the 1940s. The performances were as good—or bad—as they were in the good old days.

Woody Herman was a kick, but his pickup band was thin, despite Bill Perkins and Dave Pell in the front line. Herman's dated antics, which accompanied Your Father's Moustache, were good enough to be embarrassing. Freddie Slack and Ella Mae Morse emphasized that a million seller even then could be mediocre by doing their famous *Cow Cow Boogie*. I don't remember Slack's playing too well, but maybe he doesn't either—Gene Lees swears Slack was reading the chart. Freddy Martin featured his "popular classics." The band was okay, but Freddy, *please* tune up or hang up.

Let's hurry by Vaughn Monroe and his peristaltic personality to credit Jo Stafford and Red Ingle recreating *Temptation*. It again proved that deliberate corn can be funny, and that Miss Stafford still has all the poise and presence that marks an ex-band vocalist. Louis Jordan didn't really have a chance to cut loose before Dinah Washington joined him, but he did get off that classic Dizzy Gillespie line about the number of shows done daily at the Apollo theater in New York: "There is no backstage, just a revolving door."

Eddy Howard? Well, he did sell a lot of records to someone. Charlie Barnet came off well, especially with Don Fagerquist doing his usual fine work on solo trumpet. And Stan Kenton wound it all up in great style. It was vintage Kenton, all right, but the dynamics seemed soft—his bright-eyed beardless brass blowers hardly dented my screen. Ronald Reagan hosted with his usual boyish squareness, but it was acceptable because of the plausible script. There was one gaff at the end when Reagan summed up all the music on the show as a cross section of American *jazz*. He seemed to glance twice at the teleprompter, as if he could not believe what he was reading.

The talent choices for the show were interesting and valid, and served to prove some reasons for the fallow period for big bands. After 1946, the bands split into two categories; the concert jazz bands—Herman, Kenton, Raeburn —that weren't meant for dancing; and the dance bands — Monroe, Howard, Martin—that weren't meant for listening. Add to this schism the over-riding popularity of the vocalist, and you can understand the disinterest in bands of the 1950s.

But as we have said here many times before, the bands never really left. And you can see for yourself that the interest is returning. I am sure the Ford people didn't spend \$200,000 to present entertainment in which no one is interested, or for which there is no demand.

Down Beat's next issue contains our annual Dance Band directory. We will show you the who, what, and where of the big new bands of today.

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CONTENTS

THE PAYOLA PROBE	11
NEW SHOW FOR PEARLIE MAY	11
GUILD SWEEPS TV ELECTION	12
McHUGH'S VIEW: LIVE WITH OUR YOUTH	12
LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-MOSS	14
LITURGICAL JAZZ ON TOUR	14
CANNONBALL HAS A HIT	15
JAZZ ON STAGE: A THURBER CARNIVAL	15
THE RETURN OF ART PEPPER	17
THE EXPATRIATE LIFE OF STAN GETZ	19
STEREO NEWS	23

DEPARTMENTS

THE FIRST CHORUS (Charles Suber)	4	BLINDFOLD TEST (Tyree Glenn)	39
CHORDS AND DISCORDS	6	BOOK REVIEW	40
STRICTLY AD LIB	10	CAUGHT IN THE ACT	41
OUT OF MY HEAD (George Crater)	30	FEATHER'S NEST (Leonard Feather)	43
RECORD REVIEWS	31	Take Five (John Tynan)	45

ON THE COVER

Seen through a cloud, darkly, is Stan Getz-far removed from the American scene these days and living in Copenhagen. A complete report on the new life of the brilliant tenor saxophonist will be found on Page 19, along with pictures of his present habitat.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, Shelly Manne on Page 10, and Stan Getz on Page 19, by Ted Williams; Jimmy McHugh on Page 13, by Gene Lees; Art Pepper on Page 18, by Roger Marschutz, courtesy of Contemporary; Anders Dyrup on Page 22, by Tage Nielsen; Stan Getz and Oscar Pettiford on Page 22, by Willy Henriksen; Ira Gitler on Page 28, by Raymond Ross; Tyree Glenn on Page 39, by Robert Parent.

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The 'Duke Ellington Story'

Congratulations to Leonard Feather on his brilliant Duke Ellington Story satire. Like Feather, I am an Ellington fan of many years, and have always regretted that this great figure has never yet been immortalized in a biographical film.

Unfortunately, as Feather's script points out, if they ever did get around to it in Hollywood, it would be just the kind of undignified, inaccurate, semi-fictional mish-mash to which we have already been subjected in The Gene Krupa Story and others.

Maybe Feather's script will wake up Hollywood to the incongruity of this situation and will result in consideration of Ellington on a more serious level. Barbara Hoaglund Bronx, N. Y.

I chuckled all the way through Feather's imaginary scenario for The Duke Ellington Story.

Ever since Young Man with a Horn 10 years ago, and even long before that, Hollywood has treated jazz as if it were some kind of leprosy that had to be sugar-coated, watered down, or tricked up, to make it palatable to the masses. Feather's delightful spoof shows the absurd lengths to which Hollywood goes to distort a subject that is very human, and basically serious.

It may be too much to hope that this satire will hit the target to which it is aimed, i.e., the people who make the movies with jazz subjects. But even so, it adds color and variety to your pages and, who knows, maybe just one of the Hollywood bosses will see it and catch a momentary glimpse of the dishonesty of his medium.

It's a comfort to know that Down Beat continues to fight the good fight, on many fronts at once.

New York, N. Y. Tom Harris

If Hollywood ever does get around to The Duke Ellington Story, I'm sure it will be every bit as ridiculous as Feather's script implies. That is, unless his biting satire jolts the movie makers into a sense of reality. If this happens and a good film results, all of us - Duke, his friends, his family, and his fans - will be in Feather's everlasting debt.

Orlando Thompson Brooklyn, N. Y.

Serious Objection

Jon Hendricks' afterthought to his recent Blindfold Test has got to constitute a serious objection - wistful perhaps, but pointed-to the selection of records played for him. Some protest seems to me eminently justified . . . by the circumstances. It is frivolity verging on wastefulness not to have given Hendricks an opportunity to talk about the kind of music he likes and sings and occupies his mind with.

Hendricks is an intelligent, perceptive

and articulate student of this music, as well as the possessor of extensive and highly original gifts as an interpreter and performer . . . I should think Leonard Feather, who of all the writers about jazz apparently derives the greatest portion of his thought from direct if not always accurate observations of musicians themselves, would have fairly jumped at the chance to get such a freely expressive talker and in-grouper as Hendricks to discuss the music he hears so clearly and understands so well. How much more interesting than his reaction to the "hip-monks," for example, would have been some statement of his obviously well-considered feelings anent the brethren, doctrine and dogma of high church jazz; and particularly about the newest member of its sacred college, at least by Hendricks' vote (and mine), John Coltrane. Why not have played Jon his own record, say Coltrane's solo on Manhattan, from George Russell's New York, New York.

In certain respects, and very Leonard Feather respects they are, Jon Hendricks is perhaps the best-informed "jazz critic" we have; he is certainly a number one appreciator. If you ask Picasso about Bernard Buffet, he will make a clever remark and that's an end of it.

If, however, you can get him to comment thoughtfully on the likes of Matisse, Roualt, or Braque, you have gleaned a statement well worth attention. Hendricks takes things seriously, and he did his best, but the interview as it stands is a travesty on the laudable idea of publishing the. views of an eminent man concerning his composers and the muse they all pursue. Nor is it the first of its kind to have been perpetrated by Feather on this page.

What is of value and interest in the Blindfold Test is not the ability of the subject to identify the players on various species of records, nor yet what are all too often trivial and offhand reactions to familiar and unfamiliar performances and personnels. What is important are statements by artists of their feelings and ideas about the music they are engaged in playing. Why get hung up with a name? The test page could provide a unique and absorbing seminar, important to players and public alike. Instead, it remains a gimmick . . . Chicago

Dennis Cunningham

Re-Reviewed

I took the liberty of listening to Glen Gray's Swinging Decade, despite Ralph Gleason's warning. And now I'm wondering what is the matter with Gleason's ears and his thinking. He did a fine job in reviewing Marty's Paich's fine LP, but this Gray album is a good job for what it was meant to be.

In Apple Honey, they don't struggle as Gleason said. Herman roared more, but this is pretty good. Midnight Sun is better Continued on Page 8

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CHORDS

than the Hampton Verve pressing, and is much better recorded. Mission to Moscow . what's the matter with this? Not a darned thing; it swings like mad, and Bivona plays well. In fact, this is much better than Goodman has done in hi-fi.

As a musician and fan, I resent this review. I also resent a certain jazz snobbery shown by too many jazz critics who . can only hear solo work. Some of these jazz snobs did a lot to kill the band business.

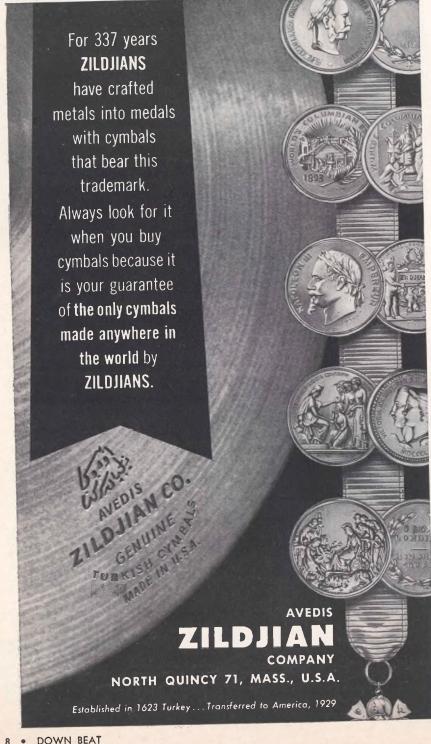
And Glen Gray's notes were a lot better than some of the over-technical boredom we get on many liners. George Kregling

Milford, Conn.

Open Letter to John Mehegan

Now John, I hope you're happy, after getting everything so screwed up. We aren't oppressing those Africans. Why, we even let some of them - the good ones live in our back yards. And pay them up to \$30 a month.

And really, John, you can't expect us to mix with them. I mean, they're not even clean. Taking their natural resources, and using their labor to fight in and finance a couple of our wars (among other things) -well, that's certainly permissible. But mixing with them? That's what I believe you Americans call "something else again." They're nothing but a bunch of heathen savages. Why don't you be a good boy, and tell all the nice people the truth?



And, you know, those natives just have no ambition. In spite of the unlimited social and educational opportunities we've provided for them, they just seem to be happier working in the diamond mines. (Of course, we can't let them keep the diamonds.)

I must admit that there is an irresponsible, rabble-rousing element that keeps insisting the Africans don't bathe daily because they have no plumbing, and that they really would prefer an education and non-manual labor, but these are the same type of people who are always talking about disarmament and stopping the bomb tests. And we certainly can't listen to them! Those crackpot types are all a bunch of damn subversives. You know that, don't you, John?

So, John, let's have no more of this talk about oppressing the African population. Frank Kofsky Berkeley, Calif.

Reply

May I contribute a few remarks directed toward the letter in your Chords and Discords section of Jan. 27 from Mr. Hyman R. Fenster. I suppose Mr. Fenster is trying to make like a Realist with all his "honestlys" and "let's face its,' but he certainly takes a very unrealistic view in his one statement, "Under the free enterprise system that we enjoy there is nothing to prevent people from going out and buying the kind of music they want."

The two last words gas me. Let's face it, Mr. Fenster, is it what they want or what has been crammed down their throats by the paid-off forces who can mold public desire? My wife has three unopened bottles of Lestoil in the kitchen cabinet. When I asked why, she replied, "I don't like the stuff, but the commercials are so good I always end up buying it . . .

A close friend of mine, a professional musician, once performed for a short while with a rock-and-roll outfit (though he hesitates to admit it). He told me of a record this group made. It was very, very bad. But before the recording was cut, a deal had been made with a certain disc jockey, who would plug it on his show for \$100 a week. He did, and the thing sold splendidly. Then the group stopped the payola, and the record disappeared from the station's listing. The sales disappeared just as abruptly. Was the public buying something they wanted? Heck no . . . just another case of sheep led to slaughter.

I am overjoyed to read the editorials and articles that Down Beat is printing concerning this payola business. It is a definite highlight of the day when I come home and find my latest copy waiting for me.

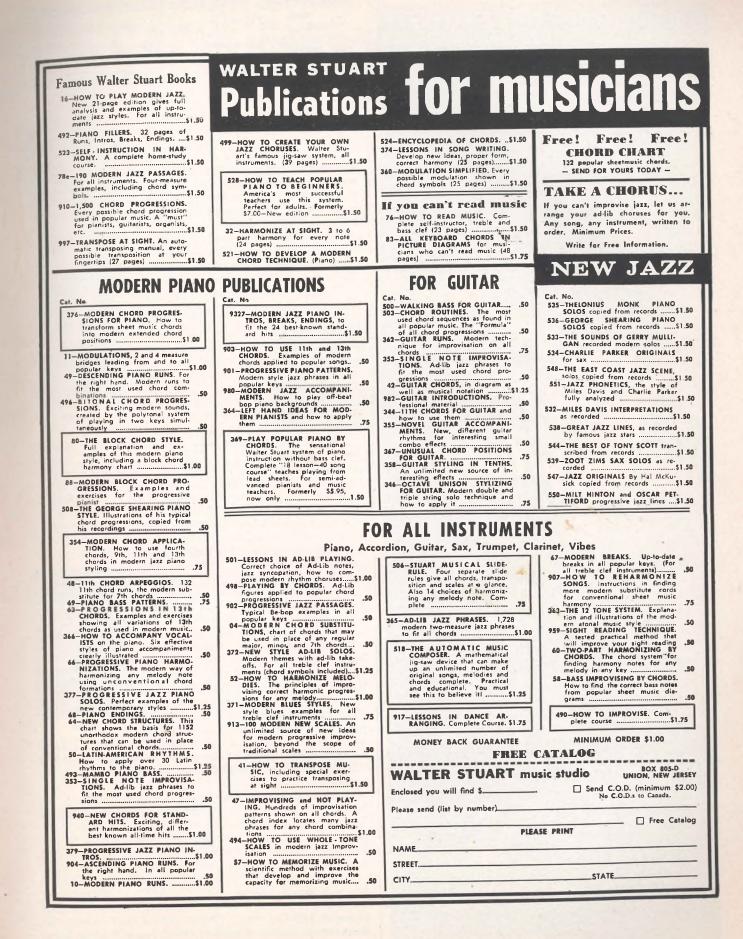
Somers Point, N.J.

George Johnston

Too Late

Last November, the Jazz for Moderns show performed here in Austin. Lambert-Hendricks-Ross were featured, and I thought they were just great, as did the others that attended this show. How about a story on this swinging group in the near future?

C. W. Johnson Austin, Texas Where were you Sept. 17, when LHR were featured on the cover of Down Beat, and Jon Hendricks told the group's own story in an article in rhyme?





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NEW YORK

Ornette Coleman, with his plastic alto saxophone and original compositions, will be featured Monday night, April 4, at the Circle In The Square theater. The concert is the third (Dizzy Gillespie and Thelonious Monk preceded) in the 1959-60 series of Jazz Profiles produced by Charles Schwartz. Coleman will work with his regular group: Don Cherry, B-flat trumpet; Charlie Haden, bass; and Billy Higgins, drums. The program is to include Coleman's The Change of the Century, The Sphinx, The Doctor and the Artist, Insight and Outlook, Ramblin', and Lonely Woman.

Coleman proved to be such a good draw at the Five Spot in January that he will open there April 5 for an eight-week run.

Drummer Shelly Manne has been elected to membership in ASCAP. His compositions include A Year of Youth, Grasshopper, Flip, and Sophisticated Rabbit . . Julian (Cannonball) Adderley's group has been signed to play at the Cannes Jazz festival on the French Riviera in July . . . Tenor sax star John Coltrane postponed the formation of his own group until after he returns from a short European tour with Miles Davis this month.



Blues singer Jimmy Rushing recorded an album with the Dave Brubeck Quartet at Columbia last month . . . Les Brown, who has been recording on Capitol and Coral for the past decade, has returned to the Columbia label. It was with Columbia that he rose to fame during the 1940's . . . Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers have signed with the Vee-Jay label. The recent African Holiday revue produced at the Apollo in Harlem by Peter Long featured a drum exhibition by Blakey, Michael Babatunde Olatunji, a Ni-

gerian drummer, and Gus Dinizulu, from the Sudan. The Fontana label in Belgium has announced the release of the soundtrack of the film Des Femmes Disparaissent, which was recorded by Blakey and the Messengers in Europe last January.

Eileen (Bake-a-cake) Barton is the hostess at the new East River Club, on 52nd St. at the East River. Singer Mel Torme appeared during the first week to help Eileen get the club under way. The Gene Di Novi Trio moved from the Arpeggio to the East River as a regular



Brown

attraction . . . The Death of Bessie Smith, a short play by Edward Albee, author of the current off-Broadway success, The Zoo Story, is scheduled to be produced in London this spring.

Frankie Dunlop, ex-Maynard Ferguson drummer, left New York last month to replace Jimmy Johnson when the Duke Ellington band opened in Las Vegas. There is a possibility that bassist Aaron Bell will also go west to join Ellington, in place of Jimmy Wood . . . Louis Armstrong and his group have been added to the roster of talent appearing at the New York News two-day jazz concert in Madison Square Garden June 2 and 3 . . . RCA Victor has announced a jazz reissue program including LP's by Coleman Hawkins (the 1939-40 and 1946-47 bands), Bix Beiderbecke, Charlie Barnet (1939-40 band), Erskine Haw-(Continued on Page 46)



A Lot of Loot

For the first time, a figure was given: some 255 disc jockets and other broadcasting personnel have taken payola.

The figure cropped up during the payola hearings in Washington. Nor was that the end of it. The federal trade commission said that the payola takers were located in 56 U.S. cities—indicating that payola penetrated down to grass-root levels, in many instances.

Further to shake up disillusioned adolescents was the news that one of their idols, disc spinner and TV "personality" Dick Clark had been on the take.

First, Rep. John B. Bennett, ranking Republican on the payola-probing subcommittee, said that Clark was "quite obviously involved in payola."

A week later, it was announced that Clark admitted under oath that he had had a financial stake in songs broadcast on his national TV show. He also admitted that a record manufacturer gave him a ring and his wife a necklace, worth a combined \$3,400.

Rep. Bennett said that Clark had at one time held ownership in 17 record and music companies, and that Clark had confirmed these holdings in an affidavit obtained from him by the American Broadcasting Company. ABC told Clark to divest himself of these holdings or leave his *Bandstand U.S.A.* show.

Clark agreed to unload the firms, and for a while it looked as if he would pull the smoothest cop-out since the payola probe began. Rep. Bennett changed that. He said that Clark had "admitted playing songs that were owned or distributed or pressed by companies that he wholly or partly owned, and that he thereby made a financial profit.

"Clark's admissions in the affidavit alone make a stronger case against him than any of the disc jockeys we've had as witnesses so far," Bennett added.

He said that the subcommittee should call Clark and ABC network officials as witnesses in the case. Clark had been under investigation for four months when Bennett made his statement.

Meantime, another federal agency had joined the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Communications Commission, and the house subcommittee in payola-probing. The Internal Revenue Service began to look into the matter, to find out whether the disc jockeys who took payola had reported it in their income tax returns.

The concentration of activities suggested that effective bars to payola would eventually be set up. And, curiously, the deeper probers got into payola, the more the disc jockeys began to seem incidental to the overall practice. Higher-ups were also evidently involved.

The House subcommittee's function is not a punitive one—as that of the



PAYOLA SPOOF

Inevitably, the payola probe has found its way into America's humor. Aside from quips by TV comics, there have been Stan Freberg's record, Payola Roll Blues, and the merciless satire of Lenny Bruce. Here, Bruce, left, poses for a gag shot with a friend in the roll of a disc jockey on the take for his money. The picture was taken for the back of Bruce's new LP, I'm Not a Nut, Elect Me!

Internal Revenue service might be, if violations are uncovered. The subcommittee is to gather all information necessary to write hole-proof legislation to stop payola.

Stiff regulations have been suggested. The broadcasting industry has naturally objected. But some sort of stiffening of the rules seemed inevitable. And those who think they will find ways around the situation were given a jolt when the most important head to date was sent a-rolling by the probe: FCC chairman John C. Doerfer was forced to resign.

The House subcommittee is not just looking into the antics of broadcasters: it is looking at the FCC itself through a magnifying class. In effect, not only the violations of regulations by broadcasters are under review, but the regulations themselves *and* the regulators.

Doerfer's resignation was given to President Eisenhower, indicating how high up awareness of the probe has gone.

The resignation came about this way:

Two years ago, a House subcommittee examining federal regulatory agencies (including the FCC) criticized Doerfer after he had admitted being the guest of George B. Storer, operator of 12 radio and TV stations, on Storer's Yacht in the Bahamas. Doerfer told reporters the trip has simply been a "twohour cruise".

But called this March before the House subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, Doerfer admitted he had spent six nights on the Storer yacht (called the Lazy Girl), and that he and his wife had been flown to Florida and back in Storer's private plane. He said he intended to pay Storer \$213.40, the round-trip commercial fare, but had not done so as yet.

Doerfer argued that he saw nothing wrong in his conduct, and implied that he would continue to accept hospitality from broadcasters. He also let it be known that he had no intention of resigning.

But the hue and cry that went up was evidently more than he had expected.

Press criticism of Doerfer was strong. The FCC chairman had a half-hour meeting with President Eisenhower, and offered his resignation. It was accepted. Doerfer was thus the second FCC member to resign under fire. Richard A. Mack resigned after it was disclosed that he had accepted money from one of the "interested parties" in the awarding of television channel 10 in Miami. Doerfer was promptly replaced as

FCC chairman by Frederick W. Ford.

New Show For Pearlie May

Last fall Pearl Bailey told Leonard Feather (*Down Beat*, Nov. 26), "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.

The singer was speaking of her vaude production, An Evening with Pearl Bailey, then playing New York's Apollo theater. Wrote Feather, "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."

When Miss Bailey, her troupe, and Louis Bellson's band open at Las Vegas' Flamingo March 31, the revue will be a new one, and will play in the show room now retitled The Pearl Bailey Four Hundred Club. As before, the show is interracial. Marie Bryant is staging choreography to encompass the talent of a newly-signed 16-year-old ballerina discovered by Miss Bailey in Columbus, Ohio. The Seven Moroccans act also appears as part of the revue.

Musical backbone of the show continues to be the Bellson band. Whether Louis would occupy his drum chair throughout the program was not known. In Hollywood he commented, "They don't want me to play drums. I don't know what they want me to do...But I don't want to sing like Buddy Rich!"

Possibly the most unusual and gratifying aspect of Miss Bailey's new production is that the company manager, Bill Bailey is Negro. For a Negro to boss a show in such a top Las Vegas room is not only unprecedented, it is slightly less than sensational.

THINGS TO COME

Who are the big bands of today? Aside from the obvious leaders in the field—Count Basie, Stan Kenton, Maynard Ferguson, Duke Ellington and a handful of others—America today still has a huge variety of orchestras ranging from hotel bands to big but little-known swingers in the "territories."

The next issue of *Down Beat* will give a complete survey of these bands, along with full-scale portraits of Count Basie and Stan Kenton, and a study of the direction the bands are taking today. In addition, we will present the first of a series of articles called *The Other Side* of the Coin, which will point up the activities of some of those disc jockeys who did not take payola and who stuck to good music.

On top of that, the Up Beat section will contain a full big band arrangement, and the first of the series of columns explaining the technical aspects of jazz, so much demanded and so long awaited by our readers.

To accommodate all these features, the issue will be nearly double its normal size. It is *Down Beat's* seventh annual big band issue. Don't miss it.

Guild Sweeps TV Election

The changing face of Hollywood's gigantic entertainment industry continues to assume new aspects. While the motion picture business shifts from major studio production to the everincreasing independent companies, the television film field is booming as never before. Though the major studios are strikebound, both independent producers and telefilm companies increasingly avail themselves of the streamlined facilities rented on such lots as Warner Bros., 20th-Century-Fox and M-G-M.

For Hollywood's musicians, the loss of income from major studio production is severe; were it not for work on "indie" pictures and telefilms, the economic picture would be depressing indeed.

In the coveted labor jurisdiction of telefilm production, the Musicians Guild of America this month grabbed a major slice of the luscious TV pie while the opposing American Federation of Musicians had to settle for the poor relation's portion. Result of the NLRBsupervised election (Down Beat, March 17) gave MGA bargaining rights for musicians employed by 18 firms of the industry-wide Alliance of Television Film Producers, Inc., which turn out some 75 per cent of the industry's TV films. The AFM scored election victories at MCA's Revue Productions (161 to 123) and at ABC-TV (19 to 14). At CBS-TV, the vote, while challenged, looked decisive in favor of the federation.

No sooner were the results made public than the AFM retaliated, demanded the federal district court nullify the election on grounds the NLRB had violated the AFM's constitutional and statutory rights by conducting it in the first place. Herman Kenin, federation president, declared his union will continue to seek "in the courts and in every other appropriate avenue for relief from the penny-ante nuisance attacks being waged by the tiny dual union group in Los Angeles which calls itself the Musicians Guild."

Guild board chairman Cecil Read termed the federation's position "completely ridiculous" and also scoffed at an AFM spokesman's comment on the election that the guild victory amounted to very little because Revue and CBS-TV were the firms that counted.

Pointing out the high percentage of telefilms produced by the Alliance as a whole (Revue is also a member of A.T.F.P., Inc.,), Read derided the federation position that "Revue and CBS are the companies doing the shows."

"The only reason they say that," the guild chief told *Down Beat*, "is that the federation is subsidizing half of Revue's

music cost through its trust fund."

Telefilm companies now under MGA jurisdiction include those affiliated with, or subsidiaries of, Desilu Productions, Four Star Films, Hal Roach Studios, McCadden Productions, Wyatt Earp Enterprises, Gross-Krasne, Inc., Lassie Programs, Inc., and the Jack Warther Organization.

Upcoming in the near future, said Read, will be elections ordered by NLRB to determine union jurisdiction at the telefilm firms of Emcee-S.A. Coire (producers of the *Hennessy Show*), Sparton Productions, the Rebel Co., and Bilmar Productions (the *Philip Marlowe* program). In the motion picture field, elections are pending at the Mirisch Company (*Some Like It Hot*), Seven Arts Productions, and Marathon Productions.

McHugh's View

LIVE WITH THE NATION'S YOUTH

One of the traditions of European show business is that the old and established help the new and the struggling. Maurice Chevalier, for example, has helped a host of young singers to stardom.

In America, however, the tradition of the protegé seems strangely missing. Though there are exceptions, top U.S. show business people sometimes convey the impression that they want to keep the young from rising—from achieving a position where they will be competitive to themselves.

A strict exception to this rule is balding, dapper and sixtyish song-writer Jimmy McHugh. Composer of a big variety of hits during the last three decades, McHugh today has a publishing company through which he is developing a stable of "new" songwriters and composers. Curiously, they are all jazz-oriented—and none of them is "new" to jazz fans.

Among them are Bud Shank, Bob Cooper, Jimmy Rowles, Andre Previn, Bobby Troup, Alyn Ferguson, and Pete Rugolo.

Actually, McHugh's taste for jazz writers is not so strange. Many of his own tunes have been strongly rhythmic, and he takes particular pride that French jazz critic Hugues Panassie once rated him near the top among "jazz composers".



Jimmy McHugh looks over the new shows in New York's uptown theater district.

What is more, McHugh's relationship to jazz is of longer duration and greater importance than those who play his tunes in jam sessions generally realize. McHugh, for example, is the man who first put Duke Ellington in the Cotton Club—a turning point in the Ellington career.

McHugh produced the Cotton Club shows in the 1920s. "I heard Duke and I wanted him," McHugh said. "For one thing, he and his boys could read! The band I had to let go couldn't. I had to sit down at the piano and play every tune for them until they learned it. Not only could Duke read, he promptly went to work writing the orchestrations—at \$50 each—for the show. That was in 1927. Bubber Miley and Sonny Greer were with him, I remember."

In 1930, McHugh went to work with lyricist Dorothy Fields ("she was a schoolteacher when I met her") to write the songs for the International Review. Among them were On the Sunny Side of the Street and Exactly Like You. The musicians who worked the show included Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, and Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey.

By 1934, McHugh was producing shows at the Riviera. He needed a 10piece band. The musicians hired included Paul Weston, Axel Stordahl, the Dorsey brothers, Glenn Miller, and Ray McKinley. "Bob Crosby was the vocalist," McHugh recalled. "Bing paid his salary." Out of that show came the lovely Lost in a Fog, one of McHugh's best tunes.

Time, and the accruing royalties from his hits—many of which had passed into being jazz standards brought McHugh great prosperity. But like so many composers of good tunes, he found good music dropping under the onslaught of payola and/or rock and roll. By now, of course, he was beyond the point where such fluctuations of income could cause him any personal discomfort. But seeing America inundated with junk music an-

Hits of Jimmy McHugh

My Dream of the Big Parade (1926); Blue Again, Exactly Like You, Go Home and Tell Your Mother, On the Sunny Side of the Street (1930); Cuban Love Song (1931); Don't Blame Me, Hey! Young Fella, Close Your Old Umbrella (1933); Thank You for a Lovely Evening (1934); I Feel a Song Comin' On, I'm in the Mood for Love, Lovely to Look At (1935); Where Are You? (1936); South American Way (1939); Comin' in on a Wing and a Prayer, I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night, Let's Get Lost, A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening (1934); Dig You Later (1945); It's a Most Unusual Day, You Say the Nicest Things, Baby (1948); Dream, Dream, Dream (1954).

noyed him. As a member of ASCAP (the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers), he not unnaturally tends to put the blame for much of this music on BMI (Broadcast Music Incorporated, the rival organization to ASCAP).

"BMI," said McHugh, "showed itself to be a company with no taste. What taste they have shown ran to rock and roll. They didn't understand the nature of such music as that of Rodgers and Hammerstein. The proof of BMI's tastelessness is that they have not produced one songwriter of the caliber of the top 100 ASCAP writers. Nothing worthwhile in the way of music has carried over in BMI, such as the glorious songs of Gershwin or Rogers and Hart."

Today, McHugh sees signs that the clouds of junk music are being blown away by the draft created by the payola probe.

"I think the boys who took payola are very sorry now that they did. I'm sure that in their hearts they are much more influenced by good music, which is exemplified by the fact that today the disc companies are screaming for the standards of yesterday to fill the gap. These standards are being recorded by the young singers of today— Bobby Darin, Johnny Mathis, Frankie Avalon, even Fabian.

"The situation is changing so much that, as far as I can see, the field is wide open now for the young song writer seeking to write good material. "How does he get started? By believing in what he does, and by sticking with it. Invariably, a good song will have a hearing, the same as a good artist. I always feel that talent will out.

"I am intensely interested in the young song-writers with talent. And in the young musicians. My friends include Chico Hamilton and Dinah Washington. I live the whole field. I never want to feel that I'm a dried-up songwriter. I did Lawrence Tibbett's first movie. Later, I did Sinatra's first, and Perry Como's first, and Dick Haymes' first picture. And lately I've worked with Pete Rugolo on the music for Jack the Ripper. I want to live with the youth of the country.

"That is one of the reasons I have gone into this publishing venture."

The publishing firm is known as Levine-McHugh-Doll (for Bill Doll, the noted Broadway press agent). It is publishing the jazz tunes of Ferguson, Cooper, Rowles, et al. In those cases where McHugh thinks the songs are suitable, lyrics are being added. Lyrics thus far have come from Bobby Troup, Steve Allen, and old pro Ned Washington.

Last fall, McHugh was honored by a Hollywood Bowl concert. Previously, the bowl had done concerts devoted to Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, and others. This was the first on McHugh's music. Featured were Bobby Darin and Buddy Bregman.

McHugh thought Darin was sensational, and the whole show a gas. For Jimmy McHugh, living with the youth of America seems more than an idle slogan.

A Beef From Darby

When the 1959 Grammy awards were announced in December by the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, vocal coach Ken Darby got mad. Many felt that his anger was justified and agreed that he should have been named co-winner with André Previn of the award in the category, Best Sound Track Album, Original Cast -Motion Picture or Television - for the music from Porgy And Bess.

Darby immediately protested to NARAS, pointing out that since he was co-supervisor and conductor with Previn on the Porgy score and is so credited on the Columbia album, he should share the award. Previn reportedly was the first to concur.

For three months the academy deliberated the issue. Finally, in mid-February, NARAS had made up its collective mind and president Paul Weston wired the result to Darby — he was to get his Grammy with full credit and recognition as associate music director.

Declared NARAS: " . . . the National Trustees stressed that this particular situation was decided solely on its own merits and is an exception to the academy's policy of giving only one Grammy for the winning album or record."

Exception or no, Darby had made his point.

Lambert-Hendricks-Moss

Those who had been amused by the similarity of the two names - Annie Ross and Annie Moss - did a double take when the jazz vocal trio known as Lambert-Hendricks-Ross temporarily became Lambert-Hendricks-Moss.

The substitution came when the trio's high-note specialist, Annie Ross, came down with lobar pneumonia during an engagement in Chicago. Taken back to New York and Flower Fifth Avenue Hospital, Miss Ross was unable to go on with the group. Who could replace her?

Ann Marie Moss, the vocalist Maynard Ferguson found in Toronto, was the obvious answer. Aside from the similarity of names, she and Annie Ross had become close friends when they travelled together on the Jazz for Moderns tour last fall. Miss Moss, who left the Ferguson band some weeks ago, opened with the trio in Washington.

Meantime, Miss Ross, released from hospital in New York, was recuperating at the home of her friend, arranger Manny Albam, who was in Europe. Until she could go back to work, Lambert-Hendricks-Moss was carrying on.

Another New Disc

More than a decade after the introduction of 331/3 rpm and 45 rpm discs,



INTERESTED OBSERVER

Clarinetist Own Engel blows a chorus for His Excellency Alex Wuaison-Sackey, Ghana's ambassador to the United Nations. The ambassador is a devoted jazz buff. Engel is the founderdirector of the World Jazz festival, scheduled to be held this year at New York's Central Park mall on June 12.

a further innovation may be on the way: a light-weight, pliable record selling for a nickel or less.

Basic diameter of the new plastic record, due out soon, will be seven inches. The discs are to be made in 331/3, 45, and 78 rpm speeds. They are to have top quality fidelity and stand up to hundreds of plays.

The label will be called Rank T.U.P. (standing for Thin Unbreakable Plastic). The discs will be manufactured in the United States by Consolidated Litho Corporation of Long Island, under license from Rank Records of America, incorporated in New York City. The new discs are completely pliable and can be rolled up for insertion in mailing tubes, cereal boxes, and magazines.

Liturgical Jazz on Tour

Composer Ed Summerlin, happy with the recent success of his Requiem for Mary Jo, a jazz liturgy on NBC-TV, is taking it to the people: he has been touring eastern colleges and churches.

Summerlin's musical setting of morning prayer is to be presented on some 40 campuses, and to date the tenor saxophonist, leading the Contemporary Jazz Ensemble, has presented the work at Dartmouth, Harvard, Brown, Yale, and the American university. The group also has appeared in the Judson Memorial church on New York's Washington square and in two churches on Long Island.

The concert in New York was presented in the sanctuary of old Judson church at two sessions, one in the late

afternoon and the other in the early evening.

Dr. Roger Ortmayer, who read the service on the television film and on the Ecclesia recording, was unable to make the trip. In his place, the Rev. Charles Boyles is traveling with the ensemble and reading the John Wesley Order of Morning Prayer to the jazz background.

The group opened the program with four numbers not religiously oriented and then presented the complete liturgical work with Summerlin directing and playing tenor saxophone.

The instrumentation for the Contemporary Jazz Ensemble on the tour is two trumpets, one trombone, two tenor saxophones, one alto saxophone, and four rhythm.

A collection was taken to defray the expenses of the concert.

The use of jazz in religious liturgy is beginning to become widespread. Dr. Paul Tillich of the Harvard divinity school recently attended an unusual program presented at a church conference in St. Louis, where jazz recordings were used as part of the service.

Dr. Tillich was at the conference to speak on religion and art. The program was titled The Prophetic Voice of Jazz and was given in the United Church of Christ in St. Louis in February.

The order of the service was:

Prelude, Peace Piece.

Call to Worship, Everybody Digs Bill Evans.

Invocation.

Meditation and confession, Mournful

Blues from Jimmy Yancey's Pure Blues

Scripture, Psalm 98 Prayer (Oh, Doctor Jesus) Porgy and Bess, Miles Davis. Pastoral Prayer.

Sermon, "Prophetic Voice of Jazz" *Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West* from Modern Jazz Quartet at Music Inn album.

- a. Improvisation and prophecy
- b. Integrity
- c. Freedom and community
- d. Diligence

Postlude, Consider the Source from An Hour with the Ramsey Lewis Trio album.

Benediction.

Dr. Tillich's comment after returning to Cambridge was, "I found the program very effective, especially insofar as a liturgy was composed that seemed to be an appropriate blending of words and music."

The Ball Bounces

Cannonball Adderley's newly formed quintet got off to a fine start last November, and a good part of the initial push came from the success of a tune named *This Here*. It was written by pianist Bobby Timmons, who had left Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers to join the Adderley brothers' group.

Orrin Keepnews of Riverside Records rushed to San Francisco to record the new group on its first engagement at the Jazz Workship. The Timmons contribution to the resulting album—*The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in San Francisco*—was the sleeper *This Here*. To date, Riverside has logged sales of the LP of between 25,000 to 30,000 copies, a phenomenal figure for a \$5 jazz item. The sales have been attributed mostly to the popularity of *This Here*.

Last month, Cannonball learned everything doesn't come up roses. Timmons informed him, "I think I've got a brighter future back with Art Blakey." The parting was amicable, and Cannonball observed, "You can't stand in the way of a man who wants to better himself."

The trade is inclined to think the real reason for the switch is dissatisfaction on Timmons' part regarding the financial return he got on *This Here* and the possibility that Blakey offered him a better deal if he returned to the Messengers.

Cannonball is not the type to worry and lost no time in finding a replacement. "I got Barry Harris of Detroit to join the group," he said. "He's something else, with a classical background besides his long-time jazz association with the stars from Detroit. It was Barry who taught Tommy Flanagan."

Harris has preferred to stick close

to home for the last few years. The only other time he wandered away was for a short period with Max Roach's Quintet in 1956, when he took over the piano chair after the automobile accident that killed pianist Richard Powell and trumpeter Clifford Brown.

Argo Records recently released a new piano-with-rhythm album by Harris entitled Breakin' It Up. He also can be heard on The Other Side of Benny Golson (Riverside 12-290), Mobley's Message (Prestige 7061), and Two Trumpets (Prestige 7062).

Meanwhile, the Adderleys retain their stride with solid bookings. The group is signed for the Cannes Jazz festival on the Riviera in July, and Cannonball has been mentioned for a part in a forthcoming *Startime* television biography of the late W. C. Handy.

First Things First

First there has to be a man who will break the ice.

On a recent evening, listeners to New York's WINS-AM radio station were treated to two hours of Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, and other recordings made in the late 1930s and the early 1940s. Samples from the nostalgic swing concert were Bunny Berigan's *I Can't Get Started*, Woody Herman's Woodchoppers Ball, Basie's One-O'Clock Jump, Les Brown's Leap Frog, and Ellington's Take the "A" Train.

Disc jockey Paul Sherman made short announcements introducing each record during the two hours of prime time, 7 and 9 p.m., and only three minutes were devoted to institutional advertising.

The man responsible for this tasteful program on WINS, one of the leading purveyors of rock-and-roll music during these early evening hours, was Tom Gilbert, a small manufacturer of men's hosiery. It was the first time his company ever had sponsored a radio program.

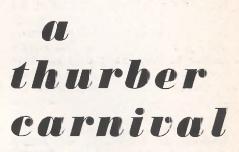
Gilbert has listened to the Hound Dog; I Go Ape; Yakety Yak, and Jailhouse Rock variety of song with considerable dismay during the last couple of years. He said, "This kind of music is contributing to the lowering of the morals of today's youth. It is the same song over and over again with a different sexual beat each time."

The middle-aged manufacturer recalls the music of his own youth during the swing era and feels that today's youth might learn to enjoy a better brand of popular music if they were exposed to it.

Gilbert said his big hope is that other advertisers will take over where the Gilbert company leaves off with shows of a similar type.

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JAZZ ON STAGE



BY GEORGE HOEFER

The past several months have seen several plays that have used jazz and jazz musicians as integral parts of the drama. Free and Easy, which tried out in Europe, The Connection, an off-Broadway production, and A Thurber Carnival, which opened recently on Broadway with music by Don Elliott, all have used jazz musicians on stage.

In this issue, we take a look at the Thurber Carnival. In the next, we will consider the use of jazz in The Connection.

Don Elliott has been praised and scorned for the elements of humor he instills into his onstage performances. His thoughts along these lines, were clearly outlined in a *Down Beat* interview in October, 1958, when he said, "I don't want to be known as the funny jazzman, but I do want to bridge the gap between entertainment and pure art. In the drama, both sides of the traditional mask are important. There are times when a little bit of comedy goes a long way to point up a climax or pace a performance."

These ideas and his understanding of the theater made Elliott a natural selection for his latest assignment. When Burgess Meredith took over the task of producing and directing *The Thurber Carnival*, he couldn't have found a better man to compose and perform the musical accompaniment.

It is hard to classify *The Thurber Carnival* as either a revue or a musical in the strictest sense of those terms. Rather it is a collection of James Thurber pieces strung together in a series of recitatives performed with light acting. As Brooks Atkinson summed up the show in his New York *Times* review, it is "a glorious world of meaningful nonsense."

Nor is Elliott's music a score in the

usual meaning of the word. There is no beginning, ending or thread of sequence in the music, which is used, like the settings, when there seems to be a need for it.

The show opens with a rhythmic overture played by Elliott's quartet, located in an especially built box, reminding one of a puppet theater, offstage between the proscenium and first fire exit. While on the road during the tryout tour, the quartet used both downstairs and upstairs boxes. The ANTA theater in New York does not have boxes, so it was necessary to construct a curtain-enclosed bandstand in the available space without blocking the exit. Result: there is room for Elliott with his vibes and mellophone, Ronnie Bedford and his drums, and Jimmy Raney with an amplified guitar. Jack Six and his bass fiddle are in the aisle next to the stand.

The overture and a short selection played at the end of the first act were lightly swinging jazz improvisations with solo choruses from each instrument. The familiar Elliott-Sascha Burland melody entitled Uh-Oh is recognizable in Elliott's vibraphone chorus during the number before intermission.

The show proper opens and closes with a "word dance" consisting of a dance formation performed by the entire cast of excellent comedians, paired off in couples, as they recite short sayings to the audience. The male dancer might hold up his partner's hand and say, "Meet Miss Gorse; she's in embalming." This would be followed after a couple of dance steps by another Thurberism such as, "Where did you get

those big brown eyes and that tiny mind?" or "My husband wanted me to live in sin even after we were married." Jazz music accompanies the action throughout the two numbers, not only tempering the wonderfully humorous mood but also rhythmically pacing the epigrammatic lines.

The quartet joins the dancers on stage for the word dance that constitutes the finale, and at this time some of the speakers get personal attention from either the bass, snare drum on a portable stand, or Elliott's horn.

Each act has a set of three Fables of Our Times and a series of familiar Thurber tales. These are acted by a superb cast featuring Tom Ewell, Peggy Cass, and Paul Ford. The fables include such Thurber titles as If Grant Had Been Drinking at Appomattox; Mr. Preble Gets Rid of His Wife, and The Secret Life of Walter Mitty.

Elliott's low-key group sound is used as accompaniment where it adds to the mood of a particular piece. The music is not included with every story but is used sparingly where it serves a purpose. In addition to its function of highlighting the humorous vein of the mood in accompaniments, the music is used to bridge scene changes and to punctuate speaking parts. There is one sketch where a drum rim shot simulates the sound of a pistol going off.

There are several short sequences featuring members of the quartet. During the first act, Elliott, playing mellophone, and the bass player are carried across the stage from wing to wing on a treadmill mechanism while playing. Another time the entire quartet makes

the trip, the purpose being to allow time for a set to be changed while the mood is sustained by the musical interlude.

The small box containing the musicians has a curtain that can be drawn. The group plays behind the closed curtain when it is desired that the audience concentrate on the action on stage. One becomes aware of the traveling platform across the front edge of the stage in the first act when an empty chair comes out of the wings and journeys unaccompanied to the center of the stage and stops. During this action, light jazz emanates from behind the curtain.

Elliott's music is the same you would hear him playing with his quartet in a club. It is doubtful that there is enough melodic definition to the score to make a worthwhile long-playing record. The score was written down, and each soloist memorized his solo and ensemble parts, yet, the musical performance has the spontaneity of improvisation. It somehow becomes as much a part of Thurber's wacky world as the backgrounds of Thurber drawings and the acting abilities of the cast in depicting the Thurber situations.

All seven of the New York drama critics were unanimous in saying The Thurber Carnival is the freshest and the funniest show of the 1959-60 season.

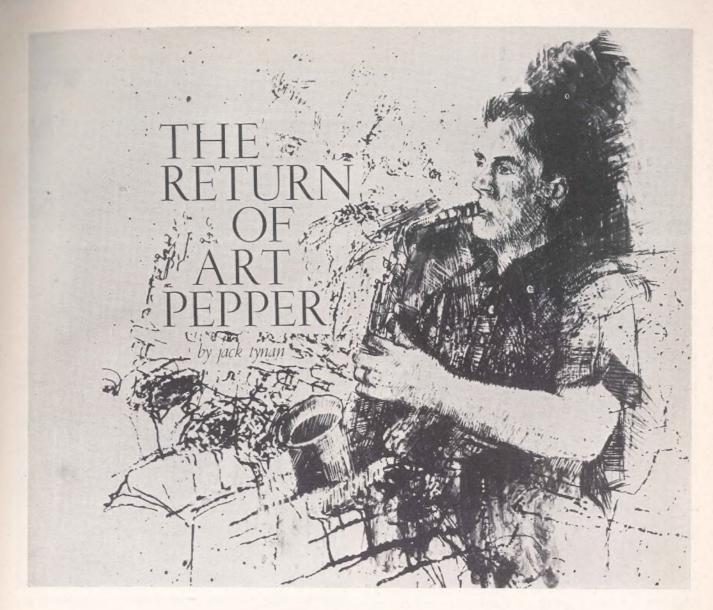
The part played by Elliott helps prove a point he made in the 1958 interview, in which he observed, "It's as if I was telling the audience, 'Don't laugh at jazz ... laugh with jazz.' I want them to feel it can be entertaining as well as emo-લિંગ tional."



The newest groove in play presentation seems to be putting jazz musicians right onstage with the actors. This is a scene from the new show, A Thurber Carnival, which opened recently on Broadway. Seen from

left to right are guitarist Jimmy Raney, drummer Ronnie Bedford, mellophonist Don Elliatt (who composed the music for the show), bassist Jack Six, Tom Ewell, star of the show, Peggy Cass and Paul Ford.

16 . DOWN BEAT



HOLLYWOOD

OR Art Pepper the long, lean years are over.

Fast reestablishing himself as one of the most important altoists in modern jazz, busy with Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All-Stars five nights a week and Sunday afternoons, the 35-year-old musician today has put his troubled times well behind him and is now seeking greater expressiveness as an artist.

So busy is Pepper, in fact, that it is hard to believe that only a year ago, he was selling accordions — along with lessons on the instrument — to make a living. He had no work to speak of, and had become a stranger in the recording studios where his name had been linked with the foremost experimenters a scant five years previous. To those musicians with whom he occasionally came in contact, he seemed a ghost of his old self. He appeared to have lost all interest in jazz and the playing of it.

"It's true I was pretty disinterested in music at that time," Pepper admits today. "But I began to put down the *music* rather than the circumstances."

In Art's case, the "circumstances" stretch a long way back. They cover his youth in Gardena, Calif.; his early days of sitting in with jazz greats when Los Angeles' Central Avenue and Main Street were swinging with all-night sessions; his first big break with the Benny Carter band when, as a 17-year-old, he sat alongside the late trumpeter Freddie Webster and trombonist J. J. Johnson; the great days with the Stan Kenton orchestra, and the oblivion that followed.

All these "circumstances" added up for the sax player to a total sum of disillusionment with music and a jazz world that did not seem exactly ready to welcome back Art Pepper with open arms. There was a brief period of recording in 1955-56, and an alliance with tenorist Jack Montrose that came to little but scattered night club engagements. The albums that emerged in that period were uniformly good, mostly quartet discs that showcased Pepper's flexible and dynamic style. The last of the quartet sessions, recorded for the Aladdin label, was never released on LP, though it is available on Omegatape. It is of special interest due to the presence on the date of the late pianist Carl Perkins. It was Perkins' final recording.

Withal, the deadly "circumstances" found their mark. Pepper became more depressed at the lack of recording calls, and at the repeated attempts to launch his own group in a town of clubowners ready to buy music for clowns. And so he withdrew from music, retreating into a personal shell that was made a little less lonely by his wife, Diane.

Today Pepper can say, without undue display of emotion, "Diane's understanding saved me; I owe *so* much to her." And it is true that in Pepper's darkest hours, when making a living in music seemed nothing more than a bad joke, Diane stiffened his will to endure and, finally, to return to jazz more eloquent than ever. It was not the simple fact of matrimony, for Pepper had been married before. But his previous marriage turned out a flop. In fact, it was in large measure responsible for his continuing disturbed state of mind. "My marriage now is permanent and so very different from before," he said. "No words can describe what it means to me."

This, then, was the Art Pepper of a year ago — a lonely, isolated man; to his friends, it was a depressing business indeed to see so gifted and promising a performer reduced to selling accordions.

What was it that snapped Art Pepper back? What started him on the road back to performance?

"One day," Pepper says, "I decided I just had to play." The problem was: where?

HE heard of a job with a rock and roll band in a San Fernando Valley club. With mixed emotions, he showed for the first night's work.

Art Pepper playing rock and roll?

Purist jazz fans may shudder at the thought. But it is a reality of the music business that jazzmen's lives are not from storybooks. Pepper had realized that you cannot put yearning and aspiration between two slices of bread—hence the job selling accordions. But playing his horn was the thing he knew best, and whether it was rock and roll or businessman's bounce didn't seem to matter at the time.

Curiously, the rock and roll job sparked the qualitative change in Pepper's attitude toward music that is today being fulfilled with the Lighthouse All-Stars and in his own mind.

"This was a really *authentic* rock and roll band," said Pepper. "Most of the guys were from Shreveport, La., and they didn't fool around with the music. I began to dig music again from working with them. Because they really *felt* it. The music *swung*."

And it was a start.

In mid-1959, Pepper got a call to play an engagement at a club called The Cellar in Vancouver, B. C. He took the job. And the experience proved so emotionally satisfying that he firmly decided to "get back to playing jazz seriously."

For a time he worked around Los Angeles with the big Latin band of René Bloch. "This was great for me. For one thing, Rene's band is a good one, and swings like mad. Then, the Latin thing gassed me. I had such a ball playing montunas and all the other rhythms not usually heard in jazz."

Then came another break.

Bud Shank, who once sat by Pepper's side in the Stan Kenton sax section, put in a bid for him to join his revamped quartet. Needless to say, Art didn't hesitate. After some months working with the quartet weekends at the Drift Inn in Malibu and as the off-night group at Hermosa's Lighthouse, Pepper joined Rumsey's All-Stars as full-time sideman. Now he was really on his way.

RECENTLY, Pepper's horns have been heard on many albums emanating from Hollywood studios. Apart from his new LP on the Contemporary label (Art Pepper Plus Eleven, M3568 S7568), he is featured on any vocal and instrumental albums with which arranger Marty Paich is connected. This is no accident.

"The truth is," Art confessed, "Marty is the only leader in town who has called me for record dates, and who still does whenever he records. Even if he has an arrangement, say, on a vocal album with all strings, he'll even write in an alto part for me to blow on."

Through the years, Marty and Art have somehow gravitated toward each other. Pepper's first quartet recording for the Tampa label, in 1955 was, in reality, Paich's date, released as the *Marty Paich Quartet*.

"Seems like everything I've done with Marty came out

good — from the first quartet we did on Tampa," Pepper declared. "He writes very interestingly — just listen to the latest album — and it always swings. That *Eleven* album is written with a lot of taste, and the voicing is excellent.

"Between him and me, it's a feeling . . . Like, some people really make it together and some don't. We do."

THE circumstances surrounding Pepper's return to fulltime musical activity extend also into another area of influence — that of drawing inspiration from other jazzmen.

"The guy who really made me want to play again was John Coltrane," Pepper said. "The fact that he'd come up with a really original style struck me most strongly. In the past, there was Pres, then Charlie Parker. Now there's Coltrane. He starts playing and just flows through the rhythm. And I like his *sound*. Many people object to his sound, they say it's too rough and hard. Not me. He plays an awful lot of notes, but as beautifully as anyone ever played. The way he plays with a chord and with scales is really remarkable."

Then there was Sonny Rollins — a most important key to Pepper's revitalized thinking on jazz playing. "In Rollins I saw that you can play exactly the way you feel. In the past, I'd always felt that people were putting me down, holding me down from playing the way I truly felt.

"Ornette Coleman, too. I like the fact that he plays exactly the way he feels. I think it took a lot of courage to do what he was doing when everybody was putting him down. And his tunes gas me. *Lorraine* is one of the most



beautiful tunes I've ever heard. I know that Ornette's not reached his goal yet, but he's trying."

Miles and Monk also rate high on the list of those who inspired Pepper to resume playing, and for the same reason — real individuality. "Doing something you like and not worrying what anybody will think about it" is, to Pepper, the realization of artistic purpose. In earlier years, he feels, this was frustrated. He explains why.

"Because of the white environment on the coast, I was forced into set ways of playing that I didn't really feel," he said. "I'd go somewhere and play the way I wanted, freely, and the guys I was playing with would look at me as though I were crazy. See, if I felt I wanted to honk once in a while, then I'd do it. I'd honk or squeal or do anything I felt like at that moment. But the other cats just didn't accept it; they didn't want to accept it. So I began to conform to the kind of playing that was acceptable and I fell into lethargy — and out of music."

THE "new" Pepper is reaching some positive conclusions about the state of jazz today. "It's like jazz is finally reaching a point where it's really becoming a *music*. It's acquiring a form such as classical music has. Jazz is being extended and now it gives you a chance to play away from strict chord changes.

"The advancement of the rhythm sections adds to this," Pepper continued. "Rather than just keeping the time, each member of today's rhythm section can contribute something *Continued on Page 40*

THE EXPATRIATE LIFE OF STAN GETZ

BY JACK LIND

COPENHAGEN

A N American tourist who had picked up enough Danish to become aware of Danish radio's predilection for lecture series on turnip growing, and similar heavy fare, was surprised, when he turned on his car radio not long ago, to hear a broadcast of live jazz.

To add to his bafflement, he thought he recognized one of the soloists with the big, swinging band. The tenor saxophonist sounded for all the world like Stan Getz. "It can't be," he muttered.

But it was. Getz, Joe Harris, Oscar Pettiford, and other American stalwarts were wailing over the staid Danish airwayes.

Getz, one of the most creative and influential of American jazzmen and a consistent favorite of the U.S. public, is today living in Copenhagen — or rather, in one of its suburbs. With his pretty Swedish wife, Monica, and his four children (three by a previous marriage), he occupies a palatial home in Lyngby, which he rents from a university professor. It is not far from the summer residence of the Danish Royal family. The Getz family has sunk itself into the life of Denmark. His children, with the linguistic ease of the young, have come to speak fluent Danish, and one of them even appeared recently in a play at his school. For his wife, the language presents no problem, since Danish is quite close to Swedish (the Swedes traditionally wisecrack that Danish isn't a language, it's a throat

Jack Lind is a Danish-born journalist who now lives in Chicago.

Recently he returned to Denmark. One of his assignments: to bring to Down Beat readers a portrait of the present life of Stan Getz, whose activities and recent pursuits have been almost a blank to American jazz fans since the brilliantly gifted saxophonist took up residence in Europe.

Lind is on the staff of the Chicago Daily News. Many readers will remember his portrait of Gene Krupa in the March 5, 1959, Down Beat.

disease). Getz himself speaks only a few words of Danish. "It's impossible to learn," he says. "Besides, everybody in Denmark speaks English and everybody wants to practice his English on you."

All the evidence suggests that Stan Getz has found in his expatriate life more health and happiness than his career has ever before given him.

Nor has living and playing far from the roots of jazz led to stagnation for the young saxophonist (he is only 33). He has found, like many American jazzmen who have become voluntary expatriates, that in the European life he has more time to develop, to try out new ideas. There are those who think that Getz is playing better today than ever before. American critic Ira Gitler, reviewing a European-made Getz LP in Down Beat recently, observed: "Getz sounds as if he is enjoying his expatriate life . . . He has reaped the benefits of relaxed living without being complacent about his playing . . . '

The musician himself verifies this view.

"I'm tired of competition. I'm tired of tearing around making money," says Getz who, until he settled in Denmark, was constantly on the go with concert tours, the nightclub circuit, and recording work, among many activities.

"There are other things in life than making money. Here, I have more time with my family. I don't make as much money as in the States, but it's cheaper to live here.

"And it's unhurried. I enjoy the relaxed way of living in Europe. I wanted to find peace of mind. That's hard to find in the States."

G ETZ is by no means the only American jazzman to take this view of America and leave. Europe today has a large and growing colony of American jazzmen. Getz' constant companion and best friend in Copenhagen has been bassist Oscar Pettiford, with whom he often works.

The first of the American jazz musicians to settle in Europe was, of course, Sidney Bechet, for whom France, where he died last year, had become home. Kenny Clarke moved to France; so did Bud Powell and Lucky Thompson. Trumpeter Bill Coleman lived abroad so long that he is virtually forgotten in America. Tenor saxophonist Don Byas chose Holland for a home, married a Dutch girl, and has been living abroad for 10 years.

Others chose Sweden, another country that is particularly hospitable to jazzmen and their talents. Former Dizzy Gillespie drummer Joe Harris hopped off during a tour and stayed, and is now married to a Swedish girl.

Quincy Jones has spent more time in Europe than in America in the past three or four years, working a great deal in Sweden. Trumpeter Benny Bailey, another Gillespie alumnus, had been living in Sweden for three years until he joined Quincy's big band during its European tour recently.

Some of these expatriates are fugitives from the American scene—fleeing

from personal problems, or from the American concept of the Age of Anxiety. A few are fugitives from more tangible things—high taxes, the racial situation, the disjointed family life that is so often forced on the American jazzman.

Getz and Pettiford evidently got tired of the pressures of life in America.

In Copenhagen, the two musicians are most likely to be heard in the Club Montmartre, a jazz room tucked away behind the facade of one of the ancient buildings that line a meandering street in the "inner city". In many ways Europe's most unique jazz spot, the Montmartre has no sign outside its door. Indeed, it has no other identifying mark than a giant photo of Count Basie that stares at you from the outside wall. Yet jazz fans and musicians have no trouble finding it. They gravitate toward it with the unerring instinct of a Sahara desert camel galloping toward an oasis for replenishment.

The Montmartre is run by Anders Dyrup, a tall, good-looking, blond Dane who first heard jazz 16 years ago when someone played him Artie Shaw's recording of *Traffic Jam*. He was smitten on the spot, and long ago began making plans for a jazz club—plans that came to fruition last year with the Montmartre.

The Montmartre is dark and smoky, lit only by candles that cast long, moving shadows, like claws, across the walls. You have trouble discerning the grotesque puffed-up heads set in relief on the walls.

The hipsters who come to dig jazz sit on long benches at rough-hewn tables, sipping heady Danish beer. The girls wear tight skirts, lowcut blouses, Brigitte Bardot hairdoes, and no makeup. The men wear beards and sweaters and Caesarean haircuts and smoke pipes. They look terribly earnest and sit in frozen postures while the musicians are blowing. The dance floor remains polished from lack of use, and the boor who dares to tap a finger to the rhythm is caught in the crossfire of a dozen icy stares.

Owner Dyrup and his pretty wife, Lotte, who is hostess, chef, and waitress in the place, have in the last year been hosts to such assorted dignitaries as Buck Clayton, Gerry Mulligan, Helen Merrill, Art Farmer, Mose Allison, Kenny Clarke, Kid Ory, Bengt Hallberg, Jimmy Rushing, Art Blakey, and sidemen from the bands of Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, and Dizzy Gillespie. Gillespie himself tried to get in during a recent visit to Copenhagen but gave up when he saw the waiting crowds.

The Montmartre also has a very good house band, the personnel of which has, at various times, included Don Byas, Oscar Pettiford, Benny Bailey, Joe Harris, Kenny Clarke, and Dan Jordan, a young bassist from Detroit. The leader of this group is Stan Getz.

W HY, of all the places where Getz might have chosen to live in Europe, did he choose Denmark—which is better known for its Tuborg beer, atomsplitter Niels Bohr, pretty girls, and Hans Christian Anderson, than for jazz?

For one thing, there is the nature of the people. The Danes never seem to fail to enchant foreigners. The screwball style of humor of Victor Borge, which seems so unique to an American, is not uniquely Borge; it is uniquely

This charming cartoon strip with the flavor of a fairy tale appeared in the Copenhagen daily newspaper, Politiken. It relates, in allegorical

horn one night, borrowed a battered and abandoned old tenor saxophone from a Danish musician. So lavely was the tone that Getz brought from the horn that he wanted to buy it. But the musician, thinking the





Dunish—and it is commonplace here. The Danes have a remarkable flair for living, and have no hesitation in giving in to their inner desires and yearnings. We all remain children at heart, but only the Danes have been willing to admit it. Only they could have built a remarkable establishment such as the Tivoli, the charming amusement park for adults as well as children that seems to give physical being to the fairy tales.

Then there is the Hans Christian Anderson mermaid of bronze that sits on a rock in Copenhagen harbor. What other people would build a statue not to the poet but to the product of his imagination?

Then, too, Denmark is an inexpensive place to live. And there is virtually no poverty in the country. There are no slums, there is no hunger.

On top of that, audiences here are remarkably receptive to jazzmen.

"More people like good music here," Getz says flatly.

Finally, Getz has encountered a particularly sympathetic audience in the Danish jazz critics, on whom it might be well to spend a few moments of consideration.

The Danish jazz critics have an amazing knowledge of what is going on both in Europe and (thanks largely to records) in America. If they have a fault, it is that they are analytical to the point of pedanticism. At times, their deadly seriousness becomes amusing.

Probably the most influential Danish jazz writer is Torben Uhlrich, a musician and tennis star. He is also by far the most ponderous and cantankerous of the critics, rarely missing a chance to take his fellow critics to task for their inferior judgment. In this way, he is not unlike some of the American members of the critical brotherhood.

In a recent column in *Politiken*, one of Denmark's two largest papers, which has two weekly jazz columns, Ulrich told of some of the things that pain him about Danish jazz. Danish musicians, he contended, tend to rush headlong into each new direction in jazz without a firm grasp of what they are doing.

"I'd like to see a bit more contemplation," he chided the Danish jazzmen. "Slow down and give yourselves time to absorb."

He told the story of a local musician, who after he had been listening to Getz, Zoot Sims, and Lee Konitz, then became aware of Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane. "He suddenly discovered that Rollins and Coltrane had been deeply hidden within him all along," Uhlrich scoffed, and added:

"It's precisely because Europeans are able to discard Sims, Getz, and Konitz so easily and so carelessly that one doubts that they are able to get something out of jazz which is closer to its roots."

In other words, the critical devotion to Getz in Copenhagen is great.

"Getz has a fabulous technique," another critic wrote. "Hearing him strengthens your belief that he may well be the best instrumentalist in jazz today."

ACTUALLY, despite what Uhlrich's criticism would seem to suggest, Getz is *not* taken for granted by the local jazzmen. If anything, they, like the public, tend to idolize him.

As yet, Denmark has not contributed to jazz any musicians of international stature, such as Sweden's Arne Domnerus, Belgium's Bobby Jaspar, France's Martial Solal, Germany's Rolf Kuhn. But the day will no doubt come, as Danish musicians come under the increasing influence and stimulation of their American colleagues—and particularly with men of the caliber of Getz and Pettiford living and working in their midst.

Among the top men on the jazz scene in Denmark are Max Bruel, a baritone saxophonist who is also a top Danish architect; Erik Moseholm, an accomplished bass player who doubles as a school teacher; and Louis Hjulmand, vibist, who is also a bank clerk. Bruel and Moseholm can be heard on an EmArcy disc, *Cool Bruel*. There is also Bent Axen, a gifted pianist who directs the Jazz Quintet '60.

The trouble with most of the Danish jazz musicians, however, is that they are hobbyists—though very good ones —for whom it apparently doesn't pay to play for a living. Perhaps as the interchange of jazzmen increases, the climate will be more propitious for careers in jazz. It is already getting better, as evidenced by the fact the daily press devotes a considerable amount of space to jazz columns and reviews. Denmark also has two regularly-publishing magazines devoted to jazz.

Two of the best jazzmen in Denmark are Jan Johansson, a lean young Swede with a beard and a modest manner, who has been influenced considerably by Horace Silver and Lenny Tristano; and William Schioppfe, a poll-winning drummer who has learned from the two Joneses—Jo and Philly Joe—and is the only Danish musician who makes a full-time living from jazz.

Both have played extensively with Getz, in the house group at the Club Montmartre.

Johansson recalled his first few nights



tone quality was in the horn itself, refused to sell it. So Getz tried to find a similar old horn of the same make. In each case, musicians thought the tonal quality was in the instrument. Getz never did get a

horn of the kind he was seeking; and the musicians who owned them were never able to coax from them the tane that he could. The cartoon strip takes poetic license in telling the tale.



Lotte and Anders Dyrup

of playing with Getz and Pettiford. "They were, of course,, excellent," he said. "I was terrible. American musicians like Stan and Oscar not only play better than most Europeans, but in many ways quite different from us. They have more nuances, they are more forceful, bolder. The rest of us are so busy trying to keep up with them that we rarely reach the great moments.

"European musicians spend a lot of time listening to American jazz on records; we seem to be less independent in our playing."

Another young musician, Lars Blach, a Danish guitarist who occasionally sits in with Getz and Pettiford, speaks with even greater awe.

"Of course, it's wonderful to be allowed in with such company. At first you think it's strange that they'll have you sit in at all. There you sit small man with big ears—waiting for that knowing smile that tells you that you've failed. But suddenly you realize that the other guy gets something out of even your worst blunder!

"Then afterwards you rush home with your head full of new ideas and try them out."

This, then, is the present world of Stan Getz: a favorable, relaxed atmosphere in which he is able to play without pressure, in which his work is able to grow and his influence take root among musicians who need the inspiration he and Pettiford can give. And make no mistake: he is making a real effort to grow as an artist.

He sat down to talk about it one night at the Montmartre.

As it happened, it was one of those wrong nights. The Montmartre was half empty (a rarity) and the first few sets by the group were undistinguished to the point of being restive. Getz had had a bad day. Yet suddenly he launched into a 12-minute version of *I Can't Get Started*, during which he poured out his soul with extraordinary beauty



and lyricism. The audience was transfixed.

Afterwards, he seemed to feel better.

"My music gets better when I have time for meditation and working new things out," he said. "I have been working a lot with my tone over here. I've been trying to set it more naturally. I'm trying to get away from too much vibrato.

"I started off the wrong way, learning the practical aspects first. It's a blind alley."

To achieve his ends, Getz plans to enroll at a Danish music conservatory to study theory, and learn to play piano. He has, believe it or not, never had a formal music lesson since he began playing professionally in New York at the age of 15.

This devotion to improvement is already paying off. As Gitler detected from the Getz recording, his playing has reached a new maturity. The style has become more lyrical, yet increasingly forceful. "He doesn't seem dry and intellectual as he used to," said one Danish jazz critic. "He has soul in every note he plays.

"Getz demonstrates that the modern school isn't as bloodless as people have been thinking. He builds up his themes with unerring logic, and it is almost incredible that he can give his tone so much richness and fullness without vibrato . . . "

GETZ has no intention of leaving Denmark at this time. Why should he? He and Pettiford do considerable radio work, mostly with the intelligent planning of Borge Roger-Henrichson, a jazz pianist who is in charge of jazz programming for the Danish state radio. And there is recording work. Pettiford does some recordings with small European groups for Dyrup, the Montmartre proprietor, who also owns a record firm and distributes in Denmark AmeriPettiford and Getz, at the Club Montmartre

can labels such as World Pacific, Savoy, and Roulette. Getz said that he plans to join Pettiford when his contract with Verve runs out.

Getz and Pettiford usually play four nights a week at Montmartre. During the weekends, they either play to one of the hundreds of jazz societies that have sprouted up all over this little country in recent years or they hop a flight to some other European city for a weekend gig.

And that is one of the main appeals of Copenhagen to Getz: it is so located that no major European city is more than a few hours away by air.

In point of fact, Getz at this time is away from Copenhagen, travelling the Continent with Norman Granz' *Jazz at the Philharmonic* troupe. With him are the Oscar Peterson Trio, Miles Davis—and Jan Johansson and William Schioppfe. The pianist and drummer, so modest in evaluating their roles in the present career of Stan Getz, so impressed Granz when he went to Montmarte to talk to Getz recently that he hired both of them to work with the saxophonist on the tour.

When they return from the tour, it will be time for Getz to start thinking about the summer. During the summer months, he and his family rent a large home facing Oresund, the sound that separates Denmark from Sweden.

It is an easy drive into town for Getz, who uses a small German car. He explained that he brought a large white Cadillac with him from America, but promptly traded it in. "I didn't want any notoriety," he grinned.

But chances are that in the vicinity of his home, you'll find Stan Getz using an even more modest mode of transportation. Adapting himself to the local atmosphere, Getz does what the Danes do: as often as not, he travels by bicycle.

"Yes, I like this life," the quietspoken musician said. "It's a good life."

Audio and recording engineers frequently are asked, "How do I get started in stereo?"

There are as many answers as there are experts, but a few general approaches can be stated with authority to set the beginner on the right track.

There are three different ways of setting up a stereo system. One can start from scratch with all new equipment or add a lower-grade second channel, such as a small radio or television set to existing mono equipment, or convert the existent monophonic components setup to stereo. Elements from each of these methods often can be combined to fit any specific situation.

It should be remembered that a stereo listening system must have two separate loudpseakers, two separate (though often physically built together) electronic amplifiers, and two separate (though perfectly synchronized) sound sources. These two sound sources, in the case of stereo discs, are picked up by two microphones usually separated by several feet in the recording studio but are both recorded in the same groove by a stereo recording cutter.

For an ideal operation, these two separate channels (two amplifiers and two speakers) should be identical, but in practice it has been found that the stereo effect is very good even when large departures from perfect matching are made.

A fine sounding stereo can be got from a setup if it has a good mono system serving as one channel, even though the added second channel may be of a much lower fidelity. This is particularly true if the second channel is deficient only in the bass.

Since there seems to be much more directional effect from high notes than from low notes, many packaged stereo sets use a woofer speaker in the cabinet for the low notes and two small outrigger, or satellite, speakers for the middle and high notes only. These sets do not deliver the most perfect sound available, but they can do a convincing job of projecting stereo spread.

Another method of obtaining stereo while at the same time saving money is to have one channel make use of the speaker and the amplifier in a radio or TV receiver. There are two requirements involved here. One is that the receiver should be of the AC-only type, for safety purposes, and the other is that it have a phonograph jack in the

Buying a Tape Recorder?

If so, you'll want a copy of the 1959-60 Tape Recorder Directory. Its 28 pages list virtually every tape recorder sold in the U.S.-324 models from 64 manufacturers. Data on each model includes list price, frequency response, speeds, wow and flutter, signalto-noise ratio and many more mechanical and electronic specs.

The Tape Recorder Directory is published by Audio Devicesmakers of Audiotape, the world's finest magnetic recording tapeto help you select the tape recorder best suited to your needs. To get your copy, send only 10¢ (to help cover the cost of mailing and handling) to Audio Devices, Inc., Box DB, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



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April 14, 1960 • 23



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ern and advanced tape manufacturing facilities in the world...could have perfected this tape! Soundcraft's new FA-4 FORMULATION is frequency adjusted to provide the superlative sound reproduction demanded in this exciting era of new discoveries and innovations in tape recording. You'll hear "highs" as never before...the full frequency spectrum for perhaps the very first time!

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back for plugging in a record changer or player attachment.

When determining if a radio or TV set is an AC-only type, as opposed to the AC-DC kind, one must not rely on the label alone. It has been found that AC-DC types, which are not safe for interconnections, nevertheless may be marked "AC-only." It is necessary to examine the numbers on the tubes in the set. If they all begin with the number 6 (or 6 and 12) with perhaps one 5, the set is AC only and is safe for use in a stereo setup as the second channel of a system using a high fidelity components setup as channel one.

If the tubes start with numbers other than 6, 12, and 5, the set is an AC-DC type. Thus, it has no power transformer and is not safe for this use. Table radios with four, five or six tubes, are also unsafe. These sets have mostly 12volt tubes with one or two 35- or 50volt tubes. If in doubt, it pays to ask someone who *knows*.

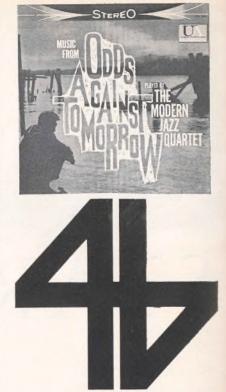
Most TV sets and radios, including the better table models, have a small metal receptacle in back labeled "phonograph" or "phono jack." If the set is AC, it can be used for the second channel.

Some kind of preamplifier will be needed between the pickup and the second channel (TV or radio set) if a magnetic stereo phono pickup is used. Therefore, if it is planned to use such a second channel, a ceramic or crystal phonograph cartridge must be used in the player or changer. If one is installing a stereo preamp-control unit in place of the old mono preamp (or complete amplifier), that unit will allow use of a magnetic stereo pickup cartridge.

In hybrid systems of this sort, a small stereo adaptor unit, such as the Dyncao DSC-1 or the Allied KN-750, will be found useful, especially if this setup is to be used for more than a few weeks.

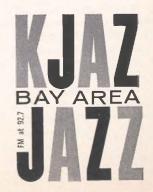
These small units cost about \$10 to \$20 (H. H. Scott has a flexible and convenient unit with more features for \$25). Their main function is to allow balancing of the two stereo channels and setting the volume with only one knob. It is not necessary then to shift from the knobs on one set, say the mono amplifier, to the other knob(s) on the radio or TV set, which may be several feet away.

A monophonic components setup may be converted to stereo by purchasing an add-on preamp-amplifier, which costs less than a new stereo amplifierpreamp of similar quality. In this case the controls on the old amplifier are bypassed, or at least not used, while the controls on the front of the new add-on unit function for both channels. Use is made only of the power amplifier section of the old amplifier.



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Of course, the original speaker remains connected to the old amplifier.

The Sherwood Model S-4000 is an excellent add-on unit and incorporates a stereo preamplifier-control with one power amplifier. This dual stereo preamp and single power amplifier is rated at 36 watts, which means it will work with even the most elaborate mono amplifier and large speaker system.

This can provide a fine method for stepping up the quality of the system if you have a medium-grade mono setup. That is, starting with a small 10or 12-watt mono amplifier and an intermediate-grade speaker the new Sherwood stereo preamplifier and power amplifier can be added with a top-grade loudspeaker for the second stereo channel. Most other high-quality separate stereo preamplifiers and power amplifiers can be used in the same way to upgrade the final stereo system from a medium-quality mono setup.

The stereo system assembled in most cases is for phonograph listening, but more and more stereo tape and stereo radio pickups are becoming common. Stereo radio is particularly easy if one already has a mono receiver. This often is likely to be an FM tuner connected to the main system amplifier, so adding an AM tuner will be in order.

The AM tuner need not be a supersensitive unit, since most FM pickups are from local stations. Often a crystal AM tuner, like the Miller AM tuner, will be adequate.

This small Miller tuner is a true high fidelity unit, though it requires a good antenna, and will work only with local AM stations. It will feed only a microphone input, or a very high gain "aux" or "tuner" channel, because its output is lower than the output of other AM or FM tuners that have amplifying tubes. The Miller AM tuner costs \$19.95 complete, or it can be bought as a kit for \$14.

By adding a new stereo playback head, stereo tapes may be played back on almost any tape recorder *if* it has good mechanical motion. This can be a simple outrigger stereo adaptor, which mounts on the side of the tape recorder. The cost of this adaptor is \$25or less. It also can be a new stereo tape head mounted in place of, or in addition to, the original mono record play head.

All modern stereo amplifiers have tape head inputs in order for the new stereo playback head to feed directly into the amplifier. A result of this provision on modern amplifiers is that a simple tape deck (mechanism only) can be used for the stereo playback without its own electronics. This means a financial saving. THE TUNER PERFECTED FOR JAZZ! New H. H. Scott Stereo AM-FM Tuner

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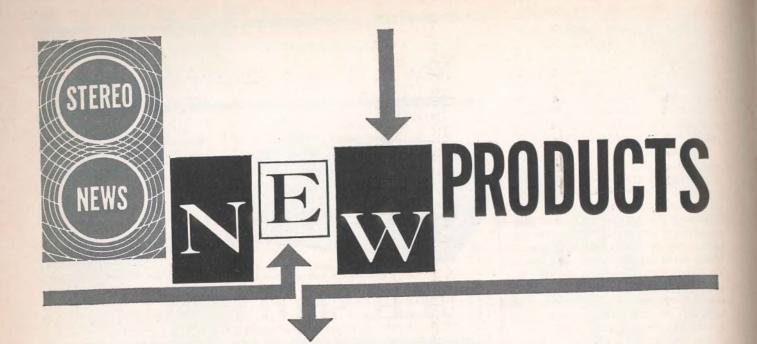
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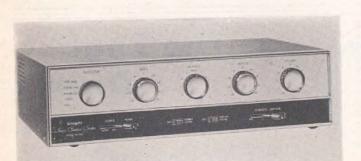
> City_____State_____ *Slightly higher west of Rockies. Accessory case extra. Export: Telesco International Corp., 36 W. 40th St., N.Y.C.



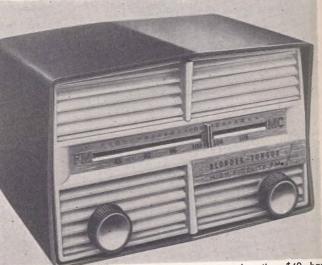




Unusual Bi-Phonic Coupler loudspeaker radiates sound directly from 15 by 22-inch stiff wood panel. Advanced Acoustic speaker may be mounted on wall or elsewhere, is only $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep (18 x 24 over all), and costs \$134.



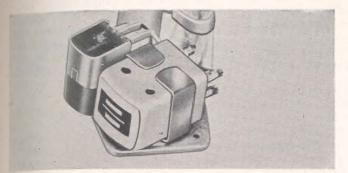
Stereo control-preamplifier incorporates great variety of features for driving stereo power amps with maximum control flexibility and minimum distortion. Tape outputs, including or excluding tone and gain controls, are accessible. Comes with tapehead and magnetic and other inputs. Remote (accessory) control unit plugs into Knight KN700-A for controlling volume and stereo balance up to 20 feet away. Cost, including cose, from Allied Radio, is \$89.95.



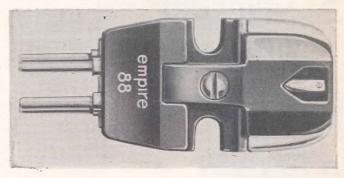
FM tuner for connection into any hi-fi system costs less than \$40, has its own built-in antenna good in most metropolitan areas. Similar FM-AM unit chosen by Ira Gitler costs less than \$50. Blonder-Tonque Co. also markets compact FM-only and FM-AM radios (complete receivers) at comparable prices.



All-in-one stereo Scott amplifier was chosen by Ira Giller for his steppedup high fidelity system. Separate bass and treble controls for each channel allow compensation for unlike stereo speakers. Other controls include rumble and scratch filters, speaker-swapping switch, and two switchable magnetic phono inputs. Dual 12-watt Model 1222, excluding case, costs \$139.



Tape head assembly for converting present two-track stereo machines to play both four-track and two-track tapes. Nortronics Co. makes models for all well-known machines at prices around \$25 a set. Supplied with complete instructions.



One of newest top-quality magnetic phono pickup cartridges, Dyna-Empire 88, like more and more new models, has stylus replaceable by user. Stereo 88 costs \$24.50, including diamond stylus.



FM tuner by Granco, largest makers of FM sets today, is more sensitive than miniature unit tested and reported on elsewhere in this section. Model T161 costs less than \$35, connects in minutes to any components system, or any radio or television set that has phonograph input jack.



Kits for sensitive and flexible FM and AM tuners by EICO include front end already wired and aligned. Novice can put it together in about 12 hours. Kits costs \$39.95 less case (\$3.95). Factory wired, they cost \$65.95.



Garrard de luxe manual player has heavy turntable, speed adjustment for changing pitch up or down about a semitone. Model 4HF costs \$59.50, less base, and pickup cartridge. Similar manual player, minus some features, is model T/II, which costs \$32.50.



Four-track stereo tapes at 7½ inches a second (standard) are becoming available for more and better music originally issued on discs. Price of Armstrong-Fitzgerald Porgy, for example, is same on United Stereo Tapes four-track tape above, as on original Verve stereo disc.



STEREO Shopping With IRA GITLER

By Charles Graham

Yes, Virginia, there is an Ira Gitler. If you read George Crater, look at the back of record jackets, or listen to FM radio, you'll keep running into Ira Gitler.

This department had begun to wonder who ubiquitous Gitler was. Then we read an admonition by Crater in *Down Beat's* annual *Music '60* to "watch out or Gitler will get you."

That did it. We decided to get Gitler before Gitler got us. We made plans to put him in the stereo scene immediately, and, when we did, it turned out to be an entertaining afternoon. When we left his home, he still was mumbling, "But I like my old woofer-tweeter; I don't *need* triple stereo for digging Zoot Finster and Zig Priff."

Gitler had invested about \$200 several years ago in a modest high fidelity setup that had served him well. His only complaint was the occasional erratic operation of his imported turntable.

His other equipment included a General Electric magnetic turn-around cartridge with a diamond stylus for his long-playing recordings and a sapphire for the less frequently played 78-rpm sides, of which he has a great many.

The phonograph fed into a Bogen DB-110, 10-watt amplifier (\$64), which in turn was connected to an Electro-Voice SP12B speaker (\$35) mounted in an R-J enclosure (\$42).

To add to the spreading of the sound, Ira had a small four-inch speaker mounted in a board about 14

inches square located in the corner of the room. He wondered if this could be used for the second speaker in his stereo system. It could be done, but since this inexpensive unit was not radiating frequencies much above 8,000 cycles and not delivering much bass, it would be better to eliminate it.

He was particularly taken with the excellent service he had received from a Viking tape deck with a mono playback head. It was mentioned to him that this could be easily converted by adding a stereo head after the rest of the conversion had been completed.

We delved into the conversion cost on the basis of using his present amplifier and speaker, replacing only the turntable and adding another amplifierspeaker channel.

It was pointed out to him he could use an add-on amplifier, also manufactured by Bogen. This unit has a stereo preamp front end and a 10-watt power amplifier built on one chassis. It would connect with his present 10-watt amplifier, and the controls could be bypassed to make use of the power amplifier section only. This added unit costs \$60.

Gitler thought this over and finally decided to think in terms of a new all-in-one stereo amplifier. His selection was the Scott Model 222, a dual 12-watt unit, with complete stereo control facilities and preamplifiers for magnetic phono pickups and stereo tape heads. This makes it possible to feed his Viking tape heads directly into the new Scott amplifier.

On the question of whether to buy a changer or a player, he decided to see how the total cost of his conversion would come out before making a definite decision. His reasoning was based

on the fact that LPs are almost always turned over and the only function of a changer as opposed to a player would be on the rare occasions when records are used for background music at a party. He later found it worthwhile, considering the cost, to get the Garrard Model RC-88 changer.

He chose a cartridge that he was familiar with and knew as a good buy. It was the new Allied stereo magnetic cartridge, which costs \$16.85, including the diamond stylus.

The last item required for the conversion was the speaker for his second channel. Since he was satisfied with the bass response from his original EV-RJ speaker combination, it was decided that a slightly less expensive speaker could be employed reasonably for the second stereo channel.

A good choice for this speaker was the EICO HFS-1 speaker kit. It has an eight-inch woofer in a bass-reflex bookshelf-size enclosure, along with a horn tweeter and a control for adjusting the balance of the highs coming from the tweeter and the lows coming from the woofer.

As a final decision, Gitler added FM radio with the purchase of a Blonder-Tongue FM-AM tuner at \$49.50.

Here is how Gitler's stereo system lines up:

Allied stereo cartridge	\$ 16.85
Scott 222 stereo amplifier	139.95
Garrard RC-88 changer	58.00
EICO HFS-1 speaker kit	39.95
Blonder-Tongue FM-AM tu	ner 49.50
	\$304.25

Equipment already on hand: Electro-Voice SP12B speaker \$ 35.00 R-J speaker enclosure 42.00 \$ 77.00

\$ 11.00



Mr. Crater's nemesis, Ira Gitler. Photo by Raymond Ross.

NEW SOUNDS

This month Down Beat starts a column devoted to new developments in stereo and high fidelity. New products, significant developments, and hi-fi ideas of musicians will comprise the column's subject matter.

Perhaps the most important electronic-acoustic advance since the introduction several years ago of the acoustic suspension speaker by Acoustic Research, Inc., was shown in February by a new company, Advanced Acoustic, Inc., of Nutley, N. J. Its president, Abraham Cohen, inventor of the new Bi-Phonic Coupler loudspeaker, is a long-time loudspeaker engineer with a number of patents to his credit. His new speaker is unlike anything commercially produced before, and it works very well.

This unusual speaker has no cone, only a flat stiff wooden panel 15 by 22 inches, which doesn't appear to vibrate (though, of course, it does minutely).

The Bi-Phonic Coupler delivers good sound down to about 30 cycles with no box, enclosure, or baffle of any kind, only a small supporting frame about four inches deep.

The customary speaker enclosure, always previously required to separate the back of the speaker cone from the front (or to link them together so that the back waves aid the front ones at bass frequencies), is missing.

Since the radiating element, the part of this speaker that actually moves the air, is a flat, rigid panel of fine-finished wood, there is no need to cover the unit with the customary grille cloth. This wooden panel can be hung on any wall or set on its small base anywhere in the room.

Placement will affect the beaming of the sound, of course, for it's definitely directional and has what's known as a figure-8 bipolar pattern.

The Advanced Acoustic Model 440 speaker has a small conventional tweeter for the high notes. It sounded

excellent on demonstration, and we expect to report on it in detail after trying one in a normal listening room for several weeks.

A trend already well noted by jazzophiles in the San Francisco and Los Angeles areas for a long time was highlighted on the east coast recently when a New York fine-music station, WNCN, swung over to seven nights a week of jazz.

The station, part of the Boston-Providence-N. Y. Concert network, installed Leonard Feather, George Crater, Ira Gitler, Dom Cerulli, Nat Hentoff, and Martin Williams, as well as altoist Cannonball Adderley and Chicago's Sid McCoy on a regular weekly schedule. The programming runs from 10 p.m. to 3 a.m.

Several musicians and critics have asked advice on adding FM to their listening rigs.

One miniature unit from Granco, selling for only \$20, was tried out. It pulled in several stations perfectly in a steel-construction apartment building with only the four-foot wire supplied for an antenna.

Similar sets, not tuners, but complete FM receivers, have been seen in large appliance stores at less than \$30. These are not high fidelity sets, of course, for their speakers are only four to five inches in diameter. However, they will pick up local FM stations, with much less interference than similarly priced, regular table-model AM sets. In addition, during thunderstorms these (and all other FM sets) are unaffected by lightning and static crashes.

It never has been so easy to hear your favorite musicians via so many different mediums; LPs, mono and stereo; FM radio, and now stereo tapes at a price that begins to compete with LPs . . . The recent swing to United Stereo Tapes of London Records, with an outstanding operatic repertoire, is a harbinger of continuing good things on stereo tape at almost-reasonable prices. Decca and United Artists repertoires are other recent additions.

UST is a group formed by Ampex, the tape-recorder company, to push four-track stereo tape at $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches a second after RCA failed for the second year to get its four-track slow speed ($3\frac{3}{4}$ ips) tape cartridges even into most stores, let alone into many homes. Most of the record industry is co-operating with UST in making available its nowextensive stereo libraries.

Notably fine four-track stereo tapes include *Basie*, originally issued on mono and stereo by Roulette, and the Armstrong-Fitzgerald *Porgy* recorded on discs by Verve.

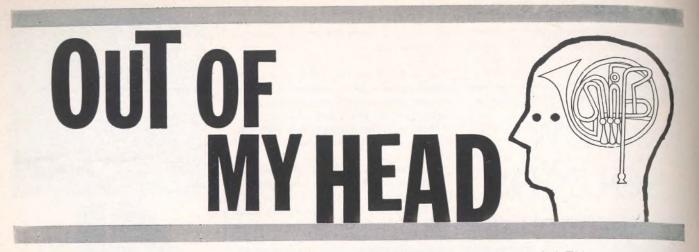




AN OMEGATAPE HIT, NOW ON 4-TRACK TAPE. The swingin' sounds of the Hi-Lo's. For list of other 4-track stereo tapes write 1024 Kifer Road, Sunnyvale, California. UNITED STEREO TAPES

he plays Selmer





BY GEORGE CRATER

Never let it be said that George Crater's gone commercial but...my line of wind-up dolls is now the rage of the nation! Throughout the country hipsters are winding up Miles Davis dolls, placing them on tables, and watching them turn their backs.

One distasteful aspect of the success of my dolls is that I'm now on the Unfair list of the American Federation of Musicians. It seems my dolls are putting *live* musicians out of work. One hip New York promoter decided it was foolish to pay Horace Silver and his quintet \$2,000 for a concert. He just bought one of my Horace Silver Wind-Up Dolls for \$4.98, wound it up, put it on the stage at Town Hall, and it *perspired* for 35 minutes.

Actually, this promoter wanted my Dave Brubeck Wind-Up Doll, to make the concert a sure-fire success. But I held-out for \$7.98, take it or leave it.

Since I've been in this doll business, I've found out a few things. For instance, some dolls are very hot, and some you can't give away. In just a few weeks now, I've figured how to overcome this. Like for instance, you want my George Shearing Wind-Up Doll? Solid, you can have it, but . . . you've got to take my Donna Hightower Wind-Up Doll too!

I figured out a way to cool that medieval scene in the south. I, personally, will hire nine or 10 Piper Cubs, have them fly over the southern states, and seed the clouds with Man-Tan! In just six hours, they won't know who to ban!

Did you hear? Ed Thigpen is thrilled by his Ludwigs, Leo Diamond wouldn't go anyplace without his Ecco-Fonic, Herb Geller's King feels fine, Les Spann's Guild is keen, Herb Ellis' Gibson strings tickle him, Louis Armstrong wouldn't say "Pops" into anything but a Norelco, *everyone's* talking about Premier drums (I haven't heard *him* play in a *long* time!), Roy Harte's new Leedys are the greatest, Roy Burnes *swears* by Rogers, Clyde McCoy raves about his Olds, Stan Kenton prefers the Conn sound, Maynard Ferguson goes for Tri-C valves, you can't separate Art Taylor and his Gretsches, and Ray Anthony and his Orchestra stay at the Hotel Forrest. And then there was this little ad in the *Jazz Review* about Ira Gitler "not walking a step without his Blue Jay Corn Plasters!"

I think I've made one of the most startling discoveries in the history of music, a discovery that should have been made years ago. We've actually been poisoning the minds of our youth for years and years! Have you ever dug the lyrics to *Rockabye Baby*? This tune was written by a horrible, sadistic nut! Dig:

Rockabye baby, on the tree top, When the wind blows, the cradle will rock, When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall, And down will come baby, cradle and all ...

Nat Hentoff recently gave his opinion of George Crater. Frankly, I never thought Nat liked me, but I guess I was wrong. Since he spoke over a local FM show, you probably didn't catch it and it'd be a drag if you missed it. According to Nat,

1. I have no wit or sense of responsibility.

2. I write an alleged humor column in Down Beat.

3. I'm gauche and horribly destructive.

4. My comments on Ornette Coleman are insultingly obscure.

5. My humor is of the high school acne variety.

6. My assaults on Ornette are boorish.

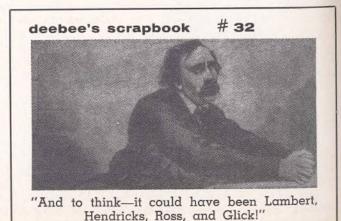
7. I admire Lenny Bruce and unsuccessfully imitate him.

Hm-m. No wonder chicks won't go out with me.

It sure is a small world. I just got a letter from Lenny Bruce. He heard my first radio show and thinks I sound like Nat Hentoff!

Readers interested in joining my Frances Rafferty Fan Club just send me your name and address. I'll rush you an autographed 5x7 glossy photograph of Tony Graye, Ira Gitler's home phone number, the Shorty Rogers Guide to Hollywood Parties, and two choice tickets to A Lizzie Borden Festival with Alan Lomax.

For years we're looking for Al Haig, finally we find him at the *Village Vanguard*, and then what happens? Sonny Rollins disappears!





Records are reviewed by Don Henahan, Don DeMicheal, Ralph J. Gleason, Ira Gitler, Barbara J. Gordner, John A. Tynan, and John S. Wilson. are: $\star \star \star \star \star$ excellent, $\star \star \star \star$ very good, $\star \star \star$ good, $\star \star$ fair, \star poor. M means monaural, S means stereo. Reviews are initialed by the writers. Ratings

CLASSICS

Walter/Brahms 4th

S BRAHMS Symphony No. 4 in E Minor, Op. 98-Columbia MS-6113. Personnel: Bruno Walter conducting the Colum-bia Symphony Orchestra.

Rating: * * * * *

The composer once referred to this symphony as "a choral work without text." For such a symphonic song, there is no conductor in the world like Bruno Walter. He makes the group that records under the name of the Columbia Symphony sing its heart out in Brahms' quietly tragic final symphony, and at the most stately tempos ever attempted. Sometimes a listener who has his own ideas about this work feels on the verge of exasperation at the deliberation of certain phrases, but Walter's conception is all of a piece, and is ultimately persuasive. Walter re-recorded the Fourth as part of his project to put all four Brahms symphonies on stereo disc (as he recently did Beethoven's nine). For this reviewer's taste it can stand as the Brahms Fourth of our generation. (D.H.)

I Pagliacci

I Fagliacci S LEONCAVALLO I Pagliacci (opera in two acts with prolog)—London OSA-1212. Personnel: Mario del Monaco (Canio); Cornell MacNeil (Tonio); Gabriella Tucci (Nedda); Re-nato Capecchi (Silvio); Piero de Palma (Beppe). Orchestra and Chorus of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome, conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.

Rating: * * *

Leoncavallo's crowd pleaser is the sort of opera Mario del Monaco loves to get his teeth into, and if you like your Vesti la giubba belted out in the broad manner, this will solve your Pagliacci problem. Now and then Del Monaco, whose dramatic tenor is the best natural voice to be heard on the opera stage today, slips over into Mario Lanza caterwauling, but not often enough to keep him from making a powerful impression as Canio. Cornell MacNeil is less sensational though equally good. However, Gabriella Tucci's Nedda is not quite first class.

As a production, this Pagliacci holds its own against any available version, and its (D.H.) stereo sound is without a peer.

Rubinstein/Szeryng

M BEETHOVEN Sonatas No. 5 in F Major, Op. 24 (Spring), and No. 9 in A Major, Op. 47 (Kreutzer), for violin and piano-Victor LM-2377. Personnel: Artur Rubinstein, piano; Henryk Szeryng, violin.

Rating: * * *

new man at the piano. Artur Rubinstein has not made a career of playing the Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano (there is, in fact, no other example of this phenomenon in the current catalog), and he dominates his partner rather too much. The piano in this release is given more prominence than is usual, but particularly the Kreutzer can stand such treatment. Both sonatas are beautifully played, and only the fact that Szeryng is not always the most careful technician keeps these from gaining the highest rating.

(D.H.)

JAZZ

Kenny Dorham

M QUIET KENNY—New Jazz 8225: Lotus Blos-som; My Ideal; Blue Friday; Alone Together; Blue Spring Shuffle; I Had The Craziest Dream; Old Folks.

Personnel: Dorham, trumpet; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums. Rating: * * * 1/2

This time the brain in the idea department came up with an album title that is prophetic, rather than hopeful. Dorham is at his best on the more quiet tunes of this set. Lotus Blossom, the major exception, is a cooker, and quietude is implied rather than actual as Dorham sails cleanly and incisively through this original tune. This must be a favorite child with Dorham: he cut the tune before, on a cleverly contrived date utilizing two front men and drums and bass. This version excells, and perhaps it is the addition of a piano to the rhythm section that makes the difference.

The quasi-hip notes call this a "sentimental" project, which perhaps further explains the inclusion of Old Folks, clearly the forerunner of I Remember Clifford which Dorham recorded as a vocal. Here, the tune is well executed in the middle register, where Kenny is most lyrical and meaningful.

Blue Friday, the longest track, is the weakest, in terms of consistency and imagination. Flanagan and Chambers get off competent solos and Taylor keeps driving the small group, but solo space stretches too far out and repetition runs rampant. Chambers and Dorham have a tidy little duo working on Blue Spring Shuffle, but one gets the impression that this tune could have been spawned by any good jam session.

The rhythm section works well throughout, giving Dorham a solid, sympathetic base on which to stand. Here Chambers Plenty of talent here, especially that is in good form, and with the exception

of minor indiscretions, as on Blue Friday, plays with confidence. Taylor reveals why he is one of the most recorded percussionists as he nudges, shoves, and pushes the group.

I think you will enjoy this album. (B.J.G.)

Art Farmer

Art Farmer M S THE AZTEC SUITE – United Artists UAL 4062: The Aztec Suite; Heat Wave; Delirio; Wood'yn You; Drume Negrita; Alone Together. Personnel: Art Farmer, trumpet soloist; Al Cohn, conductor; Bernie Glow, Markie Marko-witz, Nick Travis, Joe Ferrante, trumpets; Frank Rehak, Jimmy Cleveland, Tommy Mitchell, trom-bones; Zoot Sims, Seldon Powell, Spencer Si-natra, Sol Schlinger, saxophones; Jimmy Buffing-ton, Tony Miranda, French horns; Charlie Persip, drums; Addison Farmer, bass; Hank Jones, piano; James McAllister, tuba; Jose Manqual, Tommy Lopez, Willie Rodriquez, Latin percussion. Rating: * * *

Rating: * * *

Chico O'Farrill has done a skillful job of writing for this album, and the men concerned have turned in a workmanlike job of reading the parts. Farmer, per usual, plays his fingers off. Unfortunately, the album wears thin after several plays because the writing is more pompous and hackneyed than it is memorable and stimulating. There are a few bright spots, mostly Farmer's introspective trumpet, but generally the album is a mixture of things Herman and Kenton were playing years ago, with a dash of Hank Mancini thrown in for good measure.

The suite, which covers the first side, has four main sections bracketed by a short prelude and postlude. This work does not have the continuity or integration that some of the long works of Ellington or Lewis have; without this, the work becomes periodic, more in the nature of four sketches. I find the suite as a whole too dramatic, cliche-ridden, and anti-climactic.

There also is suspicious evidence of splicing in the third section, where the time gets turned around. Of course, splicing is supposedly fairly common, but somehow or another, it gives me the feeling that someone is trying to put something over on me.

The other tracks are much more interesting than the Suite. O'Farril's novel 6/4 and 4/4 treatment of Wood'yn You displays his imagination in a more favorable light than does his long work. Alone Together, a lovely tune, features Farmer's trumpet in a logically constructed solo marked by an intriguing, breathy beginning - his best work of the date.

Altogether, though, the album proved to be mildly disappointing. (D.DeM.)

Bobby Hackett

M S HAWAII SWINGS - Capitol ST 1316: April 14, 1960 • 31

Kohala March; Orchids from Hawaii; Song of the Islands; Hawaii Swings; On the Beach at Waikiki; Robby-San; Kn Nei; Maui Chimes; Hapa Haole Hula Girl; Puamana; Soft Sands; Aloha Oe. Personnel: Bobby Hackett, cornet; Bob Wilber or Stan Brauner, tenor and clarinet; Bill Kaha-kalau, steel guitar; Billy Bauer and John Pizza-relli, guitar and ukulele; Dave McKenna or Lou Stein, piano; Johnay Cresci, bongos; Dick Scott, drums; Bob Carter, bass. Rating: + + +

Rating: * * *

Surrounded by Hawaiian guitars and ukuleles, Hackett and friends prove that it ain't whatcha do, it's the way howja do it. The stringed instruments usually associated with Hawaiian music add much to the good feeling of this pleasantly swinging LP. The shuffle of the ukes becomes infectious after several listenings; the steel guitar, however, remains a steel guitarnothing can change that.

There seem to be two different lineups involved, one featuring Wilber and Mc-Kenna, the other with Baruner and Stein. If my ears aren't playing tricks on me again, Wilber is on March, Waikiki, Robby-San, Chimes, Girl, and Puamana. Anyway, these are the most satisfying tracks of the album and have some wonderful booting tenor.

Hackett plays beautifully all the way through the album. The delightful thing about Hackett is his ability to pick the prettiest notes without losing a lilting swing. It would be presumption on my part to say on which track he plays best, but I would be failing in my function if I didn't point out as interesting his strong resemblance to Louis on Islands - he even takes the pickups as Armstrong did on his old recording of this tune - and his longphrased solo on Puamana.

In essence, a warm, appealing album. (D.DeM.)

Jon Hendricks

M S A GOOD GIT.TOCETHER — World Pa-cific A-3065: Everything Started in the House of the Lord; Music in the Air; Feed Me; I'll Die Happy; Pretty Strange; The Shouter; Minor Ca-tastrophe; Social Call; Out of the Past; A Good Git.Together & Everything Started in the House of The Lord.

Git-Together & Everything Started in the House of The Lord. Personnel: Jon Hendricks, vocals; Pony Poin-dexter, alto and vocals; Guildo Mahones, piano; Wes Montgomery, guitar; Monk Montgomery or Ike Issaes, bass; Walter Bolden or Jimmy Worms-worth, drums; Bill Perkins, tambourine (tracks 1 & 10); Buddy Montgomery, vibes (tracks 4 & 7). Unidentified cornet and alto added on tracks 2, 5, 6, 8 & 9.

Rating: * * * *

This is like a successful party - nothing profound but everybody seems to have a whale of a good time. There are even guests at this informal gathering: two brothers originally from Florida who play the devil out of cornet and alto. Their playing has the sting of adders; one might even say they play adderly.

A balling spirit pervades this session, right from Jon's opening "modern spiritual," House of the Lord, to the last groove. All the wit, warmth, and wisdom that are Jon Hendricks come out in his words and vocal gymnastics. His scatting sometimes gets a little wild, but is always exciting and interesting. His skill with words needs no added praise here; just listen to the grace of his lyrics for Benny Golson's Past, or their humor in Feed Me and Die Happy. Technically, Jon is among the best in matters of diction and phras-

Pony Poindexter is no slouch when it comes to scatting, either. In fact, he even cuts Jon in a series of excellently constructed choruses on the best track of the album, Catastrophe. His alto work, while sounding a bit dated in this day of neo-Parkerians, is pleasant.

The two brother-guests are used only in section except for the first chorus of Air which finds Cann . . . oops, I mean the other altoist, soloing. The two rhythm sections try to out-do each other in swinging. Both come off with top honors. The other men on the date have nice solos, with Mahones funking especially well on his own Shouter.

If you like jazz with a lot of humor and a general feeling of happiness, get this one. Yes, yes, a good git-together.

(D.DeM.)

Jimmy Heath

■ S THE THUMPER — Riverside RLP 12-314 and 1160: For Minors Only; Who Needs It?; Don't You Know I Care; Two Tees; The Thumper; Newkeep; For All We Know; I Can Make You Love Me; Nice People. Personel: Jimmy Heath, tenor; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: $\star \star \star \star$ Jimmy Heath, middle brother of the

Philadelphia Heaths, is quite impressive in this, his initial date as a leader. His ability is two-fold: writing and blowing. On both counts he deserves an approving and emphatic nod of the head. He did five of the originals and, I assume, the deftly sketched arrangements. It's a shame that the scores suffer from bad balance and questionable intonation, at times. Nonetheless, this is still an invigorating collection.

At first listening, Heath seems to bear a strong resemblance to John Coltrane; but after repeated exposure, he emerges as a more direct, more basic player than Coltrane, of the Johnny Griffin stripe. His playing, especially on the ballads, is lean, but filled with blood as good red meat should be. His work is passionate, but not of purplish hue. "Manly" would best describe his tenor playing. He is at his best in the firm but tender For All and the driving I Can Make.

Other highlights are Kelly's stabbing, punching, short-phrased piano work throughout; Adderley's husky, veiled cornet which seems to squirm as he builds his People solo to a climax; the varied bass

Continued on Page 34

**** 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.

* * * * *

Donald Byrd, Byrd in Hand, (Blue Note 4019).

Miles Davis, Workin' (Prestige 7166)

John Coltrane, Giant Steps (Atlantic 1311)

Duke Ellington, Festival Session (Columbia CL 1400)

Jon Hendricks-George Russell, New York, N. Y. (Decca DL 79216)

Hammond Concerts, Spirituals to Swing (Vanguard 8523-4)

Charlie Mingus, Mingus Ah Um (Columbia CS 8171)

Thelonious Monk, Thelonious Alone in San Francisco (Riverside

RLP 13-312) Bernard Peiffer For People Who Like Original Music (Laurie LLP

Jimmy Rushing, Rushing Lullabies-Vocal (Columbia CL 1401) Modern Jazz Quartet, Odds Against Tomorrow (United Artists UA L

4063)Art Pepper, Art Pepper Plus Eleven (Contemporary M 3568)

Sonny Stitt, Personal Appearance (Verve MG V-8324) Art Tatum, The Greatest Piano of them all (Verve MG v-8323)

* * * * ½

Art Farmer-Benny Golson, Brass Shout (United Artists UA S-5047) Johnny Griffin, The Little Giant (Riverside RLP 12-304)

Marty Paich, I Get a Boot out of You (Warner Bros. WS 1349)

* * * *

Australian Jazz Quintet, Three Penny Opera (Bethlehem BCP

Bob Brookmeyer-Bill Evans, The Ivory Hunters (United Artists UA S-6044)

Mercer Ellington, Colors in Rhythm (Coral CRL 57293)

Benny Golson, Groovin' with Golson (New Jazz 8220)

Bennie Green, The Swingin'est (Vee-Jay LP 1005)

Herbie Mann, Flautista (Verve MG V-8336)

James Moody, James Moody (Argo 648)

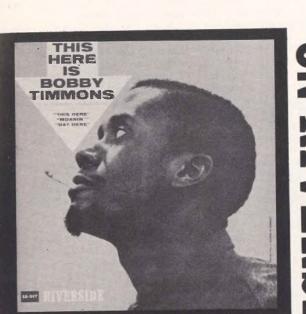
Gerry Mulligan, A Profile of Gerry Mulligan (Mercury MG 20453)

Oliver Nelson, Meet Oliver Nelson (New Jazz 8224)

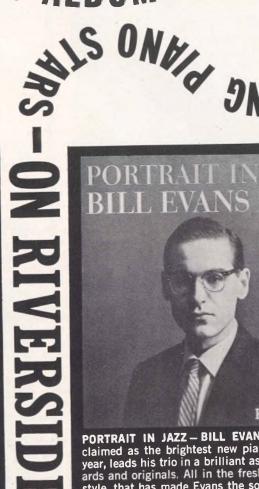
Ben Webster, Ben Webster and Associates (Verve MG V-8318)

32 . DOWN BEAT

ing.



THIS HERE IS BOBBY TIMMONS – Featuring the richly down-to-earth piano of the composer of THIS HERE (made famous by the Cannonball Adderley Quintet), MOANIN', and other great "soul music." On his first trio LP, Bobby plays with every bit as much soul as he writes – need we say more! (RLP 12-317; also Stereo 1164).



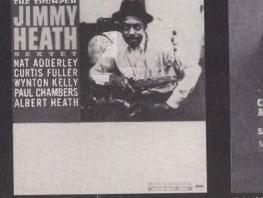
FICITING NEW ALBUMS BY

RIVERSIDE 1940 PORTRAIT IN JAZZ – BILL EVANS, universally acclaimed as the brightest new piano star in many a year, leads his trio in a brilliant assortment of standards and originals. All in the fresh, lyrical, swinging style, that has made Evans the solid new favorite of the musicians, critics, and fans. (RLP 12-315; also Stereo 1162).



THELONIOUS MONK: **Alone in San Francisco** A new Monk album is always an event, and this one is an especially warm treat, with Thelonious playing solo piano on new blues, Monk classics, and standards. (RLP 12-312; Stereo 1158)

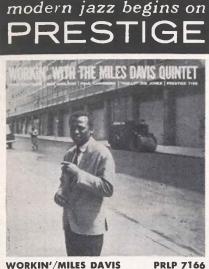
OTHER RECENT OUTSTANDING RIVERSIDE JAZZ



JIMMY HEATH: The Thumper Here's big news: a brilliant first album by an exciting, deep-down tenor sax man (and jazz composer) of truly major importance. Don't miss it. (RLP 12-314; Stereo 1160)



CANNONBALL ADDERLEY: Quintet in San Francisco Everyone's digging this new LP by the great new Adderley band – featuring that extra-funky tune, This Here! Don't be the only one on your block who doesn't own a copy!! (RLP 12-311; Stereo 1157)



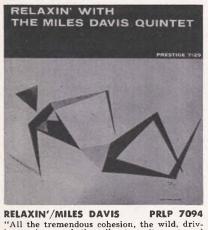
A brand new release by the most famous of all Miles Davis Quintets. With Coltrane, Gar-land, Chambers and "Philly" Joe. Tunes like "Ahmad's Blues", "Trane's Blues" and "It Never Entered My Mind". A must.



RED GARLAND AT THE PRELUDE

AT THE PRECUDE FAIL of the precuber of the precuber of the precuber of good taste. This set, recorded in performance at the intimate nitry, continues the relaxed piano stylings of Garland." Cashboy Cashbox

PRLP 7170



"All the tremendous cohesion, the wild, driv-ing swing, and the all-out excitement and controlled emotion that was present at the best moments of the Davis Quintet has been captured on this record. There are many mo-ments of pure music and emotional joy on this album." Balph L Classon: Downhost

Ralph J. Gleason: Downbeat.

12" High Fidelity Albums \$4.95 At Your Dealer-Send For Free Catalog

PRESTIGE RECORDS INC. 203 S. Washington Ave., Bergenfield, N. J.

accompaniment of Know; and Fuller's solo on Newkeep. Brother Al keeps things brewing in the back row.

An LP of substance. (D.DeM.)

Walter Perkins

MJT-3--Vee-Jay LP 1013: Sleepy; Brother Spike; Whiffenpoof Song; Rochelle; Big Hands. Personnel: Frank Strozier, alto; Willie Thomas, trumpet; Harold Mabern, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Perkins, drums.

Rating: * * * 1/2

MJT means Modern Jazz Two; they are Perkins and Cranshaw, who play well individually and together, showing the results of a long association.

Thomas was formerly with Al Belletto and Woody Herman when the Belletto group was incorporated into the herd. He used to sound more like Red Rodney, if memory serves correct. Here, although eclectic (there are traces of Art Farmer, Dizzy Gillespie, and a remainder of Rodney) he plays with warmth, running into trouble only on Rochelle, where the tempo hangs all the soloists to an extent, making their phrasing a mite uncomfortable and hurried.

Mabern is a self-taught, simple, straightforward pianist who doesn't overwhelm anyone but is ingratiating nevertheless. His originals, Rochelle and Brother Spike, while not bidding to become jazz standards, are better than average.

Strozier is unquestionably the most important soloist. He shows to far better advantage than in his previous outing on Down Home Reunion. He's got the cry of the real jazz player to go with his strong technical equipment. Out of Charlie Parker and Sonny Stitt (a little Cannonball Adderley by osmosis), he reflects with his sound his own personality; he's a highly charged saxophonist, who will be heard from in the future.

The "funk" here is not laid on with a trowel, and that's refreshing. (I.G.)

Oscar Peterson

S SWINGING BRASS WITH OSCAR PET-ERSON-Verve MG V-8364: Stockholm Sweet-nin'; Blues for Big Scotia; Close Your Eyes; Spirit Feel; Cubana Chant; Con Alma; O.P.; Little Pea's Blues.

Personnel: Oscar Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums; orchestra arranged and conducted by Russell Garcia.

Rating: * * * *

Any fresh setting for the vitality and invention of the Oscar Peterson Trio is welcome in and of itself. Here the setting is illumined by the work of a brass section that lacks not a thing in precision, intelligence, and verve (no pun intended), and by the imaginative writing of versatile arranger Russ Garcia.

Garcia, working with Peterson, succeeded admirably in achieving integration on a high level of the trio with the brass. Understandably, the dominant voice is Oscar's, and he makes brilliant use of his opportunities, weaving in and out and around the stabbing brass figures on Spirit or waxing contemplative on the leisurely Stockholm.

Brown is no less brilliant both in supporting role and in solos, as in Little Pea's; and Thigpen is a kicking, slugging font of rhythmic inspiration. One of O.P.'s best. (J.A.T.)

M JAZZ IN SILHOUETTE - Saturn: Hours

M JAZZ IN SILHOUETTE — Saturn: Hours After; Horoscope; Images; Blues at Midnight; Enlightment; Saturn; Velvet; Ancient Ethiopia, Personnel: John Gilmore, tenor; Pat Patrick, baritone saxophone and flute; Marshall Allen, alto and flute; Charles Davis, baritone; James Spaulding, alto and flute; Hobart Dotson, trum-pet; Ronnie Boykins, bass; William Cochran, drums. Remaining personnel unlisted pet; Ronnie Boykins, bass; William drums. Remaining personnel unlisted.

Rating: * * 1/2

Sun Ra has assembled a group of excellent musicians to play a set of not so excellent compositions and arrangements. While the blowing on this date is generally very good-sometimes, as in Gilmore's case, better than that-the scores are marred by a thinness and an incohesiveness that detract from the overall impact of the album.

Most of the leader's compositions sound like watered-down Ellington and Kenton. The best chart is one Sun Ra wrote with Dotson, Enlightment. Ethiopia is interesting, with its effective flute duet and poignant trumpet solo, but degenerates into nonsensical chanting toward the close.

Gilmore, with his Johnny Griffinish tenor, is the outstanding soloist. There is also some good alto, flute, trombone and baritone work, but since the notes do not identify who's who on the different tracks the minds behind these horns will have to remain anonymous. Especially arresting is the work of one of the alto men; it sounds like a combination of Sonny Stitt and Ornette Coleman.

In Sun Ra's next album, I hope he sees fit to give us more information about the men on the date and less of his outer space poetry. (D.DeM.)

Max Roach

M S AWARD-WINNING DRUMMER — Time 70003: Tuba De Nod; Milano; Variations on the Scene; Pies of Quincy; Old Folks; Sadiga; Gan-dolfo's Bounce. Personnel: Booker Little, trumpet; George Coleman, tenor; Ray Draper, tuba; Arthur Davis, bass; Max Roach, drums.

Rating: * * * 1/2

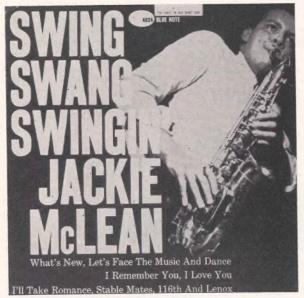
That Max Roach is a dynamic, everchanging musician was never more evident than on this LP. Not content to rest on the awards and plaudits of the jazz world, he is always ready to give the barriers to fuller expression another shove. What he seems to be trying to do is develop more fully the lyrical possibilities of drums and to vary the comping role of the drummer.

His backing behind the soloists, especially bassist Davis, impresses me as being based somewhat on the way pianists play chords and runs. Whether or not he has completely developed this fully is doubtful, since some of his fill-ins are distracting. The main thing is that he is trying, and when he has it whipped, look out!

But Max is always interesting, distractions are no. He plays several stimulating solos, the most fascinating one on Pies. His work on this track is almost completely confined to cymbals - very tastily, I might add. His long solo on Variations is as melodic as drums can get and shows his great debt to Sid Catlett.

The playing of Roach's cohorts is not as satisfying as his. Little is a bit verbose in his feature, Folks, but plays nicely on

BLUE NOTE Swings into Spring

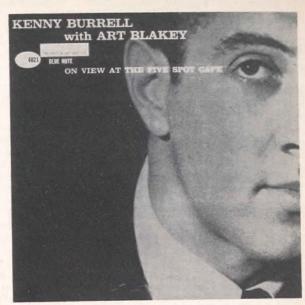


SWING, SWANG, SWINGIN'!-JACKIE McLEAN

This album is a testimony to Jackie's new strength. As the main soloist, he plays with unflagging zest through seven, well-chosen selections. If listening interest remains at a consistently high level, it is only because McLean's own, dedicated interest in what he is playing is obvious. Jackie and his associates did more than just swing-they made some real "love" music.

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KENNY BURRELL AT THE FIVE SPOT CAFE

The music on this LP, recorded on location at the Five Spot Cafe, has the same casual, relaxed atmosphere as the club itself. Burrell on guitar, Ben Tucker on bass, Art Blakey on drums, and Roland Hanna on piano form the quartet for Hallelujah and 36-23-36. Later on in the evening, for Birk's Work, Lady Be Good and Lover Man, Bobby Timmons replaces Hanna, and Tina Brooks on tenor sax expands the group to quintet size. They achieve an after-hours, playing-for-themselves feeling that musicians are seldom able to duplicate in a studio.

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the other tracks, especially Sadiga. Tubaist Draper seemed to be having lip trouble on this date. Coleman's best track is on his own Sadiga. A man to watch for future reference is Davis, whose playing on Nod is excellent.

Besides being the main light of the album. Roach wrote two originals (Nod and Pies) and helped arrange John Lewis' lovely Milano. Pies is just a framework for Max' cymbals, but Nod shows that he has definite compositional potential. At present, he seems to be at the movingvoices stage of development.

All in all, a provocative study of one of the great drummers. (D.DeM.)

Shirley Scott

MIREY SCOTT SCOTTIE PLAYS THE DUKE—Prestige 7163: Caravan; Just Squeeze Me; C Jam Blues; Prelude to a Kiss; In a Sentimental Mood; In a Mellow Tone; I've Got It Bad; Just A-Sittin' and A-Rockin'. Personnel: Miss Scott, organ; George Duvi-vier, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums.

Rating: * * *

In some ways Miss Scott is more satisfying than her better-known contemporaries on the organ bandwagon. Rarely does she indulge in the overpowering propensities of the instrument, nor does she bombard the listener with a barrage of technical broadsides. Her playing is usually in swinging good taste; the main exception being her overuse of the glissando effect.

In other ways, she falls short of what an organist should be. Her principal shortcoming is her basic pianistic approach to the instrument. She seems little concerned with stop combinations or foot pedals. She concentrates on but one facet of the instrument-the keyboard.

This album is marked by Scottie's restrained funk and driving beat. Bad is her best effort with its building, driving, strutting close.

Duvivier and Edgehill provide solid foundations for Miss Scott's performance. The record is worth spinning a second time just to listen to Duvivier's fine work. Unfortunately, Edgehill and Scottie have some fours on C Jam that sound a bit shaky in meter.

On four tracks, Miss Scott "doubles" piano. This adds some variety to the over-all sound of the LP. Many organists play the piano with their right hand while sustaining chords on the organ with their left, but Miss Scott-or someone-thought this insufficient. The piano has obviously been dubbed in and is not played simultaneously with the organ, as the liner notes imply. Either this is the case, or Miss Scott has four hands. (Four hands? Even Buck Hammer had only three!) Such a thing in this day of honesty by hindsight! Tsk! Tsk! (D. DeM.)

Sir Charles Thompson

SIR CHARLES THOMPSON M SIR CHARLES THOMPSON AND THE SWING ORGAN-Columbia CL 1364: I Get a Kick Out of You; Cool and Easy; Robbins' Nest; The Lady in Red; April Love; 19th Hole; Jumpin' at Basie's; I Wanta Love You; What's New; Oh Me, Oh My; Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing; Party Time. Personnel: Sir Charles Thompson, organ and piano; Percy France, tenor; Rudy Rutherford, clarinet: Aaron Bell bass: I. C. Heard, drums. piano; Percy France, tenor; Rudy Rutherford, clarinet; Aaron Bell, bass; J. C. Heard, drums.

Rating: * * 1/2

36 • DOWN BEAT

This album, which marks Thompson's debut on Columbia, is most pleasant listening all the way, but when stacked up against the giants of jazz organ available on record, it just doesn't make it.

Sir Charles is a strong, knowledgeable exponent of the Hammond's manuals and his right hand piano solos (while left hand and feet keep things moving elsewhere) are swinging and smack of the bop era from whence he came. A prime asset is the power with which he attacks, coming on, as the notes point out, like the whole bleeding Basie band. It's a big and healthy sound.

Tactically programmed to open sides one and two are the two real wailers in the LP. But there are some good moments later on, too. Cool, a walking blues, is rocking in feel and movement as is the slightly faster I Wanta on the other side, in which France gets off an effective tenor solo. For the old-timers, Robbins' is thrown in (it's the only one of his originals here that Sir Charles does not publish) and receives relaxed but unexciting treatment.

Bell and Heard provide adequate rhythm backing, unobtrusive but always The addition of Rutherford's there. clarinet is stuffing the ballot box a bit.

Pleasant, relaxed and quite swinging, this outing is nevertheless nothing to get (J.A.T.) het up about.

MISCELLANY

Shorty Rogers

M SHORTY ROGERS MEETS TARZAN-MGM E3798: The Elephants Wail; Los Barbaros; Para-dise Found; Trapped; Los Primitivos; Oomgawa;

dise Found; Trapped; Los Primitivos; Oomgawa; Tarzanic Suite. Personnel: Rogers, fluegelhorn; Al Porcino, Buddy Childers, Don Fagerquist, Ollie Mitchell, trumpets; Harry Betts, Frank Rosolino, Bob En-evoldsen, Marshall Cram, trombones; Bud Shank, Bill Perkins, Bob Cooper, Bill Holman, Chuck Gentry, Bill Hood, saxophones; Frank Capp, Mo-desto Duran, Carlos Rosario, Chico Guerrero, Chach Gonzalez, drums; Pete Jolly, piano; Joe Mondragon, Buddy Clark, bass; leader and ar-ranger, Shorty Rogers. Rating: ****

Rating: * * * *

Oomgawa. Are they serious? This entire album smacks nauseously of Hollywood from the ridiculous pose on the cover, through the album and tune titles, right down to the evasive hedging about modern jazz having much of its origination in the jungles of Africa.

If you can wade undaunted through all of this and don't read the idiot bait on the back of the liner, you're in for a pleasant surprise. Jazz this is not, but it is a worthwhile addition to one's collection of well-performed and impressive soundtracks. The personnel is gingerly sprinkled with first-rate west coast jazzmen, and they manage to make spotty representations of jazz throughout the entire album.

Shank has a fine flute solo in Elephant's Wail but don't leave the room or you'll miss it. And he adds sparkle and spice to the recording all the way. Rosolino plays everything from scales to Sousa, but he is as clean as a whistle throughout. Paradise Found is uncomfortably reminiscent of Leo Baxter's Quiet Village, although Jolly does manage to get in an admirable solo.

The Tarzanic Suite, which occupies one

entire side, overcomes the superficial chanting and whip-like sound effects at the beginning and evolves into an exciting composition. The soloists are consistently good here. The battery of drums is at times almost enveloping and provide stimulating rhythms and cross rhythms.

Rogers is a much greater composer and arranger than playing musician, at least as far as this date is concerned. The solos he takes are short, forgivable, and forgettable. He wisely allows his arrangements to speak for him here.

You may want to add this to your stock of LPs to impress people with. (B.J.G.)

VOCAL

Diahann Carroll

M THE PERSIAN ROOM PRESENTS-United M THE PERSIAN ROOM PRESENTS—United Artists UAL 3080: Everything's Coming Up Roses; Misty; Shopping Around; Goody Goody; I Wish I Were in Love Again; All or Nothing at All; Medley: (Am I Blue?, Taking A Chance on Love; Happiness is Just a Thing Called Joe;) Medley: Dinah, After You're Gone, Stormy Weather; Heat Wave; Reprise: Happiness is Just a Thing Called Joe. Personnel: Diahann Carroll backed by Don Costa's orchestra.

a Thing Cance Personnel: Diahann Carron Costa's orchestra. Rating: ★ ½

Cute is the word for this LP and it is cute in the worst sense of the word. It is an incredible, mannered, false, contrived and frankly corny series of Lena Horneinfluenced numbers and more's the pity since every once in a while this girl discloses she can sing, and swing. It may have been a gas to dig this in person (the applause indicates it was) but to sit down and listen to it without visual or alcoholic stimulants it is not. I listened to it twice, all the way through, and it was a drag. This sort of singing is chic, I suppose, though it seems likely that Eva Marie Sainte has a better word for it. It all ends up with a terrible, long corny drawn out reprise of Happiness Is Just A Thing Called Joe after which, so help me, I expected Lenny Bruce's Palladium routine. It would have fitted. (R.J.G.)

Mavis Rivers

Mavis Rivers HOORAY FOR LOVE—Capitol T1294: Hooray for Love; I Fall in Love Too Easily; Do You Love Me; Like Love; Speak to Me of Love; There Is No Breeze; The Glory of Love; You Don't Know What Love Is; Love; Love of My Life; In Love in Vain; Almost Like Being in Love. Personnel: Miss Rivers, vocals, accompanied by Jack Marshall orchestra.

Rating: * * * *

Impeccable taste, excellent control, clean articulation, near-perfect intonation, good phrasing, and emotional warmth-these are the qualities one looks for in a vocalist. These are virtues found in Mavis Rivers. She has that clear and sweet-but not sticky-sound that makes Ella so pleasing. In fact, Miss Rivers sounds a lot like Ella with a dash of Sarah, but succeeds, nevertheless, in maintaining her individuality.

Her delicate and tender treatment of In Love in Vain is the loveliest track. That she can swing is amply evident in her treatment of Glory and Almost Like Being.

The backing provided by various combinations is the essence of swinging good taste, and shows Marshall as a skilled and understanding arranger. There are some nice trombone and flute solos sprinkled throughout the album as well. Marshall's most effective background is the guitarflute accompaniment of In Love in Vain. In sum, a delightful album by a talented and, I feel, a potentially great vocalist.

(D.DeM.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Count Basie

Count Basie BASIE'S BASEMENT-Canden CAL 497: Hey, Pretty Baby; Seventh Avenue Express; Walk-ing Slow Behind You; Mister Robert's Roost; Don't You Want A Man Like Me; South; The Jungle King; Sophisticated Swing; House Rent Boogie; Basie's Basement; Brand New Wagon. Personnel includes Paul Consalves, Buddy Tate, tenor saxophones; Dickie Wells, trombone; Basie, piano and organ; Freddie Green, guitar; Walter Page, bass; Jo Jones, drums; Jimmy Rushing, vocals on tracks 1, 3, 5, 7 and 11. Rating: ★★½ These priorupes from Victor 78s are all

These reissues from Victor 78s are all big band sides, excepting the title number, which employs an octet drawn from the band. The tracks represent the last years of the original Basie band. Most of them were cut in 1947; Walking Slow in 1949.

In addition to the familiar personnel listed above, Harry Edison and Emmett Berry were still in the trumpet section, but the scores are not up to what we had come to expect of Count's bands. Gonsalves, Tate, Wells, and Edison are heard in solo spots, as well as Basie, but most of the solos are of short duration.

The selections range from a boring novelty, Jungle King, through an Ellingtontouched Sophisticated Swing to the solid swinger, Mr. Robert's Roost. Seventh Avenue Express roars out of the station, but develops trouble in the tunnel. Jimmy Rushing has his usual good humor but his material is nothing to shout about, although none is as labored as Jungle King.

With so much better Basie available on LP, you can skip this. It isn't even of much historical value, unless you want to hear some of the reasons for the decline of a band. Of course, economic factors entered into it, but tired scores dulled the spirit too. (I.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.

Manny Albam Orchestra, Double Exposures (Top Rank M RM 313)

Ernestine Anderson, The Fascinating Ernestine Anderson (Mercury M and S SR 60171)

Bands of Billy Butterfield, Urbie Green, Larry Elgart and others, The Dancing Beat of the Swinging Bands (RCA Victor M LPM 2090, S LSP 2090)

Kenny Burrell with Art Blakey, On View at the Five Spot (Blue Note M 4021)

Billy Butterfield, Rex Stewart, Charlie Shavers, Buck Clayton, and others, More Live Echoes of the Swingin' Bands (RCA Victor M LPM 1983)

Johnny Dankworth Orchestra, Bundle from Britain (Top Rank M RM 314)

Kenny Dorham and Clark Terry, Top Trumpets (Jazzland M JLP 10)

RIL SHOW

Kenny Drew, The Tough Piano Trio (Jazzland M JLP 9)

Maynard Ferguson Orchestra, Jazz for Dancing (Roulette M and S 52038)

Pete Fountain, Pete Fountain Day (Coral M CRL-57313, S CRL 757313) Curtis Fuller Quintet, Blues-ette (Savoy

M MG 12141) Red Garland, Red Garland at the Pre-

lude (Prestige M 7170) Gramercy Six, Great Swinging Sounds

(Edison International M P 502) Jackie McLean, Swing Swang Swingin'

(Blue Note M 4024)

Jimmy McPartland's Dixielanders, That Happy Dixieland Jazz (Camden M CAL 549, S CAS 549)

Phil Napoleon and His Memphis Five, Phil Napoleon and His Memphis Five (Capitol M T-1344, S ST-1344)

Tony Scott, My Kind of Jazz (Perfect M PL 12010, S PS 14010)

Charlie Shavers, Charlie Digs Dixie (MGM M E 3809)

George Shearing Quintet with Brass Choir, Satin Brass (Capitol M T-1326, S] ST-1326)

Nina Simone with Chris Connor and Carmen McRae, Nina Simone and Her Friends (Bethlehem M BCP 6041)

Art Tatum, More of the Greatest Piano of Them All (Verve M MGV-8347)

Sarah Vaughan with Billy Eckstine's orchestra, Mr. 'B' The Great Billy Eckstine (Audio-Lab M AL 1549)

Muddy Waters, Muddy Waters Sings Big Bill Broonzy (Chess M LP 1444)

Lester Young and Harry Edison, Going for Myself (Verve M MGV-8298)

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Barbara Carroll takes time out to catch up on the news with Down Beat

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The hall seemed unusually familiar, not only because of the surroundings but also because of the action on the platform. It was a night last October at the Fraternal Club House on New York City's 48th St. The occasion was Sam Ulano's drum concert, featuring Charlie Persip and Elvin Jones.

There was one portion of the session where three drummers, Persip, Jones, and Stu Martin, all played at once unaccompanied. They traded ideas and played time and fill-ins with one another. It was the percussive originality of the drum soloing that summoned up the identification in the memory.

Back in late 1945 there had been a jazz concert in the same hall featuring Big Sid Catlett. The most memorable part of the concert had been a 30-minute drum solo during which Catlett expressed more, a lot more, than other drummers were able to in that era. The only other thing remembered of that night 15 years ago was the late Charlie Parker noodling behind a vocal group known as Six Jacks and a Dame. Parker didn't play anything memorable, but he sure sank the only commercial act on the show.

Ulano's drum concerts are an example of the constantly varying happenings in the world of jazz. The two concerts held so far this season have been educational, exciting and different. As the featured drummer, Ed Shaughnessy, observed at the January concert, "We want to give you something here you can't get in the jazz clubs, a sort of inside look on how some of the changes in jazz come about through jamming and experimentation."

The main ballroom of the Fraternal Club House can hold 400 persons, and last January 400 tickets at \$2.00 each were sold. Almost all audiences are made up of persons in the drum profession, including amateur and professionals, instructors, salesmen, and students. Ulano, who puts on the show himself, has a school for drummers in New York City.

The format is the same as for a

regular concert, a couple of instrumental groups alternating as main attractions. The difference is that those featured anounce what they are going to do on the drums. In addition, the other participating artists on horns, reeds, and rhythm instruments explain what the drummer in a combo means to them from a functional as well as an inspirational standpoint.

The first session last October had Persip's all-stars, which included Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Richard Wyands, piano; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet, and Jimmy Garrison, bass. They played tunes like Ray Brown's *Ray's Idea* and Gillespie's *Night in Tunisia*. When drummers Elvin Jones and Stu Martin joined the group, everybody improvised on *Billie's Bounce*.

At the January concert, drummer Willie Rodriguez and his quintet of Latin drummers alternated with the Ed Shaughnessy Quintet. It is planned to have different styles of drumming represented at the concerts. The next session will have a Dixieland drum demonstration along with another modern group.

Shaughnessy's unit consisted of Eddie Bert, trombone; Vinnie Dean, alto saxophone; Clyde Lombardi, bass, and Sal Mosca, piano. Clarinetist Aaron Sachs sat in for the second set, a 15-minute version of Lover, Come Back to Me.

One of the most interesting events of the evening was Shaughnessey's explanation and demonstration of his bell drum.

Several years ago, he worked on a television show on which was featured a Nigerian native drummer who was in New York to study sociology at Columbia university. The Nigerian used a large conga drum that he hit with a mallet, and strapped to his bare foot was a tambourine with its head on the floor.

The sound the man made with the foot-operated tambourine intrigued Shaughnessey so much that he invented a small drum that would give him the same sound. His small tambourine drum is 14 inches in diameter and has one head. The other end is open like a tambourine. He mounted bells by sewing them onto strip felt, which is attached to the drum head. He uses a bass drum pedal that strikes the head, and the bells are muffled by the felt.

To demonstrate his drum, Shaughnessey played a composition he wrote in honor of the Nigerian drummer called *Nigerian Walk*. The sound effect on certain numbers is quite exciting.

Ulano is so pleased with the results of his drum clinics that he is talking about renting a larger hall for future concerts.

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Tyree Glenn

By Leonard Feather

Tyree Glenn's career has gone through three phases. From the mid-1930s he was a touring sideman in a miscellany of near-name and name bands (Eddie Barefield, Eddie Mallory, Benny Carter, Cab Calloway, Don Redman). The second stage was his five-year stint with the Ellington band, musically fruitful enough to be considered a whole phase in itself.

The third phase, which began eight years ago, has been the most comfortable and lucrative of the trombonist-vibraphonist's life. Though it may come as a surprise to fans in Michigan or Oregon, Tyree is an exceptionally busy, ubiquitous and seemingly tireless figure, often working long evenings with his quartet at the Roundtable, grabbing a short nap, and then rushing to the daily earlymorning local CBS radio stint with Jack Sterling that he's been holding down since 1953. He's the perfect portrait of a jazzman who's really making it commercially without sacrificing his musical conscience - and without the road. The following is Tyree's first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played.



"Not the type of jazz I was brought up on."

The Records

1. Duke Ellington. Launching Pad (from Festival Session, Columbia). Ellington, composer and piano; Clark Terry, fluegelhorn; Paul Gonsalves, tenor.

That's nice, very nice. That's the blues — I've got to recognize the blues! The unison part there sounded like Clark Terry. The soloist was Ray Nance, wasn't it? Was that Duke Ellington? It sounds like that band, to me. That's a typical Ellington-Strayhorn idea, with the cute little riff going, the little melodic sound . . . I like it, man. It's one of those real catchy little things; real relaxed. And the unison between the trumpet and the tenor - is that what I heard? — Paul Gonsalves, I think it was-you know, Jimmy Hamilton writes things like that too; but to me, it sounds like it was Ellington's writing. Am I right? . . And the piano -don't nobody fall in with little fills like that but Duke, man. Everything is so in place, he'll do little things to goose you along and they're just right ... Out of five? I'd give him three and a half or something like that.

2. Ornette Coleman. Lonely Woman (from The Shape of Jazz to Come, Atlantic). Coleman, alto; Don Cherry, trumpet; Billy Higgins, drums.

Ha, ha, ha! I don't know-sounded like sump'n from India! The instruments they're playing-the only thing I recognized was the drums . . . wasn't there a trumpet in there? Well, whatever that is, I'll give them an A for effort. You'd have to just lay with it and listen to it and listen to it and maybe you'd come up with something with it, but it's a little too far out, a little distorted to my ear. You know, you hear these bands from India that

play these flutes and different instruments-they've got so many moving parts it's hard to distinguish. Well, it's certainly not the type of jazz that I was brought up on.

3. Victor Feldman. Satin Doll (from The Arrival of Victor Feldman, Contemporary). Feldman, vibes and piano; Scott La Faro, bass.

There's so many new groups coming up that I didn't know who that is, but it was very nice. The vibraphone and the piano, was he the same? This boy is very good. I'm trying to think of this boy that plays piano and vibesis it Eddie Costa? On some parts of this they got away from me just a little-I think he could have had a little more backing behind him. The bass player, I can tell, has done a little studying-seemed to me like a 'cello player. But they could have got a better pick-up on him, or something; some of the notes you could hear too much scraping, his fingers moving. I mean, you take like a Milt Hinton, George Duvivier, or Eddie Safranski; they're really fingering, you know, and it's clean coming up, you know, you don't hear anything but the notes. But overall this was very good; let's give it three.

4. Johnny Richards, Run Wild (from Walk Softly, Run Wild, Coral). Comp. Richards. Jimmy Cleveland, Jim Dahl, trombone solos; Ray Copeland, high note trumpet.

I don't know, but was that Slide Hampton? Them fast little boys-oh man, if I could play like that! Trumpet sounded to me like it was Maynard Ferguson. There's two guys that could swing a band like that, with so much ease-the other was Al Killian, with Duke. I think this is Maynard's little band. A good little band. I liked what

the trombone was doing; at least he was thinking for himself and he's putting his studies to use and moving fast. He got his little double-tongue and triple tongue effects and had a nice little melodic thing going. Three stars, on the whole thing.

5. One World Jazz. Misty (from One World Jazz, Columbia). Ben Webster, tenor; George Chisholm, trombone; Stéphane Grappelly, violin; Clark Terry, trumpet.

That sure sounded like Frog to memy man Ben Webster; and was that Clark Terry? Oh, you're not going to tell me. The trombone I thought sounded like Lou McGarity; and Britt Woodman has a sound something like that. The violin-in parts it sounded like Stuff. Was it Stuff? Or was it two different violins? Oh, man, what are you doing to me? Well, I'm such a melody-conscious person, and each one had his own identification there, for instance that breathy sound therethat had to be Frog. Each man told his own story in his own way, and I like that. Four stars, for the individuality.

6. Al Grey, Don't Get Around Much Anymore (from The Last of the Big Plungers, Argo). Arr. Frank Foster.

Another plunger man, huh? Shades of Tricky Sam! That's a new one on me, but he's got good conception of how to use the plunger. And I know how hard that plunger is to play and control. The band-Al Grey's been doing a lot of things with Basie on that order. The tune - Don't Get Around Much Enty More, as Hibbler always says! Was that Basie's band? But he isn't in there himself, and Basie always has to say a little sump'n. I'll give it dЬ three stars.

ART PEPPER

to a solo. This leads to greater interplay between the soloist and the rhythm players. You play your part, but you also play with them."

Previously, said the altoist, "I wasn't even aware that Rollins, Steve Lacey, Bill Evans, Monk and Miles were all playing so much. Frankly, I was in a position where I wasn't even able to hear them on record. And there just wasn't anybody around in this coast environment who inspired me to the point where I really wanted to blow.

"I had the feeling frequently that I ought to go to New York and just blow with the cats there. But sometimes you can't do the things you want."

At the Lighthouse these days, "it's like a workshop again," in the words of leader Howard Rumsey. "Between sets," Rumsey said, "the guys are writing original material so the band can run down the tunes the following night." For Rumsey, this is a boon indeed, for in recent years it had become fashionable among the hippies to brush off the Lighthouse as a joint for squares where nothing fresh happens. Indeed, in some quarters, it was not unusual to hear the café referred to as "the mausoleum of west coast jazz."

Now, all this has changed, thanks to the new blood, the fresh jazz viewpoints infused into the playing of the All-Stars. In addition to Rumsey and Pepper, the present complement consists of tenorist-oboist Bob Cooper, trumpeter

A BOOK REVIEW By BILL MATHIEU

The Joy of Music, by Leonard Bernstein. Published by Simon and Schuster; 303 Pages, \$5.95.

In the flood of Leonard Bernstein paeans that have appeared recently in the form of liner notes, Sunday supplement fillers, and reviews in small magazines, there is an omission concerning the value of this man's work which bears examination.

This extremely important, yet unsung, element in Bernstein's thought consists in his plea for a specific kind of music criticism. And the principle underlying this special kind of thinking is: people should, when attempting musical analysis, discuss the *music*, "not the whole array of appreciator's extra-musical notions which have grown like parasites around it."

This makes musical analysis, (Bernstein goes on to say in the introduction to *The Joy of Music*), "extremely difficult for the layman. Obviously we can't use musical terminology exclusively, or we will simply drive the victim away. We must have intermittent recourse to certain extra-musical ideas,

Conte Candoli, pianist Vince Guaraldi, and drummer Nick Martinis.

Working at the Lighthouse with musicians such as Guaraldi and Martinis, said Pepper, gives him the feeling of wanting to blow. "I feel like a kid again," he said. "It's a crazy feeling."

T CAN only be a matter of time before jazz fans all over the country become aware of the revitalization of Art Pepper.

Musician friends—some of them very influential—are busy touting the "new" Pepper.

Pianist and movie composer André Previn is one of his champions. Previn used him on the soundtrack of the M-G-M picture, *The Subterraneans*, and has publicly voiced his approval of Pepper's work on this none-too-easy assignment — which was Art's first movie job.

But perhaps the strongest factor in spreading the word is the Art Pepper Plus Eleven album.

Reviewing it in the Feb. 18 Down Beat (it got five stars), Ralph Gleason said that "as an altoist, (Pepper) immediately assumes his place again in the front rank . . . He is surprisingly sensitive and moving on clarinet . . . and if he ever gets seriously down to work on that instrument as his major, there's room to believe he might be the one to bring it up to the point of development of the other solo horns. On tenor, he is a solidly swinging, tough-minded soloist . . ."

like religion, or social factors, or historical forces, which may have influenced the music. We don't ever want to talk down; but how *up* can we talk without losing contact?

"There is a happy medium somewhere between the music-appreciation racket and purely technical discussion; it is hard to find, but it can be found."

If Leonard Bernstein has indeed put his finger near this happy medium (and I believe he has), his chief value will lie not so much in his ability—in the guise of a "popularizer"—to convert plain everyday people into fervent disciples of Bach, jazz, and grand opera, but rather in his ability to lead some of the deadly, too-powerful, overbearing music analysts, critics, and reviewers along a path more beneficial to their culture.

The Joy of Music contains an introduction (worth the price of the book), a few re-printed essays, some photographs, and the scripts of seven of Bernstein's Omnibus television presentations. It reads easily. A reading knowledge of simple piano music (or access to someone who has it) is essential to a thorough understanding of the television scripts, for the examples are provided in musical notation.

Marty Paich and Art Pepper are, in a sense, the Damon and Pythias of jazz.

Simply and unemotionally, Paich explains their musical relationship. "I feel the situation between Art and myself is similar to that between Miles Davis and Gil Evans. We understand each other.

"I've played with him long enough to understand his feeling. Because Art's usually recorded with a quartet or similar small group, I tried to write for the *Eleven* album in a manner that would make him feel that he was playing with a small band."

To Paich, Pepper the musician is "of the utmost jazz caliber. There's no one else I would rather write for because the minute he hears the background, he makes an immediate adjustment to the arrangement. Art never stops listening to what's happening in the background; in reverse, it's like a pianist working with a singer."

Summarized Paich, "Art Pepper is probably one of the most dedicated musicians I know. He just lives for that horn."

But perhaps one of the best tributes was the simple and direct one of trumpeter and bandleader Maynard Ferguson. Across the continent, in New York, Ferguson sat in his living room listening to the album.

"Wonderful," he said. "Wonderful. I never thought I'd ever again hear Art playing like that. I'm happy to hear it." A lot of people are.

The book means to benefit those who are enough puzzled by the musical world to investigate its meaning.

The general topics are: the meaning of meaning in music, film-score dubbing, the yet-to-be written Great American Symphony, jazz, conducting, musical comedy, grand opera, modern music, Gershwin, Beethoven, and Bach. Every essay is extensive, yet concise, and, insofar as space permits, there is never a musical question left a-begging.

There are drawbacks to the volume. It may take a certain fortitude on the reader's part to get past a prose style which often cloys in its over-dramatization. Bald attempts to "contact" the frivolous reader may embarras the serious one. Slight inaccuracies (specifically regarding the discussion of the source of Western harmonic thinking and the definition of the blue note in jazz) may slightly rankle the extremely technicalminded, as they did me.

I would like to recommend The Joy of Music to all laymen who choose to be more fully instructed; but I plead that it be read by every music journalist who has ever secretly, oh so secretly, been faced with the dread of re-reading his own criticism.



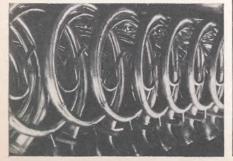
JAZZ CONCERT Shrine Auditorium, Los Angeles Personnel: Miles Davis Sextet, Modern Jazz Quartet; Paul Horn Quintet; Jackie Cain and Roy Kral.

In the words of emcee Al (Sleepy) Stein, "We made a survey recently and discovered that there were more concerts in the Los Angeles area in the last 90 days than in the previous two years." While not all of the concerts were of the jazz variety, this one positively was --to the tune of a \$22,000 gross for Omega Enterprises and a jam-packed auditorium. It was, moreover, the largest house in four years at the 6 7000-seat Shrine.

While the heavyweights on the bill were the groups of Davis and Lewis, Paul Horn's quintet, which opened the program, proved the surprise of the evening. Selections played by altoistflutist Horn, vibist Emil Richards, pianist Paul Moer, bassist Red Mitchell, and drummer Larry Bunker stressed genuine compositional character as well as first-class solo work by all. Mitchell, however, was the hit of the set. He soloed brilliantly, taking advantage of the superior sound system that broadcast his picking to every corner of the house, and evoked prolonged and enthusiastic applause.

All the tunes performed—Mr. Mitchell; Something Blue, Half and Half and Moer's Tall Polynesian — varied in color and rhythmic texture. There was no mere blowing for its own sake, rather a definite attempt to structure jazz, as in Half and Half, which alternated between 6/8 and 4/4 time, or the gentle, Debussian minor blues, Something.

Then came the jazz disc jockeys. Frank Evans introduced red-jacketed Stein, who, after hailing the concert attendance as the answer to the jazz



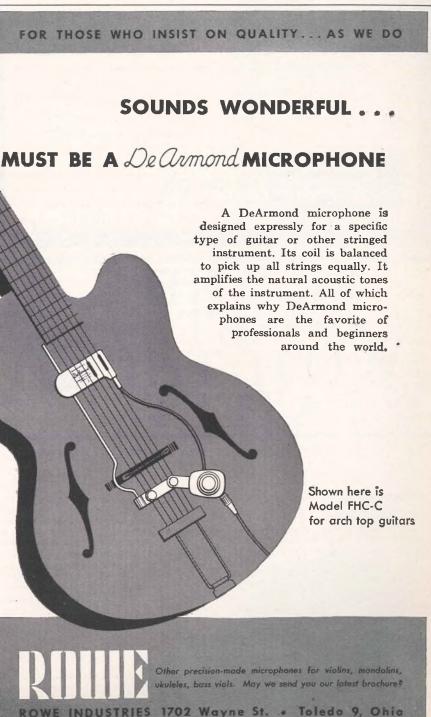
club dilemma, introduced in turn DJ Vern Stevens. The latter's introduction of the Modern Jazz Quartet was almost anticlimactic. What group can follow three disc jockeys?

In a half-dozen numbers — the last an encore by acclamation — the MJQ revealed itself still to be probably the most finely crafted and sensitive group in jazz. John Lewis showed he had escaped from his "salon period" and laid down plenty of basic jazz piano with magnificent support (particularly from drummer Connie Kay in the fast *I'll Remember April*) by the rhythm team.

Ray Brown's Pyramid, composed af-

ter hearing Mahalia Jackson, became a dramatic demonstration of the efficacy of stimulating emotion by the simplest technical means. Skating in Central Park, from Lewis' score for the film Odds Against Tomorrow, was a charming, offbeat waltz which vibist Milt Jackson appeared not to take too seriously. But he shone like a nova in his solos, particularly in the inevitable Bags' Groove. The encore was predictable.

Miss Cain and Kral delivered a polished set, visually enlivened by her ultra-ultra, chi-chi garb, which did nothing to detract from her precise delivery with husband Roy of the oldie





Sweet and Lowdown and their standby, Mountain Greenery, among others.

Unfortunately, Miss Cain chose to sing what she introduced as "words of advice from Cole Porter," *Experiment*, surely one of the worst popular songs ever penned. All in all, Jackie and Roy were well received and benefited from the rhythm support of bassist Al Mc-Kibbon and drummer Gene Estes.

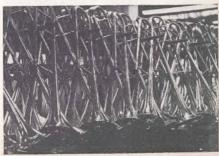
The climax came with the appearance of the Miles Davis Sextet. Reportedly Miles was miffed on arrival at the auditorium because the group had to wait to go onstage and possibly this accounted for his casual approach to his horn in the trio of tunes performed by himself, tenorist John Coltrane, vibist Buddy Montgomery, pianist Wynton Kelly, bassist Paul Chambers, and drummer Jimmy Cobb.

Davis seemed reluctant to work seriously for the audience, doodled around *All of You* and, between the first choruses and the out blowing, stood in the background behind the group watching over his men like a fussy mother hen. His muted, closely miked *All of You* was in solo remote and whimsical, indeed, with moments of moving lyric beauty.

Slashing at the canvas of his own creation, Coltrane erupted in a fantastic onrush of surrealism and disconnected musical thought best appreciated within the dark corridors of his personal psyche. The philosophical implications of his performance, with its overtones of neurotic compulsion and contempt for an audience, belong in another area of journalistic examination.

Miles, whose bearing resembles more and more that of Frank Sinatra, could have been most proud of soloists Kelly and Montgomery.

Kelly's final solo of the evening was a joy to hear, following as it did that of the anarchistic Coltrane. It revealed real concept of beauty and a structure logically built to climax after climax. Montgomery's vibes statements disclosed genuine development in his attempt to create a rising tide of jazz excitement. One had the feeling, though, that Buddy was but a disconnected entity in this front line of wandering egos. —John Tynan





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F. E. OLDS & SON FULLERTON, CALIFORNIA

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

How many of today's jazz fans were born too late ever to hear the giants in person? According to the answers to my recent *Twenty Questions* column, the proportion is regrettably high.

Of the 10 musicians I named, only one came face to face with the majority of respondents: 60 percent had seen Lester Young at one time or another.

Only 44 percent had ever caught Billie Holiday—and most of them, no doubt, when she was well past her prime; a mere 29 percent had heard Charlie Parker before he died, and only 28 percent caught Art Tatum. Figures for the others fell off sharply: 17 percent for Jimmie Lunceford, 13 percent for Fats Waller, 11 percent each for Chick Webb and Mildred Bailey, 9 percent for Charlie Christian and 2 percent for Bessie Smith, who died in 1937.

The next question, "In what weekly or daily publications do you read about jazz regularly?" was widely misconstrued by many readers.

Several assured me that they read Down Beat every week—devotion, surely beyond the duty-call to any fortnightly periodical. Fifteen percent answered "none"; 12 percent mentioned a local newspaper, many of whom may have meant Ralph Gleason's column, which was specifically singled out by an additional 10 percent. John S. Wilson of the New York Sunday Times was mentioned by 8½ percent, The New Yorker by 8 percent and The Saturday Review by 6 percent. It is refreshing to think that not one of these areas offered any jazz coverage to speak of a few years ago.

There was a similar reaction to the question on books. An average of $4\frac{1}{2}$ books on jazz had been read by each of the respondents, only 9 percent of whom offered a "none" answer.

The Encyclopedia of Jazz was named by 40¹/₂ percent (however, you can wipe off as much as you feel inclined to on the basis of apple polishing), Marshall Stearns' The Story of Jazz by 36 percent, the Hentoff-Shapiro Hear Me Talkin' to Ya by 30.5 percent, Andre Hodeir's Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence by 261/2 percent, The Encyclopedia Yearbook by 21 percent, Barry Ulanov's History of Jazz in America by 201/2 percent, The Book of Jazz and Jazzmakers each by 19 percent, Mezz Mezzrow's Really the Blues by 161/2 percent, my recent magazine-style opus, Jazz, 151/2 percent, Billie Holiday's



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DRUMMERS

Harold Thorp writes from Steinkjer, Norway

Dear Mr. Spector, "Last Monday I went to a concert by Stan Getz in Tronheim, Norway, and I was invited to sit in at the jam session afterwards. I would not have dared to sit down at the drum set if it had not been for a couple of months intense study of your home study course in Method Jazz Drumming. I know my time sense must have sharpened as I now can hear unsteady tempo tendencies on records that I sense must have sharpened as I now can hear unsteady tempo tendencies on records that I thought of as being infallible. Ideas come by themselves now. I have discussed your method with the conductor of the Steinkjer Orchestra Society who became very enthusiastic about it. So am I."

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Lady Sings the Blues by 15 percent, and The New Yearbook of Jazz by 14 percent, which tied it with Ulanov's Handbook of Jazz.

The important fact that emerged from these answers was that no fewer than 50 books were named in the answers. The potential size of your jazz library has increased by many thousands percent in the last five years.

The ratio between modern and traditional jazz has changed sharply. A similar poll in 1956 showed 561/2 percent for modern, 101/2 percent for traditional, and 33 percent for both.

The new figures show 75 percent mainly modern-oriented, 10 percent still traditionalist, and 15 percent for both. Several readers, however, cited mainstream or swing-era jazz as their special interest and consider it a category separable from traditional and modern.

The interest in classical music seems to have remained stationary. In 1956, 48.7 percent devoted only an hour a week or no time at all to classical listening; currently, 55 percent have some interest; 27 percent each are devoted to folk music and painting, 26 percent have no particular interest in any of the other arts, 11 percent cited literature and 71/2 percent each mentioned sculpture and the theater. Another 71/2 percent voted for "all other art forms."

The degree of apprehension stirred up by the word "atonal" has changed little since a previous inquiry that disclosed six out of seven readers were stumped by it. In the new quiz, 23 percent didn't even try to answer, 52 percent answered wrong, 6 percent were partially right, and 19 percent answered correctly.

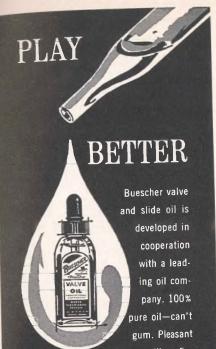
Some of the most intriguing answers in the entire investigation were supplied in connection with Question 11 ("Readers of a French magazine recently voted, by a 78-22 percentage, that Negro musicians have more natural talent than white musicians. Do you agree?"). The figures: 51 percent disagreed with the French magazine, 321/2 percent agreed, 10 percent had a qualified opinion, and the rest evaded the issue.

Only a handful of fans rose to jazz from the depths of rock and roll, and hardly any learned about it from their music teachers—a situation that I am sure will be altered radically in the next decade.

Most Down Beat readers play an instrument, Question 3 revealed; close to 40 percent are amateurs and about 21 percent are professionals or plan to be soon. Piano and saxophone lead, followed by drums, clarinet (can it be finally coming back?), trumpet, bass, guitar, and trombone, in that order.

Answers to the other questions will be discussed in future columns. ĞЬ

DOWN BEAT

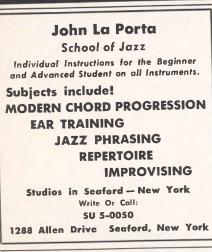


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An irritating and persistent ache can become a tipoff to cancer. Seemingly minor and more of a nuisance than cause for serious concern, the frequently recurring discomfort can indicate to a specialist the roots of malignancy which, if not caught and treated in time, can destroy a human being.

As the body sends out distress signals, so does the society we live in. Jim Crow is a serious cancer indeed, a disease spread widely and indisputably deep-rooted in a considerable segment of the American people. The music business is by no means exempt from this sickness.

Frequently the more subtle manifestations of Jim Crow can be more revealing than the clubbing of a Miles Davis. Often it can be seen in thoughtlessness or in the desire of some to go along with an existing situation basically discriminatory toward Negro musicians. The production of Hubbell Robinson's musical spectacular, The Swinging Years, seen nationally Feb. 9 over NBC-TV as one of a series of Ford Startime programs, is a case in point.

Those who caught the show will recall the closing number, St. Louis Blues March, in which some 60 musicians dressed in service uniforms were shown marching together, shoulder to shoulder, into some wild blue yonder. Extra keen-eyed viewers might have detected a dozen Negroes intermingled with the whites in the massed band and possibly have considered the spectacle a truly democratic and all-American show. But behind the scenes there was more to this story than met the camera's eve.

Of the 60 musicians who recorded the soundtrack to The Swinging Years all but one, Benny Carter, were white. Carter, one of Hollywood's busiest studio men by virtue of immense talent and valuable connections with the various contractors in movies and television, has long set his own terms for such recording work, always drawing 'way above scale rate. In this, it should be pointed out, he is one of a number of similarly accomplished Negro musicians who have, to varying degree, become "intregrated" into studio work. Others



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TAKE FIVE

are men such as Buddy Collette, Bill Green, Joe Comfort, Plas Johnson, and Earl Palmer. But in the studio orchestra that recorded the music for *The Swinging Years*, Carter was the sole Negro.

Just as the studio contractor calls musicians for recording, it is also his responsibility to secure additional men and women when needed for "sideline" work. Sideliners do not make the recording but fake on their instruments for the cameras. Those who *do* record, however—at a basic scale of some \$55 per three-hour session—may also sideline at a scale rate of \$45.30 per session.

At the contractor's request, Carter lined up 11 Negro musicians for sidelining in the show. Among them were Ben Webster, Curtis Counce, Bill Douglass, Gerald Wilson, Don Trenier, Jewell Grant, and George Washington. All are manifestly excellent musicians with solid reputations among their fellows, Negro and white. As one of them expressed it later. "Every musician out there was perfectly capable of playing the parts and playing them damn well." Yet, not one of these men was hired to record a measure. Drawing both scale rates, however, were the 60 musicians in the studio orchestra.

After the show had been completed, several of the 11 Negroes called were quite vocal in expressing resentment about the prevailing conditions that bar them from such lucrative recording work. One went so far as to take his complaint to top-level authority in Local 47. He came away reporting a sympathetic hearing, considerable indignation expressed by officialdom over the situation, and the union's promise to "get to the bottom" of it. Whether the bottom ever was reached seems beside the point, because there the matter ended.

Said Carter when informed of this sequel, "They could have used some Negro musicians for the recording (and) you can't blame the guys for getting sore about it. (But) this is a situation that exists. It would have been the same thing had they been called for a motion picture. The contractors call the guys they've been using for years because they don't want to put themselves out on a limb. As usual," he added, "the colored musicians were the last to be called."

Another of the 11 sideliners summed up the experience this way: "What's happened points to the need for a Negro representative or contractor in the studios."

It was just another recurrence of that nagging pain and it didn't take a specialist to diagnose it.

AD LIB

(Continued)

kins, Glenn Miller, and Louis Armstrong (1933-34 orchestra).

Trombonist Lawrence Brown, a former featured soloist with the Ellington band for 20 years, was a recent guest of the Duke Ellington Jazz Society's monthly meeting. The program consisted of reminiscences from Ellingtonia by Brown and the playing of a specially prepared tape containing Brown's trombone choruses from various Ellington records. The tape was put together by Jerry Valburn, an NBC sound engineer . . . Lionel Hampton has been signed to do the musical background and to play a featured role in a new film, Force of Impulse, to be produced in Miami Beach by an independent producing firm. Joe Liebman, who played with Hampton 20 years ago, will write the score. Hampton is taking his band to Israel for an eight-week tour.

Conrad Janis, the tailgate tromboneplaying bandleader, was cast in the role of a detective in the CBS-TV drama Raid in Beatnik Village. Janis played a fuzznick who recited poetry in the play, which was based on a recent raid by the New York Police Department's narcotics squad in Greenwich Village. Melvin Stewart, the narrator on the Charlie Mingus recording of Scenes in the City, also played a detective role in the teleplay . . . Songwriter Andy Razaf, an associate of the late Fats Waller who has been paralyzed for the last 10 years, has written some new lyrics for which Leonard Feather is writing music. Feather has also been writing some things for poet Langston Hughes . . . Symphony Sid Torin moved his allnight jazz record program from WEVD to the new WADO (formerly WOV). Mort Fega moved into the jazz slot at WEVD to replace Sid.

Drummer Curley Hammer, who was recently flown home from Europe because of serious illness, has recovered and is leading his own combo at the Top club in Harlem. Hammer formerly worked for Lionel Hampton . . . Name bands have been playing Sunday afternoon (5-9 p.m.) dances at the Tuxedo ballroom on East 86th St. in Manhattan. Bands who have made the gig include Les Elgart, Frankie Lester with the Billy May band, Ray McKinley with the Glenn Miller band, and Marshall Brown's Newport Youth band. After the name band warms up the crowd, a local Yorkville dance band takes over from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. . . . Trumpeter Art Farmer recently obtained a divorce from his wife Renee . . . The 20th Century-Fox record division purchased the 26 piano selections by the late Art Tatum that were recently discovered on tape. They were made at a private party

in 1956, shortly before Tatum's death. The company plans to release them in album form immediately.

William R. Dixon (head of the United Nations jazz group) and Ollie Richardson have been presenting Sunday afternoon sessions in Greenwich Village. The idea is to showcase young musicians and jazz composers. The production is called New Concepts in Contemporary Jazz. Heard recently have been Bill Dixon, trumpet and arranger; Ollie Richardson, bass, and Al Manion, drums. Added attraction has been a jazz dance by Miss Drid Williams, at whose studio the sessions are held. Future plans call for presenting the works of George Russell and John Brooks . . . Ralph Berton emceed and sang the blues at the first of a series of Sunday afternoon jazz concerts at Birdland, which kicked off with the Horace Silver Quintet and Leslie Grimage's trio, featuring vibist Teddy Charles . . . On Sunday, April 3, Rank Records of America will stage a three-hour concert at Carnegie Hall with Manny Albam's orchestra, the Raymond Scott Secret Seven, singers Wini Brown and Sallie Blair, and others.

Kenny Dorham wrote the scores for and performed in two French films while he was in Europe last year. The films, soon to be released in the United States, are Witness in the City and Lisons Dangereuse. Trumpeter Dorham has been working in New York with his new quintet, which includes Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; Steve Kuhn, piano; Butch Warren, bass, and Buddy Enlow on drums . . . Elliott Lawrence will conduct the pit band for the musical Bye, Bye Birdie, due on Broadway this month . . . The Swedish clarinet star, Putte Wickman, is due in New York shortly for recording dates.

Chet Baker has been appearing in a Milan, Italy, night club . . . Jack Maher, former Metronome staff writer, has joined The Billboard to cover record and audio firms . . . Harry Brunn's The Story of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band is up for publication by the Louisiana State University Press. The book is the result of 22 years of research.

Billy Maxted's band at Nick's in Greenwich Village includes Chuck Forsyth, trumpet; Dan Tracey, clarinet; Ed Hubble, trombone; Don MacLean, drums; John Dengler, bass, and the leader on piano . . . The Negro Actors Guild of America, Inc., is giving a breakfast dance April 1 at the Audubon ballroom, with music by Andy Kirk's Clouds of Joy and the Ellsworth Reynolds Orchestra, featuring trumpeter Louis Metcalf, Joe (In the Mood) Garland on tenor, and Clyde Bernhardt playing trombone . . . The Leon Merian Jazz Quartet is playing weekends at the

New Broadway Lounge in Newark, N. J.

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Arpeggio – ERNESTINE ANDERSON and GEOFFREY HOLDER, until April 13. BOB-BY SHORT opens April 14. Basin Street East – CHRIS CONNOR, until April 12

b) Street East — CHRIS CONTON, America April 13.
Birdland — MAYNARD FERGUSON Orchestra and TOSHIKO MARIANO Quartet, until April 13. BUDDY RICH Quintet and PETER APPLEYARD Quartet opens April 14.
Central Plaza — CONRAD JANIS band, J. C. HIGGINBOTHAM, and others in Friday and Saturday night jam sessions.
Condon's — EDDIE CONDON band, featuring BUCK CLAYTON, indefinitely.
Count Basie's — PERCY FRANCE All-Stars, indefinitely.

Count Basie's – PERCY FRANCE All-Stats, indefinitely. Five Spot – KENNY DORHAM Quintet and RAY HAYNES Trio, until April 4. ORNETTE COLEMAN, April 5 – May 29. Jilly's – BERNIE NIEROW Duo, indefinitely. Left Bank – PHINEAS NEWBORN Trio, until April 4. April 4.

April 4.
Metropole – RED ALLEN All-Stars and SOL YAGED Quartet, indefinitely.
Nick's-BILLY MAXTED band, indefinitely.
Roseland Dance City – JIMMY PALMER Or-chestra, until May 17.
Roundtable – WINGY MANONE Sextet and TYREE GLENN Quartet, until April 16. RED NICHOLS Five Pennies, April 18 - May 21.
Ryan's – WILBUR DE PARIS band, indefinitely.
Showplace – CHARLIE MINGUS Quintet, in-definitely.
Toast – CRYSTAL JOY, indefinitely.
Village Gate – PETE SEEGER, April 12-24.
Monday night jazz sessions.

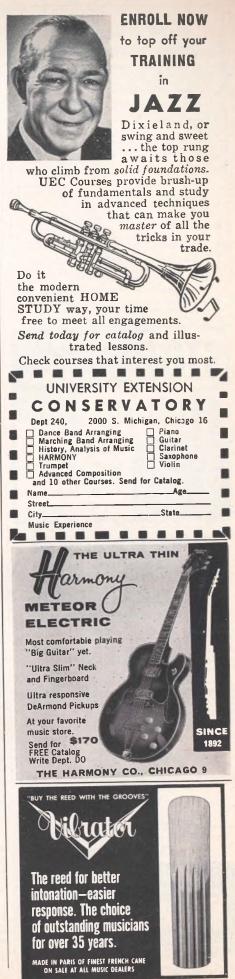
Monday night jazz sessions. illage Vanguard – NINA SIMONE, until April 5. HORACE SILVER opens April 6. Village

BOSTON

Storyville tentatively booked Chico Hamilton, Dizzy Gillespie, and Oscar Peterson, in that order, for its post-lent reopening . . . Johnny Mathis followed Roberta Sherwood at Blinstrub's. Both appeared for one-week engagements . . . Boston's newest nightclub, the Mayfair, has jazz pianist Herm Chittison and his trio during intermissions . . . The Meadows, formerly owned by Vaughn Monroe, presented Harry James for one night recently . . . Louis Bellson and Louis Armstrong sat in with the Duke Ellington band at the Bradford . . . Ex-Bostonian baritone saxist George Perry and alto man Herb Geller, both here with the Bellson band, jammed with Sam Woodyard's group at the Business Men's Club. Singer May Arnette, who appeared at the club, has returned to New York . . .

Pianist Sabby Lewis and his group are at the Trinidad lounge every night. They also offer a jam session on Sunday afternoons. With Lewis are drummer Vic Derry; trumpeter Phil Barboza, and bassist Jerry Edwards . . . The Maggie Scott duo, with Maggie on piano and her husband on bass, has left the Darbury Room after three years. They can be heard nightly at the Coach Grill . . .

Folk and blues singer Brother John Sellers played one week at the Golden Vanity, a new coffee house on Cummington St. . . . Stage seats were sold for the two performances of folk-singer Pete Seeger at Jordan Hall . . . The Ballad Room booked folk-singer Bob Gibson for three weeks. For the second week of his engagement he was joined by flamenco guitarist and vocalist Anita





Sheer . . . Oranim Zabar, an Israeli troup of singers and dancers, due April 2 at Jordan Hall . . .

Pianist Paul Neves, who formerly had his own trio at the 47 Mt. Auburn St. coffee house, is now in Puerto Rico. He worked there for a month with drummer Jo Jones and, after the date, decided to stay . . . Arranger and reed man Dick Spencer, who was with the Freddy Guerra band, has been commissioned to arrange all music for one of the city's biggest social events, the Vincent Club's annual charity show ... Trumpeter Herb Dale has opened his own record distributing company, Dale Distributors. Warner Bros. is his major label . . .

Joe Viola, clarinetist and teacher at Berklee School, has joined the house band for *West Side Story*, which has a five-week run here . . . John McClellan's Jazz Scene, on channel 5, has moved to the new WHDH studios. His first show from that location featured the Marty Denize Septet. The group has three trombonists, Harry Rogers, Tak Takvorian, and Will Kaslik, along with pianist-arranger John Domurad; bassist Rosemary Mouvessian; Marty Lane, reeds, and drummer Denize . . .

Bob Messingers' Wonderful World of Jazz show continues at WORL each Sunday from 3 to 6 p.m. . . . Clarke Davis has taken his Jazz Unlimited show from WARA in Attleboro. He is currently seeking more powerful New England outlets for his jazz, folk, and classical music specialty shows.

WASHINGTON

A group of wives of top government officials are planning a second Washington Jazz jubilee for charity. This one, to benefit a local Negro settlement house, will be held March 21 at the Presidential Arms. Count Basie's band will be on hand along with Willie (The Lion) Smith and Washington's Charlie Byrd Trio. The Lion proved a big hit with the society types at last year's more elaborate shindig, a black tie affair with the audience at tables drinking free beer and listening, occasionally, to what proposed to be a kind of jazz history lesson. Mrs. Richard Bolling, energetic wife of the Missouri congressman, who is again chairman of the program, told Down Beat that the group plans to make the jubilee an annual event.

Slide Hampton has been featured with pianist John Eaton's versatile band at the Mayfair . . . Charlie Barnet brought his new band to the Howard Theater, where he usually drew larger crowds than either Basie or Duke Ellington had during the swing era (believe it or not), for a three-show oneday only performance in late February. The lively show also included the Zoot

Sims-Al Cohn group.

A group of public school music teachers have organized a jazz band, for kicks. Drummer Frank Toperzer is credited with starting the big band, which rehearses about once a month. One of its more prominent members is valve trombonist Bobby Felder, who has been featured with Charlie Byrd and other top local groups. Another member of the band, Charles Gallagher. played first trumpet with Washington's National Symphony Orchestra for two years. Arrangements include some by the city's new nationally known Bill Potts . . . Tom Scanlan is conducting an eight-session (16 hour) class on jazz at the Jewish Community Center. Guest speakers include Willis Conover and Sterling Brown.

Local 161 (the white local; the union here remains segregated) recently sold its headquarters building on 16th street for \$137,000 to a group representing the National Aviation Center. The local paid \$18,850 for the building back in 1932, thus realizing quite a profit . . . Jazz Recital continues on WMAL-TV every Saturday afternoon and is no doubt one of the few programs in the country featuring both jazz and classical music each week. The program stars the Charlie Byrd Trio and guests, a frequent guest being trumpeter Hal Posey, who often works with Byrd at the Showboat Lounge . . . Local clarinetist Joe Rinaldi, who has worked regularly at the Gaslight Club, is worthy of national recognition. Another talented local clarinetist is Wally Graner with the Eaton band.

CHICAGO

First they say they will and then they won't. After long months of planning and hinting, *Playboy* magazine announced the scrapping of the 10-week jazz festival it had scheduled for next summer. With the frequent exceptions of appearances on *Playboy's Penthouse* television program, jazz has been washed out by the magazine until the summer of 1961, at which time *Playboy* promises a jazz feista to top the 1959 Chicago Stadium event.

Argo records has made two announcements: the cost of Argo's monaural albums will be increased by \$1; and a&r ace Jack Tracy, besides signing the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet to an exclusive recording contract, has signed Farmer and Golson to record individually . . . Bob Crosby will round up the remaining Bobcats and record an album for Dot. Chicago pianist Billy Maxted will be in on the revival . . . Young singer Bobby Darin declined the lead role of a television version of the Broadway hit Mr. Wonderful. Realizing the devotion poured into the role by its original star, Darin did not wish to take a chance on offending his close pal, Sammy Davis, Jr. . . . The Dukes of Dixieland played a one-nighter at the Butterfield Fire House near Villa Springs on Route 56 . .

With Sarah Vaughan at the Chez Paree, Dinah Washington at the Regal theater, and Hazel Scott making her Chicago debut, March was the month of the Misses in Chicago . . .

March blew in, raw, cold and wet, bristled and flurried, then marched out like the conformist lamb leaving a long trail of concerts and one-night stands throughout the Chicago area. Ray Charles, Dinah Washington, Erroll Garner, Red Garland, Johnny Griffin, Ira Sullivan, Eddie Harris, John Young, and Eddie Higgins were all caught up in the 24-hour madness. Garner played the Civic Opera house . . . The pending reopening of the defunct Club Delisa promises a new area of big star exposure. A call went out for chorus girls, indicating the continuation of a recent policy in many Chicago clubs of one name act and a local revue . . . The Dick Long band went back into the Club Laurel, 'way up on the north side, for two weekends in March. More bookings are scheduled at the club for the big, punching band, which has been enlarging its book and is gaining more local reputation. This time, people were lined up to get into the Laurel.

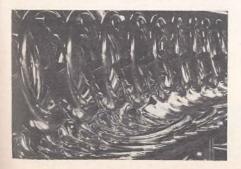
IN PERSON

Archway Lounge-EDDIE HARRIS Jazz Jets, indefinitely.

- Cafe Continental—ART HODES and BOB SCO-BEY, indefinitely. Cloister—DELLA REESE and NIPSEY RUS-SELL, until April 11. Clarite Lounge—GEORGE BRUNIS' band, in-definitely and the second second
- SELL, until April 11. Clarite Lounge—GEORGE BRUNIS' band, in-definitely. London House—JONAH JONES Quartet, until April 17. Mister Kelly's—HAZEL SCOTT and the LIME-LIGHTERS, until April 3. JANICE HARPER and BOB NEWHART, April 4-24. Sutherland—DIZZY GILLESPIE, until April 3. CANNONBALL ADDERLEY Quintet, April 6-17.

SAN DIEGO

George Shearing, Chris Connor, Ramsey Lewis and the Limelighters concert package follows the sell-out Shelley Berman appearance at the Russ Aud. . . . The Vandals (now tagged the Baron Quartet) are playing nightly at the Cosmopolitan Club, with Sundays at the Bar of Music . . . Bob Barnes is at The Place . . . Bart Hazlitt cornering the Dixieland market at the Honey-



bucket . . . Dave Newton and Jeff Edwards disk-jockeyed their way through a sixty-hour "Jazzathon" on KFMB-FM for the Heart Fund. The affair did as much for jazz as for charity . . .

LOS ANGELES

Val Valentine's first assignment since assuming duties as recording director of Verve after a long stay at Capitol was to cut Terry Gibbs' first album for Norman Granz. The session took place in late February . . . Capitol's new singing star, Mavis Rivers (Down Beat, Feb. 18), made her Hollywood night club debut last month at the Interlude in a four-week stand . . . Mahalia Jackson's earnings under her new Columbia contract will go toward construction of a temple in her name in Chicago.

There's a radical change a-brewing in the booking policy of General Artists Corporation on the coast. Fred Dale, successor to Chuck Campbell, reportedly will book bands henceforth in Las Vegas, Reno, and Lake Tahoe, top-loot locations for the agency . . . There's a better than even chance that the Si Zentner band will snag a booking into Vegas' Riviera, beginning April 16, with the possibility of a Perry Como Show shot from there and a road tour eastward following . . . Capitol Records' a&r man Lee Gillette denies that Stan Kenton trombonist-vocalist Kent Larsen will be his new assistant (Down Beat, March 3). Next round, please.

VOCAL NOTES: Mary Ann McCall returned to the 50th state for a repeat engagement at Honolulu's The Clouds starting March 10 . . . New Los Angeles singer-composer Don Sargent currently is knocking 'em dead in his first San Francisco appearance at the Purple Onion . . . Ella Fitzgerald chose guitarist Jim Hall (ex-Chico Hamilton-Jimmy Giuffre) to replace Herb Ellis with her quartet.

Hifijazz' Dave Axelrod signed altoistflutist Paul Horn to a term contract with the label . . . Mike Davenport, engineering student-concert promoter at Marvey Mudd College in Claremont, has secured the Duke Ellington band for concerts "between L.A. and Santa Barbara" during the latter part of May. His last concert took place March 19 at the Mudd college and featured Jimmy Witherspoon and the Lou Levy Quartet

. . . Harry Klusmeyer's Promotional productions has lined up Buddy De Franco for a Bakersfield college clinic and recital April 7 and 8; Cal Tjader's quintet and the Firehouse Five for El Segundo high school the 29th; the Si Zentner band for dances at Pasadena Civic Auditorium (April 11) and Fullerton College's spring prom in that community May 20; the De Franco sextet for the L.A. Biltmore Hotel's hosting

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RECORDS

DISPOSITION — RECORDS, BROADCASTS — Holiday, Parker, Lester, Ellington, Goodman. Free list-ing. ARG 341, Cooper Station, New York.



of a Long Beach City College affair June 16.

COMBO ACTION: Pete Jolly and Ralph Pena move into the Sanbah April 20 for a four-week stay starting April 20. They'll accompany singer Irene Kral as well as dispensing their own brand of duo jazz . . . Terry Gibbs shifted his quartet westward to Santa Monica's Renegade Room on Pico west of Sepulveda on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays. Gubenko's big crew continues at Jimmie Maddin's Sundown on Sunset every Tuesday night . . . Already humming are this year's preparations for the Inter-Collegiate Jazz Festival at John Levine's Hermosa Beach Lighthouse. Director Howard Rumsey reports early entries from a Kansas State college group and from Humboldt State in Arcata, Calif. The wailing week of college jazz commences April 10 and lasts till the 17th. Meantime, Rumsey will present two nights of modern jazz for the young college moderns invading Palm Springs over the Easter weekend. His All-Stars will swing for the kids at the new Riviera Hotel auditorium the 15th and 16th . . . Caught up in composing for muvvies, tenorist-oboist Bob Cooper left the Lighthouse group to take over off-night chores with a rhythm section dЬ at the beach spot.



10 Years Ago

On the Cover: Rafael Mendez . . . Headline: Flanagan Ork Makes Debut ... Tex Beneke, miffed at Victor's promotion of Flanagan, asks to cancel his contract . . . Cab Calloway, forming his big band again, signs with London Records . . . Bing Crosby signs Firehouse Five Plus Two for repeat performance on his radio show . . . George Auld joins Count Basie for Strand theater, N. Y. date . . . Lena Horne requests, and gets, release from M-G-M Records . . . Chubby Jackson cut his first sides for New Jazz with a 12-piece crew which included Al Porcino, Red Rodney, Howard McGhee, trumpets; Kai Winding and J. J. Johnson, trombones; Charlie Kennedy, alto; Zoot Sims and Georgie Auld, tenors; Gerry Mulligan, baritone; Don Lamond, drums, Chubby, bass . . . Nellie Lutcher starts her first one-nighter tour in April ... Mike Levin predicts, "Oscar Peterson will panic country's piano men after his first swing around the circuit." . . . Willis Conover, disc jockey on WWDC, Washington, D. C., begins series of Sunday afternoon jazz concerts.

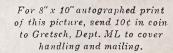
25 Years Ago

Headline: England Acts to Bar U. S. Bands . . . Jules Stein, MCA president, makes a countermove by auditioning Canadian bands for London spots . . . Ray Noble and his band have been booked to open the Rainbow room high atop the RCA building . . . Horace Heidt and his 29 "Brigadeers" lay siege to the swanky Drake hotel, Chicago, Gold Coast room in May ... Paul Whiteman steps forward to be the first to pay the new \$3 per man tax on his sustaining programs from the Paradise restaurant in New York . . . Local 802, New York, is trying to relieve the unemployment situation by canceling all commitments with various insurance companies and handling member insurance itself. The resultant saving of \$65,000 per year would go to unemployment relief . . . The King's Jesters are organizing their own orchestra . . . Record Review: Dorsey Bros. Orchestra, Solitude; Weary Blues, (Decca) ... The hot solos by the two Dorseys are about all that is recommended.

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