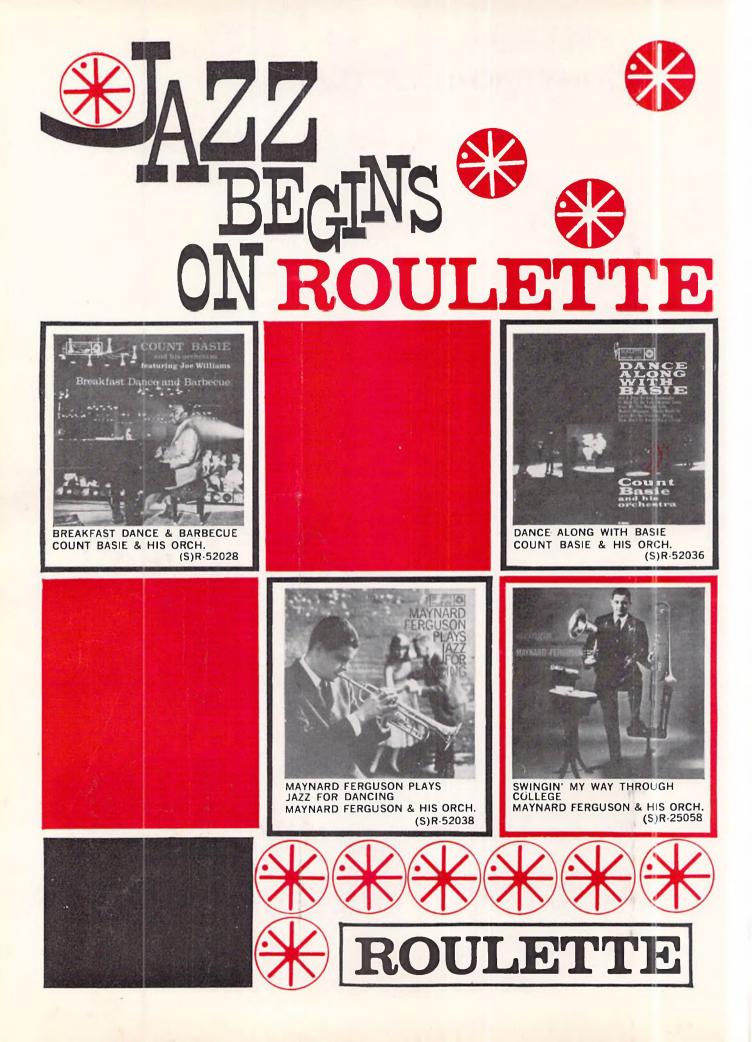
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BY CHARLES SUBER

Okay, junk music is on the way out —for a while at least. But let us not accept the essentially negative thesis that venal, tasteless record men and broadcasters did the job alone. Because there is a consistent, positive force for taste and talent that existed before and during the drought. This force is represented by those performers who, by and large, have kept their standards high and their talent intact, regardless of vagaries of trends and charts.

We want to present some of these performers to you (see vocalists directory beginning on page 21) with a deep how to them for their integrity and ability.

Some talented people have been purposefully omitted—such as Frankie Laine. When he broke on the scene in 1947, he was swinging. Then something happened. Maybe it was Mitch Miller, maybe it was too vivid a memory of all the preceding lean years, or maybe he just preferred whips and geese. What-

ever it was, he lost his drive, and became a wealthy has-been.

We left out Dinah Shore for a different reason. She can't sing. She does have a talent, but it is one of visual communication to a *Saturday Evening Post* public. She does know better. I remember her really digging Sidney Bechet when they were both on the Society of Lower Basin Street program years ago: and she gamefully sings duets with Ella Fitzgerald and the like. But real singing talent? Uh-uh.

Or take Eddie Fisher. No, 1 guess not, he's been had. Rosemary Clooney and Doris Day are something else again. Motherhood and movie careers can seem more stable and attractive than being part of the tradition of band chicks who made it as singles.

So much for those who gave it up. There are so many more who stayed with it. Like Lee Wiley. The voice may be varicose but that style and spirit remain. And then there's Lena Horne. Neither of them will see 40 again, but they are out on the cafehotel circuit wowin' them. Those with lesser talents, like Jeri Southern and Felicia Sanders, are nonetheless impres-

sive for their dedication.

To the youngsters, we say keep at it. Tommy Sands seems to be going the right way after an ignoble start. Johnny Mathis looks as if he might slip away. To the guys like Jackie Paris and David Allen, who have tried so hard for so long, we can only say stick around. At least the climate is getting warmer.

The more names and careers mentioned, the more obvious it becomes that one man is king and king-maker. For where would most of the good performers be today without Sinatra? I'm not talking about Bessie Smith or Blind Joe Lemon Jefferson derivations. I mean that Sinatra, more than anyone else, contributed the guts to sing as best as talent would allow. He set a style and pace that has kept the public aware and interested in better popular music.

But what all performers should realize is that the phenomenon of Sinatra is more than just a matter of talent and a unique personality. Sinatra has the drive and ambition to be heard no matter what. And that is half the battle.

harry belafonte



down beat

VOL. 27, NO. 10

MAY 12, 1960

ON NEWSSTANDS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD EVERY OTHER THURSDAY

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ON THE COVER

Switching from the rock-and-roll music that launched him into public view, singer Bobby Darin is rapidly gaining respect among musicians, critics, and older listeners. Though he has not yet abandoned rock-and-roll, Darin at this point symbolizes a turn away from it. He is the subject of a word portrait by Gene Lees, beginning on Page 16.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover photo of Bobby Darin and all others of Darin in this issue, by Gene Lees; Academy award winners on Page 9, by Robert F. Skeetz; Don Elliott on Page 23, by Raymond Ross.

Subscription rates S7 a year, \$12 two years, \$16 three years in advance. Bundle Subscriptions: Five or more one year subscriptions mailed to one address for individual distribution, \$4.55 per subscription. Add \$1 a year to these prices for subscription outside the United States, its possessions, and Canada. Single copies-Canada, 35 cents; foreign, 50 cents. Change of address notice must reach us five weeks before effective date. Send old address with your new. Duplicate copies cannot be sent and post office will not forward copies. Address all general correspondence to executive office. Address all circulation correspondence to Circulation Dept. 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois. Printed in U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright, 1960 by Maher Publications, a division of John Maher Printing Co., all foreign rights reserved. Trademark registered U. S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 719,407. Published bi-weekly; on sale every other Thursday. We cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.

> POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT, MUSIC 1960; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS; N.A.M.M. DAILY; RADIO Y ARTICULOS ELECTRICOS; BEBIDAS; ELABORACIONES Y ENVASES. May 12, 1960 • 5



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Re Getz

I enjoyed Jack Lind's article on Stan Getz, but I must take issue with the statement of Ira Gitler's that "he has reaped the benefits of relaxed living without being complacent about his playing . .

Coming from Sweden, where I lived most of this summer, I stopped in Copenhagen and dropped in at the Montmartre one night. The music was great, but about half the notes Mr. Getz played were clinkers. The only song which was completely clean was Serenade in Blue. A couple of weeks later, a friend of mine heard him in Paris and said it was the same. I enjoyed the music and I still marvel at his ideas, but his technique left something to be desired . . . I don't think he was aware of his audience the entire night; he was off by himself most of the time. Oscar Pettiford and Johannson really swung, though.

Colorado Springs, Colo. P. R. Bastedo

Two performances hardly constitute a fair satistical sampling of any artist's work. Further, reader Bastedo heard Getz last summer-the best part of a year ago. Reporter Lind heard Getz much more recently and, in common with Danish jazz critics who hear Getz regularly, found he was, on the whole, playing very well. Finally, there is no little arguing with Gitler if you've heard the record he was reviewing, which is excellent.

Refreshing

Thank you for Barbara Dane's beautiful essay on the blues. It is refreshing to hear the artist speak for himself-herself in this case—and I hope you'll have many more such writings. I also hope Mahalia Jackson reads the essay. If it doesn't convince her the blues is more than sorrow and suffering, then nothing will. Nothing, that is, except a good talk with Barbara Dane .

Joe Williams' piece was short but very interesting. . . . The cover by Bob Billings was striking-very powerful and dramatic. Medicine Hat, Alta. Bill Roxburgh

Down and Up with Crater

Well, you've finally succeeded in making me do it; I resisted for a good while, but thanks to George Crater's inane column, I've spent the last 25 cents I ever shall on Down Beat.

From now on, I'll just have to keep up with jazz as best I can through the likes of Whitney Balliett, Eric Larrabee, and other non-humorous types who seem to write with intelligence and brevity and understanding and don't have to resort to cryptic remarks with no basis and inside types of jokes which only a mere handful of people are concerned with.

Tell me, just who gives a damn about Ira Gitler? Are not you, the editors of Down Beat, aware that Down Beat is read throughout the country and not just the five boroughs?

I've been very much interested in jazz for the past 12 years, and have often been accused of buying 36 hours of jazz every 24 hours. But one thing I know I can definitely do without is a column in a national publication written for the mentality of idiots. It's an insult to anyone who believes in the betterment of jazz and the efforts to prove to the general public that it's a music of genuine merit and artistic worth.

Goodby, Down Beat, AND Mr. Crater who. by his own words, is "hip." "digs" things, and is such a "gas" to millions of readers.

Vincent J. Danca New York, N.Y.

Three record labels at this time want Mr. Crater to do an album, for the good and obvious reason that a great many people enjoy him immensely. Jazz sadly needs some fresh air; an excessive heavy seriousness may prove its worst enemy. Those who lament for it seem little aware of the sterility into which a ponderous intellectualism has led so much contemporary classical music.

No one seems to enjoy Crater's darts as much as his victims, since most of them are aware that you cannot effectively satirize anything in art (listen to Anna Russell's lampoons on grand opera) unless you have studied and loved it deeply.

One of the saddest tendencies in human nature is that which makes those who don't enjoy something try to take it away from those who do.

I have for some time been meaning to write to say how much my family and I enjoy George Crater's column. Reading over old issues, I find that he has improved a hundred-fold in the last year. He has, of course, been ably abetted by that fine ax-man, Zoot Finster, and his group(s) ...

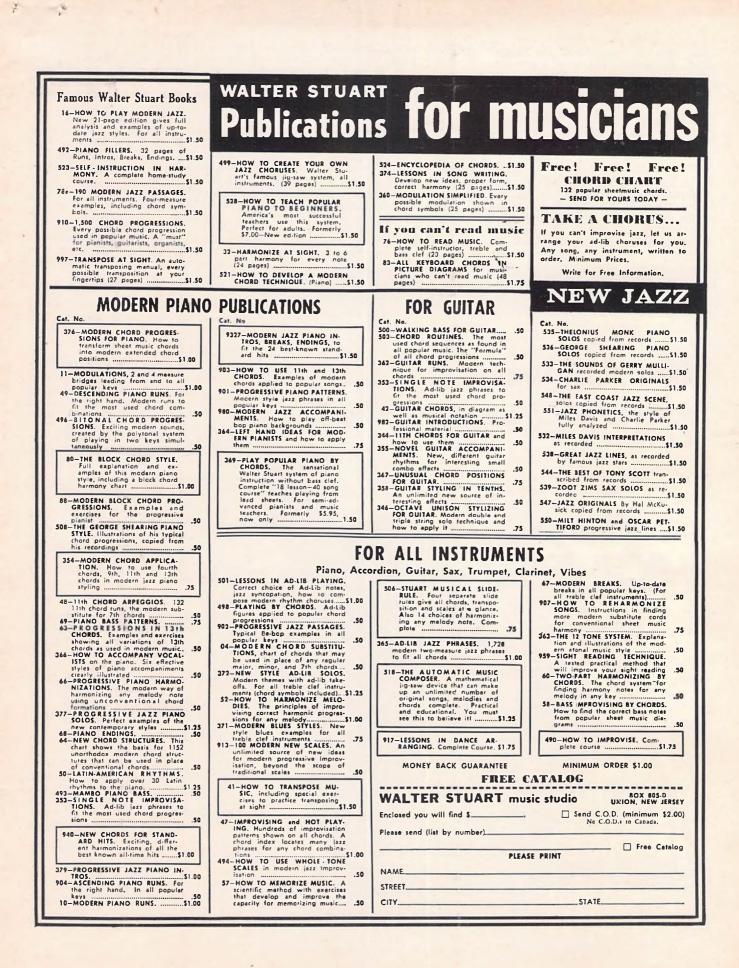
About Delmar Records. I have tried unsuccessfully to get their catalog (I have a Porgy and Bess album by every other firm and I don't want Delmar to feel neglected), but every time I send out a request, the post office sends it back Address Unknown. Has Delmar become so exclusive that they have an unlisted address?

Two questions: Is Manny Albam a new type record sleeve; and Is Jasper National Park named after Bobby Jasper? M. Schwartz Montreal

Delmar, a real and legitimate label, is at 439 S. Wabash, Chicago, Ill.

Don't worry, George, you still have a friend: me! And just to show what kind of friend I am, I decided to open a school where I teach people to laugh. In order to graduate, you have to listen to your FM show at least four weeks in a row. I hope

Continued on Page 8



CHORDS

I can count on you to help me teach. I'll give you real tough cases, like Ornette Coleman. Speaking of Ornette, I have only one problem: I dig him. Ah well, we can still be friends, can't we George? Manhasset, N. Y. Randy Greene

The FM show referred to is the one Mr. Crater now does weekly on New York's WNCN-FM.

Goof

It's a great pity all the millions of unenlightened Negroes who gather in churches across the face of America every Sunday (some do it nightly) to play and sing the only kind of music they know, don't subscribe to *Down Beat*. In the March 31 issue (Liturgy in Jazz), they would surely have been edified to learn that—I quote —"It (Summerlin's Requiem for Mary Jo) would not be the first time jazz and religion had met: last spring, the Twentieth Century Folk Mass . . . was performed with a four-man jazz group in St. Paul's . . . Norwalk, Conn."

True. It would *not* be the first time jazz and religion had met. Nor the tenth, nor the ten-thousandth. I used to hang around the little store-front churches in Chicago, where I grew up. Today I occasionally attend services at various Negro churches in New York and other parts of the country. I often listen to the various gospel programs on the air. I play my own records of Mitchell's Christian Singers, the old Golden Gate Quartet, and any of

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several hundred other preachers and religious groups; I also went to last year's Newport Jazz festival, where the final day presented some dozen different gospel choirs . . . and if these people aren't playing and singing "jazz," then I must be as yet unable to recognize jazz when I hear it.

On my radio show (Sounds and Scenes, WNCN-FM) a few weeks ago, I reviewed the NBC World Wide 60 telecast of Requiem for Mary Io. There I metaphorically shook my head at the eternal squareness of the squares who had put it on, making such a solemn fuss about "jazz in a church" and so hilariously unaware that the Negro church was, generally speaking, one of the places where jazz was born and where it loudly and obviously remains. I didn't anticipate seeing the same gaffe in sober print in America's oldest jazz periodical.

New York, N. Y.

Ralph Berton

Our wording was imprecise. Reader Berton is quite right on the matters of fact involved.

Semantics

I am a A/1C in the U. S. Air Force stationed at Cape Lisburne, Alaska, which is a Remote Radar site. The following took place in our orderly room while I was reading an article from *Down Beat* to my buddy, A/1C John Hayter.

I said, "Man, this *Down Beat* is way out." My buddy replied, "Crazy, Dad, I'm hep." And out of his office came running our first sergeant, M/Sgt Travis C. Duran, who said, "I heard you talking, and I was wondering who is down, beat, and out?"

Now we ask you, Dad, just how square can a cat be?

Cape Lisburne, Alaska

Lawrence W. Gordon

It's hard to say. It depends how hep you are.

Mingus

I am thankful for Gene Lees' informative article on Charlie Mingus. Now I know why I weep when I listen to Mingus. Conspicuously absent, however, is any mention of Erwin and Richmond. Also, in any review of Mingus' work, notice should be taken of Jazz Portraits and John Handy's brilliant alto work therein. Owensboro, Ky. Terry Bisson

.

A Cheer for Dave

Dave Brubeck has been and gone and left all of Australia's jazz fans in wonderment, crying for more. He played Melbourne for three nights—to packed houses —then went on to Burbane. Sydney, New Zealand, and then direct to Germany. Melbourne waits for more modern jazz to come.

Melbourne, Australia

R. Flack

Soul

Courage in journalism is in the real tradition. You're keeping the flame bright. May you always. That, too, is soul. New York, N. Y. Ed Shaughnessy

Editor's Footnote

Another letter came from Hyman R. Fenster in time for this issue, but we lost it.



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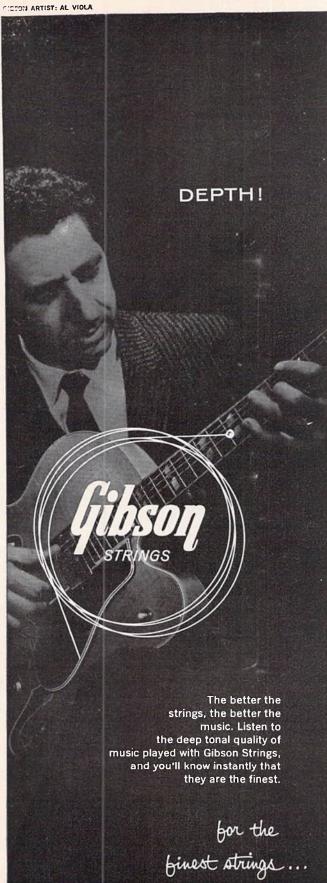
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NEW YORK

Gerry Mulligan unveiled his big band on a weekend engagement at the Red Hill inn near Camden, N. J., before opening his current stand at Basin Street East. The band has worked up a book of 25 arrangements, contributed by Johnny Mandel, Bill Holman, Al Cohn, Bob Brookmeyer, and Mulligan. The band, rehearsing several months at Lynn Oliver's studio on New York's west side, included the following musicians on the Camden date: Danny Stiles, Don Ferrara, Phil Sunkel, trumpets; Wayne Andre, trombone; Alan Raph, bass trombone; Bob Brookmeyer, valve

trombone, doubling piano; Mulligan, baritone saxophone, doubling piano; Gene Allen, baritone saxophone, doubling bass clarinet; Eddie Wasserman, clarinet; Bill Holman, tenor saxophone; Dick Meldonian, alto saxophone; Bill Takas, bass, and Dave Bailey, drums. Zoot Sims is scheduled to join the band on alto and tenor saxophones when Holman returns to California.



Barney Bigard, New Orleans-born clarinetist, has rejoined Louis Arm-Mulligan strong's All-Stars after an absence of a decade. Peanuts Hucko told Armstrong he was tired of traveling . . . Frankie Dunlop left the drum chair with Duke Ellington's band after several weeks. Ellington arranged for him to join the trio accompanying Lena Horne in Miami Beach. Jimmy Johnson returned to Las Vegas and the Ellington fold . . . Drummer Al Beldini replaced Hank Beckman with Sal Salvador's orchestra during a Denver, Colo., engagement . . . Pianist Ronnie Ball left Al Morrell's Quartet to go with Chris Connor as her regular accompanist in place of Bill Rubenstein. Pianist Al Plank

left Woody Herman to join Morrell, a tenor saxophonist from Pittsburgh, who took a quartet into Murphy's in Brooklyn . . . English bandleader Johnny Dankworth has been advised by his doctor to stop touring for two months. His band disbanded April 10 and will re-form May 28 for the jazz festival at Bath, England. Dankworth will devote the free time to the composition of a modern jazz score for a new British film entitled Saturday Night and Sunday Morning. The sound track of the movie will



Brookmeyer

be recorded by the full Dankworth orchestra and units in the band

The School of Jazz will hold its fourth annual session at Music Inn, Lenox, Mass., Aug. 14-Sept. 2. A number of \$100 scholarships are available to students for the first time this year . . . Benny Golson's tune Killer Joe, a favorite of the Farmer-Golson Jazztet audiences, will have lyrics written by Jon Hendricks . . . The Roxy, a Manhattan movie palace that once featured stage shows with all the big-name bands, closed for good last month. The 5,717seat theater, which opened in 1927, will be torn down this summer to make room for an addition to the adjacent Taft hotel . . . George Shearing has been contracted to do 13 disc jockey shows over station WADO here. He will play and comment on jazz records from 6:30 to 7 p.m. every Continued on Page 46

10 . DOWN BEAT



Down Beat

May 12, 1960

Vol. 27, No. 10



Most of the beaming faces above belong to people who won Academy awards for music in this year's voting. The first picture shows pianistcomposer-arranger Andre Previn with choral arranger Ken Dorby; they won their awards jointly for the score of Porgy and Bess. With them is Bob Hope, winner of an honorary award. The center photo shows song-

writers Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen, whose tune, High Hopes, took an Oscar. Starlet Angie Dickenson is there for strictly decarative reasons. At right, Miklos Rosza looks quietly proud with the Oscar he won for the dramatic score to Ben-Hur. With him is Gene Kelly, who presented the statuette to him.

A Cut in the Tax

The Senate passed the bill with remarkably little fuss. A few days later, it received the president's signature—and now the notorious 20 per cent cabaret tax is to be cut to 10 per cent, effective 10 a.m. May 1.

The bill had already been passed by the House. But similar bills presented at four previous sessions of Congress had never managed to get through the Senate.

The support of powerful Senate majority leader Lyndon Johnson (D., Tex.), coupled with approval of the tax cut by the Senate finance committee, had probably made passage of the bill an easy matter this time.

In the 85th Congress, the Senate turned down an attempt to cut the tax, sometimes termed "a tax against live entertainment". But this time, in the 86th Congress, there was no debate on the floor of the Senate, and the bill went through by voice vote.

Formally known as H.R. 2164, the bill is the one that passed the House of Representatives by an overwhelming vote of 209-4 shortly before the first session of the 86th Congress adjourned. Representative Aime J. Forand (D., R.I.) sponsored the bill.

The Senate Finance Committee, headed by Sen. Harry Byrd (D., Va.), at one time an opponent of the measure, reported on the bill as follows:

"Your committee is reporting the bill to reduce the cabaret tax for two principal reasons: First, the present 20 percent rate is discriminatory in that the rates of almost all of the other ad valorem excise taxes do not exceed 10 percent; second, the present high rate of this tax is believed to have been a substantial deterrent to the employment of musicians and other entertainers."

Only a few sentences by Senators Johnson and Jacob Javits (R., N. Y.) were made concerning the bill on the Senate floor. Javits put a statement favoring the bill into the Congressional Record. In part, the New York senator said: "The adverse effects of this tax on the employment of musicians is well known . . . The constant elimination of entertainment in restaurants and other places serving food or beverages is in part a direct effect of this tax, coming together with recent technological changes in the entertainment field to cause a serious drop in the employment opportunities for live entertainment."

Down Beat knows of no working musician who would disagree. Certainly the AFM has fought vigorously for the tax cut. And even though musicians would prefer no cabaret tax at all, most no doubt agree that half a loaf is better than none.

The Treasury Department has estimated that reduction of the tax from 20 to 10 percent will result in a \$21 million loss in revenue, but those who backed the bill believe that the loss will be more than made up by an increase in revenue from the increase in business and employment.

Jazz Helps Fill the Gap

Signs of an increase in jazz activity and promotion are beginning to be detected in several areas as the emphasis on rock and roll wanes.

Brooklyn's Paramount theater scheduled a 10-day show combining jazz and popular music. Holidays at this house usually have been devoted to rock and roll in order to attract youngsters who are out of school. The Easter bill this year, however, was to include the Farmer-Golson Jazztette, the Maynard Ferguson Band, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Brook Benton, and Dinah Washington.

At press time, Shaw Artists, packager of the show, was negotiating with a dance act and one other major name to round out the program.

The show costs about \$75,000 for the run and is designed to bring youngsters into the matinees and the more mature audiences in the evening.

At General Artists Corp., Pat Lombard is directing the establishment of a concert department, which will book popular and jazz names on the classical circuit.

Among those to be booked are the Stan Kenton Band, the Chad Mitchell Trio, Nina Simone, the Hi-Lo's, the Four Freshmen, the Ray Coniff Band, and Nat Cole.

The department, to be named the General Artists Bureau (a GAC subsidiary), will book top classical artists and troupes as well into the major concert halls of the country.

Same Old Unusual Story

"Monk The Most Stood Up Host" read the newspaper headline. The story pertained to a taped television show in which pianist Phineas Newborn Jr. played It's All Right with Me in the spot where Thelonious Monk was scheduled to perform April in Paris. The program was the I Love a Piano edition of the American Broadcasting Co. weekly network series Music for a Spring Night.

The sounds of the piano from Chopin to jazz, from silent movies to the parlor player piano, were to be presented by Monk, Eugene List, Cy Walter, Dorothy Donegan, and Ralph Herman. The List interpretation of the *Grande Brillante Polonaise*, Opus 35, by Chopin was to be followed by Monk's performance of the Vernon Duke tune.

Monk's manager, Harry Colomby, who teaches in a Long Island high school during the day, had been enthusiastic about the coast-to-coast exposure. He had said at the time the show was announced, "I guess I'll have to try and get Thelonious to shave off his beard."

What happened apparently involves the usual Monk story brought about by a combination of the usual circumstances.

Monk does not like to work out of New York City, but he is barred from working in Manhattan clubs because the New York State Liquor authority refuses to give him the necessary clearance for a cabaret card, based on an incident in Maryland several years ago. This situation, plus his attitude, makes it difficult for him to keep his quartet together.

He attended the first rehearsal of the *Music for a Spring Night* show a week before the taping session. The schedule called for another rehearsal on the day of the taping. Between rehearsals, Monk had a one-week commitment to play in Detroit at the Minor Key coffee house. He arrived in Detroit with tenor man Charlie Rouse and bassist John Orr but minus drummer Specs Wright. By the time he located a drummer, he was late for the club opening.

According to Colomby, the week thereafter went well, with lines outside. But when the payoff time came, Monk was docked \$500. This disgusted the pianist. In addition, he caught cold on the train returning to New York the day before he was to appear at the ABC studios.

Colomby's teaching duties were disturbed the next day by frantic phone calls from Fred Heider, producer of the TV show, who had been trying to reach Monk. Heider told Colomby, "I'm not excited, but I'm having a nervous breakdown, and if I don't hear from Thelonious, I'll have to get Phineas New-

Apparently loyalty knows no limitations. Los Angeles jazz disc jockey Frank Evans (KRHM-FM) tells of two housewives, inveterate listeners to his daily show, *Frankly Jazz*, who called him recently to urge that he please play 10 minutes of Lawrence Welk . . . "So we can get the wash hung."

born." Colomby tried to reach Monk by phone and wire but was unsuccessful. Monk's wife later claimed no one called and her husband had been sick.

Colomby, inclined to be philosophical about the episode, commented, "Oh, well, he'd probably have lost all his jazz fans."

Can If Be Done?

Can a string section ever really swing? That question will be dealt with this summer at the Lenox School of Jazz, where extensive research into the matter will take place starting Aug. 14 for three weeks.

John Garvey, of the faculty of the University of Illinois, and a member of the Walden String Quartet, which is in

THINGS ☆☆☆☆ TO COME ☆☆☆☆☆

The next issue will be *Down Beat's* annual reed issue. And who could be a better subject than the ever-provocative Gerry Mulligan, who has just launched his new big band? Mulligan is the subject of a penetrating two-part article by Leonard Feather, the first of which will be in the May 26 issue, on newsstands May 12.

But that isn't all the issue will contain. Many readers have asked for an informed and authoritative article on the work of the controversial alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman. And so we chose one of the men who is in the forefront of modern jazz to write it: Julian (Cannonball) Adderley. Himself one of the most noted alto saxophonists of this era, Cannon—a former schoolteacher—is as articulate as he is knowing, and as sympathetic to the work of other artists as he is hard to fool.

And as a further extra, the issue will contain the results of *Down Beat's* Seventh Annual Disc Jockey poll, with this difference from previous years: the poll has been tightened to take in only the opinions of jazz disc jockeys. In this issue and the last, *Down Beat* has taken a look at the legitimate disc jockeys. In the next issue, they will have the chance to express their views on today's talent.

residence there, will join the Lenox school faculty this August. "We're going to have an experimental string ensemble group, which will be something like the five small ensembles we have now," John Lewis, director of the school, said.

"The purpose is to try to find some way to use strings in jazz much as you use trumpet sections and trombone and saxophone sections. It is a deliberate attempt to see if it can be worked out. It's going to be very hard and tough on the string boys, because they're going to have to learn new ways to bow and articulate."

In addition to Garvey, who played violin with the Jan Savitt and Artie Shaw Bands before he settled down to the academic life, the Lenox faculty will include Gunther Schuller, the Modern Jazz Quartet (in residence there again this year); Max Roach, Bill Evans, Kenny Dorham, Bill Russo, Herb Pomeroy, George Russell, Jim Hall, and Jimmy Giuffre.

The Bankrupt Blues

It is hard to have a line of creditors waiting for one's paycheck. That is what is happening to singer Dick Haymes these days. The 41-year-old crooner, who recently has been featured with his wife, Fran Jeffries, in a singing act, complained that there were more than 200 creditors in the line when payday rolled around at the Living room in New York.

According to Haymes' voluntary petition for bankruptcy filed in U. S. district court, the Haymes assets consist of \$9 in a bank, \$5,000 in wages owed to him by night-club owner Monte Prosser, and \$400 in personal property. His liabilities: \$522,242.

Haymes, who became a star after serving as the vocalist with such name bands as Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, and Benny Goodman, has grossed about \$5,000,000 in his career. His lawyer, Martin J. Machat, pointed out that 45 per cent of this gross went to personal managers, booking agents, and business managers. Then came income taxes and substantial settlements with a series of former wives. Haymes had been married to Joanne Dru, Nora Eddington, and Rita Hayworth.

The petition listed Haymes as unemployed and living in New York City. If the petition is upheld, the debts will be wiped out, with the exception of \$47,000 in federal income taxes, \$1,000 in New York state taxes, and \$6,500 in California taxes.

There was one bright spot in the Haymes future: Fran Jeffries signed to make her recording debut on the Warwick label. An album is scheduled for May release with Ralph Burns handling the arrangements and conducting the orchestral accompaniment.



Down Beat has not always agreed with the tastes and opinions of Mitch Miller, artists and repertoire chief for Columbia Records, and we have said so. We believe he was one of the engineers who paved the way for junk music. But in the past few years, Miller has-for whatever rcason-had some sort of change of heart, and has become an extremely articulate attacker of trash radio programming. A speech he made in this vein, before a disc jockey convention three years ago, has become famous.

Recently Miller made another speech on this subject, this one before the convention of the National Association of Broadcasters in Chicago. We believe the speech was of such importance and logic that we present a condensation of it here.

By Mitch Miller

Good afternoon. I ought to make a few things clear about my appearance here. First, you'll want to know that I was flown to Chicago by United Airlines. They made me buy a ticket, but they did fly me here. I must also admit that United bought me my dinner. I only accepted that after I saw the clergymen and dowagers on board take it. And I was smart enough to turn down the sample cigarettes and chewing gum.

The subject assigned to me today by the NAB is this: If I Were Your Program Director. It's funny, but nobody ever handed me this plum until it turned out to be a hot potato. Now I know how the man felt who was awarded the hot dog concesson the day they started to tear down Ebbets Field.

But I'm delighted by the prospect of playing program director. I'm old-fashioned enough to think of radio as glamorous and exciting, not merely the drab step-sister of entertainment, sitting home by the fire.

So you say, "Miller, you're living in the past. That has nothing to do with radio today." But I say that it does, and in most important ways. Despite the invention of television, atomic energy, and the drip-dry suit, at least one thing has not changed. Radio is still the number one medium for transmitting music and news. Except that now, because of the fantastically varied product put out by the responsible recording industry, I don't merely have Jessica Dragonette, Rudy Vallee, Wayne King, and a few others to choose from. As program director, I have available on records every kind of music that man's genius has produced since the invention of the panpipe. And it's played, sung, or shouted by the greatest living practitioners. What's more, its quality, as newly recorded with new arrangements, is infinitely better than the music of the most intensely supervised of the big budget shows in the so-called golden years of radio.

And all of us know that it's better quality than music on television, where the picture's the thing and sound balancing is still in the stone age.

Most important to me, as radio program director today, is the knowledge that I can give my audience any kind of music show I dream up, without once having to think about

budget. The \$10,000-a-week singer backed by 100 strings costs me no more to program than the 16-year-old who's recorded in a garage to the tune of an out-of-tune guitar.

But I don't program variety for the sake of variety. I have a firm image of what my station stands for, and I will not play music that tends to break down that image. Within these limits, radio music's battle cry should be balanced programming. Just as a balanced diet makes for a healthy body, a balanced program will make for a healthy body of listeners.

And don't tell me that in your station area, most music is too good for your listeners, or they only listen to this kind or that kind of music.

I believe that you can only go wrong underestimating the taste of your audience. I've found over and over, with kids and with grown-ups, that the range of music they are naturally receptive to, and are willing and eager to hear, is almost always greater than what they're given. It's just as easy to educate them up as down. Our food, our dress, our cars are the same from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Wouldn't it be nice if in music, we program directors escaped the uniformity that presses in from all sides?

And in developing an individual sound for our music programs, based not on lists or phony popularity contests, but on our own good judgment and that of our professional staffs-we'll be performing a priceless service for our employers: creating a station image.

Most stations sense the importance of fixing an image of themselves in the minds of their listeners and their advertisers. But the imagination and programming showmanship that ought to go into the image, goes instead into proclaiming it. And all the time they know, deep down, that the programming doesn't specially show that they're about anything-that is, anything different than the guy five kilocycles down the dial.

Listener loyalty must depend not on five-second spots but on the 15 minutes that come between them. And a listener will give as much loyalty to a station that sounds like every other as he will to a carnival pitchman who has flimflammed the populace, and then high-tailed it out of town.

But what about the importance of the station image to the station's pocketbook? Because whether your program directors shape an image or not, the prospective advertisers on radio are certainly shaping an image for themselves.

Having carefully instilled in the consumer the firm belief that their company is a solid major-leaguer, why should the advertiser buy a minute of time on a station whose music programming shows it to be strictly from the 3-I league-Irresponsibility, Infantilism, and Irritation? More and more, the advertiser is becoming aware of how little good a radio spot played in such a climate will do his company symbol. He might as well flap a foxtail from the radiator of each of his delivery trucks and dress the drivers in black leather jackets.

As a program director, I would shape my programs to Continued on Page 45



A little more than a month ago, a Nashville, Tenn., disc jockey named Bob Whitson, disgusted with the rock-and-roll music blaring from station WMAK, threw the power switch, putting the station off the air, and then walked out on his job.

Within 24 hours, the station's other three disc jockeys—Charles Edwards, Don Houser, and Herschel Martin had followed suit. Roland Wolfe, commercial manager of the station, added his resignation to the pile, making five who preferred unemployment to working for a rock-and-roll station.

The story, fortunately, had a happy ending—both for the salty disc jockeys and for music. The station's new owner, Frederick Gregg, who had ordered a rock-and-roll policy for the station, rescinded the order, so WMAK's affair with the rock lasted less than 24 hours.

What is more, even Gregg seemed to have had some slight change of heart. He had said ratings of radio stations in Nashville had indicated that WMAK "didn't have any darn listeners." That was the reason he had decided to turn to the rock.

The five resignations then shook him. But just as startling was the listener response. Some 3,000 phone calls to the station backed up the protest of the disc jockeys—and this in one of the areas where rock and roll was born.

The calls, according to Gregg, suggested that "the ratings must be wrong."

"If one out of five people that listened called," Gregg added, "that would be 15,000 listeners—and that's not bad."

This incident, coming in the midst of the payola probe, was little noticed outside Nashville. Yet it sharply underlined a number of things, not the least of which was the oft-lamented dubiousness of the rating systems for radio and television broadcasting.

But most of all, it illustrated the fact that disc jockeys have not been the only villains in the junk-music story—and that some have even been junior-grade martyrs for good music.

Some have held out for it against the heavy temptations of payola.

One such is Chicago pops and jazz

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disc jockey Dick Buckley. "I firmly believe,". Buckley said, "that payola is responsible for trash music. But it started a long time ago and then snowballed. Now it has become so complicated that it's hard to pinpoint."

In other words, whereas payola may have given rock and roll its impetus, once its popularity was established, station owners and managers considered it a good programing policy.

Buckley's personal view on payola is held by quite a few disc jockeys who have *not* made headlines recently: "With payola, a fellow can't be honest with himself, with his own taste, or with his listeners. You can't do a well-rounded show, a program that has broad appeal if you're taking money from someone."

L os Angeles, fast becoming known as the FM capital of the world, was, by all accounts, the first major city to support a radio station programing nothing but jazz. Under the guidance of Al (Sleepy) Stein, KNOB-FM (advertised as "The Jazz Knob") is thriving on its all-jazz policy and is not lacking sponsors.

Stein, an AM jazz jockey in New York and elsewhere for most of his adult-life, said he feels that he has the answer to jazz radio programing-on FM anyway. Much of his air time is purchased on a co-operative basis by record distributors and manufacturers. In addition, he has a long-term contract with one of the city's largest retail record outlets to program 10 LPs a night. The albums, of course, consist of those releases currently available at the store. The store operator, in turn, has contracts with distributors of jazz albums and manufacturers, and on that basis the cost of air time on KNOB is covered. It is a well-nigh perfect arrangement, Stein said; the revenue covers a major portion of his operating expenses.

To Stein, the changeover to good music in AM radio is already reflected in the Los Angeles area. "One indication of the new trend," he said, "could be seen recently when a promoter of rock-and-roll concerts couldn't find one AM station with high power output on which he could buy air time to plug his concerts. The stations simply didn't want to be associated with it."

As to payola, Stein admitted he has been approached "lots of times, but it's always some idiot with a nonjazz record. That's why jazz DJs aren't rich ..."

"I'm sorta embarrassed," he quipped. "Nobody ever offers me any payola."

"Don't think you can pay off a disc jockey," Stein declared. "Because a disc jockey by definition is someone who knows something about music. But you can pay off the bums who're nothing but announcers and know nothing about musical quality."

On the AM side of daytime Los Angeles programing, KGFJ record spinner Johnny Magnus long has enjoyed a reputation for good taste in records. Once the head of jazz programing on New York's WNEW and WABC, he said he never had a problem playing good music on the air. One of two white jockeys (the other handles rock and roll) on Negro-staffed KGFJ—which is beamed toward "the Negro market" he concentrates on what he described as "the more popular styles of jazz" and better-quality popular-records.

"Since I've proved to the station management that I *can* get a rating with good music, there has been no problem with my programing," he said. "They've had considerable faith in me here, and they let me pick my own stuff."

In Magnus' view, "rock and roll, as such, is in trouble. Last year, more than two years ago, in fact, it became apparent that there was a definite swing toward jazz among the youngsters. Many people have the mistaken idea that the teenagers are all for rock and roll. This isn't so at all. When they reach the age of 16 or thereabouts, they begin to dig jazz."

Magnus is one of those who says that the blame for broadcast musical trash lies not with station management but at the feet of the disc jockeys themselves.

"Basically," he declared, "the success of rock and roll and the general garbage on the singles market—the Fabians, et al—has been due to the tineared DJs who don't know good from bad. *They* built the new idols; *they* shot them up overnight.

"These guys have the librarians pick their records because they just don't know. So how can their audience have any respect for them?"

On the subject of giving-the-public-what-it-wants Magnus was explicit. "You've got to expose the people to good music to make them like it," he insisted. "That's why a DJ is in a very important, responsible position. But do they live up to their responsibilities? You know they don't. They let the public lead *them* and they were being led by 10-year-olds."

At base, then, does the root cause of bad-music programing lie with the American public, ill-educated musically and all too ready to embrace any fad thrown its way?

Magnus absolves the public. "It's really not so much the listener," he said. "It's the fault of the DJ who throws him crap.

"The basic fault with the music business is tin-cared disc jockeys."

Probably the most popular nighttime jazz show on AM radio in Los Angeles is aired nightly over KBLA, a Burbank station. Titled *Nite-Beat*, it programs 37 hours of jazz every week and is presided over by disc jockey Bob Cook and produced by Fred Kenney.

Kenny, who sold the show to KBLA management and is responsible for its continuance, confessed the task was not easy. And after the station management was sold, there arose the problem of getting and keeping sponsors.

"The trouble is," he said, "when sponsors think of jazz, they think in terms of the old Bob Crosby band, and the like, rather than modern music. It's



Stein

amazing how few of 'em are aware of jazz as we know it today. To many of 'em, it could just as well mean Whiteman or Dorsey or Goodman."

Now that KBLA management has accepted jazz. Kenney views his show as "a weapon to demonstrate that radio stations are indeed accepting jazz and that all is *not* decadence." In Kenney's estimation, "the decadent state of most radio today has been brought about by a policy of duplicity practiced by many stations deliberately playing and repeatedly plugging the same trashy records."

Is this the result of deliberate planning and connivance between the socalled Top 40 stations? On this point Kenney was loath to comment, but he said it is a question worth investigating. If it exists, such a conspiratorial practice violates Federal Trade Commission regulations. There is a growing body of thought holding that the future of quality radio programing lies in the FM area. One of the most vocal proponents of this theory is Los Angeles radio man Jack Wagner, a disc jockey with an excellent record of spinning good music on FM and AM stations in southern California.

Wagner said he feels that FM radio is the answer, and week in, week out, he attempts to prove it as program director of KBIQ-FM, a husky 110,600-watter audible from Mexico to Bakersfield, Calif. He cited three reasons for what he said is the superiority of FM:

"First, we have opportunity to broadcast quality programing aimed at minority tastes. Second, the actual quality of musical reproduction is better — FM broadcasting can reach as high as 15,000 cycles. Finally, the limited commercials on FM leave more time for music, and vetoing of offensive commercials is standard practice."

"And," he added with a smile, "you can hear FM while driving through a tunnel."

The only AM broadcasting now handled by Wagner is a regular weekend stereo program over KBIQ-FM and



Magnus

its mother station. KBIG-AM on which he programs "good modern music." Hesitant to use the word *jazz*—this attitude is shared by many jockeys of his kind—he explained, "It means so many things to so many people."

Another leading FM jockey in Los Angeles, Frank Evans, heard daily over KRHM, makes no bones about the nature of his popular afternoon show. He calls it *Frankly Jazz*—and it is.

In the navy town of San Diego, there is no dearth of quality music programing, and a lot of keen competition for ratings spurs rival stations KFSD and KFMB. The former outlet features widely listened to jazz shows prepared and announced by Chuck Datillo: on KFMB Geoff Edwards is at the tiller of AM and FM daily shows from 2 p.m. until midnight.

Edwards is another who shies from

tagging his show jazz but manages to program a generous portion of it just the same. He calls the show *The Grotto* and strives for an intimate, clublike atmosphere by playing recorded piano background to his announcements. The spread of his audience, he said, covers listeners from musicians to teenagers to grandmothers.

Whereas Johnny Magnus threw all the blame for bad music on radio on the "tin-cared jockeys," Edwards took an opposite stand. Since he ran his first jazz radio disc show on WOKO in Albany, N. Y., some years ago. Edwards said, programing jazz always has been a running fight with station management.

"At every station I've been," said Edwards, "I've been playing, or trying to play, jazz. But I was always fighting management. In fact, management of radio stations has been responsible for rock and roll to a much greater degree than the disc jockeys and payola because they want to make a buck off it."

With a No. 1 rating for his FM jazz shows, Edwards said he consistently beats the Top 40 stations all the way. Apparently this is not enough for the operators of this CBS affiliate.

"The big problem in a situation like this," he said. "is lack of support from those who should be supporting us the listeners. You've got to have letters from them. They (good-music followers) won't write; but the rock and rollers will and do. It seems the more sophisticated you get in your musical tastes, the less inclined you are to write letters. But a jazz DJ on a station such as this needs them if he's to justify his programs."

If there is a conclusion to be drawn from the comment concerning airwave music programing, it is this:

It is absolutely necessary to have vocal and active support for something worthwhile from those who benefit from it — the listeners. In today's United States, where almost everything in our society of abundance is too often taken for granted, apathy can and does lead to cultural and social decay. At the outset of the rock-and-roll scourge it was possible for the listener with a modicum of musical taste to turn the dial and escape the noise. Soon that listener was lucky to find one station free of the rock. And it took a congressional investigation and an incalculable amount of unsavory publicity for the radio industry as a whole to clean up the mess.

It is well to bear in mind that musical trash can return to radio. One way to prevent that from happening on such a gargantuan scale is by supporting good programing to the end that the garbage will stay where it belongs—in the alley.



By Gene Lees

ST. LOUIS, MO.

On records," said a review in the New York *Times*, "the most striking instance of the renaissance of showmanship can be found in the work of Bobby Darin, not only because he is a young singer with all the assurance, projection, and casual craftiness of an old pro but—what is most remarkable—because he gained his first popularity in the rock 'n' roll scramble."

Darin has caused an impressive stir in the music business in the past year, as much as anything—as the *Times* review indicates—because everyone seems astonished that rock-androll could have produced a singer who could actually sing. Actually, had anger over rock and roll not blinded so many of the professionals to possible virtues in its performers, it would have been evident that Darin is *not* the first capable pop singer spawned by the r&r craze. Tommy Cands, for example, sings well, if affectedly.

Nonetheless, Darin is the first to have real impact on the non-r&r musical world, and in their delight in discovering that one of the denizens (or escapees) of that world can perform well, many musicians and critics have turned a deaf ear on his faults. Probably this is because of a feeling, conscious or unconscious, that Darin is the man who can lead the kids out of r&r and back to music and he therefore should be encouraged.

And so indeed he should. For Darin is one hell of a performer. But he is not a flawless one, and in reviews of his recent *This Is Darin* LP, nowhere did I see noted that his intonation in the album is very faulty. To be sure, there is a school of thought that holds that intonation is an expendable thing—that "soul" counts for all, and if a performer goes out of tune in trying for it, well that's of negligible importance.

Not all of the furor over Darin has been caused by his singing and his unquestioned showmanship. His attitude has caused a good deal of the talk.

A New York columnist recently wrote that other young singers were getting tired of hearing Darin say how big he was going to be. Darin takes issue with her, and since her column is not famous for accuracy, particularly where matters of music are concerned, it is judicious to consider his version.

"I have friends in this business from Frankie Avalon and Fabian to Sammy Davis, Jr.," he said. "I can get something from any of them. You can learn from anybody, if it's only what not to do. Fabian and all of them knew from the start that I wanted to progress beyond the (rockand-roll) phase. I've been preparing for this all my life.

"I contend that it takes the kids to put you on top, and the same kids as grownups to keep you there.

"I love the business. It's not the singing. It's being a performer and being accepted. I think, 'Thank you for recognizing this part of me, but forgive me, I've got to get back to work on the next part.' It's a sort of constant segue.

"Actually, I never wanted to be a singer, I wanted to be an actor. And I still do. I was a song writer, trying to get into the business. I made a demo of one of my own tunes, and George Scheck, a personal manager, heard it and said, 'Do you want to sing?' I said, 'Sure. Anything to get into the business.' I made four records for Decca, then went to Atco. Nothing much happened at first. Then I did Splish-Splash.

"That's when I learned that you have to find out what John Q. Public wants."

D arin found out. Splish-Splash, a somewhat inane rockand-roll tune that he wrote, was followed by more hits, including Queen of the Hop and Beyond the Sea, an uptempo version of a semi-standard English adaptation of a Charles Trenet tune.

Today, the Darin snowball has grown to the point where he will make an estimated half million dollars this year though he says he'll have only about \$1,000 when the government has carved away its portion of the pie. He still retains his hold on adolescent audiences, though magazines that cater to teenagers are already voicing editorially the heart-rending question, Is Bobby Darin Deserting Us? Meantime, he is packing such adult rooms as the Cloister in Hollywood, the Chez Paree in Chicago, and the big, smart Chase hotel in St. Louis—where, incidentally, he broke the house record set several years ago by Martin and Lewis. "You can put that down, too," he said as I was taking notes at the Chase. "That's another thing I'm interested in: breaking records."

From the Chase, Darin took off on a three-week tour of England and followed that with a one-week date at the Deauville in Miami. Then it was back to L.A. and the Cloister for three weeks. In June, he will do three weeks at the Mecca of American nightclub acts, New York's Copacabana. This summer, he is scheduled to make a movie for Paramount, which company has him under contract to do seven films.

Along with success, Darin has all the problems that are its inevitable concomitants. His telephone rings constantly. If, talking to the switchboard operator, he finds out the caller is someone he knows or the call otherwise seems legitimate, he takes it. He takes all his calls himself, still having managed to do without the flock of flunkies that provides reassurance to so many big names. (Only his pianist and drummer travel with him; he shares a home in California with his manager.) If he doesn't know the caller and there seems to be no specific purpose to the call, the operator says he isn't in. "You never know whether the conversation is being taped," he said.

Legitimate taped-by-telephone interviews with disc jockeys he does willingly, the beeper signal letting him and the listeners know how the interview is being done. Requests for interviews are met cordially, since Darin has a businesslike awareness of the value of publicity. Sometimes, however, he doesn't like the way in which he is approached.

Recently the manager of a radio-TV outlet in a small Illinois town wrote to ask him to tape a personal message that the station could run as an introduction to the Academy awards telecast. As Darin read the letter, he said he would do it. But the letter had a post script: "The disc jockeys on station BLANK give your records excellent exposure."

"Why that fink!" Darin said, and threw the letter into the waste basket.

Perhaps the disc jockeys on that station are no longer playing Darin records . . .

Much of Darin's mail and telephone calls involves attempts to sell him something, as often as not an insurance policy. And he gets hit by every conceivable charity. "Usually," he said, "they come on with the assumption that you're a member of a certain religion, or the Masons. But I immediately refer all these requests to Steve Bloun, my manager, who turns down 96 per cent of them. It's a perfect cop-out for me.

"I don't mind, though. I admire con-because that's my business too."

What Darin does mind, in common with all name entertainers, are the calls from doting mothers whose daughters are "just loaded with talent" and who need only a break, a break the entertainer is in some mysterious way supposed to be able to provide. Darin ducks as many of these calls as he can, but a few get through. He tries to be polite, but soon finds that there is nothing as angry as an ambitious mother scorned. "They begin screaming at you, and tell you you're no good and you're never going to make it big."

He is also beseiged by autograph hunters, whose existence is a far more serious hazard to the big name entertainer than the lay public usually realizes. Once, when he had an hour off between shows, he decided to spend all of it signing autographs. A huge line gathered outside his dressing room. Setting up a table and chair, he went to work. When the hour passed, the line still was not gone. And Darin had to go onstage. When he stood up and said he was sorry, but he had not more time to sign autographs, those in front said, "Just one more, *please*!" And those in back started calling him impolite names, because, after waiting an hour, they were to be cheated. What was he to do? Skip his scheduled show?

Since then, he has acquired various techniques for ducking the autograph-hunters, none of which, in fairness to him, will be disclosed here.

N eedless to say, Darin almost literally has to sweep the girls off the doorstep. They write mash notes to him, some of which are pretty torrid. They haunt the corridors of hotels where he is staying. They knock timidly at his door, sounding a little like mice in the woodwork. If he answers, they have fits of titters, and then, after recovering from the traumatic joy of his speaking to them, thrust autograph books at him.

Just what it is that draws women, like moths to a candle, to the man in the spotlight, is a major mystery. Obviously, this phenomenon didn't start with Darin. Nor did it start with Elvis Presley or even Frank Sinatra or even Rudolph Valentino. In the early 19th Century, the violinist Nicolo Paganini enjoyed this strange mass behavior of women. So did composer-pianist Franz Liszt, who was (until he retired to the quiet of a monastery) what we would now call a lover. In fact, even the fainting of girls, which was alleged to be the result of some unique power in Sinatra, goes back to the time of Liszt. When the master played piano, women supposedly fainted—or swooned, in the gentler terms of that vanished age.

And toward the latter part of the last century, when



composer Jacques Otfenbach came to America from France, flocks of women—many of them society women—unhitched his horses and drew his carriage through the streets themselves.

It is curious that history records few examples (I know of none, though they may exist) of men indulging in this group self-abasement, an oddment of information that should lend ammunition to the arguments of misogynists (it could be construed as indicating that women are unstable). All we know for sure is that when someone becomes a famous artist or entertainer, the women move toward him like a wave of lemmings, and once they reach his immediate vicinity, mill around doing they-don't-knowwhat. Possibly waiting to drown.

Without pretending to have the answer to this enigma, I did make a few observations that may be pertinent.

Few of the members of the dogged band in Darin's tracks could be described as pretty. On the contrary, there was a liberal representation of the dumpy and dowdy, the awkward and uncertain, and of girls with too much makeup and not enough poise. Could it be that Darin and others like him represent some sort of substitute for boyfriends who thus far haven't turned up in their lives? It was also noteworthy that many of them were coarse and rude in manner, snapping at strangers leaving his room, "Are you Bobby Darin's manager? Then who are you?"

In sharp contrast to these hard-core fans was an accidental cross-section of American girlhood that Darin and I encountered one day as we crossed a St. Louis street, on our way to shoot some pictures. School was just getting out. The girls recognized him. Some came to ask for autographs, some didn't bother. And those who did were polite. There was a minimum of giggling, and when I asked them to sit with him on a park bench for a picture, none fell into paroxysms of pleasure. They complied, smiled, chatted with him, then thanked him for the autographs and went on about their business.

The conclusion seems obvious, though it would be unwise to be dogmatic about it on so small a sampling.

Whatever the causes, Darin obviously has a great appeal for a lot of American females, not all of them in their teens. While he was in St Louis, one woman phoned and, having slipped by the hotel switchboard operator, told him, "Come over to the house for dinner. My husband's away for a week . . ."

Darin is frank on this subject, which is refreshing after the publicity pumped out to assure us that Elvis's act really isn't dirty because he's such a nice church-going boy, and that Pat Boone is the epitome of purity. As far as Darin is concerned, the girls can go right on panting. "When that stops, I'm in trouble," he said. "The sex element is the most important in this business. I'm no Don Juan. In fact, I'm very self-conscious about my . . . my physiognomy. But the fact remains. you must sell sex. It must not be conscious, however. You're either sexy or you're not. I don't know whether I am. I will know, 15 years from now.

"There are two types of sex. There's the kind the female sees when she wants to park her shoes under the entertainer's bed. Sinatra has it. Then there is the kind that makes a guy sitting at a table in a club say. 'Man, this guy is a man's man. I know my woman digs him, but he's a man I don't have to worry about because he wouldn't try to beat my time.' The men in the audience can identify with that type of entertainer..."

As if to illustrate Darin's point, there were three steady customers during his Chase engagement in St. Louis: a pretty, 16-year-old girl who is international president of the Bobby Darin fan club, her mother, and her father. The mother and father evidently enjoyed Darin's smart, smooth show as much as their daughter did. Indeed, the daughter watched him with an almost religious sobriety, "analyzing his style."

Actually, Darin's style is not hard to analyze. Built on a basic framework of Frank Sinatra, it involves elements of Tony Bennett (an odd kind of harshness in certain high notes), Bing Crosby (a loose-mouthed popping of the consonants 'B' and 'P'), sloppy enunciation, and occasional touches of rock-and-roll raunch.

But there's one big extra: fire. Despite the faults of his singing, Darin today is unquestionably the only young male pop singer who handles standards with something approaching the polished intensity of Sinatra. To those who would offer the rejoinder that Darin does not have Sinatra's vocal finesse and musicianship, it should be adequate to point out that Sinatra is 42, while Darin is 23, and that Sinatra has been a professional singer for 21 years, while Darin has been singing for four.

And Darin has an obvious capacity to learn and grow. He seizes on any thought that he thinks might improve his act. I mentioned that I thought his act was short on control—that an artist should be able to keep some of himself in reserve and build up during the course of his performance, instead of throwing everything he had at the audience right at the start. Sure enough, next night Darin started in on a subdued note, and then built . . . and built . . . and built all the way through. "You see?" he said later. "I tried it. You know, I've learned something."

On top of that, Darin is probably the most fascinating singer to watch on this side of the Atlantic. Yves Montand or Henri Salvador in France both cut him, working on a stage, but they are the cream.



18 . DOWN BEAT



Darin once said that he wanted to be known as the singer who moved like a dancer, and when he breaks in a new tune, he talks about working out the "choreography" for it. He has already reached this goal, for he does indeed move like a dancer. He has a loose-limbed agility that permits him to intermix shuffles, Woody Herman style kicks, and countless eccentric steps the semantics of which probably died with vaudeville. When he makes his deep bow, he bends over so far it is as if he were trying to do a Moslem bow from a standing position, and his hair and arms hang straight down. He has also developed an odd trick with a mike that adds punch to the end of a tune: he lifts it high in one hand-and then drops it! Suavely he catches it with the other hand, but not before giving a heart tremor to those sensitive to the value and fragility of a good mike.

With this combination of excellent movement and intense, driving singing, Darin's is one of the most stimulating and vital acts in show business today. He stresses up-tempo material, restricting himself usually to two ballads per set. He is a little affected on the ballads, as if he were working too hard at them. Like Sinatra, he makes substitutions and interpolations in the lyrics. Few of them seem to make any real contribution to the meaning, and some are distracting. Still, he does ballads well, and it can be assumed that he will do them better in future.

Inevitably, he includes a couple of his hits in his club act, particularly *Mack the Knife* and *Splish-Splash*. It is curious to note that while he declines to go on record as putting down rock-and-roll, he does *Splish-Splash* with tongue flagrantly in check.

Darin has an enormous, almost unbelievable, desire to succeed. Nesuhi Ertegun, a&r director of Atlantic Records and Atco Records, for which Darin records, says that the same brash, cock-sure drive was there two years ago, when Atco signed him, a virtual unknown. "He hasn't changed a bit," Ertegun says.

What makes Bobby run is a question that preoccupies a lot of people in show business these days. If Darin's own explanation is taken at face value, a classic pattern is present: a New York Italian boy, born to poverty, is fiercely determined not to rear whatever children he might some day have in the same environment.

Darin's father died (of pneumonia) shortly before he was born, in 1936. His mother had a difficult time raising her family.

"We were poor, on-relief-type Bronx people," Darin said. "Besides my mom, who's dead now, there was my sister. She married a wonderful guy who was good to me. Now that I can help out, I do." "I didn't belong, at school or anywhere else. I enjoyed doing homework. That made me a freak to the kids on the block. And going to college was even more unheard of."

As a reading between those lines will indicate, Darin's childhood and youth could not have been all hardship. He got a chance at a good education, which few kids from the world of harsh proverty do. He went to the Bronx High School of Science, a top-notch school where he apparently did well (he was an honors student in junior high school), and then attended Hunter college for a year. "Then 1 split to get into the business," he said.

When Darin was 15, he was playing drums "in a rinkytink group" in the resorts of the Catskill mountains. One of his companions in this venture was a slim, good-looking pianist named Dick Behrke, a schoolmate who is now his accompanist and conductor—and also, as Darin announces nightly from the stage, his best friend in this world. (He adds that his second best friends is *Mack the Knife.*)

"I never had the kind of adolescence most kids have," Darin said. "When I went to a dance, it was to play it."

Yet innumerable musicians have had exactly the same experience. Check on jazz musicians you know; note how many of them have never learned to dance. Most of them have not developed Darin's all-consuming passion to be on top.

And make no mistake about it, that's exactly where he wants to be. "I want to be in the Number One slot," he says. "I guess the polls are of primary importance to me. To me, showing up in the *Down Beat* poll last December was the greatest thing that's happened so far.

"I want the respect of the trade. You must have that. If you can create excitement in both the trade and the public, you've got something."

Awards of all kinds count with Darin, and he rattles off readily the list of them that he has so far acquired: *The Billboard*, *Cash Box* and *Variety* awards, and two Grammys from the record industry (for *Mack the Knife*, as best single of 1959, and to Darin as best new singer of 1959). "These things are the emotional compensation for the work I'm doing," Darin said. "Don't let guys who pooh-pooh polls kid you. Anybody that's alive cares whether he's accepted.

"Movies is where I want to go, no question of that. But I want the right roles. We've looked at 20 or 25 scripts, and I've turned them all down. I don't want to do an exploitation picture. I want to do drama, light comedy, the whole range. And some day I want an Academy award. The motion picture business is still the most glamorous, glorious, stimulating, exciting end of the business. Sammy Davis told me that before he did *Anna Lucasta*, he could walk down the street and maybe two people would want



his autograph. Now he is constantly sought after.

"That's why I want the picture business.

"Ambition? That's my middle name."

E vidently it is. And Darin's ambitions are not confined to the fields of singing and acting. He also has aspirations as a song-writer, and shows a certain flair as a lyricist.

But so all-encompassing is his ambition that at times it is amusing. He wants to write music "of a serious nature," he said with a haughtly pseudo-English accent to indicate that he was kidding. But he was kidding on the square, and later it developed that he does indeed want to write a composition for piano in "classical" vein.

Why is this so amusing? Because Darin plays about enough piano to bang out a few chords and arpeggios to accompany himself in the blues, and does not read music. Though he listens to classical music, his knowledge of it is superficial, and his tastes are hung up in 19th Century Romanticism. It extends neither back into the true classicism of Mozart nor forward even as far as Stravinsky. Considering the magnitude of his ambition. I was even a little touched by his musical naivete. Though most of the time he looks, thinks, and acts older than his 23 years, now he seemed like a little kid wanting to be a fireman, a policeman, a jet pilot, and a great scientist when he grows up—all rolled into one.

Thinking of the structural complexity even of Romantic



Darin signs autographs for St. Louis schoolgirls

music, I asked Darin if he knew what sonata form was. "I don't know what sonata or any other kind of form is," he said. Then, seeing my attempt to keep a straight face, he said with an almost sheepish grin, "Oh, I know it sounds ridiculous. But I want to do it, and I will do it, even if it takes until I'm 40."

It was impossible not to like the guy.

But Darin is nothing like naive when the discussion turns to contemporary show business. While discussions of rock-and-roll in other quarters have, in the main, been vehemently partisan, Darin has analyzed it rather coolly.

"There were really three phases to it," he said. "The first came when it made its early, headline-getting impact.

"Then it suffered a setback in 1955. Then came a guy named Presley, who set the market on its feet. It was fantastic. There were all those millions of feet walking into record stores, not only buying Presley records, but whatever else was in the store.

"The next ebb came when Presley went into the service. Then came Dick Clark, to set it up again.

"Presley's only competitor was Pat Boone. And Boone was using rock-and-roll as a device—which is all well and good; it's exactly what I did.

"Presley was an amazing phenomenon. He had the same hypnotic effect that Roosevelt had on the voting public. Now it's time to change. There's no doubt that Presley will have to change, if he wants to survive.

"Things *are* changing. I've noticed the music business runs in cycles of about five or seven years. A new one is due, with or without the payola scandal.

"What is the payola probe going to do? Win a few new Senatorial seats. They won't stop it.

"Of course, it depends what we mean by payola. The cash payola will stop. That's an evil, and has to be eliminated. But they'll never stop somebody from laying a couple of tickets for a Broadway show on somebody visiting New York. That's human nature.

"Rock and roll? I love some of it.

"I love Ray Charles. Ray Charles is the greatest thing since Beethoven.

"There are only three singers who move me emotionally: Peggy Lee, Frank Sinatra, and Ray Charles. If I want to be lullabied, I listen to Peggy Lee, I don't care what the tempo is. That's the boss lady. If I want to think about lost love —or any kind of love, for that matter—I listen to Frank. If I want to be thrown into a primitive, wild kind of emotional involvement, I listen to Ray Charles. I can't think of anything else I want satisfied. These three people are the rock of Gibraltar.

"Make that four singers I like. I'm a Crosby man. I'm an Old Cowhand? I was listening to that at five. And Sammy Davis has taught me a lot, in terms of how to generate excitement.

"It is Sinatra as a person more than Sinatra as a singer that has influenced me. His outlook on the business and his attitude to performance are the important things . . .

"My approach to singing is not the same. Sinatra has a clipped speech. I'm a slurrer. But let's face it, he's the boss. Another thing I admire is the fact that he's done all the great tunes.

"I have a theory that his phrasing is accidental. About the time he made *From Here to Eternity*, he abandoned the schooled approach he'd been using, because I think he didn't have the breath. I think it didn't happen musically, but physically. Later it became a musical thing.

"He's more right than anybody has been. And I got news, there aren't very many places to go after him.

"And while we're on the subject of Sinatra, there's something I'd like to clear up.

"I've been accused of comparing myself to Sinatra, in terms of career climbing. Certain people have said I want to beat him out. First, I never said this, the press said it. Second, to me, Frank Sinatra is the greatest living lyric interpreter, and that ends the admiration. My idol is the step beyond the great image of today. In other words, it's an indefinite goal.

"He's supposedly mad at me. I've never met the man, but he's supposedly mad at me. He came up with what I think is one of the greatest single lines of all time.

"After all the recent things in the press, somebody asked him. 'What do you think of Bobby Darin?' And Sinatra said, 'I sing in saloons. Bobby Darin does my prom dates.'

"I was so gassed by the line when I saw it! All I can say is that I'm only too happy to play his prom dates."

And then Darin added, possibly significantly, "Until graduation."

Indexeduction indexeducti

Despite the odds that quality singers of popular music have had to face in recent years, a surprisingly large group of them has come up, or continued in careers already established. Nothing gives evidence of this as clearly as the following list, meant as a guide to those who book such acts for clubs.

Such lists are always difficult to select, since they trigger outraged reader mail over the omission of personal favorites. In gencral, we have not included artists such as Doris Day, who does not do personal appearances. And we have included individuals such as Odetta, who is hardly a pop singer, yet who does have a wide popularity and pulling power in clubs. Finally, professional respect has been a key criterion: it rules out such singers as Eddie Fisher.

Each singer's name is followed by record label affiliation and booking agency. SAC means Shaw Artists; MCA, Music Corporation of America; GAC, General Artists Corporation; W.M., William Morris; W.A., Willard Alexander; ABC, Associated Booking; Ind., independent.

MALE

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MOSE ALLISON

Prestige; SAC.

Better known as a pianist of the rural jazz stripe, Allison, a relative newcomer on the jazz scene, is a basic and earthy blues singer of immense conviction. He composes much of his material and has enjoyed a growing success on record, notably with his *Back Country Suite*, and in intimate jazz rooms.

HARRY BEDAFONTE

RCA Victor; MCA.

A renowned entertainer unique in his field, Belafonte has become one of the hottest night-club draws in the country. In recent years he has been backing away from the specialized calypso material with which he enjoyed tremendous successes on record and has broadened his repertoire to include folk songs of many peoples and cultures.

TONY BENNETT

Columbia; GAC.

Top-earner Bennett's night-club appearances always are enlivened by the firstclass jazz group he carries. His liking for jazz carries over into his singing, particularly on up-tempo numbers. A frequent guest on network television shows, he carried his own weekly program during the summer of 1959.

RAY CHARLES

Atlantic, RCA Victor; SAC.

A blues singer whose earthiness frequently plumbs astonishing depths, Charles has proved on record and personal appearances that he is equally at home with varied song material of the pop variety. He carries his own band and is in great demand in clubs and even ballrooms (for special promotions).

NAT COLE

Capitol, GAC.

One of the titans of show business, Cole is ever-popular on records, on television, and on personal appearances in the best-paying clubs in the country. Occasionally he records an album, such as *Welcome to the Club*, on which he was accompanied by the Count Basie band sans the leader, in a jazz vein.

VIC DAMONE

Columbia, Wing; W.M.

First coming into prominence as a sort of second-string Frank Sinatra, Damone has developed through the years into one of the top singers and entertainers in the business. Consistently in demand in front-rank supper clubs, he is a frequent visitor to television musical shows and has appeared in some motion pictures.

MATT DENNIS

Kapp, RCA Victor; ABC.

Composer of some of the best and most enduring popular songs ever written (Angel Eyes, Let's Get Away From It All, et al) graying Matt Dennis continues to propagate his lightly sophisticated brand of piano-vocal entertainment in the more intimate rooms.

JOHNNY DESMOND

Columbia; MCA.

The onetime crewcut GI troubador who made his name with Maj. Glenn Miller's army band is today a mature singer-actor who has accumulated considerable experience as a recording artist and on the Broadway musical stage. The wartime "swooner" these days is the sincere singer of songs.

ROY HAMILTON Epic; GAC. Handsome and personable Hamilton has had his share of record hits through the years (You'll Never Walk Alone, et al) and during the rock-and-roll era earned a considerable following among adherents of that phenomenon. After temporary retirement from show business a few years ago, he returned to enjoy continued success.

DICK HAYMES

Decca; ABC.

In the news recently as a declared bankrupt, Haymes has intermittently sung his way through an down-and-up career in show business. Featured in many motion pictures during the 1940s, his romantic-balladeer style and plush, relaxed way with a lyric won him countless fans. He continues to draw on the supper-club circuit.

BILL HENDERSON

Vee-Jay; SAC.

Chicagoan Henderson is best known as a singer in the jazz area and as composer of the lyric to Horace Silver's *Senor Blues.* He has worked with the Miles Davis Quintet and with many other modern jazz groups in his home town and throughout the east.

JON HENDRICKS

World Pacific; WA.

One-third of Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Hendricks is as prolific a versifier as he is compelling a vocalist. The author of all his material, he now is beginning to branch out as a singer on record. In addition, he sets to lyrics the instrumental numbers by L-H-R in its club act.

AL HIBBLER

Decca; SAC.

The swooping voice and impish sense of humor of Al Hibbler has been delighting his countless admirers for more than 20 years. Closely identified with the Duke Ellington band during his rising years, Hibbler worked with Johnny Hodges' small band until its breakup in the early 1950s. He has been working jazz rooms as a single in recent years.

JULIUS LA ROSA

Columbia, Roulette; GAC.

La Rosa's "lack of humility" and firing off the Arthur Godfrey television show brought him more national publicity than he possibly could have bought at the time. In subsequent stands in the nation's leading hotels and supper clubs, and on records, he has put that publicity to excellent use and risen to be one of the country's top popular singers.

TOMMY LEONETTI

Camden; W.M.

Darkly good-looking Leonetti was well on his way up the show business ladder when the payola scandals broke last fall. His name and that of his manager were coupled with shady dealings, but Leonetti was found blameless. The unfavorable publicity does not appear to have hurt his career, however, for he currently is in demand in eastern clubs.

Continued on Page 40

stars surround Stan...

*Stan Levey is a man whose career is shaped by stars. Not the astrological variety, however. Stan's affairs are influenced by such stars as Frank Sinatra, Peggy Lee, Nelson Riddle, and Billy May—to name just a few.

It was because of requests from luminaries of this magnitude that Stan recently left a successful, longtime gig at the Lighthouse, in Los Angeles, and is concentrating on recording dates.

Stan appears on a vast majority of Verve albums, sitting in with such diverse talents as Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Diz Gillespie, Stan Getz, Ben Webster and Jimmy Guiffre.

He's also to be heard on Contemporary, Dot, RCA Victor, Mode, Bethlehem and United Artists issues.

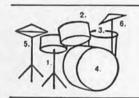
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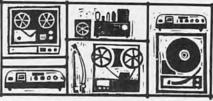
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STEREO SHOPPING WITH DON ELLIOTT By Charles Graham

Don Elliott has attained success in many phases of the music business. He is currently one of the performers of his original jazz accompaniment written for the Broadway hit show Thurber Carnival.

While Elliott is busy with the show, record stores are busy selling *Nutty Squirrels*, an LP on which Don is a performer and a co-composer of the tunes. The success of the album has been based upon the unusual sound effects obtained from a wordless jazz vocal duet by Elliott and his composing partner, Granville (Sascha) Burland.

As an instrumentalist, Elliott is noted for winning polls and awards in the mis-



cellaneous-instrument category with his artistry on the mellophone, and has performed creditably on trumpet and vibes with groups led by George Shearing, Teddy Wilson, Terry Gibbs, Benny Goodman, and Buddy Rich. Since 1953 he has devoted his multi-instrumental talent to jazz combos under his own leadership.

H is enthusiasm is not all confined to the production of music, for he finds time to give consideration to the reproduction of sound. He is an avid high fidelity do-it-yourself man and has assembled his own components for his system. He is converting his rig to stereo himself and has wired and assembled the preamp-control unit and power amplifiers from kits.

He has been doing considerable work with vocal groups and likes to experiment at home with the recording of new vocal and instrumental effects. This has inspired him to set up his living room as a recording studio.

The equipment now installed in his apartment includes two Electro-Voice Aristocrat speaker enclosures for listening and two Electro-Voice 666 microphones for recording stereophonically on the Concertone tape recorder in the control room. The control room was constructed off the living room with a large plate of glass between them. In the control room. Elliott can listen to the tape playbacks and other music on another pair of small speakers.

When setting up the system three years ago, he bought a Bogen DB-130, 35-watt amplifier for \$115; a Pilot FM-AM tuner for \$85; a Bogen-Lenco manual turntable for \$50 with a GE magnetic cartridge costing \$17, and an eight-inch Norelco speaker for \$10 in a bookshelf-size bass reflex enclosure costing \$16. Later additions included an Electro-Voice SP-12 speaker for \$34,50 in the Electro-Voice Aristocrat enclosure costing \$70.75. His tape recorder was an English Ferrograph costing \$345.

The Bogen amplifier was retired in the conversion to stereo and replaced by a Dynakit stereo preamp-control unit along with a Dynakit stereo 70-watt power amplifier. This amplifier is actually two 35-watt power amplifiers on one chassis. Both the preamp-control unit and amplifier were bought as kits. They were assembled in about 20 hours with a 35 per cent saving over the cost of a comparable factory-wired amplifier.

The Pilot tuner and the speakers were retained with the addition of a second Electro-Voice Aristocrat enclosure and SP-12 speaker with the driver in the

(Continued on page 24)

(Continued from page 23)

living room studio. In the control room were added an R-J bookshelf speaker costing \$26 with a Wharfedale 8 CS/AL driver for \$30.

The additions in the control room, plus the eight-inch Norelco speaker, provide a handy stereo monitoring speaker setup so it is not necessary to go into the main studio to check the results while recording a stereo session.

A Pickering Cablekit costing \$4 was used to convert the manual record player to stereo. The tone arm of the turntable was rewired. The stereo leads provided in the Cablekit are designed to convert any changer or manual turntable from mono ot stereo.

The GE mono cartridge is replaced with a Pickering Model 380 stereo pickup. Elliott chose the Pickering for it's tone, saying, "I want to hear more of the highs than I have been getting. I know the speakers and the amplifiers can provide them, because I get more from the tape and the tuner now than from the old cartridge."

Elliott also added a stereo tape machine in the form of a Concertone 20/20 combination tape deck and dual amplifiers. This preamp/recording equipment, costing \$545, came in two portable cases from which the combined components were removed and built into a specially constructed wooden console.

Elliott had this equipment before he switched to stereo:

Bogen DB-130 amplifier, \$115.00.

Pilot FM-AM tuner, \$85.00.

Bogan-Lenco turntable, \$50.00.

GE magnetic cartridge (diamond point), \$17.00.

Norelco eight-inch speaker and cabinet, \$26.00.

Electro-Voice SP-12 speaker, \$34.50.

Electro-Voice Aristocrat enclosure, \$70.75.

English Ferrograph tape recorder, \$345.00.

Equipment added for stereo:

Dynakit stereo preamp-control kit, \$59.50.

Dynakit stereo 70-watt power amplifier, \$90.00.

Electro-Voice speaker and cabinet, \$105.25.

Wharfedale eight-inch speaker and R-J cabinet, \$56.00.

Pickering stereo cartridge Model 380, \$29.85.

Pickering Cablekit Model 604, \$3.98.

Concertone stereo record/playback, \$545.00. ďЬ



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NEW SOUND

We recently visited a recording engineer named Jerry Valburn who has what may well be the most extensive Ellington library in the world-almost a thousand 78s. Many of his priceless recordings have been played at the monthly meetings of the New York Duke Ellington Jazz society, of which he's an active member.

An NBC engineer since 1951, Valburn has his basement recording and listening studio stuffed with between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 feet of recorded tapes, copies of hundreds of unique or rare off-the-air recordings, transcriptions, alternate takes, and unreleased sessions dating from the early 1930s. We listened to tapes of Billie Holliday and Jimmie Rushing with Count Basie at the Savoy ballroom and Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller, and Jack Teagarden playing Honeysuckle Rose about 1934, plus many others we'd never known about.

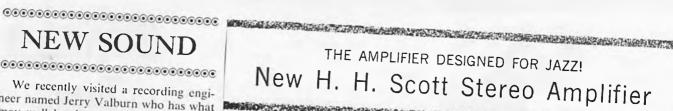
Valburn records and plays back with two Tapesonic semiprofessional machines, a Scott 210 Dynaural amplifier, and a big horn-loaded corner speaker. The Scott Dynaural features continuously varying noise suppression, which he sometimes finds helpful in cutting out the scratch on 78s with minimum sacrifice of the treble notes.

The Tapesonic is the most versatile tape recorder under \$1,000 we've seen. It cost less than \$400, mono, three years ago, and includes a big recording (VU) meter; a separate playback head that permits instantaneous comparison of the actual recorded sound with the sound being recorded (during recording); external inputs and outputs; a heavy-duty, 12-watt, push-pull amplifier and eightinch speaker, and separate bass and treble controls.

It takes reels up to 10 inches (broadcast studio size) while allowing a choice of three speeds from 33/4 to 15 inches a second. It's sold direct by the maker, Premier labs, 270 Lafayette St., New York City. One major problem: this machine is very big and very heavy.

Valburn is at work on a book on Ellington's recordings, which he said will be the most carefully documented and thorough job ever done on any jazz musician's work. He said he hopes to finish it in upwards of a year. ** :3

Tape recorder users can greatly extend their machines' applications after studying a 33-page booklet written by former bandleader Dick Jurgens, now proprietor of a high fidelity store in Colorado Springs, Colo., and Dr. Ray (Continued on page 26)





STEREO HIGH FIDELITY COMPONENTS

Jazz records, new or old, sound best with an H.H. Scott Stere amplifier. H.H. Scott amplifier give you as many as 20 separate controls including unique third channel, separate bass and treble controls on each channel, and a special channel balancing system. Only H.H. Scott gives you so much flexibility! There's even a special position to give near-hi fi sound when playing your vintage 78's. Ask your dealer . . . if it's H.H. Scott, it's tops!

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VEE JAY RECORDS, 1449 SO. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Zildjian craftsmen experimented for more than four years in perfecting this new product. The result—a vastly superior accessory that LOOKS GOOD! SOUNDS GOOD!

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Continued from page 25

Sanders. It's called *Home Recorder Tricks—a Guide to Trick Taping* and costs \$1.50.

It goes into detail on how to copy tapes, mix microphones, put sound-oversound (multitaping), produce echo effects, and make Donald Duck-like sounds. A very instructive, practical guide, available from Sanders in Norwood, Colo.

From Tinfoil to Stereo, the most absorbing and significant book on the phonograph since Roland Gelatt's The Fabulous Phonograph (1954), has been published.

It is a 524-page volume, which goes far back before Edison and details the fascinating history of mechanical and electronic progress as well as the incredibly involved litigation, mergers, and business struggles of the phonograph industry.

Its 29 chapters are packed with hundreds of facts never before published covering the early coin-slots (precursors of today's jukebox), cylinder processing, the early history of wireless, early concert recordings, European disc companies, the war of the speeds (331/3 vs. 45), the growth of high fidelity components, and many other absorbing aspects of the previously unwritten history of recorded sound.

This is a book you will read like a novel. And it will be a valuable reference work for many years. It costs \$9.95 and is published by Bobbs-Merrill Co.

* * *

Every few months some manufacturer publishes a manual, usually about 25 to 50 pages long, to explain high fidelity and stereo to the layman (while advertising his wares, of course).

A specially noteworthy one is *This Is* Stereo High Fidelity, an excellent primer put out by Allied Radio, with the help of audio authority Edward Tatnall Canby, a columnist for many years for Audio magazine, long-time Saturday Review record man, and a regular contributor to Harpers on discs and equipment. It costs 25 cents from Allied at 100 N. Western Ave., Chicago 80.

* * *

Planning to buy a tape recorder? A directory of recording machines that pictures every one and lists the major specifications and prices costs a dime. Write to Audio Devices, 444 Madison Ave., New York City 22. Last year's issue carried more than 125 different machines, including all home machines, most professional units, tape decks, and imported recorders. Well worth studying before you buy.

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.



Monufactured by AUDIO DEVICES, INC. 414 Madison Ave., New York 22, New York Offices in Hollywood & Chicago

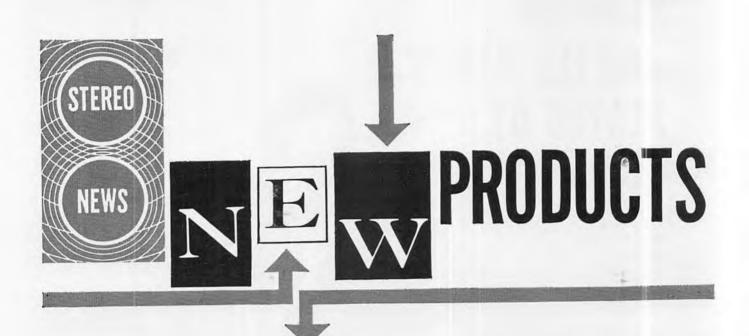


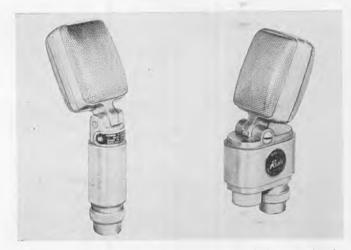
MADE BY GIFTED HANDS PLAYED BY CHET ATKINS!

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For more details, write to Dept. D-59 for the FREE color — illustrated Gretsch Guitar catalogue.







GRANCO MITUNER

High-quality microphones need not be large; these Reslo Mark III series cost \$100 to \$125. There is a choice of high impedance (for most home and semi-professional recorders) or low impedance for professional types.

Low-cost FM tuner for economy components setups has good fidelity and surprising sensitivity. It uses own short piece of wire as antenna. Granco T-300 costs \$20.



Superstereo preamp-control unit has two meters for recording or balancing speaker channels during listening, plus many other stereo controls. Pilot SP-216 stereo control console costs \$199.



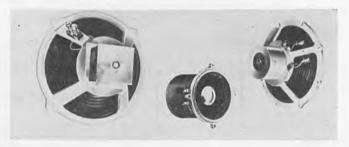
Leak preamp for stereo works with companion Stereo 50 power amplifier, two 20-watters on one chassis, or smaller Stereo 20. Stereo preamp costs \$109, Stereo 50, \$189, Stereo 20, \$149. Concervative British construction makes these units good bets for many years of trouble-free heavy-duty service.



TOK-IDI TOK-IDI TOK-IDI START

Low-cost bookshelf speaker by Lafayette radio comes in mahogany or walnut with eight-inch driver unit. It has a tuned vent to increase the lows. Model SK-124-WX costs \$17.50.

Turntable kit by Thorens gaes tagether in a half-hour with use of screwdriver. Speed (single) is adjustable from about 31 to 35 rpm. Minus base, TDK-101 costs \$47.50.



High-quality conventional speaker drivers, for use in large baffles or bass-reflex cabinets, closet doors, walls, etc., are by Wharfedale. Left is wide-range eight-incher at \$26; middle is Super-3 tweeter, \$26; right woofer is 15-inch cone with bass resonance near 25 cycles costing \$88.



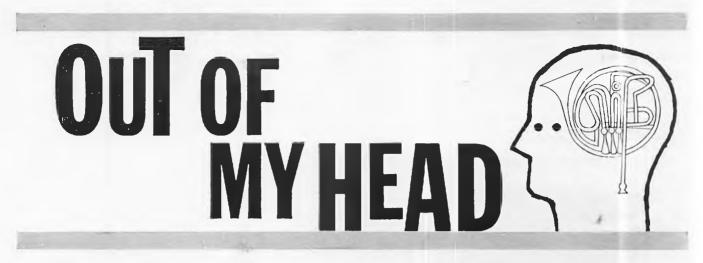
Allied Radio now offers a low-cost, dual, 20-watt stereo amplifier, all in one. Many features for convenient stereo operation are included. Knight KN-740 (not a kit) costs \$99.50.



Tap-grade FM-AM tuner for stereo has two separate tuners on one chassis. Tuning meter is switched for fine tuning of either section. Scott 330-D costs \$224.



Mixer for blending two microphones or a microphone and a phonograph disc in recording or public-address system is Switchcraft 301-TR costing \$30. It handles any two, three, or four mikes and phonograph outputs. Similar model for up to two signals in each of two stereo channels is 306-TR at \$37.50.



BY GEORGE CRATER

This is Musicians' Protective Week throughout our great land, and I'd like to do my bit for the cause. Whether they be in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, or Tabor City, musicians are faced with many and most unusual problems. Since New York is my scene, I may be just skimming the surface on other towns, but please bear with me, man . . .

New York-based musicians who make the road band scene have a slight problem with a strange growth called "the leader's wife". In cases where the bandleader is unmarried, this hangup is usually replaced by a sister, mother, aunt, travelling companion, or road manager. But getting back to the leader's wife . . .

This chick is a special type chick. She usually combines the more pronounced features of Paulette Goddard and Jack Palance. She carries a large pocketbook (actually, "conga drum bag" would be a better term) that contains a small, but thick, black notebook. The notebook, aside from listing all the band's gigs from now until next Sunday night, also lists: all the advances given out (in large block letters); who got juiced out at Junior's waiting for the station wagon to leave; who threw the Thunderbird wine bottle at the fuzz in Hershey, Pa., and who blew the clinkers in the theme at the start of last Saturday night's gig. It also contains a little section entitled 569 Things to Tell a Musician When He Comes to You and Asks for a Raise.

Attached to the little black book is a reprint of an article by John Phillip Sousa entitled *Do You Know How Much It Costs to Run a Big Band These Days?*

This chick has practiced her craft well, and has an almost hypnotic effect on most musicians. Five minutes on the band bus with her, and she'll convince you that you *can't* play better with a Selmer.

In most cases, the leader himself isn't that bad. But the drag is that you can't even get *near* him—you gotta deal with the old lady.

I've really gone into this problem, and I've got to admit there's not too much in the way of a solution, unless you marry the bandleader yourself, or cop his old lady. The following phrases, however, might be of some help to you when dealing with your leader's wife:

1. Man, the band sure sounds groovy since you been handling the bread.

2. What advance?

3. Look at it this way, Lucille Ball had to start some way too.

4. You know, you're the second person today that thought they saw me juiced out in Junior's.

5. No, honest, I enjoy getting paid once a year.

Trombonists Frank Rehak, Urbie Green, and Bobby Bryne bought a small plane not long ago. No particular reason, they just weren't doing anything that day and figured they might as well buy an airplane. Contributions to the Less Fortunate Trombone Players Who Want More Record Dates Association will be used to purchase an army surplus anti-aircraft gun in good working order. Frank Saracco has been named chairman of the association.

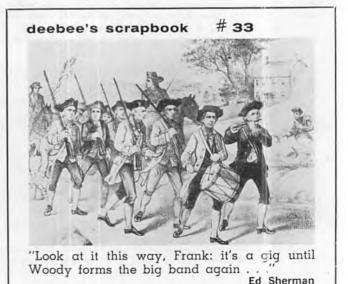
The political scene is really getting hot and heavy these days. For some reason, the name Junior's has been getting into the column more than the name Charlie's. Now since I've promised to spend equal amounts of time and money in each place (under terms of my 52nd St. Peace Treaty with both gentlemen), Gene Williams of Charlie's feels he's entitled to equal time. For a while there, I thought I'd had it, because Charlie is a pretty rough-looking cat, and I've been described as a thin Paul Desmond. But finally I straightened things out with Gene—I threw him a chick.

Personally, I think both Junior's and Charlie's are going to have problems with a new saloon aiming for the musician's business. Emil's Bar and Grill on Eighth Ave. offers *with every short beer:* an autographed 5x7 of Tony Graye; and a record date.

I'm proud to announce that I've been added to the faculty of the School of Jazz in Lenox. My course will be: Sneaking into Jazz Festivals (Elementary I and II).

Do you know, just for kicks, I think I'll fly to the coast and not call Nina.

My heartiest congratulations to Izzy Previn on winning his Academy award.



30 . DOWN BEAT



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

CLASSICS

Munch/Saint-Saens

Munch/Saint-Saens M SAINT-SAENS-RCA Victor LM-2341; Sym-phony No. 3 in C Minor, Op. 78. Personnel: Charles Munch conducting the Bos-ton Symphony Orchestra; Berj Zamkochian, organ; Leo Litwin, Bernard Zighera, pianos. Rating: $\star \star \star$ Old Camille Saint-Saens, best known as

an artisan who specialized in pieces that bespoke a quaint gentility if little else, could also work himself up to a glorious blowoff now and then.

Here is his most successful large-scale effort, the famous Organ Symphony in an absolutely scrumptious recording by Munch and the Boston orchestra. There is musical interest in this symphony, but for the first few plays at least the man who doesn't just sit and gape at the sonic wonders engrooved here is a more dedicated student of Saint-Saens than this reviewer cares to meet. (D.H.)

Bela Bartok BARTOK—Faotasy 5003: Rhapsodies No. 1, No. 2 for Violin and Orchestra; Two Portraits for Orchestra, Op. 5. Personnel: Gregory Millar conducting the Little Symphony of San Francisco; Nathan Rubin, violin. Rating: * * * * Here is another of the all-too-rare re-

leases from a west coast label known as Fantasy, one of the higher-quality independents. Bartok's Two Portraits, Op. 5 (not to be confused with the somewhat later Two Images) are given fine idiomatic performances here, and many who think of Bartok as the percussive angry man of music may be charmed by these early works.

It is the two 1928 vintage Rhapsodies, however, that make this disc especially worthy of a Bartok lover's consideration. These works are products of Bartok's study of Hungarian folk music, and Rubin is a persuasive investigator of their charms. The best modern version of the Rhapsody No. 1 (dedicated to Joseph Szigeti) has been by cellist Janos Starker, in a transcription done by Bartok. However, it lacked the authentic sound of this violin version. There also was a transfer to 33-rpm by Szigeti, with Bartok himself at the piano, instead of an orchestral accompaniment. It should be reissued. (D.H.)

Markevitch-Beethoven BEETHOVEN :- Epic BC-1067: Symphonies No. 5 in C Minor, No. 8 in F Major. Personnel: Igor Markevitch conducting the Or-chestra des Concerts Lamoureux. Rating: * *

Here is the permanent conductor of the Lamoureux leading his own orchestra in two staples of the repertory and without much distinction. The string sound is harsh and wiry, for one thing, but more important, the interpretations are excited rather than exciting. Markevitch drives everything along at the same pell-mell pace, missing the felicities of the Eighth and the power of the Fifth.

Markevitch may know what he wants, but it is the mark of a good conductor that he is able to get what he wants out of his men. (D.H.) *****************

JAZZ

Red Allen-Kid Ory B BD ALLEN MEETS KID ORY-Verve MG VS-6076: In the Mood; Blues for Jimmy; Ain't Misbehavin'; Honeysuchle Rose; I Wish I Was in Peoria; Keep off Katle's Head; Tisho-mingon Rues;

Was in Peoria; Keep off Katie's Head; Lisno-mingo Blues. Personnel: Red Allen, trumpet; Kid Ory, trom-bone; Robert McCracken, clarinet; Cedric Hay-wood, piano; Frank Haggerty, guitar; Morty Corb, bass; Alton Redd, drums. Rating: * * * * This should be required listening for

all the kid bands attempting to play traditional jazz. Whereas the kids-no matter what their ages-try so desperately to recreate the New Orleans style, these men just relax and play; if what comes out resembles traditionalism, it's beside the point. Ory and Allen are playing themselves, just as Miles and Cannonball play themselves-the only difference is in conception; the spirit's the same. It's a healthy spirit.

Allen garners most of the honors with some of the best horn work I've ever heard from him. He refrains from his whamp! whamp! extrovertism and blows some lovely and meaningful trumpet. He is poignant and introspective on Blues for Jimmy, but when the occasion demands it, he drives 'em down as he does on the ensemble choruses of Peoria and Katie's Head. Underlying all his work is a pensiveness that has rarely been noticeable before.

McCracken comes close to Allen's level of performance; all his solos crackle with fire and pop with ideas. His ensemble work snaps like a whip.

The weakest horn in the front line is Ory's. He seems to have lost any desire to play anything new or different. Most of his solos are either bits he's played before or stick pretty close to the melody. He can still stomp hell out of ensembles, though.

The rhythm section gets a good swing, especially Redd.

Recommended for the fine work of Red Allen. (D.DeM.) *******

Sidney Bechet SIDNEY BECHET IN CONCERT AT THE BRUSSELS FAIR, 1958—Columbia CL 1410: Indiane; Society Blues; St. Louis Blues; Swanee River; In a Sentimental Mood; All of Me; When the Saints Go Marching In. Personnel: Bechet, soprano saxophone; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Vie Dickenson, trombone; Ar-vell Shaw, basa; Kansas Fields, drums; George Wein, piano.

This is not the greatest Bechet record ever made, but even at that any presentable recording made by him is invaluable. This one is quite well recorded and has Bechet in some pretty good examples of the really amazing vitality of playing and take-charge type of lead he specialized in.

There are a number of good solo spots by Dickenson and Clayton as well. One of the most remarkable things about Bechet's playing is that quality of vitality: it never left him. You have only to go back and play some of the old ones, the New Orleans Feetwarmers, for instance, to see how incredibly alive everything he played was. It remained that way as long as he did play.

To take some of the tired tunes on this LP and make them, as he did, come alive once more takes more than facility and experience. It takes that rare artistic fire that Sidney Bechet, perhaps more than any of his contemporaries (aside from Armstrong) had in such great quantities. (R.J.G.)

Curtis Fuller

BLUES-ETTE-Savoy MG 12141: Five Spot after Dark; Undecided; Blues-ette; Minor Vamp; Love, Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere; Twelve

Love, four mass open lach. Personnel: Curtis Fuller, trombone; Benny Gol-son, tenor; Tommy Flangan, piano; Jimmy Gar-rison, bass; Al Harewood, drums. Rating: $\star \star \star \star$ Here is a good example of how simple material plus taste and thought can produce an album of lasting beauty. The lines of the originals-all except Vamp are blues-are stark and to the point. Most of the themes are stated in unison or, as on Undecided and Magic Spell, Fuller plays harmony to Golson's lead. This uncluttered method of theme statement, added to the abundant use of minor keys and the remarkable blend of the two horns, is what gives this LP its charm.

Fuller is fast maturing, and if he continues along his present line of thought. could well develop into the Miles Davis of the trombone. Gone are the cascades of unnecessary notes; in their place Fuller has substituted calm, reflective phrases which sometimes sound like extensions of the theme. This is improvisation. His muted, strolling solo on the title track is one of the high spots of the LP.

There is some of this theme variation in Golson's solos, usually in his first chorus; but after this initial effort, he tends to play technique instead of ideas. This is indeed unfortunate, for I feel that if Benny would lay off his overuse of technique and concentrate on linear variation, he would be the most provocative tenorman around.

The rhythm section is firm but subdued, which makes it truly an oddity among today's volcanic back rows. Flanagan's playing is at its crystal-clear best and floats lightly on top of the smooth flow-ing timekeeping of Garrison and Hare-(D.DeM.) wood.

Ted McNab

TED McNAB & CO.—Mountain Greenery: I'll Never Say "Never Again" Again; Blue Moon; Margie: That Old Feeling; Have You Met Miss Junes?: Lover; You're My Thrill; It Had to Be You; Three Little Words; Spring Is Here; Close as Pages in a Book.

as Pages in a Book. Personnel: Bernie Glow, Burt Collins, Doc Sev-erinson, John Bello, John Frosk, Al DeRisi, trum-pets; Urbie Green, Dick Hixon, Sy Berger, Frank Rehak, trombones; Dick Meldonian, Zoot Sims, Gene Quill, Al Cohn, Sol Schlinger, Herb Geller, saxophones; Milt Hinton or John Drew, bass; Osie Johnson or Don Lamond, drums; Nat Pierce, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar.

Rating: * * 1/2

It's hard to express exactly what is wrong here. The arrangements are clean (Marion Evans is responsible), the men play well, and the solos are all right. It's just that even on several plays it does not seem as if anybody really wanted to say anything.

As it is, it's comparable to those Capitol Glen Gray things and the Ted Heaths and the rest of the swing-band type of LPs, which are all right to have on the piccolo but don't really grab you. It outswings Les Brown, but the worst of Woody Herman's bands had more guts to it. Sims, in his solos, comes closer than anybody else to making you sit up and listen. Who, by the way is Ted McNab? The Dan Terry of the '60s? (R.J.G.)

Duke Pearson

M PROFILE-Blue Note 4022: Like Someone In Love; Black Coffee; Taboo; I'm Glad There Is You; Gate City Blues; Two Mile Run; Witch-You; craft.

Personnel: Duke Pearson, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Lex Humphries, drums. Rating: * * *

If my personal definition of jazz did not incorporate some form of swing as vital, then I could erase my reservations about this album.

How does one go about being funky without swinging? Gate City Blues has all the necessary naughtiness to elevate it enviable heights; yet it floats close to the ground, and, at best, is good earthy blues. I'm Glad is beautiful mood music; Pearson's notes shower down pure and crystal clear to reveal him as a sensitive creator.

In the main, the tunes hold together well. Witchcraft is perhaps the least acceptable as a jazz arrangement. There is too much piped-music-in-a-restaurant feeling there.

If you like the pile-driving clang of the high cymbal, and thunderous drums, then Humphries is your man. Abrupt, blunt,

and uncompromising, Lex nevertheless drives relentlessly and it is due mainly to his forward aggression that this album comes off as adequate jazz.

Technically, Pearson is superior to many of his more acclaimed peers, but so far he remains awfully pretty and somewhat gutless. A little while and a few hard knocks later, his superb finesse, spiced with the water from the well of life, ought to yield a seasoned, groundrooted performer.

This LP is really a long shot, prophetic rather than profound. But if you delight in being in on the ground floor, buy this (B.J.G.) one.

Bob Wilber

Bob Wilber THE MUSIC OF SIDNEY BECHET: SPREADIN' JOY — Classic Jazz CJ 5: Ghost of the Blues: When the Sun Sets Down South: Polka Dol Stomp; Where Am IT: Little Creole Lui-Taby; Spreadin' Joy; Who'll Chop Your Suey When I'm Gowe; Oaincy Street Stomp; Georgia Cabin; Blacksick: Blue Horizon. Personnel: Bob Wilber, tenor, clarinet. bass clarinet: Barry Galbraith, guitar; Dick Wellstood, piano; Leonard Gaskin, bass: Bobby Donaldson, trombone, added on tracks 1, 2, 3, 5, 10.

Rating: * * * *

Wilber has done a fine thing in this

release by pointing out Bechet's merits as a composer. It is all too easy to be consumed by Bechet's fiery playing and lose sight of his charming melodies. True, he was primarily a performer and not a composer. Nonetheless, his true tunes were good enough to be preserved in an album such as this. And no better qualified person could be found than one-time Bechet protege Bob Wilber.

In the 1940's, Wilber sounded so much like the master that it was next to impossible to distinguish between them; but after study and struggle Wilber emerged as an individual, much to his credit. Some of Bechet remains, however. The welding of old and new is the real meat of this album.

Wilber has not imitated Bechet, except on Horizon, which is very close to the original, but interpreted Bechet. All the tracks are lightly arranged, somewhat in the manner of Bechet's Vocalion and Victor records. This is not to say that the scores are reproductions of these earlier releases but that the essence of an unorganized and controlled session is evident in both cases. Wilber has voiced the horns in the septet tracks around guitar lead, achieving a light, floating, and very attrac-

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of record buyers, Down Beat provides a listing of jazz and vocal LPs rated four stars or more during the preceding fiveissue 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)

Gerry Mulligan Meets Ben Webster (Verve MG Vs 6104)

Thelonious Monk, Thelonious Alone in San Francisco (Riverside RLP 13-312)

Bernard Peiffer For People Who Like Original Music (Laurie LLP 1006)

Jimmy Rushing, Rushing Lullabies-Vocal (Columbia CL 1401) Art Tatum, The Greatest Piano of them all (Verve MG v-8323)

* * * * ½

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

* * * *

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

Duke Ellington-Johnny Hodges, Side by Side (Verve MG-VS 6109) Bennie Green, The Swingin'est (Vee-Jay LP 1005)

Jimmy Heath, The Thumper (Riverside RLP 12-314 and 1160) Jon Hendricks (Vocal), A Good Git-Together (World Pacific

A-3065)

The Modern Jazz Disciples (New Jazz 8222)

Oliver Nelson, Meet Oliver Nelson (New Jazz 8224) Oscar Peterson, Swinging Brass with Oscar Peterson (Verve MG

V-8364)

Mavis Rivers, Hooray for Love (Vocal) (Capitol T 1294)

BLUE NOTE *is Swingin'*



THE TIME IS RIGHT—LOU DONALDSON Alto Star Lou Donaldson has come into his own. His warm, appealing sound, his polished—but never slick —manner of phrasing can only be admired in this new album. Unlike many others whose title is also the name of one of the songs contained within, The Time Is Right does not appear on any of the numbers. However, as an encompassing subtitle, it applies to all of them: the blues (Lou's Blues, Crosstown Shuffle); the swinging standards like Be My Love, Tangerine and Idaho; the ballad, Nearness of You; the lilting Mack The Knife.

With Blue Mitchell, Horace Parlan, Laymon Jackson, Dave Bailey, and Ray Barretto.

BLUE NOTE 4025

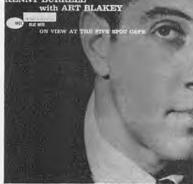


THE MUSIC FROM "THE CONNECTION"— FREDDIE REDD QUARTET WITH JACKIE McLEAN

Seldom if ever, has a musical score been as important to a play's dramatic effect—dynamically employed to ignite a play's action—as in The Living Theatre's production of Jack Gelber's hit play "The Connection". If at the beginning of its long run the play has received controversial criticism, most critics conceded that its music, written by Freddie Redd, is "brilliant", "remarkable", "memorable", "striking" and "expert jazz". While the score for "The Connection" is an integral force on stage, it is also an exceptionally superior jazz vehicle when removed from its environment. Effective as the score is in the play, it is still powerful when heard out of context because primarily it is good music fully capable of standing on its own. BLUE NOTE 4027

12" LONG PLAYING RECORD LIST --- \$4.98 \checkmark FREE CATALOG ON REQUEST



PROFILE—DUKE PEARSON BLP 4022 

KENNY BURRELL with ART BLAKEY at the FIVE SPOT CAFE BLP 4021

Blue Note Records Inc. 43 West 61st Street, New York 23, New York



Great Gershwin, like: Girl that Got Away, Sure Thing My Ship. 70009 Sure Thing, My Ship.





Ray Draper, Booker Little, Arthur Davis, 70003 George Coleman, Max Roach.

TIME RECORDS, INC 2W.45St.NYC

tive sound. All the interpretations are loose and relaxed.

The outstanding soloist is Wilber on both clarinet and tenor. On the surface, he sounds more like Hank D'Amico on clarinet than Bechet, and like a cross between Zoot Sims and Bud Freeman on tenor: but this is just superficial. Play When the Sun Sets and Georgia Cabin at 45 if you want to see how much of Bechet remains in Wilber. At this speed their tones and phrasings are almost identical, although Wilber no longer employs as pronounced a vibrato as Bechet did.

All the men on the date have solo turns; Dickenson and Wellstood have particularly good choruses. By the by, it's altogether fitting and proper that Dickenson was included on the date, since he was present on so many of Bechet's best discs.

Thus, a fine album in memory of one of our greatest jazzmen, and an album I'm sure he would heartily and enthusi-(D.DeM.) astically endorse.

Lem Winchester-Benny Golson

Lem Winchester-Benny Golson M WINCHESTER SPECIAL — New Juzz 8223: Down Fuzz; IJ I Were a Bell; Will You Still Be Mine?: Mysticism; How Are Things in Glocca Marra?; The Dude. Personnel: Lem Winchester, vibes; Benny Gol-son, tenor; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums. Rating: * * * * Like the rifle, Lem Winchester goes off with a base. That's anough of up wendow

with a bang. That's enough of an analogy to give you an idea of the Wilmington policeman's impact. An appealing blend of Hampton and Jackson, he plays chorus after chorus of inventive, earthy, technically brilliant ideas abounding in humor and with a deep respect for the blues. Although he plays many-noted phrases, his conception is always logical and never descends to a virtuoso level. And oh! how this cop swings!

Winchester is one of the few vibraharpists who realizes that more than one note can be played at a time; by throwing in minor triads, fourths and fifths, he adds a pianistic flavor to his playing that is appealing in a funky sort of way. Brilliant is the word for his solo on Mine; sensitive describes his moody work on Mysticism. His wit comes forth in the amusing line of his original Dude.

Coleader Golson builds some very complex solos - maybe too complex. Benny usually starts his solo simply, playing directly and with a minimum of notes; as he goes, he plays more involved, difficult phrases until he reaches a roaring climax and sounds about to blast off in all directions at once. He seems to have a line going which he supports with hundreds of secondary notes - not unlike a twisting roller coaster buttressed by an orante superstructure.

- Flanagan has some brief but satisfying solo flights. Marshall steps out of his section role for one all-too-brief chorus on Dude. The time is well taken care of by the two strong hands and left foot of Taylor.

What a groovy world this would be if all cops were as swinging as Lem Win-(D.DeM.) chester.

Lester Young M GOING FOR MYSELF-Flic; Love Is Here

to Stay; St. Tropez; Waldorf Blues; Sunday; You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me. Personnel: Young, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Harry Edison, trumpet; Oscar Peterson or Lou Stein, piana; Ray Brown, bass; Herb Ellis, guitar; Louis Bellson or Mickey Sheen, drums. Rating: * * * * * The star system of rating never seemed

more useless to me than right now. Faced with this LP, it is agonizing to rate it.

On the theory that Young is gone and anything he did is invaluable, it's five stars. But I have the same trouble here as with Billie Holiday: I can't stomach the disintegration I hear. And also, I cannot judge at all what effect this may have upon those cars unfortunate enough not to have heard him when.

So here it is: Lester Young in July, 1957, and December, 1958-a ghostly echo. He plays clarinet and tenor, and on Love Is Here to Stay there is a racking sound of breath before the reed takes that is enough to raise the hairs in your neck. It is positively cerie, like the death rattle. I had to take it off.

All I could think of was Lou Gottlieb's touching title for his article on Young in JAZZ-"Why So Sad, Pres?" Why indeed. And yet you know why, but it doesn't make it any better. (R.J.G.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Jelly-Roll Morton M. JELLY LORD-Riverside RLP 12-132: King Porter Stomps; New Orleans Blues; The Pearls; Fickle Fay Creep; Hyena Stomp: Pre-Jungle Blues; The Crave; Kansas City Stomps; Mama Nita; Creepy Feeling; Spanish Swat. Personnel: Morton, ninno. Personnel: Morton, piano. Rating: * * *

Riverside is deserving of a hearty "well done!" for making these solos from the Library of Congress sessions available on one LP. To those who are more interested in the Morton piano and less in the Morton saga, this album will be a timesaver. As amusing and interesting as Jelly's braggadocio was in the complete Library of Congress set, it, nevertheless, could distract from his playing. Here we have the essence of Morton stripped of the legend and fluff behind which he sometimes found it necessary to hide. Much of what remains is filled with a stark beauty, a grace, a body-swaying swing.

Although not as well recorded as the General sides, considered by some to be his best, made about the same time, the Library of Congress solos compare favorably with these and some of his earlier work. The fire that he generates on King Porter was surpassed only by his Dodds brothers trio version of Wolverine Blues, made about a decade earlier.

Many of the tracks show the Spanish tinge that was in much of Morton's compositions. The Crave; Mama Nita (Mamamita), and Creepy Feeling are all similarly constructed: a rhumba like bass, three parts (almost a common denominator in Morton's compositions), and many breaks (another common element in his work).

If anyone doubts that Morton set the arrangements of the old Red Hot Peppers recordings, he need only listen to this version of Jungle Blues and compare it

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with the original band disc to be convinced that Jelly was lord and master of what went into his early recordings.

This is significant, for it seems clear that Morton was a heart a composer, not a great improvisor. He played variations, true enough, but he never had the ability of an Earl Hines to bring of brilliant passages of improvisation: Morton approached the piano as if it were a small orchestra in which he played all the parts and not as a means of displaying his planistic virtuosity.

Getting back to the matter at hand, this LP is a fine sample of Morton's music, and one which is of musical and historical value. (D.DeM.)

POPULAR

Count Basie M DANCE WITH BASIE-Roulette 52036: It Had to Be Yan; Makin' Whopes; Can't We Be Friends?; Misty: It's a Fity to Say Goodnight; Hate Am I to Know; Easy Living; Fools Rush In; Secret Love; Give Ale the Nimple Life. Personnel: Thad Jones, Joe Newman, John Anderson, Snooky Young, trumpets; Marshall Royal, Frank Foster, Billy Mitchell, Charlie Fowlkes, saxophones; Henry Coker, Benny Powell, Al Grey, trombones; Freddie Green, guitar: Eddie Jones, bass; Sonny Payne, drums; Basie, piano. Rating: * * * * As a pop LP this is five-star right off; as a jazz LP it's a fine dance band package

a jazz LP it's a fine dance band package with little of the excitement that has been this band's greatest contribution to contemporary jazz.

Curiously enough, people frequently forget that bands such as this one are great dance bands at one and the same time they are great jazz bands. This album, for instance, should put most of the studio swing-band dance efforts to shame.

The tempos are beautiful, the feeling and swing of the band perfectly suited for dancing. I doubt that these will be historically memorable Basic performances: but they're mighty pleasant to listen to and a lot of fun to dance to. (R.J.G.)

Jolinny Smith MY DEAR LITTLE SWEETHEART-Roost 2239: My Dear Little Sweetheart: Indian Sum-mer; Softly, as in a Marning Sunrise; All the Things You Are: It's so Peaceful in the Country; Once in a While; Flamingo; Spring Is Here; Violets for Her Furs; It Never Entered My Mind. Personnel: Smith, guitar; 12 violins; two cellos; two violas, unidentified. Rating: * * *

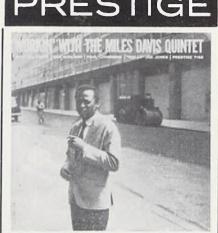
As jazz this rates no stars, really, but as pop background or cocktail music it is okay. The gimmick is for long, lyrical, and close-to-the-melody passages on the guitar backed by the sighing and sobbing of the string section.

It's pleasant enough for a while but gets too syrupy after a couple of tracks if you listen closely. Unquestionably Smith has great virtuosity in this particular field. It is quite well recorded. (R.J.G.)

VOCAL

June Christy M S BALLADS FOR NIGHT FEOPLE—Capital ST 1308: Bewitched; Night People; Do Nothin Till You Hear from Me; I Had a Little Surraw; I'm in Love; Shadow Woman; Kissine Bug; My Ship; Dou't Get Around Much Anymore; Make Love to Me.

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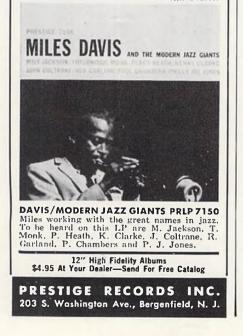
modern jazz begins on

WORKIN'/MILES DAVIS PRLP 7166 WORKIN'/MILES DAVIS PRLP 7166 "There are, on this LP, some exquisite exam-ples of the lyricism that has made Davis as important to this generation as a Dylan Thomas. . . Red Garland, pianist in the group. contributes several beautiful solos, Ahmad's Blues being one of the very best he has ever recorded All told, this album (and the previous ones in this series) is an exam-ple of the timeless jazz music produced rarely today or twenty years ago" Ralph J. Gleason: Hi Fi Stereo Review



RED GARLAND AT THE PRELUDE

PRLP 7170 "Garland can be heard on many offerings for this label, but this is definitely his most unique. This is a sparkling album and, in this reviewers opinion, the best of the lot of goodies that Red has cut for Prestige." Harold L. Keith: The Pittsburgh Courier



Personnel: Miss Christy, vocals; Buddy Col-lette, Bud Shank; Chuck Gentry, Norman Benno, reeds; Frank Rosulino, trombone; James Decker, French horn: Kathryn Julyie, harp; Joe Castro, pinno; Red Callender, bass; Mel Lewis or Stan Levey, drums; Bob Gooper, conductor. Rating: * * *

This LP finds Miss Christy in good voice and husband Cooper in fine writing form. They combine to produce a collection full of warmth and charm but having little emotional depth to it. Even the three Ellington tunes are given a soft. cuddly, little-girl treatment.

The full-group backing on Night; In Love: Shadow; Ship, and Make Love complement Miss Christy's gentle vocalizing; they achieve a light, dreamy atmosphere that gives a nice shadowy effect. The other tunes, with the exception of Sorrow, are by a small group and are more swinging and down to earth. There's some lovely harp work on the ad lib version of Edna St. Vincent Millay's Sorrow.

A good album to have around for those sugar-and-spice-and-everything-nice moods. (D.DeM.)

Ray Charles-Lightnin' Hopkins

Kay Charles-Lightnin' Hopkins M RIOT IN BLUES—Time 70008: I Found My Baby There; Guitar Blues (Ray Charles); I Won-der Why: Guitar Boogie (Lightnin' Hopkins); Junco Partner; Please, Baby, Please (James Wayne); Goin' Down Shae; Mean Old Frisco (Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry); Feeling Blue and Low; Pm in the Mood (A-bee Sti^{-/b}em); Shake a Leg; I Love You, Baby (Smokey Hogg). Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ This is not a Ray Charles LP, though the inelt dow is host to imply this. It

the jacket does its best to imply this. It is a collection of sides by seven blues artists (accompaniment unknown) made some years ago and issued as an LP for the first time. Three of the Charles and Hopkins sides are vocals and are outstanding, themselves interesting contrasts in style. And all three (one of the Charles tracks is an instrumental) are handsome examples of the wildly emotional singing of the true blues wanderer.

These are early Charles, not as "sanctified" as he has become since but still high voltage.

Hopkins is another thing entirely: a rough, raw, almost unintelligible mutterer but with a horrifying quality of intensity that reaches out and grabs you.

Hogg is a fine, sturdy blues singer, and the rest of the LP is worth playing. But for the Charles and Hopkins tracks alone, this album is first rate. (R.J.G.)

Joe Williams M THAT KIND OF WOMAN--That Kind of Woman: Candy: You Think of Everything: Stella by Starlight: Louise: It's Easy to Remember: I Only Want to Love You; Cherry; Why Can't You Behave?; Here's to My Lady; When a Woman Loves a Man; Have You Met Miss Jones? Personnel: Williams, vocals: others unidentified. Rating: * * * * These are by far the best ballad efforts Williams has recorded a second that

Williams has recorded. I suspect that Jimmy Jones, who did the arranging for all but one (Frank Foster did Cherry) is responsible for this, but whatever the reason, on this LP Joe manages to come through as a fine, warm, moving ballad singer with interesting variation, excellent lyric interpretation, and a convincing manner.

It's pure pleasure to get a version of Candy other than the Freshmen's, and Cherry is a great tune. (R.J.G.)

A. brilliant big-band bash that really wails!



Mingus is known for a number of important experimental efforts in the modern idiom, but he wanted, on this occasion, to get back to what he calls "blues & roots." He wanted to show how much he can swing . . . and in this LP he really wallops his point home!

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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.

Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt, Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt (Chess M 1445)

Sharkey Bonano and His New Orleans Jazz Band, Divieland at the Roundtable (Roulette M R-25112, S RS-25112)

Ray Bryant, Ray Bryant Plays (Signa-

ure M SM 6008)

Dick Cary's Dixieland Doodlers, I've Been Working on the Railroad (Columbia M CL 1425. S CS 8222)

Chris Conner, Chris in Person (Atlantic [M] and [S] LP 8040)

Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis Quintet with Shirley Scott, Jaws in Orbit (Prestige M 7171)

Lou Donaldson, The Time Is Right (Blue Note M 4025)

Harry Edison, Patented by Edison (Roulette [M] R-52041, [S] RS-52041)

Ella Fitzgerald, Hello, Love (Verve M MG V-4034. [S] MG VS-6100)

Billie Holiday, The Unforgettable Lady Day (Verve M MG V-8338)

Paul Horn Quintet, Something Blue (Hifijazz M 615)

Mahalia Jackson, Come on, Children, Let's Sing (Columbia M CL 1428, S CS 8225)

Pete Jolly, Impossible (Metro-Jazz M E1014, [S] SE1014)

Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, Down Home Blues (Prestige M 1002)

Charlie Mingus, Blues and Roots (Atlantic M and S LP 1305)

Modern Jazz Quartet, Pyramid (Atlantic M and S LP 1325)

Gerry Mulligan and Ben Webster. Gerry Mulligan Meets Ben Webster (Verve [S] MG VS-6104)

Bernard Peiffer, Peiffer Plays Cole Porter's Can-Can (Laurie M LLP 1008)

Oscar Peterson Trio, Fiorello! (Verve M MG V-8366. [5] MG VS-6134)

Andre Previn and David Rose, Like Blue (M-G-M M E-3811, S SE-3811)

Freddic Redd Quartet with Jackie Mc-Lean, The Connection (Blue Note M 4027, [S] 84027)

Della Reese. And That Reminds Me (Jubilee M JGM 1116)

The Rhythm Sections with Philly Joe Jones, Cruisin' (Jazzland JLP 7)

Jimmy Rushing-Champion Jack Dupree, Two Shades of Blues (Audio Lab M AL 15121

Tak Shindo, Brass and Bamboo (Capitol M T 1345, S ST 1345)

Paul Smith Quartet. The Sound of Music (Verve M V-2128, S MG VS-6128)

Sonny Stitt, The Sonny Side of Stitt (Roost M and S I.P-2240)

Art Tatum, The Art Tatum Discoveries (20th Century Fox M 3029)

Billy Taylor Trio, Billy Taylor Uptown (Riverside M 12-319, S 1168.

Jim Timmens, Hallelujah (RCA Victor LPM 2029, S LSP 2029)



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DOWN BEAT

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CORDS

Charlie Mingus-#2

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

By Leonard Feather

"You haven't been told before that you're phonies. You're here because jazz has publicity, jazz is popular . . . You like to associate yourself with this sort of thing. But it doesn't make you a connoisseur of the art because you follow it around . . . A blind man can go to an exhibition of Piccaso and Kline, and not even see their works, and comments behind dark glasses, 'Wow! They're the swingingest paintings ever, crazy!' Well, so can you. You've got your dark glasses and clogged-up ears."

This is one of the milder portions of an off-the-cuff speech made one night from the bandstand at the Five Spot by Charlie Mingus, preserved on tape and reproduced in an enlightening piece by Dian Dorr-Dorynek in *The Jazz Word*, recently published by Ballantine Books. The speech bares Mingus' long-pent-up frustrations and brings to the reader the sort of moment of truth many jazzmen wish they had the courage to express.

Mingus' basic intensity and integrity can be found, too, in his *Blindfold Test* reactions. Following is the second segment of a twopart test, the previous one having appeared in the last issue. These comments, too, were tape-recorded, and Mingus received no advance information on the records played.

The Records

 Lambert-Hendricks-Ross. Moanin' (from The Hottest New Group in Jazz, Columbia.

I just don't know what to tell you about that . . . I heard Sarah Vaughan last night, and she was singing a song, and the trumpet player was playing two bars, and she'd echo behind it—but she wasn't singing what he was playing. And this—well, I think he'd be a good poet. A much better poet. He's trying to tell a story—he always has. And I'm glad he can.

The group? I think they'll make a lot of money. They'll always make money -more than I'll ever make. (L.F.: Don't you think the group's different?) Different from what? King Pleasure? I heard some little bitty young kids singing like that in Chicago. When Bird first came up, they used to stand up by the jukebox and make up words to the songs. It's not that original, man. Ten years ago people were doing that. I remember some words the kids wrote for a song of Hamp's: "Bebop's taking over, oo-wee; better bop while you're able, see; open up your ears, bop's been here for years-something like that; and that was 11 or 12 years ago.

2. Sonny Stilt with Oscar Peterson Trio. Au Privave (Verve).

Well, you heard that thing he did on the second chorus, the bad note—he probably did that a whole lot of times on the record, and they spliced it out. There must have been a lot of splicing, or else they had an engineer who liked to twist the buttons, because the sound kept changing, it was as if a different soloist was coming up to the microphone. Is that stereo? Yes . . . That's too bad. And the piano player—he sounded like this was his first record date and his last one, so he wants to get everything in and plays all the notes he can in that solo, in the style of Horace Silver; and it could *be* Horace, I don't know. Maybe he was very anxious that day. How could I know if I don't listen to those cats any more?

I put some old Bird record on the other day, and I realized that nobody's playing like him yet. I wish you'd tell me who this is just for my own kicks.

Rating? Well, let's put it like this. If I were in a record store and I'd listened to all the seven records you've played me so far (including those in the first part of this test), I wouldn't buy any of them. And I've got some money.

 Mahalia Jackson. I'm Gaing to Live the Life I Sing About in My Song (from The World's Greatest Gospel Singer, Columbia).

I'm presently in the process of buying some records. I don't have that one, but I believe I know who it is. And I would buy that one. She's on my list. And I think that this is what everybody needs a whole lot of—not only in their playing, but in their way of living.

As far as rating this—maybe you should use a different kind of stars for rating this from the stars you use rating jazz records. A moving star. Make it five moving stars.

4. Dizzy Reece. The Rake (from Star Bright, Blue Note). Reece, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor; Wynton Kelly, piano; Art Taylor, drums; Poul Chambers, boss. Recorded by Rudy van Gelder in 1959. The drummer sounded like Art

Blakey, and I like Art so much—but,

man, I don't think your machine makes it. Because everything sounds blurry the tenor player, Hank Mobley, sounds as if he's trying to play like Sonny Rollins. I never before heard Hank trying to sound like that. Or else it's the way they're recording. Rudy van Gelder makes those kind of records. He tries to change people's tones. I've seen him do it; I've seen him take Thad Jones and the way he sets him up at the mike he can change the whole sound. That's why I never go to him; he ruined my bass sound.

I've got a feeling that if that is Art, it sounded like the trumpet could have been Clifford Brown. But I don't know when they could have made a record like that. I'm not talking about the solo, I'm talking about the ensemble feeling that suggests Clifford Brown.

The bass player sure was in tune—I knew that right from the start. He was in tune with himself. And I've never known Art with a piano player like that —it's kind of confusing.

The over-all emotional feeling that I get when I enjoy music, I couldn't hear it—yet I know it must be there if it was Art playing. I won't say it didn't swing because I never knew a time when Art didn't swing; it's just not coming off on this record to me.

Play the trumpet solo again . . . I would say it's Clifford Brown. A lot of people who don't know Fats Navarro would have to like Clifford. I hear the kind of crying feeling, the soul, that you got from Fats. Now I wouldn't buy it because it was Clifford; the fact that somebody's dead doesn't change anything for me. I'm going to die, too.



MARK MURPHY

Capitol; ABC.

A relative newcomer, Murphy began to attract attention a couple of years ago with his light and easy style and jazzbased interpretations. Newly signed with Capitol, he has an initial album on that label now in release. He has made television appearances and currently is busy with eastern club dates.

TOMMY SANDS

Capitol; MCA.

One of the most popular teenage idols to emerge from the rock-and-roll era, Sands' success can be measured in bigselling albums and singles, television appearances, and motion pictures. Of late he has shown a tendency to drift apart from the rock-and-roll fad and to concentrate his appeal on older audiences.

BOBBY SHORT

Atlantic; ABC.

A perennial favorite in the chi-chi rooms, where his highly stylized performance is most effective, Short combines a flashy piano approach with a unique way of delivering a song. His sophisticated manner and offbeat choice of material mark him as particularly suited to the ultrasmart, mink-lined places his fans normally inhabit.

BOBBY TROUP

Liberty, RCA Victor; MCA.

The sophisticated lyrics and modern piano of Troup have been his trademark ever since his Route 66 established him in the hit songwriter class in the 1940s. His rather breathless, quasi-hip singing style fits well in smaller, jazz-oriented rooms. His long stint as master of ceremonies of the TV show, Stars of Jazz, did much to enhance his bookability during the last couple of years.

JOE TURNER

Atlantic, Savoy; SAC.

Big Joe Turner, a legendary blues singer, learned his art while tending bar in a Kansas City saloon. In recent years such record successes as Yakety-Yak and Honey Hush have tended to identify him more with the rock-and-rollers than with jazz fans, yet he is considered by musicians and laymen alike to be probably the greatest blues shouter alive.

ANDY WILLIAMS

Cadence: GAC.

An alumnus of the old Steve Allen Tonight television show, Williams is recognized as one of the best all-around pop singers in the business. His phrasing and high degree of musicality have won him praise among musicians and laymen alike. Williams has made many television appearances and is consistently bookable in the nation's better clubs and supper TOOMS

JOE WILLIAMS

Roulette, Verve; W.A.

Despite recurring rumors that he is leaving the Count Basie Band, big Joe Williams continues singing blues and ballads with the band and enhancing Basie's popularity. A recording artist in his own right, Williams' albums have revealed him to be as versatile as he is powerfully effective.

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ERNESTINE ANDERSON

Mercury; W.A.

One of the better singers to come to prominence in recent years, Miss Anderson profited from a rather chaotic tour of Sweden in 1956 with the Rolf Ericson all-stars to the tune of a recording contract with a major label and numerous jazz club dates from coast to coast. She has also worked annual jazz festivals.

PEARL BAILEY

Roulette; W.M.

One of the greats of show business, Miss Bailey plays the nation's top clubs and supper rooms. She has appeared in motion pictures (her latest is Porgy and Bess) and currently is presenting a new revue at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas, music for which is provided by the orchestra of her husband, drummer Louis Bellson.

LAVERNE BAKER

Baker has made her national reputation almost exclusively in the rock-and-roll area. She has had many single r&r single hits and also has albums to her credit. She has proved a strong draw, particularly in the rock-and-roll concert field, a la the Alan Freed packages.

BETTY BENNETT

Kapp, United Artists; Md.

Miss Bennett's singing is heavily salted with jazz influences, and she is equally at home on ballads and up-tempo swingers. For several years she has been appearing at Cy Werner's Excusez-Moi club in Hollywood, singing to accompaniment of piano and bass.

POLLY BERGEN

Columbia; MCA.

Miss Bergen has practically made a new career out of the songs of the late Helen Morgan. She recorded an LP album of Morganiana and starred in a television spectacular based on the late vocalist's life. A striking brunette, Miss Bergen is a show business success-on record or in night clubs.

CONNEE BOSWELL

Design; GAC.

Starting out in show business over a quarter century ago with her two sisters, Miss Boswell was one of the top swing singers of the 1930s. For many years she has performed as a single in night clubs and supper rooms, unhandicapped by her confinement to a wheel chair. Her light, swinging vocal style and irrepressible charm have made her

an enduring favorite with an older fan following.

RUTH BROWN

24 Atlantic: SAC.

In the late 1940s, Miss Brown took New York's rhythm and blues fans by storm with her unusual vocal style and earthy interpretation of blues material. Her background included a spell with the Lucky Millinder band during 1948 and early training singing with her father's church choir. She is still one of the foremost singers in the rhythm and blues idiom.

DIAHANN CARROLL

United Artists: MCA.

Beauty and a flair for dramatic pre sentation go hand in hand with Miss Carroll's night club act. Since appearing in the film, Porgy and Bess, she has drawn material from that opera's score and incorporated several of the Gershwin songs into her presentation. On record, her accompanists have included Andre Previn. She recently played a return engagement at Hollywood's Cloister.

JUNE CHRISTY

Capitol: GAC.

Since her early days with the Stan Kenton Band of the 1940s, Miss Christy's calm and collected style has epitomized the vocalizing of jazz' cool era. Now a major attraction in the nation's bigger jazz rooms and better-class supper clubs, Miss Christy purveys her special repertoire with consistent success.

DOROTHY COLLINS

Coronet, Top Rank; GAC.

Miss Collins first earned a reputation as vocalist with the bands of her husband, Raymond Scott. For many years a star of The Hit Parade on radio and television, she left that program with the advent of the rock-and-roll era. With a voice to match her blond, vivacious appearance, she is still a good night-club attraction.

CHRIS CONNOR

Atlantic; ABC.

One of the many successors to a singing style out of Anita O'Day and June Christy, Miss Connor, too, put in a stint with the Stan Kenton Band. Her albums have sold very well over the last six years, and she is most active in jazz clubs through the east and middlewest.

BARBARA DANE

Barbary Coast, Dot; Md.

A specialist in the blues and folk songs of the American Negro, blond, blueeyed Miss Dane prefers working small jazz rooms where the atmosphere is simpatico and swinging. Sometimes accompanying herself on guitar, she has a seemingly endless repertoire of authentic blues material and usually puts it across with telling effect.

DORIS DAY

Columbia; Md.

Miss Day's successes on records in years past have long been surpassed by her personal triumphs in motion pictures

Atlantic; GAC.

With strong roots in the blues, Miss

(her latest is *Pillow Talk*). What singing she does these days is confined to movies, for the most part in those pictures produced by her husband. Marty Melcher. Moviegoers find he blond, wellscrubbed prettiness as attractive as did her fans 15 years ago when she was vocalist with the Les Brown Band.

BLOSSOM DEARIE Verve; Md.

Blossom Dearie has a style all her own, as her name would seem to demand. Decidedly hip, she accompanies herselt at the piano and specializes in performing widely varied repertory in her coy, little-girl voice backed up by some unexpected jazz licks. Because of the intimacy of her approach, she is heard to best advantage in the smaller (and hipper) rooms.

ELLA FITZGERALD Verve: Md.

verve, md.

Miss Fitzgerald is the acknowledged queen of all her singing contemporaries and has been the model for countless up-and-coming female singers. Now at the pinnacle of her career, Miss Fitzgerald commands as much as \$10,000 a concert appearance through the shrewd guidance of her manager, Norman Granz.

PAM GARNER

Columbia, Decca; Md.

Discovered singing in a Los Angeles burlesque house, Miss Garner is a vocalist of superior musicianship and distinctive voice. She has worked a variety of Los Angeles night clubs and is ready to make the break in better clubs across the country.

EYDIE GORME

ABC-Paramount; GAC.

Possessed of an ebullient, hard-swinging style on fast tunes, Miss Gorme can handle a ballad with sensitivity and feeling. In the past couple of years her albums have sold well and she is in constant demand for guest shots on network television music shows. With her husband. Steve Lawrence, she is a graduate of the Steve Allen *Tonight* show.

TONI HARPER

Verve, RCA Victor: ABC.

The onetime child singing star (Candy Store Blues, etc.) grew up to attempt a "comeback" at 18 that didn't jell. Now 22, she recently recorded an RCA Victor LP of original songs and worked several engagements with the Count Basie Orchestra. She has matured into a singer with an individual style, sensitive grasp of lyric values, and decidedly good looks.

LENA HORNE

RCA Victor; MCA.

The beauteous Miss Horne has been a big draw in the show rooms of the nation's better hotels (Cocoanut Grove, Ambassador, Los Angeles; Waldorf-Astoria, New York, etc.) for many years. With an immediately identifiable singing style and a wardrobe of gowns second to none, she remains one of the most glamorous performers in show business.

LURLEAN HUNTER RCA Victor: ABC

Long known as a singer's singer, Miss Hunter's career hit a snag and slowed up a couple of years ago, but now seems to be moving again. She is scheduled to do an album for Atlantic shortly. Tall and beautiful, she is a performer with a big warm voice, superbly subtle taste, and a refreshingly ungimmicked style.

MAHALIA JACKSON

Columbia; ABC.

A woman of unassailable dignity and deep religious conviction, Miss Jackson is probably the world's most outstanding singer of Negro spirituals. Though she performs on television and in concert throughout the country, her religious principles forbid her to work in clubs and saloons or to perform blues.

FRAN JEFFRIES

Warwick: Md.

Miss Jeffries sells sex when she sings and she has all the physical qualifications to do so convincingly. Because of her metier, she works best in rooms that call for sexy singing and pulchritudinous performers. Newly signed on the Warwick label, she is Mrs. Dick Haymes in private life.

CRYSTAL JOY

Hanover-Signature; ABC.

Miss Joy places emphasis on entertainment and her singing talent is clearly well-adapted to such an aim. While she has had no outstanding successes on record thus far, she is quite active in club work in the cast. She worked the Toast club in New York for some time.

MORGANA KING

Camden: ABC.

Working with instrumental trios, as a general rule. Miss King's vocal presentations are intimate and personalized in clubs that invite a quiet, after-dinnerdrink patronage. She has spent a considerable part of her career performing in Europe.

PEGGY KING

Imperial: W.M.

The little girl who originally made her professional reputation as singer of a tomato soup commercial has branched out on records and personal appearances as one of the more entertaining popular singers. Her long stint on the George Gobel television show increased her popularity.

EARTHA KITT

RCA Victor; W.M.

Though an American by birth and rearing, Miss Kitt had to emigrate to Europe to find success. She returned to the U.S. in the early 1950s and became an overnight sensation with such record hits as C'est Si Bon and Santa Baby. She has a flock of albums to her credit, and has appeared in motion pictures, notably as the "bad girl" in St. Louis Blues. She







42 • DOWN BEAT

BUDDY BREGMAN TAKES WESTLAKE STUDENT WITH HIM TO WARNER BROS. STUDIO



Phil Hall, in Bregman's classes at Westlake and a February graduate, will be at Warner Brothers' Studios, Hollywood with Bregman, now Producer-Director, Warner Bros.— CBS-TV.

Buddy Bregman C

Other Westlake grads, Terry Rosen and Larry McGuire, join Harry James Ochestra where Sam Firmature has been since leaving Westlake.

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IRENE KRAL

United Artists; ABC.

Relatively new on the national scene, Miss Kral is sister of Roy Kral (of the Jackie and Roy team) and has worked with the Herb Pomeroy Orchestra around New England. Her first album, on which she was accompanied by the Pomeroy band, was well received by reviewers, and she has since worked in New York and west coast jazz rooms.

PEGGY LEE Capitol; MCA.

Accomplished in several fields (songwriting, acting, verse writing), Miss Lee is a top night-club draw wherever she appears. Svelte and the embodiment of show business glamour, her carefully crafted delivery has been charming audiences for more than 15 years. Her appearances are enhanced by repeated single record hits such as her most recent, *Fever*.

JULIE LONDON

Liberty; Md. MCA.

"Sex in song" might well be a capsule description for this luscious lass who put Liberty Records in business five years ago. She has made numerous motion pictures and television appearances since her first hit, Cry Me a River, and would appear to prefer an acting career to the grind of touring the nitery circuit. Some club dates are scheduled, however.

MARY ANN MCCALL

Jubilee, Regent; ABC.

Emerging from retirement late in 1959, still youthful Miss McCall debuted at Hollywood's Sanbah and immediately reestablished herself as one of the leading jazz singers on the scene today. Her relaxed, highly individualistic style won her a host of admirers some 15 years ago during her term with the Woody Herman Herd. She continues to warrant the accolades.

CARMEN MCRAE

Decca; ABC.

Miss McRae is a jazz singer with a musical foundation that reaches back to her days as a planist around New York's jazz spots in the 1940's. Strikingly good looking, with a voice as compelling as her onstage appearance, Miss McRae generally works jazz rooms throughout the country delivering a repertoire of consistent high quality.

MABEL MERCER

Atlantic; ABC.

Miss Mercer has built a considerable reputation as a singer in the rock-and-roll idiom. Strongly reflecting the spirit and feeling of the blues in her work, she has had many successes on single records; in addition, she counts 1.P albums in her discography. She works the night-club circuit mainly throughout the cast.

HELEN MERRILL

Atco; ABC.

One of the prettiest of the newer jazz singers, Miss Merrill confines her club activity to the east and middle west. She sings with an ease of phrasing and builtin rhythmic pulse, plus a superior ability to embellish a melodic line in a distinctly jazz style. On record, she is usually accompanied by top caliber jazz musicians.

LIZZIE MILES

Cook. Capitol; ABC.

Lizzie Miles' appearances at jazz festivals in the past couple of years have served to remind many jazz fans of a great vocal talent long hidden in the environs of New Orleans. Her performance at the first Monterey Jazz festival in 1958 was a ringing success and brought her night club bookings. However, she prefers to remain in her home town.

ANITA O'DAY

Verve; ABC.

One of the few remaining individualistic jazz vocalists, Miss O'Day has had a career spotted with many ups and downs. An uncompromising artist, she has chosen to go her own way through the years and refused to permit her singing to be influenced by commercialism.

ODETTA

Vanguard: ABC

A gospel and folk singer of extraordinary power. Odetta at 28 is ranked, by professionals and public alike, in the front line of artists. Her material ranges from children's fables to prison and work songs. She accompanies herself on guitar.

RUTH OLAY

Mercury; W.M.

This onetime vocalist with the Benny Carter Band has in recent years, branched out as one of the growing attractions on the night club circuit. Working clubs from coast to coast, her dynamic onstage presence and ability to sell whatever she sings with sometimes stunning effect makes her a sure-fire repeater wherever she works.

PATTI PAGE

Mercury; ABC

Blonde and pretty as ever, the Singing Rage continues to be one of the more effective singers of the pop ballad. Her record hits are many, but two of the biggest were devoted to a canine and a dance—Doggie in the Window and Tennessee Waltz. Miss Page commands the top dollar wherever she plays.

DELLA REESE

Jubilee; GAC.

Miss Reese is a rhythm singer of force who believes in projecting to her audience. Her deep, throaty voice and distinctive style has earned her the title "female Al Hibbler," and her albums assure her of a steadily building following. She recently made her west coast debut at Hollywood's Cloister.

ANN RICHARDS

Capitol; GAC.

First coming to prominence as singer with the Stan Kenton Orchestra. Miss Richards later made albums under her own name and is still under contract to Capitol. Possessing a good, jazz-tinged voice and a hard-hitting delivery of a phrase, Miss Richards may well rank with the best known singers in the quasijazz field ere long.

MAVIS RIVERS

Capitol: W.M.

One of the most talented among a rising group of new singers. Miss Rivers packs a powerful punch of vocal appeal in each performance. Her style draws much from that of Ella Fitzgerald, and quite successfully too. With a promotional buildup by her record company presently in full swing and a nitery debut in Hollywood's Interlude, Miss Rivers appears to be on her way to stardom.

ANNIE ROSS

World Pacific, Columbia; W.A.

The distaff corner of Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Miss Ross is noted for her high-flying acrobatics and special vocal effects with the trio. Branching out on her own on record, she has recorded with Gerry Mulligan and Zoot Sims, but so far as personal appearances are concerned, she chooses to remain a vital part of L-H-R.

CONNIE RUSSELL

United Artists; ABC.

Miss Russell is a steady favorite in the supper rooms of the nation's better hotels, where she presents a varied program song spiced by a well-written act. Her repertoire is drawn from tried and tested quality popular material. Miss Russell's onstage appeal is enhanced by her very attractive appearance.

JEAN SAMPSON

Columbia; Ind.

Jean Sampson is a singer of electrifying impact and stunning vocal power. Owing much to the influence of Dinah Washington, she is equally effective on ballads and up tunes. Her innate sense of the dramatic registers with night club audiences with positive effect. She is presently active in night club work across the nation.

FELICIA SANDERS

Decca; GAC.

A singer of quality and unerring taste, Miss Sanders works best in more intimate clubs. She is a consummate performer, visually striking as well as vocally superb. Her sensitive treatment of an unusual repertoire makes her night-club presentatations eminently worthy of repeated hearing and viewing. She is regarded by professionals as tops in her field.

ROBERTA SHERWOOD

Decca; W.M.

One of the big guns of contemporary show business. Miss Sherwood was helped considerably on the road to success by dint of much support from columnist Walter Winchell. A spritely, middleaged woman, she appears onstage bearing a battered 10-inch cymbal which she beats enthusiastically with a wire brush as she delivers hits such as her version of *Lazy River*.

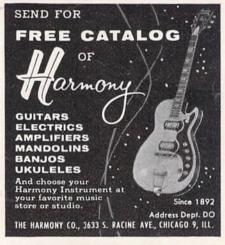


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KEELY SMind Dot: MCA,

One-half of the Louis Prima-Keely Smith package of entertainment dynamite that today is such a sure-fire night-club attraction. Miss Smith is equally well known as a recording artist in her own right. While her role with the night-club act is primarily that of a foil for husband Prima, on her records she stands out as a pop singer of superior quality.

NINA SIMONE

Bethlehem, Col-Pix; GAC.

A recent discovery who has aroused considerable comment in jazz circles. Miss Simone rose to prominence virtually overnight with her hit single record, *Porgy*. Accompanying herself at the piano, she displays a rich, distinctive singing style on blues or popular material. Miss Simone would possibly work to best advantage in smaller clubs.

GLORIA SMYTH

World Pacific; ABC.

A younger singer of boundless energy and forceful personality. Miss Smyth is no stranger to the nitery circuit, having worked Fack's, San Francisco: Mister Kelly's, Chicago: the Key Club, Minneapolis, and the Village Vanguard, New York. Basically a jazz vocalist, she has shown influences of Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan and Billie Holiday, yet has succeeded in retaining an individuality. Her first World Pacific album, with jazzmen backing, is due in May.

JERI SOUTHERN

Capitol, Decca; ABC.

A stylist in the cool tradition. Miss Southern for many years performed at the piano. Lately she has worked as a standup act though she spices it with some piano interpolations. Her limpid, relaxed vocal manner on records such as *You Better Go Now* and in personal appearances has won her a large fan following among the periphery of those interested in jazz a la cool.

KAY STARR

Capitol, RCA Victor, Camden; GAC.

One of the original artists on Capitol, Miss Starr recently returned to the Tower after an absence of many years. Originally known for her brassy, hard-hitting vocalizing, in recent years she has blunted the jazz edge to her singing. A hot club attraction, she also has made many television appearances.

DAKOTA STATON

Capitol; SAC.

Since the first teaming of Miss Staton and George Shearing in the album *The Late*, *Late Show*, the singer's career has developed to the point where she is now a constant attraction in clubs and at concerts. More an effective recording stylist than an engaging in-person performer, her records enjoy consistently good sales.

PAT SUZUKI

RCA Victor; W.M.

Miss Suzuki's impish charm is exceeded

only by her innate grasp of how to swing a song. Already a moderate hit on record, she soared to more exalted heights by virtue of her performance as the stripper in Rodgers' and Hammerstein's *The Flower Drum Song*, which is still running on Broadway. She is bound to be a hot draw in clubs.

SYLVIA SYMS

Atlantic; ABC.

A jazz singer and actress. Miss Syms is a perennially favored vocalist along the jazz club course. Since her professional debut at Kelly's Stable in 1939, she has maintained a consistently high level of performance, both as singer and actress, in such Broadway productions as Diamond Lil (with Mae West), Dream Girl, and Rain. She had a single record hit in I Could Have Danced All Night.

SARAH VAUGHAN

Mercury; SAC.

Long dubbed "The Divine One" because of the purity and range of her voice, Miss Vaughan has enjoyed some notable successes in the pop recording field (the latest: *Broken-Hearted Melody*). Originally a pianist and singer with the Earl Hines Band of the early 1940s, and later with the Billy Eckstine Band, her jazz influences of that era carry over to some of her singing today.

DINAH WASHINGTON

Mercury, Roulette; ABC.

The only thing wrong with Miss Washington's sobriquet. "Queen of the Blues," is that she rarely sings the blues anymore. Nonetheless, few can touch her in the art of blues singing and her ringing, powerful voice can wrap itself about a pop lyric and melody with compelling force. She works the top nitery circuit.

KITTY WHITE

Mercury, World Pacific; GAC.

An arresting performer, Miss White is heard to better advantage in smaller, more intimate rooms. Accompanying herself on the piano, she easily slides through a varied repertoire, displaying to the full her rich, insinuating vocal style and her keen sensitivity to the value of a good lyric. She works mainly in her home town, Los Angeles, but belongs in smart east side New York supper clubs.

MARGARET WHITING

Dot; GAC.

Maggie Whiting, daughter of the late songwriter Richard Whiting, began her recording career with a single on Capitol, *Moonlight in Vermont*. It immediately established her as a pop singer of superior qualities. In recent years, she has recorded albums for the Dot label and is active in night clubs.

LEE WILEY

RCA Victor, Ind.

Largely inactive in recent years, the distinctive song style of Miss Wiley has marked her as one of jazz' major vocal contributers over the past 25 years. Once married to jazz pianist Jess Stacy, she now lives in new York.

PERSPECTIVES

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

Sometimes I think the powers that be are right to be afraid of jazz. It certainly challenges all they stand for in pretentiousness, phoniness, and hypocrisy.

And jazz is potent, very potent. We are just beginning to see how potent. Not only has it had a great effect, socially and artistically, in our own country, but also it has had this effect worldwide.

On another level, jazz's influence has been felt throughout the arts. There is, though it may not be obvious right away, a link among the music of Charlie Parker and Miles Davis, the poetry of Dylan Thomas and Allen Ginsberg, and the comedy of Lenny Bruce. It is all part of a growing body of dissent from the status quo that is gradually effecting a fundamental change in many attitudes. Once struck by the music of jazz, you are never the same. Once hit by the impact of the poets or touched to wild laughter by Bruce, things are never the same either.

We live in a society that is obviously sick, frightened, and touched with a madness that defies description.

We wonder why the teenager is fascinated with death (listen to *Teen Angel*), yet he grows up in our society surrounded by death, brutality, and torture on television; in the movies (oh, I don't think *Jack the Ripper* can be TOO bad; after all Jimmy McHugh wrote the music, didn't he?), and in everyday life (think we'll make it to the last chorus before the bomb explodes?).

We have a society that flows inexorably toward the mass man: look at the ads, listen to the voices on TV, even in jazz with Dave Pell. If it goes long enough in this direction, you won't be able to tell one from the other.

However, by a beautiful natural law, these things create a vacuum, and into that vacuum have moved the voices of dissent. Jazz is in many ways a music of protest (see the dramatic anecdote about Cecil Young and Sammy Davis Jr. in Arnold Shaw's book, *Belafonte*), and the humor of the jazz musician, usually expressed in his horn but sometimes privately articulated, has become sharpened and stronger in the comedy of Bruce. He is a jazz voice in a very real way, and, even as in the first time your ears were opened to Parker, the first time your ears are opened to Bruce, you are destined never to be the same.

Our political and social dissent used to flourish in musical comedy and on the stage. Today it is found in the night clubs in the person of the so-called sick comics ("I'm not sick," Bruce says. "Society is sick"). They range from the superficial New Yorkerish cartoon style of Mike Nichols and Elaine May to the challenge of fundamentals that is Bruce's greatest contribution.

Just as the forces of vested interest cried out in horror at jazz when it came on the scene, so are they crying out against Bruce today. I have a feeling, though, that exactly like jazz, the humor of Bruce is too strong to be smothered by their protests. Whether in jazz, literature, poetry, or comedy, this jazz strain is invulnerable. It has the strength of truth.

If I Were A Program Director

Continued from Page 12 work for the advertiser's commercial, instead of against it. You people, more than any audience, know how music is woven into the fabric of our lives. I would guess that every one of you, like me, has a few indelible moments in his past that will not be separated in memory from some piece of music. And every time an advertiser spends a dime on advertising connected with music, he expects some small measure of the magic music can confer—to move the listener, to release him from the here and now, to slip past his guard and touch him in some way, to unwind him from whatever he's caught up in.

That's what he *expects* music to do for his product message. But is the music still offered by many stations calculated to move prospective customers, to make them feel younger, gayer, or maybe a little nostalgic? It is not—not unless you're selling bubblegum, soft drinks, or basketball sneakers. When anyone over 16 buys records, they aren't these. LPs now account for 90 per cent in dollars of all record sales. You can make your own estimate of the percentage of LP music played on radio.

As program director I'm not going to let my business be run for me by a caucus of kids at the Sweet Shop or Joe's record store. I'm a professional, and so are my staff. Our taste and judgment, our curiosity and news sense, will determine what music we program. You won't find me encouraging the notion that radio music programming is a job anyone can do. That won't do me or my station any good.

I don't advocate being different to be different—but to be better. If you want to give up your professional responsibility or programming to well-meaning amateurs and list makers, let me suggest the next logical step for pleasing your listeners—extreme, perhaps, but it makes sense if store clerks and fuzzy-cheeked youths are going to continue to dictate the music you play.

Here's my scheme. Most well-run radio stations attract listeners with their news coverage. Why not call up the

leading newspaper and magazine vendors in your city each morning and ask them to vote on the day's top news stories? Then have your newscaster read them in the order of their popularity. Or you could even canvass the city's junior high schools for a similar list. Your leading news item might be, "Fabian Loses Comb". But if that's what they want, let 'em have it—it will save you lots of headaches and lots of money.

At my station, though, we hire professionals, not census takers, and we'd be foolish to let those sub-teens put their grimey little fingers in our till.

I believe the merciless spotlight that's been turned on radio is a boon and a challenge to creative programming and will keep us from stumbling over some useless furniture that's piled up in the dark. For instance, the requirement that you now buy the records you play. We all know a dozen reasons why this may be silly and pointless.

But once we've gone through those, this unshakable fact remains: if the requirement results in your weighing the value of each record to your station, if it makes you get into the habit of asking whether you would hire a particular artist for your station if you had to pay for him, then it will automatically improve your programming. And don't be panicked into playing 20-year-old records because that seems the safest course today. All the great standards in your library that carry a faint aroma of moth balls have been re-recorded in sparkling new versions by top performers and artists.

Let me wind up by saying that as a program director, I'm forever conscious of a dual responsibility: I must be just as concerned with the public as with my pocketbook. My job is uniquely rewarding in that public service brings my employer and me private profit. I can best serve the public and my station by wooing back to radio the adult listeners we've lost to the record player and to disappointment. I can win them by respecting my audience and my medium, by remembering that I am in a business that can only grow if it's in the hands of skilled professionals.



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Ad Lib

Friday. Six of the shows already have been taped on the west coast . . . Pianist Billy Taylor is into his second year as a once-a-week disc jockey over WLIB. His show is from 4 to 7 p.m. on Saturdays . . . Station WPRB-FM at Princeton, N. J., has an hour of jazz every night. The jazz programing is under the direction of Phil Johnson . . Bob Shields of WGHF, Brookfield, Conn., recently played a tape of drummer Peter Spassov's Yugoslavian jazz band made by Radio Zagreb last year. Spassov is now at the Berklee School of Music in Boston on a Down Beat Hall of Fame scholarship . . . Booking agents are beginning to look toward South America as a likely area for jazz promotion. Dizzy Gillespie reports he will leave for that area the second week in June. Buddy Rich is considering a tour of the southern continent with his new quintet this summer.

The Dave Brubeck Quartet played a week in April at the Essen Jazz festival in Germany . . . The all-European jazz festival at Antibes-Juan-les-Pins on the Riviera July 1-15 has announced plans for a band contest, open to amateur, semipro, and professional groups in any European country ... Baby Lawrence, the jazz dancer (who danced to the music of the Charlie Mingus Quintet at the Showplace this last winter), is in England to appear on television over the British Broadcasting Corp. network and to teach a class in dancing . . . The report that Art Blakey will sign with the Vee-Jay label did not please Blue Note Records. They have Blakey under contract for 21/2 years more . . . Top Rank Records this month is releasing four LPs (42 tunes) taken from air checks of broadcasts by the 1956 Dorsey Brothers Band playing from the Cafe Rouge in the Hotel Statler. Musicians featured with the band included Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Louis Bellson, drums; Tak Takvorian, Sonny Russo, trombones; Pat Chartriand, tenor saxophone; Ted Lee, baritone saxophone, and Red Press, alto saxophone, clarinet, flute, piccolo, in addition to Tommy's trombone and the clarinet and alto saxophone of Jimmy Dorsey.

Bassist Vinnie Burke has formed a record company with Marty Graboff. The label name is Astro, and their first single is on the market.

IN PERSON

African room–JOHNY BARRACUDA. Apollo theater–SAM COOKE, until May 6. Arpeggio–BOBBY SHORT, until May 15. Basin Street East – SARAH VAUGHAN and GERRY MULLIGAN Band, until May 4. FRANCES FAYE and the TRENIERS. May 5-

- lune
- June 1. Birdland-DINAH WASHINGTON and JOHN HANDY Quintet, until May 11: HORACE SIL-VER Quintet and JOHNNY SMITH Trio, May 12-25. Central Plaza-LAWRENCE BROWN, JOHNNY LETMAN, and the CONRAD JANIS Band, Friday and Saturday nights.

Condon's-EDDIE CONDON Band, featuring

- Condon's-EDDIE CONDON Band, featuring BUCK CLAYTON. Embers-CHARLIE SHAVERS Quartet and ED-DIE HEYWOOD Trio. until May 1. Five Spot-ORNETTE COLEMAN Quartet, until May 29. Half Note-HERBIE MANN Sextet, until May 8; ZOOT SIMS-AL COHN Quintet, May 10-June 5. Hickory House-JACK KELLY Trio and DOR-OTIIY ATWOOD. until May 15. Metropole-BUDDY RICH Quintet, May 2-22. Murphy's-AL MORELL Quartet. Nick's-BILLY MAXTED'S Band. Roseland Dance City-JIMMY PALMER Orches-tra. until May 16; BUDDY BAIR Band, May 17-June 14. Roundtable PAUL BARBARIN Sextet and TYREE GLENN Quartet, until May 9: PETE FOUNTAIN and TYREE GLENN Quartet. May 10-21. Ryan's-WILBUR DEPARIS Band.

- May 10-21. Ryan's—WILBUR DEPARIS Band. Showplace—CHARLIE MINGUS Quintet. Village Gate—Monday night jazz sessions. Village Vanguard—JERI SOUTHERN, until May 2: ART FARMER-BENNY GOLSON Jazztet, May 3-16.

WASHINGTON

Although lacking the originality, variety, special arrangements (musical and otherwise), and fanfare of last year's show, the second annual Washington Jazz jubilee could boast of a more appreciative, knowledgeable audience. Most of the crowd seemed to enjoy the show, meaning Count Basie's Band, Willie the Lion Smith, and the local Johnny Eaton group. The jubilee (all for charity, specifically the Southeast Neighborhood House) was also a financial success. Only a tiny portion of Washington society attended this time. One presidential candidate's wife, Mrs. Hubert Humphrey, was on hand in a \$125 box seat. She appeared to enjoy the entire program, including a humorous reference to the White House by singer Joe Williams during a blues.

The seven-piece Eaton band was hampered by erratic drumming (sometimes speeding, sometimes dragging) but Eaton's I Loves You Porgy piano solo made it, as did the tenor of Al Siebert and the clarinet of Wally Garner. Eaton's bass man is 35-year-old Billy Taylor Jr., son of the former Duke Ellington bass man.

The Lion was introduced, wittily and wisely, by Howard university's Sterling Brown, but the veteran pianist played only three songs and demonstrated only briefly the stomping stride piano that some in the audience had expected . . . The evening was dedicated to the originator of the event, Mrs. Richard Bolling, wife of the congressman and a woman to whom jazz is something deeply felt.

The Charlie Byrd Trio, originally scheduled to take part, was replaced by the Eaton band because of Byrd's road dates. During Byrd's absence from the Showboat lounge, where he seems to go with the lease, pianist Dick Morgan was featured. Morgan is a modern eclectic who refreshingly plays with both hands and has been working in and around Norfolk and Virginia Beach recently.

Felix Grant, WMAL jazz disc jockey, is the subject of an interesting feature

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story by Allen Scott in Ameryka, the monthly magazine put out by the U.S. information agency that goes behind the Iron Curtain. There is no English language edition. Thirty thousand copies are in Polish and 50,000 in Russian. The article points up the day-to-day problems of a disc jockey primarily concerned with music . . . Slide Harris (not Slide Hampton) is featured with the Johnny Eaton Band at the Mayfair once a week.

BOSTON

Singer-guitarist Frank D'Rone completed a week's engagement at Blinstrub's. During his stay he visited the Stable and sat in with Varty Haroutouian's Octet . . . Herb Pomeroy's 16piece big band was presented in concert at Boots Mussulli's Crystal room in Milford. Singer Jackie Paris also appeared for three consecutive and successful evenings at the Crystal room . . Attractions at Storyville recently included Chico Hamilton, Nina Simone, Oscar Peterson, Dizzie Gillespie, and Dinah Washington . . . The lineup at Elsie's at Wollaston Beach includes Johnny Lydstone, bass; Paul Gillis, drums; Mack McCoy, piano; Joe Fine, trombone; Stan Monteiro, clarinet, and Mayo Duka, trumpet.

The Rollins Griffith nine-piece band had two engagements at the Hotel Bradford's main ballroom. The personnel has Griffith, piano; Al Bryant, Roger Parrott, trumpets; Charles Connors, trombone: Harold Emerson, alto saxophone: Douglas Lee, tenor saxophone; Wilfred Todd, baritone saxophone; Bernard Griggs, bass, and William Grant, drums. Arrangements are by Paul Broadnax . . . Nighttime jazz disc jockey Norm Nathan at WHDH is lecturing on jazz . . . Dan Serpico of WOCB in West Yarmouth celebrates four years of his show this month. For 31/2 hours each Saturday night, he programs jazz, and for variety during the winter he will rerun tapes taken from guests who appear at the Storyville club during the summer . .

During his stay at Blinstrub's, singer Johnny Mathis disclosed a change in his performance plans. In an effort to get away from playing so many night clubs and in order to reach a broader audience, he will take eight weeks in May and June to prepare a one-man show. He will open his new show with a two-week engagement in early summer in Los Angeles. The show will play only legitimate theaters. Thereafter, his night-club act will play only the three or four top night clubs in the country.

MONTREAL

The Little Vienna restaurant celebrated its second year as a weekend

jazz spot at the end of March, with the Neil Michaud group increased by the addition of trumpeter Herbie Spanier. Guitarist Rene Thomas is a regular member of the quartet . . . The Vieux Moulin conducted a weekend Jazzorama with guitarist Freddy Franco leading the session stretching from Friday evening to Sunday evening ... Station CFCF is carrying a Jazz in Stereo, 25-minute show Saturday nights . . . The Canadian Broadcasting Corp. FM network, linking Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto, started operation on April 4. Two jazz series will be heard, one of them on Tuesday nights, titled Jazz from the Roof of Europe. a packaged transcribed series from Sweden. The second, originating from Montreal on Wednesday nights, is Jazz at Its Best ... Odetta played a concert at Plateau hall on March 31.

TORONTO

Jackie Paris, appearing at Le Coq Dor, said he is looking forward to playing the lead in The Paradise Bar, an up-coming Broadway show. Zoot Sims followed Paris . . . Lambert-Hendricks-Ross filled the Town Tavern to capacity every night of their weeklong engagement. Guitarist Charlie Byrd opened the week after. Don Cherry was the first of several recording stars to appear at the west end bar, the Concord . . . Big Chief Russell Moore arrived at the Westover in early April . . . Marty Carrington, proprietor of the First Floor club, sponsored an Easter Sunday midnight show at Radio City theater with Don Thompson's big band in the featured spot.

Patti Lewis headed a show produced by Billy O'Connor at the Pyramid lounge. She recently returned from Hollywood, where she recorded her first Mercury LP . . . The John La Salle quartet followed the Paul Barbarin Band at the Colonial.

CHICAGO

Chicago jazz promoter Joe Segal showcases homegrown jazz again late in May. The success of his Charlie Parker Memorial concert presented in March prompted this new dip into the reservoir of town talent . . . Baritone player Pat Patrick, long featured with the experimentalist Sun Ra group, changed chairs recently. He now sits in the sax section of the James Moody band . . . The suburb of Mickleberry will host the Kay Winding Sextet May 15 at an afternoon concert . . . Appearing in impressive company, local boy Frank D'Rone worked the highly successful WGN-TV Great Music from Chicago television show in April. Along with D'Rone, the show starred Sarah Vaughan, the Ray Bryant Quintet, and Woody Herman

with a big band. Disc jockey Ken Nordine threw in bits of the witty monolog referred to as "word jazz" . . . Tenor player Gene Ammons returned to the Chicago scene in April. . . .

Night owls and early birds will have a shot at yawn jazz: the French Poodle began weekly dawn jam sessions on Monday, April 11. Those caught napping at breakfast can make lunch: the festivities run from 7 a.m. till 2 p.m. ... Pianist, composer and tenor player Eddie Harris has succumbed to the view that fame and fortune just will not find you in Chicago. After bucking the tide for more than a year, Harris has decided to try New York . . . Illness, the Lenten season, and plain poor management have been blamed for several jazz cancellations during April, leaving Chicago to the comics brought in as replacements. Cancelled, terminated, or postponed were Gene Krupa at the London House, Abbey Lincoln at Lake Meadows, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis at Robert's Show lounge, and a one-nighter by Sarah Vaughan at Robert's.

IN PERSON Blue Note – PETE FOUNTAIN, April 27-May 8; GEORGE SHEARING, May 11-22; HARRY JAMES Orchestra, May 25-29. Cafe Continental–ART HODES Band and TONI LEE SCOTT.

Cate Continental—ART HODES Band and TONI LEE SCOTT. Chez Paree—SAMMY DAVIS, JR., until May 5; JOEY BISHOP, May 6-26. Cloister—TEDDI KING and the KIRBY STONE Four, April 12-25. London House—PETER APPLEYARD, April 19-May 1; NEAL HEFTI, May 3-22. Mister Kelly's—SHECKY GREEN, April 24-May IS; SHELLEY BERMAN, May 16-June 5. MARTY RUBENSTEIN Trio and DICK MARXJOHN FRIGO Trio alternate as house erours.

groups. Sutherland lounge - HORACE SILVER, until May 1.

LAS VEGAS

Pearl Bailey has returned to the Flamingo showroom with her revue, including Louis Bellson's big band, fresh from a road trip that originated here. Harry James closes in the Flamingo lounge April 13, returning in June after a tour of one-nighters . . . Dakota Staton closed successfully after introducing a new policy in the New Frontier lounge. Her trio of Norman Simmons, piano; Sunny Wellsley, bass and Khalil Madi, drums, will make the trip with her to San Francisco's Fack's No. 2. Sahib Shihab left the group to make the European trip with Quincy Jones's big band . . . Carl Fontana's Quartet appears Sunday nights only at Johnny George's weekly all-star session at the Black Magic. He has a local rythym section of Bob Morgan, guitar; Fred Steinbaugh, drums, and Roy Shain, bass.

Tommy Turk is joined by Mary Ann McCall in the lounge at the Thunderbird . . . Sammy Davis Jr. was in for five nights this week at the Sands and then went to Miami's Eden Rock . . . Red Norvo swings indefinitely at the Sands lounge . . . Della Reese, Anita O'Day, Dinah Washington, and Sarah Vaughan are booked into the New Frontier lounge soon,

LOS ANGELES

The current Stan Kenton nine-week tour will wind up with concerts in Mexico City in mid-June. It will mark the first time a big U. S. jazz aggregation has worked there because of previous government restrictions. Ann Richards-Mrs. Kenton-is singing with the band on the tour. Come fall, Kenton is planning a radical reorganization of the orchestra and now is working out the details . . . After 14 years, Sal Monte, manager of the Harry James Band, desided "It's time to sit home" and quit. He is succeeded by his brother Peewee, who had preceded him with James. Now, Peewee has two bands on his hands. Claude Gordon's is the other. After a vacation, Sal said he plans to enter the personal management field. Meanwhile, back at the racetrack, the James band plays the Chicago Blue Note on May 25-29 . . . Altoist Lanny Morgan, who had been playing the jazz chair with the bands of Si Zentner and Terry Gibbs, took the big jump the end of March and flew east to join Maynard Ferguson in New York.

GAC is reported mapping a television spectacular to air early in the summer that will feature the Zentner band among other guests. New additions to the Zentner fold are pianist Forrest Westbrook and saxophonist Ronnie Reuben. Westbrook took Bob Florence's chair so the latter can concentrate on arranging ... Dave Pike, onetime vibist with the Paul Bley Quartet, is on his way to study at a Boston, Mass., conservatory after a long spell as leader in Sacramento's Iron Sandal coffeehouse . . . There's a good possibility that the Terry Gibbs band will go into the lounge of Las Vegas' Dunes hotel. Major Riddle, the hotel's talent booker, dug the band at Jimmie Maddin's Sundown here . . . Art Reese, onetime trumpet man with the bands of Les Hite and Kid Ory, died here last month at 51.

COMPOSERS' CORNER: Hugo Friedhofer will score the Civil war series, The Blue and the Gray, one of the new hourly shows planned for fall TV . . . Nelson Riddle is clefting the score of Frank Sinatra's movie, Ocean's 11 . . . Ray Heindorf, arranger-conductor at Warner Bros. for the last 25 years, will baton the Frances Langford Show starting May I over NBC-TV.

NITERY NOTES: There's a new music policy in effect at the Capri on La Cienega with Ruth Olay holding forth there along with Cal Tjader's quintet and Don Rondi's trio . . . Jackie Cain and Roy Kral work a return stint at the Sanbah commencing a four-weeker June 15 . . . The L.A. group of drummer Lennie McBrowne headed north for a stand at Sacramento's Iron Sandal.



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WHERE TO GO

WEST





10 Years Ago

On the Cover: Arthur Godfrey, his ookulele and his vocalist, Janette Davis ... Headline: Woody Reorganizes To Go After Dance Crowd . . . Herman's arrangements will be by Ralph Burns and will feature Bill Harris, trombone; Conde Candoli, trumpet; Red Mitchell, bass, and Milt Jackson, vibes . . . Al Hibbler stays behind as the Duke Ellington Band departs for a threemonth European tour . . . M-G-M trys to attach Jimmy Dorsey's salary from the Statler hotel in New York . . . Louis Armstrong is commissioned by Harpers to write his autobiography . . . George Shearing vows he will not join rush to big bands . . . Bill Farrell outpulled all previous vocalists except Sarah Vaughan at his Chicago Blue Note appearance ... The Soft Winds (Herb Ellis, guitar; Johnny Frigo, bass, and Lou Carter, piano) are next into Blue Note . . . Count Basic says His Best on Wax is Jive at Five, recorded in February, 1939. It was a Harry Edison head arrangement . . . Peggy King joins the Charlie Spivak Band on vocals.

25 Years Ago

Headline: 'My Chops Was Beat,' Says Louic, 'But I'm Dyin' To Swing Again.' ... Armstrong will open a series of onenighters in July beginning with Indianapolis. Joe Glaser, Armstrong's new personal manager, is handling details of the bookings. Armstrong has been resting in the Chicago home of his mother-in-law. He said, "They gave me a new trumpet over in Europe, and I've got a smaller mouth piece than I had on my old horn, and my first trumpet man, Randolph, is making some swell arrangements. I'm all rested up and dying to get going again." Asked what he thought of American dance bands after his two-year absence from the States, he said. "I think Benny Goodman and Casa Loma have mighty fine bands." His attention was called to Louis Prima, youth from his home town of New Orleans, who is creating something of a sensation at the Famous Door in New York. "I don't know Prima," Armstrong replied, "but his voice on phonograph records tells you that he's a mighty sweet boy."

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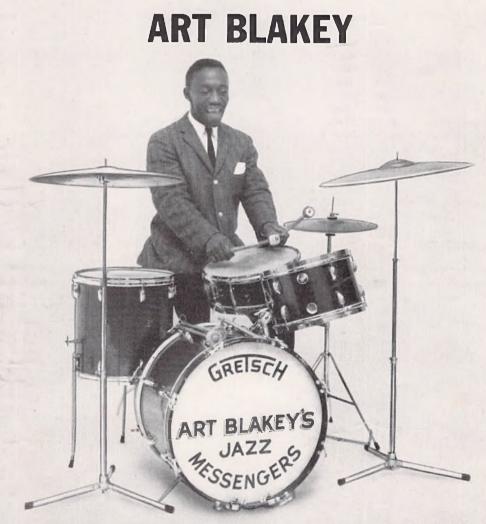
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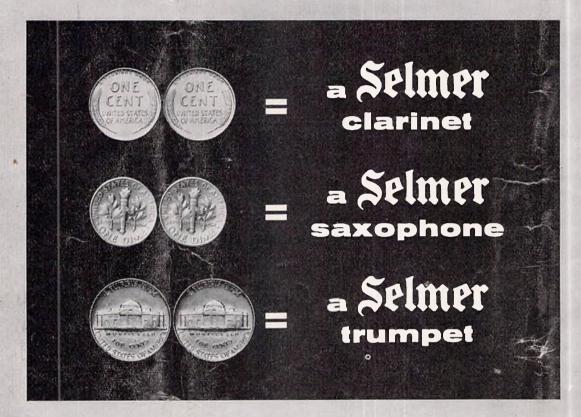
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