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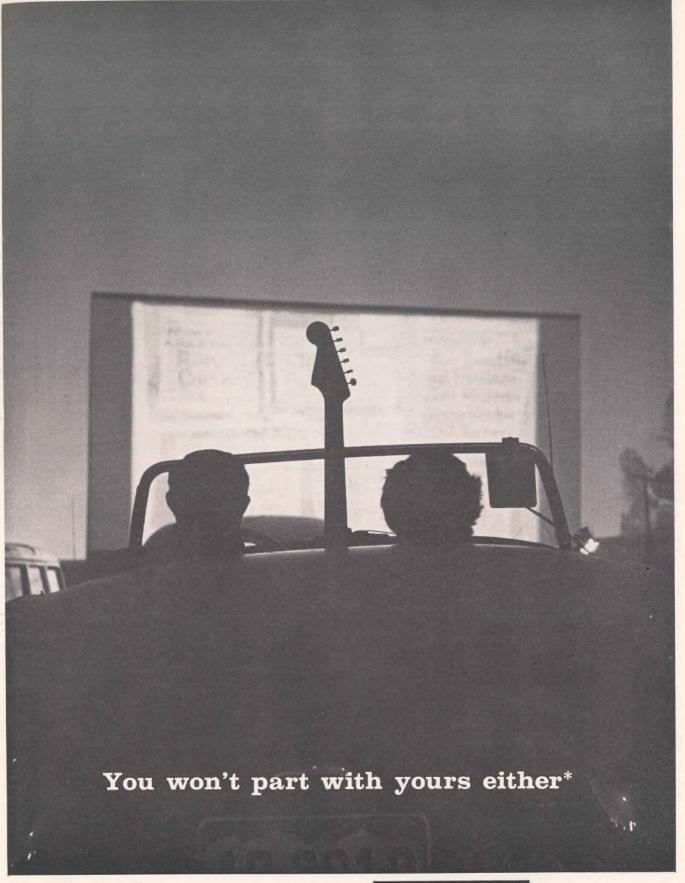
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BY CHARLES SUBER

Here is some background on those record announcements you have been hearing over the radio, such as "the records on this program have been supplied by ______," or some variation thereof.

This situation stems directly from the payola investigations and the resultant corrective actions of the government. The basis for these particular announcements is in a notice from the FCC stating a new and proper interpretation of section 317 of the Federal Communications Act. Specifically, 317, as it is now referred to, states that a radio station must identify by label those records played that were not paid for by the station. The logic of the law explains that a free record must be considered a form of monetary payment to the station by the record company, and therefore constitutes a paid commercial

for that record. So, simply stated, the announcements you have been hearing are commercials paid for in records, not in cash. However, these "commercials" are not being carried by all stations. Those not doing so are choosing an alternative implicitly suggested by section 317. That is, if the station buys its records—and many are doing just that—then talent, albeit canned, is being bought, and therefore no commercial announcement need be made.

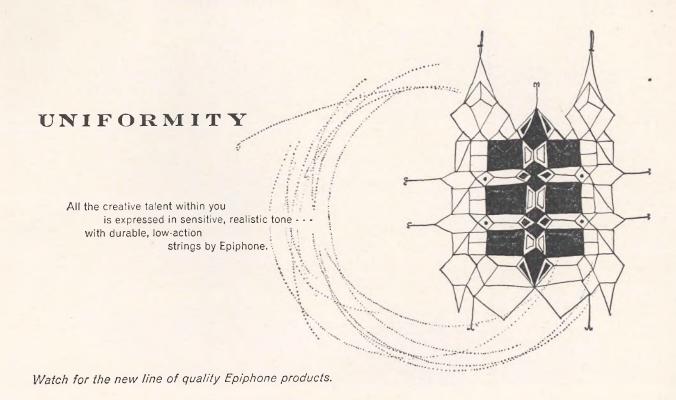
When the FCC released its statement on 317 last month, the reaction was such that you would have thought the whole record business was immediately going into orbit along with the broadcasters. Many smaller record companies cried "Foul! How can we compete with the majors on sales? Taking away our free plays kills our main promotional outlet. New talent will not be heard!" (Translation: "We are not so sure our product will sell in a normal competitive market. At least payola gave us an edge.")

To listen to the industry comments, you would think it a crime even to

consider selling a record to a commercial station and have the station make a profit therefrom. For years we have been hearing complaints from the companies about the cost of providing free records to the stations and the nerve of the stations in not mentioning the label in return for the service. Now these same companies are pleading with the government, "Don't make us sell our records and don't make the stations identify our labels." Shades of Alice In Wonderland!

Unfortunately the notice explaining section 317 was ambiguous and incomplete (even though it ran seven pages) about many details, such as: exact wording of the announcements; how much of a discount, if any, could the record companies offer the stations for records; would review copies of records be acceptable for audition purposes only? But these are mere details to be settled by bargaining and conference.

Let's hope mere ambiguity will not allow any junk peddlers to cloud the basic issue—air play is to be based on quality and popularity, not clout.



EPIPHONE, Inc.

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN



down beat

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MAY 26, 1960

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ON THE COVER

This striking photo, symbolizing modern saxophonists in general (since this is *Down Beat's* annual reed issue), was taken by Chicago photographer Dan Czubak. Camera fans will be interested to know that it is a reverse color shot, taken at one second exposure by the light of stage spotlight. And while the effect may be abstract, the model for it was very real: Sonny Rollins.

PHOTO CREDITS—Cover by Don Czubak. Pages 13 and 17, Charles Stewart. Page 19, Gene Lees. Page 24, William Claxton, Robert F. Skeetz, and Robert Parent.

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Blasé over Basie

Miss Gardner's story on the Basie band was informative and well-done, although I think the Basie band of today (vs. 20 years age) is a highly overrated, well-oiled musical machine that cannot approach such bands as that of Duke Ellington.

Nevertheless, kudos to Miss Gardner, whose story on Basie was the best one she had done for your excellent magazine. Park Forest, Ill. Jack Lind

Blues over Billie

Okay, so I sell ads.

As an employe on the business side of Down Beat, I realize that news stories are none of my business . . . but the moan is rough to suppress when you're in shock.

Today I visited Billie Holiday's grave. I should say I visited Section 21, Range 21, Grave 59 of St. Raymond's cemetery in the Bronx. Indeed, I should say I visited a small square of gray, mean-looking ground. (Spring had not yet come to the Bronx.) About two feet square. No cross. No stone. No markings of any kind. Nothing. The only way to find it is to check with the caretaker. And he'll only

tell you where Grave 59 is supposed to be: "It's the empty space next to No. 60."

It seemed ridiculous when Chuck Stewart started taking pictures of a bit of bare ground.

I kept thinking, as we stood there, that some smart promoter had dreamed it all up as a maudlin fade-out shot to be used at the end of a bad movie about jazz. (Music up, wind rustles a leaf, lonely sky, the drizzling rain, like that.)

Now you know I'm not a big man for tall monuments, but grant me a single impertinent question: in God's name, where the hell are her bookers, record company executives, night-club owners, concert promoters, and press agents now?

One more thing. According to the local monument-maker, the most gauche gravestone that may be erected in that secondary section of the cemetery would cost \$300. Isn't the living memory of Billie Holiday worth 300 lousy dollars to anybody?

New York

Mr. Mandel is Down Beat's eastern advertising manager.

Mel Mandel

I just heard George Crater tell (on radio) of the tragic injustice: that Billie Holiday's grave is lacking a monument. At Mr. Crater's suggestion, I am writing Down Beat. I will respond vigorously to any movement created to alter this shameful situation.

New York, N.Y.

George Maltz

If what George Crater said is true, please back him to the hilt. I am a little at a loss for words right now, because I am numb with the thought that this situation could be allowed to exist by the people who worked with Billie.

I am privileged to be associated with some of the musicians who knew the Lady, and I pray that they were not aware of the facts as stated by Mr. Crater.

Please . . . do something about this. Ridgewood, N.J. Ron Eyre

See photo, news section, this issue.

Ire at Ira

Ira Gitler must have just read a George Crater article or computed his income tax to have brought forth such a vitriolic review of Dave Brubeck's Time Out. With Down Beat presenting the only really intelligent and comprehensive record review system in jazz, you exert a tremendous influence over the buying habits of the "average" jazz fan.

That's why it's such poor taste on

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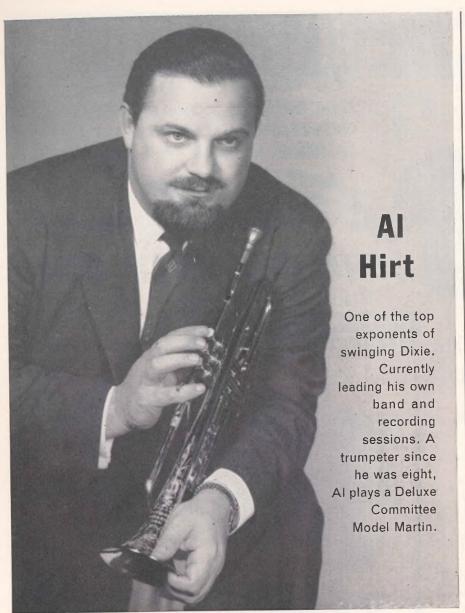
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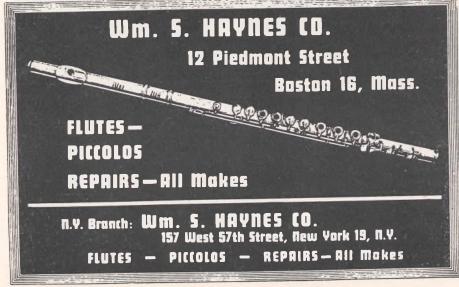
MUSIC DEALERS

THANK YOU WEST COAST MUSIC DEALERS FOR THE TREMENDOUS RECEPTION AFFORDED ECCO-FONIC AT THE SEATTLE SHOW . . . TO YOU STORE OWNERS AND MERCHANTS ALL OVER AMERICA WE EXTEND THIS INVITATION TO BE SURE AND VISIT US AT THE PALMER HOUSE JULY 11th THRU 14th AND JOIN WITH THE OTHERS IN HEARING AND SEEING FOR YOURSELF THE "HOTTEST" ITEM IN THE MUSIC MARKET TODAY!!!





Al will be at Chicago's Blue Note during June



your part to permit the ultra-hip, ivorytower, narrow-minded, personal-prejudice Gitler type of criticism to be a part of this influential section . . .

As for the album, it is just one more rewarding contribution of a mature, thinking, creative, serious jazzman. As some intelligent reviewer in your classics section (same issue) put it, "It is one infallible test of a genuine artist that he can continue to surprise the listener throughout his career."

It is a source of immense satisfaction to me that after some 13 years, Dave continues to grow, experiment, and expand his concepts to always provide powerful and exciting jazz.

Is it true that George Crater will market a three-piece anti-Brubeck kit with ivory miniatures of John Mehegan and Ira Gitler sticking pins in Dave's effigy?

Salt Lake City John Brophy

... Teed Off at Targo

Who the hell is Jack Targo to say this about Joe Morello? Mr. Targo's crumpets know where they can go. Is he afraid that his chosen few will be left in the spinning sticks of Joe Morello? Or is he afraid of good competition?

I disagree on two of the drummers he names. To me, they are bangers and will always be. He gives us the impression that he is a jazz disc jockey. Pity the listening public! It is a good thing we have people, professional and lay, who know a fantastic drummer when they see and hear one.

Regarding Mrs. Mulford's letter, which brings up some very good points: She is right on Points 2 and 3 (critics scared to evaluate Ornette Coleman, snobbery of jazz critics), and I am in total agreement. Critics do their job but it is still up to the public to have the last word, and I am one who does not take anyone's words for final judgment but my own.

Detroit Anthony Lupo

See Tom Scanlon's commentary, Opinions Not Their Own, in the news section of this issue.

... And Drugged with Lees

I cannot help but marvel at the glibness and unconcern with which your editor constantly treats the opinions of both readers and musicians. The latest examples are his remarks in reply to a letter by Mr. Hyman R. Fenster to "go bother *Time* or *Newsweek* or somebody" and his comments (?) following the letter written by Mr. Pettiford in which he evades the issue by neither apologizing to Mr. Pettiford on behalf of your irresponsible correspondent or calling Mr. Pettiford a liar in return.

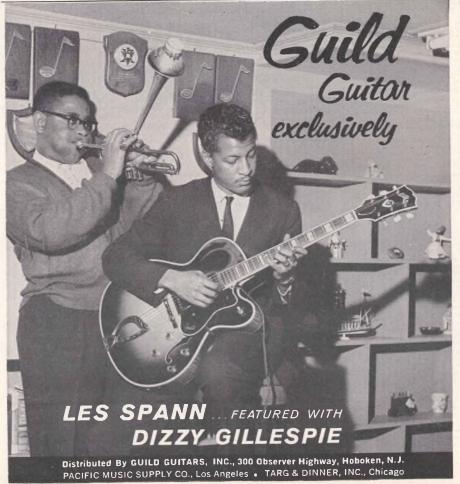
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Kelly Martin has recently been heard—with the Erroll Garner trio—in Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam . . . Storyville in Boston, Basin Street and the Embers in New York City, the Blue Note in Chicago, Peacock Lane in Hollywood . . . and in college towns all across the country. "Erroll Garner's French Album," the trio's latest Columbia recording, was waxed under Mitch Miller's personal direction. Detroit-born, Kelly is a reformed saxophone player who studied under Cozy Cole and Tacky Madison, and has played with Erskine Hawkins, Sy Oliver, Jimmy Lunceford and others. And for more than 20 years, Kelly has played Ludwigs, the most famous name on drums.

Ludwig Drum Co., 1728 N. Damen Ave., Chicago 47, Illinois



poses the question in my mind in which direction your editorial aims to go. Several facts make it appear that you wish to appeal to as large an audience as is possible in the somewhat narrow confines of those interested in jazz and jazz-influenced popular music, i.e. your selection of articles, the credo of your editor re record reviewing as published in your Jazz Record Reviews, Vol. IV, the popular but not very useful Blindfold Test, the policy of writing on a subject which readers request; all these facts including a neat typographical facelift and slick appearance seem to indicate that in fact the reader is king and that you try to give him what he wants-all in all a thoroughly admirable editorial policy.

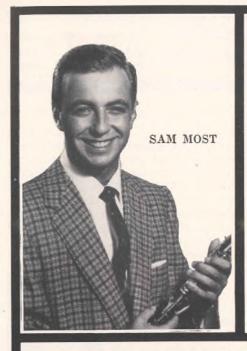
But in this light, the intolerance and glibness shown in such comments as quoted above is alarming. Your letter column entitled *Chords and Dischords* seldom show discord at all, and if in discord, the reader is told to "go bother *Time*..."

If Mr. Fenster's letter contained any valuable criticism at all, the basis of his argument should have been printed; if in your editor's opinion, Mr. Fenster's comments were useless, I see no point in publishing a portion of the letter which did not say anything and seems to have been printed only to give the editor the opportunity to make his glib remark. If the editor is bothered by the length of Mr. Fenster's letter, how is it possible that he is not bothered by the lengthy letters of praise, however repetitive, which appear constantly in your correspondence column?

Despite my disagreements with your editor, I admit that I find D.B. greatly improved from a year ago, and very readable, especially in articles written by such as Ralph Gleason, George Hoefer, and, yes, Barbara Gardner, and in the newly staffed record review section. Incidentally, the welcome return to individually initialled reviews coinciding very closely with the editor's noble decision to withdraw from the reviewer's chair gives way to some very interesting conclusions.

Toronto, Canada Harald Bohne

It's news to us that there are no discords in this column. It is further news that our policy is to print what readers request. We strike a balance between what readers want and what we, as people closer to the music business than the readers, feel they ought to know. Mr. Bohne's letter arrived in the same mail with another letter from Hyman R. Fenster. The conclusion to be drawn from that is just about as valid as that which Mr. Bohne imputes in his last paragraph.







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It's LEBLANC right down the line for these six popular musicians. LEBLANC, because here are instruments that really do something for you . . . help you play and sound your best, always. Only Leblancs, of all leading wind instruments, are designed where you—the human element—are as important as mechanical and acoustical perfection. Test-play these fine instruments now, at your Leblanc dealers. Step up to Leblanc, the BIG NAME among the BIG STARS.



BUDDY DEFRANCO



RALPH MARTERIE

LEBLANC KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

For Those Who Seek Beauty and Expression Through Music



STRICTLY AD L

NEW YORK

Artie Shaw is back in the band business as a financial backer and adviser to the Slide Hampton Octet. The former Maynard Ferguson trombonist's group is now billed as Artie Shaw presents the Slide Hampton Octet. It is booked by Rudy Viola through the Willard Alexander office. The band has played repeat engagements at Small's in Harlem, the Jazz Gallery (three times) and will open June 13 for a week at Pep's in Philadelphia. The Willard Alexander agency also has signed three singing stars: Abbey Lincoln, Ann Marie Moss, and Johnny Pace . . . Music Corp. of

America has signed trumpeter Buck

Jack Kelly, leader of a trio at the Hickory House, once played in the bands of Glenn Miller, Ray Noble, and Russ Morgan . . . Leon Merrian's quartet is playing the new Paris in the Sky club in East Orange, N. J. Trumpeter Merrian once occupied the lead chair in the bands of Benny Goodman and Woody Herman. His present sidemen include pianist Derek Smith, bassist Clyde Lombardi, and drummer Billy Lavorgna . . .



The Roy Haynes Trio, with pianist Richard Wyands and bassist Eddie De Haas, played the Prelude while the Billy Taylor Trio filled a month's engagement in Detroit. Guitarist Kenny Burrell was also featured in the room, doubling from the Broadway production Bye Bye Birdie.

Louis Armstrong has been signed to appear at the Oregon State fair at Salem from Sept. 2 through 10. Satch will head the fair revue, which features two musical jugglers and a comedy team in addition to Armstrong's All-Stars . . . Singer Charles Phipps, Armstrong's brother-in-law, recorded

his first sides for Capitol in New York

last month.

Peter Fremd of Columbia Records has been promoted to the newly created post of director of information services ... Phil Lishon, former bass player with Buddy Rich, has joined the publicity office of Mal Braveman Associates.

Count Basie flew home from England to attend the funeral of his 88-year-old father, Harvey Lee Basie, who died April 10 in his sleep at Red Bank, N. J. Basie returned to Europe to rejoin his



band for its highly successful tour, which opened in Brussels with the band featured in the 499th concert sponsored by the Hot Club of Belgium. The Modern Jazz Quartet was featured in the 500th jazz concert two weeks later. Basie is celebrating his 25th anniversary in the band business this year . . . Clarinetist George Lewis, the New Orleans traditionalist, has been touring England and Germany, as a single, appearing with European jazz bands . . . Jimmy Giuffre, back in New York after the Jazz at the Philharmonic tour in Great Britain and on the continent, is staying in Manhattan to organize a new group.

Ella Fitzgerald forgot the lyrics to Mack the Knife during a Jazz at the Philharmonic performance at the Deutschlandhallen, Berlin. Her improvised recovery was so sensational that Verve Records has issued a single taken from

Continued on Page 52

Down Beat

May 26, 1960

Vol. 27, No. 11

The Unmarked Grave

The situation would have appealed to Billie Holiday's sharp sense of the ironic:

Nine months after her death—a death that produced tears and awesome lamentations among her friends and even in distant admirers—Down Beat learned that the singer is buried in an unmarked grave.

Predictably, there was a rush of reaction and promises that a headstone had been ordered. But whether the headstone had been ordered before or after the embarrassing news began to flash around

to *Down Beat*'s George Crater) was the only identification.

Later, Doris Lily, society reporter for the *Post*, mentioned Miss Hoffman's experience. When a few of Billie's fans saw the item, the news spread through an increasingly incensed underground. Where, everyone wanted to know, were all the people who had made money off the singer during her life—the record company people, the promoters?

One person to get wind of the story was George Crater. On his WNCN-FM broadcast, he told of it. Immediately the phone calls began. What could people



The bare ground between the headstones is the grave of Billie Holiday

New York's music business that Billie's memory had been so summarily dismissed, remained open to question. An official at St. Raymond's cemetery in the Bronx said that under cemetery rules, a drawing of a proposed headstone had to be shown to the cemetery for approval; no such approval had been sought as this issue of *Down Beat* went to press.

It is further irony that Billie, shoddily treated as a drug addict by the New York police, made the society column of one of the New York newspapers over the incident. News that her grave had no headstone first broke in the society pages of the New York *Post*.

The first person to discover that the grave was not marked was Henrietta Hoffman, a friend and fan of the singer, who went to the cemetery to pay a moment of silent respect. But she could not find the grave. She had to go to the cemetery's business office to learn where it was located. A small number 59 (about the size of a cigarette package, according

do? Write *Down Beat*, Crater said, and let them know how you feel. (See *Chords and Discords*.) Several of the callers were disc jockeys, anxious to do what they could.

Crater then learned that under regulations of St. Raymond's cemetery, large monuments are prohibited. Rigid rules state that in the area in which Miss Holiday is buried, the size of headstones is limited to $2\frac{1}{3}$ feet in width by $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height. A monument of this size, Crater learned, could not cost more than \$300. Additional charges—such as \$4 a year for 10 years for upkeep and a payment of \$30 to the cemetery for building a foundation for the stone—bring the maximum possible cost to \$370.

There was no question of moving the grave to a location that would permit a more elaborate marker: by her own wishes, Miss Holiday was buried near her mother. A modest headstone is all that is possible. But the blunt fact is that up to this point, it has not been erected.

There were red faces in the music business at the news-followed by the announcement that a marker had been ordered. But with the cemetery's word that they had not been approached about a marker, *Down Beat* does not wish to take chances. This magazine has decided to set up a fund to mark Billie's grave.

Readers who wish to contribute may send checks to: Billie Holiday Marker Fund, *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill.

But the magazine also does not wish—for the sake of Miss Holiday's memory, if nothing else—to get involved in any distasteful hassels involving competitive funds and the like. Therefore, if a monument should be erected in the interim, money collected will be used for upkeep of the grave. If more than enough should be available, a suitable disposition of the funds will be found. Readers who wish it will have their checks returned (and for that reason, the return address should be written under the signature). The remainder will be used to set up a scholar-ship fund in Miss Holiday's name.

Further, *Down Beat* will co-operate in any way possible with the executors of Miss Holiday's estate.

Our concern is only to see that the remains of one of the great contributors to American music should not rest in obscurity.

Compromise and Press On

German jazz documentary expert Joachim-Ernst Berendt figures that if you can't get the necessary funds to make motion pictures, the next best thing is to try for backing to make still photos.

Berendt, German correspondent for Down Beat and on the staff of Sudwestfunk (South Western German Radio network), was disappointed last August when the U.S. State Department withdrew its support for his motion picture project pertaining to jazz history. The withdrawal came at the last minute, as the German critic was almost ready to board the boat to start filming at the School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass.

Berendt, who has nine books on jazz to his credit, then started to think of making a compromise. He first sold one of the leading publishers in Germany on the idea of putting out a jazz photo book that, in effect, would be a photographic

documentary of the different styles of jazz and the cities where the various developments took place.

The next step was to obtain a U.S. photographer experienced in jazz. He contacted William Claxton, whose photo book Jazz West Coast was published in 1955. Claxton agreed to travel around the country for three months with Berendt to cover New York; New Orleans; St. Louis; Kansas City; Sedalia, Mo.; Chicago; Detroit; Los Angeles, and San Francisco.

Berendt arrived in New York on April 15 and is now busy photographing sites and recording (for Sudwestfunk) jazz musicians in the Manhattan area.

He is the author of *Das Jazzbuch*, published in Germany, and said to have sold more copies than any other jazz book in the world—300,000 copies. He was also responsible for *Anthology of Spirituals and Blues*, the first book on these subjects to be published in Europe.

Blessed Relief

Expanded opportunities for singers; and lower prices for the patrons of nightclubs using such acts.

These were the prospects as the federal government cut the much-criticized cabaret tax from 20 to 10 per cent, effective May 1. All over the country, nightspots prepared to shift policy or pass the savings along to their customers.

Said George Marienthal, co-owner of Chicago's London House and Mister Kelly's: "All legitimate operators will pass the savings along. I suppose a few will raise prices to make up the difference. But I know that at Mister Kelly's, as of May 1, the costs to customers were cut 10 per cent. That is bound to be a stimulus to business for any club."

Aside from boosted business that makes it possible for clubs to hire better acts (or book live entertainment for the first time, in some cases), a shift in

policy in many clubs was also likely to bring immediate benefit to entertainers.

As if to give proof to the contention of the tax's opponents that the tax cut employment for entertainers, Joe Termini, owner of New York's Jazz Gallery and the Five Spot, said that he will now start booking singers. Previously, both clubs have stuck to instrumental music -which meant that they did not have to pay the tax. "I have been tempted to hire such acts as Lambert-Hendricks-Ross and Nina Simone," Termini said, "which would have entailed charging the 20 per cent tax. However, in figuring up my profit range, it seemed impossible. Now, with the reduced tax, I am definitely going to give it a try."

At the Prelude, in Harlem, owner Horace James (who has been hiring mostly jazz trios), said, "I'm tempted, but I haven't decided yet."

Ralph Watkins, who has paid the tax at Basin Street East whenever singers

THE NEW HERB POMEROY

Herb Pomeroy's 16-piece orchestra, a musical institution in Boston for five years, is undergoing the biggest change since its inception. Officially, the group has disbanded. Actually, Pomeroy is building a new, 13-piece band, more modern in concept.

Against obstacles only dedicated musicians can comprehend, the larger group had managed to work regularly over the five-year span, always growing in stature.

The band started with a Basie-ish sound. With originals contributed by local musicians, the book in recent years has been divided between the mainstream sounds and more contemporary offerings.

Since its organization, Pomeroy's powerhouse crew has had a permanent home audience, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, in the small, 90-seat downstairs room of the Stable in Boston's Copley Square.

Concerts, three LPs—Life Is a Many-Splendored Gig (Roulette) and Band in Boston and The Band and I (United Artists)—occasional dates at Birdland and the Apollo threater in New York City, plus well-received appearances at the Boston Arts festival, Boston Jazz festival, and the Newport Jazz festival in 1958 brought the band an ever-increasing acceptance.

Pomeroy described the circumstances that led to the decision to change:

"The reasons are twofold: one is economic, and the other is my attempt to find the right type of musician for the type of band I want to have. On the financial side, we found that trying to take the band out of the Stable and on the road for concerts and one-nighters or say, into New York for a club date or a recording session was prohibitively costly. Sixteen men were involved and the fees represented by that number made the price too high. Thirteen men may not present the same problem, and we just may get more work.

"Professionally, in a city of this size, it is difficult to find 16 men who are musical compatibles, who are free to play two nights a week, who are not tied down with important daytime jobs. There just isn't that much talent here. Boston, unlike New York or Los Angeles, has no large reservoir of jazz musicians.

"We want a present-day jazz band. A band not influenced by the Basie style, a band influenced by small-group jazz. Every member should be a jazz player in his own right. This is something we did not have with the larger band. We had men who could play their parts in the section but who were not substantially jazz soloists. In the new outfit, each member will be a soloist except the lead trumpet, hence there will be no frustrations for the sidemen."

Pomeroy said the new band will not have the sound of a "big, big band or a small big band, but rather a big small band" with emphasis on and much space reserved for soloists.

The style will emulate present-day small-group jazz similar to that of the Miles Davis Sextet and Horace Silver's quintet, Pomery said, and there will be good melodic line with good soloists.

He said the major contributor among arrangers probably will be Arif Mardin, a Turkish student at the Berklee school here. (See *Up Beat*, this issue.) Gary McFarland, also a student, who did some of the more recent things for the big band, also will be writing, as will Pomeroy.

Ten of the 13 chairs are filled. The rythm section will retain drummer Jimmy Zitano and pianist Ray Santisi from the old band. Bassist John Neves will be returning after being away from the band for a year and a half. He was the original bassist. Three of the four saxophone chairs are filled: Dick Johnson, alto; Varty Haroutouian, one of two tenors, and Jimmy Derba, baritone.

Instead of a trombone section, there will be two men doubling trombone and bass trumpet, the trumpet used primarily on the up-tempo tunes and the trombone on ballads. Gene DiStasio and Dick Wright will handle these. Four trumpets will be used. Nick Capezuto will play lead. Instead of fronting, Pomeroy will play one of the trumpets in the section, which leaves two trumpet chairs unfilled.

"All of the fellows who are definitely in have agreed to travel," the leader said. "After six months of working in the Stable and rehearsing the new book, we may just be able to go after some of the more lucrative bookings. I don't mean that we will be a permanent road band, but at least we will be available."

have played there (and not paid it when instrumental groups played), had no doubts that operators "will spread out their entertainment policy. It will mean a considerable increase in employment for entertainers who sing and perform."

Watkins also spotted one potential drawback to the tax cut, at least as far as musicians are concerned. He thought it would cause competition between instrumental groups and singers. For, he said, the instrumental groups have to some extent benefitted from the reluctance of club operators to hire vocalists. But now that many clubs, previously allinstrumental, are thinking of hiring singers, this could bring down the price of some groups, due to lessened demand.

Nightclub business has been down somewhat recently, except in such resort areas as Florida and Nevada. Observers generally expected that the tax cut would halt the decline.

The American Federation of Musicians, the American Guild of Variety Artists, and food and hotel workers' unions had fought it for years, pointing with deep concern to a steady drop in employment in their fields.

By cutting the tax to 10 per cent, Congress thus brought it into line with the tax on canned entertainment (movies, for example), which has been 10 per cent for some time. Opponents of the old tax argued that with a 10 per cent tax on canned entertainment, and 20 per cent on live entertainment, the tax was an iniquitous measure against employment in the entertainment field.

DISC JOCKEY POLL

There were few surprises in the results of *Down Beat's* first poll of jazz disc jockeys: Count Basie was chosen best big band, the Modern Jazz Quartet was selected as best small group, Frank Sinatra took the best male vocalist position, Ella Fitzgerald best female vocalist, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross were named best vocal, and Gil Evans was picked best arranger.

Even among new stars, there were few surprises: Quincy Jones' orchestra, still touring Europe and heard here only on LPs, was picked as the most promising new big band, the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet the most promising new jazz combo, Bobby Darin the most promising new male vocalist (followed by Mark Murphy and Bill Henderson), Irene Kral most promising

new male vocalist, Bill Potts most promising new arranger. Ironically, Lambert - Hendricks - Ross were also named most promising *new* vocal group.

But there were some surprises in the ballots, not all of them happy surprises. They indicated that some jazz disc jockeys are astonishingly out of touch with current events in jazz.

For example, there were votes for Al Grey as leading the best big band though a member of the Basie trombone section, Grey does not have a band (he recorded with 11 men on a recent album, Last of the Big Plungers). And there was a vote for Bob Brookmeyer as most promising new big band—though in fact Brookmeyer in the past year was writing mostly, then took a small group into Birdland, and most recently went with Gerry Mulligan's new band. And Mulligan's band got a vote before anyone had actually heard it, while the Mitchell-Ruff Duo, which got a "most promising" vote, goes back at least five years.

A total of 66 jazz disc jockeys, programming from one to 36 hours of jazz a week each, voted in the poll. Following are the votes:

Best big band: Count Basie, 39; Stan Kenton, 7; Maynard Ferguson, 6; Duke Ellington, 5; Les Elgart, 2; Larry Elgart, 2; Les Brown, 1; Ray Coniff, 1; Ted Heath, 1; Al Grey, 1.

Best jazz combo: Modern Jazz Quartet, 12; Dave Brubeck, 11; Miles Davis, 9; Cannonball Adderley, 5; Ahmad Jamal, 4; Oscar Peterson, 4; George Shearing, 4; Jazz Messengers, 2; Dizzy Gillespie, 1; Red Garland, 1; Ramsey Lewis, 1; Louis Armstrong, 1; James Moody, 1; Pete Fountain, 1; Chico Hamilton, 1; Jonah Jones, 1; Mastersounds, 1; Shelly Manne-Andre Previn, 1; Gerry Mulligan, 1; Eddie Davis-Shirley Scott, 1; Buddy Collette, 1; Al Belleto, 1.

Best male vocalist: Frank Sinatra, 33; Joe Williams, 12; Mel Torme, 7; Jimmy Rushing, 3; Ray Charles, 2; David Allen, 2; Johnny Mathis, 2; Nat Cole, 1; Tony Bennett, 1; Joe Turner, 1; Johnny Hartman, 1; Earl Grant, 1; Jimmy Witherspoon, 1.

Best female vocalist: Ella Fitzgerald, 35; Sarah Vaughan, 6; Chris Connor, 6; Peggy Lee, 4; Anita O'Day, 3; Dakota Staton, 3; Jerri Southern, 2; June Christy, 1; Helen Humes, 1; Billie Holiday, 1; Sylvia Syms, 1; Nina Simone, 1.

Best vocal group: Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, 26; Four Freshmen, 18; Hi-Lo's, 16; Meltones, 1; King Sisters, 1; Smart Set, 1; Kingston Trio, 1; Mills Brothers, 1.

Best arranger: Gil Evans, 14; Quincy Jones, 8; Neal Hefti, 5; Benny Golson, 4; Manny Albam, 3; Marty Paich, 3; Duke Ellington, 3; Henry Mancini, 3; John Lewis, 3; Ernie Wilkins, 2; Nelson Riddle, 2; Pete Rugulo, 2; Johnny Richards, 2; Buddy Bregman, 1; Sy Oliver, 1; Ralph Burns, 1; Billy May, 1; Bill Holman, 1; Jimmy Giuffre, 1; Andre Previn, 1; Warren Barker, 1.

Best jazz LP of the last year: Miles Davis, Porgy and Bess, 11; Bill Potts, Jazz Soul of Porgy and Bess, 5; Miles Davis, Kind of Blues, 4; Charlie Mingus, Mingus Ah Um, 3; Miles Davis, Jazz Track, 2; Dave Brubeck, Time Out, 2; Ahmad Jamal, But Not for Me, 2; Stan Kenton, Road Show, 2; Cannonball Adderley, Cannonball Adderley Quintet in

San Francisco, 2; Dave Brubeck Gone with the Wind, 2; Modern Jazz Quartet, Odds Against Tomorrow, 2; Dave Brubeck, Impressions of Eurasia, 1; George Russell-Jon Hendricks, New York, N. Y., 1; George Romanis, Sketches in Jazz, 1; Miles Davis, Milestones, 1; Miles Davis, Miles Ahead, 1; Sidney Bechet in Brussels, 1; Lionel Hampton, Hamp's Big Band, 1; Ahmad Jamal at the Penthouse, 1; An Hour with Ramsey Lewis, 1; Duke Ellington, Festival Session, 1; Count Basie, Chairman of the Board, 1; Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, The Swingers, 1; Benny Goodman, The Sound of Music, 1; Ornette Coleman, The Shape of Jazz to Come, 1; Ahmad Jamal, Portfolio, 1; Cookin' with Miles Davis, 1; Maynard Ferguson, Message from Birdland, 1; Art Farmer, Aztec Suite, 1; Les Brown-Vic Schoen, Suite for Two Bands, 1; Art Pepper Plus Eleven, 1; Eddie Davis-Shirley Scott, Cook Book, 1; Don Shirley and Two Basses, 1.

New Stars

Most promising new big band: Quincy Jones, 25; Si Zentner, 8; Herb Pomeroy, 6; Johnny Dankworth, 2; Maynard Ferguson, 2; Gerry Mulligan, 1; Ray DeMichel, 1; Henry Mancini, 1; Jack Marshall, 1; Johnny Richards, 1; Harry Arnold, 1; Sid Ramin, 1; Buddy Bregman, 1; Ted McNabb, 1; Sal Salvador, 1; Luther Henderson, 1; Claude Gordon, 1; Bob Brookmeyer, 1; Roy Eldridge, 1.

Most promising new jazz combo: Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet, 13; Cannonball Adderley, 6; Ray Bryant, 4; Mastersounds, 4; Three Sounds, 4; Charlie Mingus, 2; Slide Hampton, 2; Richard Evans, 2; Upper Classmen, 1; Yusef Lateef, 1; Metro Jazz Quartet, 1; Modern Jazz Disciples, 1; Dave Carey, 1; Mitchell-Ruff Duo, 1; Australian Jazz Quartet, 1; Buddy Cole, 1; Bill Evans, 1; Quincy Jones, 1; Ornette Coleman, 1; Shirley Scott, 1; Gerry Mulligan, 1; Red Garland, 1; Hampton Hawes, 1; Buddy DeFranco, 1; Charlie Byrd, 1; Montgomery brothers, 1; Don Elliott, 1; MJT, 1; Wes Montgomery, 1.

Most promising new male vocalist: Bobby Darin, 12; Mark Murphy, 8; Bill Henderson, 8; David Allen, 4; Jon Hendricks, 2; Jimmy Darren, 2; Al Smith, 2; Frank D'Rone, 2; Adam Wade, 2; Johnny Mathis, 2; Tommy Leonetti, 1; Gene MacDaniels, 1; Andy Williams, 1; Brook Benton, 1; Buddy Greco, 1; Jack Jones, 1; Larry Hawes, 1.

Most promising new female vocalist: Irene Kral, 6; Mavis Rivers, 5; Joannie Sommers, 5; Nina Simone, 4; Gloria Lynne, 4; Ernestine Anderson, 4; Annie Ross, 4; Carole Sloane, 2; Sue Raney, 2; Lola Albright, 1; Beverly Kenney, 1; Donna Hightower, 1; Kiz Hays, 1; Ruth Price, 1; Anita Davies, 1; Rita Reys, 1; Diana Trask, 1; Dodie Stevens, 1; Lorey Alexander, 1; Dakota Staton, 1; Felicia Sanders, 1; Anne Phillips, 1; Eydie Gorme, 1; Dinah Washington, 1.

Most promising new vocal group: Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, 14; John La Salle Quartet, 10; Signatures, 8; Brothers Four, 3; Skip Jacks, 2; Invitations, 2; Four Grads, 1; Smart Set, 1; Dave Textor, 1; Fleetwoods, 1; Talbot Brothers, 1; Andy and the Bey Sisters. 1.

Most promising new arranger: Bill Potts, 6; Quincy Jones, 4; Richard Wess, 3; Henry Mancini, 3; Marty Paich, 3; Benny Golson, 3; Bob Thompson, 3; Bobby Scott, 2; Gil Evans, 2; Jim Timmins, 1; Donald Byrd, 1; Jack Kane, 1; Ed Summerlin, 1; Kenyon Hopkins, 1; George Russell, 1; Jack Marshall, 1; Johnny Richards, 1; Marion Evans, 1; Slide Hampton, 1; Gabor Szabo, 1; Willie Maiden, 1; George Romanis, 1; Frank Foster, 1.

Jazz Goes to the Fair

Jazz on a summer's evening is becoming a popular pastime, and the market keeps expanding. First came the summer jazz festivals throughout the country. These were followed last year by jazz concerts on the straw-hat circuit, as Erroll Garner, Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, and the Modern Jazz Quartet played in music tents.

This year jazz impressarios are eying the state fairs. Already booked is a two-hour jazz concert at the Indiana State fair in Indianapolis on the night of Sept. 2. Four jazz attractions, each doing a 30-minute stint, will be featured. Signed so far are the Duke Ellington and Les Brown orchestras, the Ahmad Jamal Trio, and the Dukes of Dixieland.

The Dukes also are making several appearances at smaller fairs. They will appear at the Evanston, Ill., July 4 celebration and will do a one-nighter at the Du Quoin, Ill., fair on Aug. 28, among others.

Another curious combination will make a tour of rodeos and state fairs.

When Jack Kelly (Bart Maverick) finished filming *Maverick* television shows for this season, he declared himself a free agent and started looking for work elsewhere.

Kelly rehearsed an act with his actress-wife, May Wynn, and if he can get out of his seven-year pact with Warner Bros. film studios (he claims WB ran out of *Maverick* scripts), he will do a song-and-dance act. Who will furnish the music for the act? The press releases say jazz clarinet star Buddy DeFranco and pianist Tommy Gumina.

OPINIONS NOT THEIR OWN

One of the most distressing factors to the artist attempting to present jazz is the tendency of some members of the audience to attach themselves to certain schools of critical thought and judge everything from one rigid perspective.

To be sure, there are a few critics who operate on the assumption that their word is The Law, and that any view deviating from it is simply and self-evidently wrong. But the majority of critics wish only to broaden the listener's perspective with guidance, and help him achieve a more informed opinion of his own. Down Beat shares the view that too much reliance on the critics is unhealthy—both for the listener and for the artist.

Tom Scanlan, Down Beat's Washington correspondent, contributes a regular column to the Army Times, in which he wages a steady struggle against the phony, the obscure, the precious, and the arrogant in jazz and jazz criticism.

Recently, Scanlan devoted his column to an airing of the problem of excessive reliance on the critic. We thought his view deserved wider exposure among jazz fans, and so it is reprinted here.

By Tom Scanlan

Jazz music, much like baseball and perhaps more than any other art form, interests a great variety of dissimilar people. This is one reason why it has been called a "people's music." All kinds of people like jazz (although the majority of people may not) and there is no "jazz fan" type. Unlike "classical" music enthusiasts or theater buffs, educational levels and social positions vary tremendously among jazz fans.

There are, however, certain types of jazz fans, and it seems to me that the most vocal, most influential, and most curious of these types is what might be called the critic follower. You'll find the critic follower wherever jazz is played. Critic followers seem to come out of the woodwork.

One of them is easily identified once you talk to him about jazz. Although the critic follower is a man of firm opinions, the opinions are not his own. An original thought is somehow beyond his grasp, and he is afraid of his own taste. What he says he likes in music is what he is supposed to like, according to the gospel of a small, but powerful, group of jazz writers. Whether he speaks English or some variety of hip-talk, he is most of all a parrot.

You can be almost certain that you are talking to a critic follower when you discover that he is not quite so interested in music as he is in proving to you that he knows "what's happening on the scene today."

An experienced regurgitator of *Down Beat Magazine*, Nat Hentoff, Leonard Feather, Martin Williams, Gunther Schuller, Ralph Gleason, John Mehegan, et al, the critic follower also is quick to prove that he knows just who the

latest "man" to praise is.

Years ago the critic follower championed George Shearing because he was much more "advanced" (he and the critics said) than jazz pianists such as Teddy Wilson. Also, about the same time, he insisted that Stan Kenton's music was, as Kenton proclaimed, the "progressive sounds of today!" And, having down his homework with Down Beat, he would not stomach any suggestion that the music of Shearing and Kenton left much to be desired.

Well, Shearing and Kenton were finally put down, of course. This happened, not so curiously, about the time the critics who once praised them highly began to put them down. And much the same thing happened with Dave Brubeck.

Recently, the critic follower has found it easy to move his enthusiastic praise from Stan Getz to Sonny Rollins to John Coltrane to Ornette Coleman. What comes after Coleman, who plays something resembling an alto saxophone, is beyond anyone's imagination.

Coleman, whose music is decidedly different (as if difference itself really matters), will be one of the most important musicians in the '60s, according to the critic follower. He knows this will be the case because the critics have told him so.

Because current majority thinking in jazz criticism implies, and sometimes insists, that what's new is somehow, ipso facto, what's most exciting and most important, the critic follower has allowed himself to become a ventriloquist's dummy.

Young jazz enthusiasts who view themselves as very hip, man, and quite different from the young, misguided rock-and-roll types who allow their musical taste to be determined by musically illiterate disc jockeys, might do well to ask whether or not *their* musical taste has not been similarly dictated by the jazz press.

Perhaps they should ask themselves these questions:

Would I like a Thelonious Monk record if I didn't know it was by Thelonious Monk?

Could I get with Ornette Coleman if I wasn't told I was supposed to get with him to understand the jazz of the future?

Do I have any strong opinions concerning jazz music that are opposed to the opinions of most jazz writers?

This last question is no doubt the vital one. If the answer isn't yes, the young jazz enthusiast had best examine his enthusiasm closely.

Aside from the fact that majority critical opinion changes (drastically), it is suggested that anyone deeply interested in jazz music who does not disagree violently with at least one current majority opinion is probably kidding himself about his deep enthusiasm for jazz.

Before Going to New York . . .

Hopeful singers of ballads, torch songs, cool jazz, and sophisticated ditties can write, wire, or telephone composer-arranger-teacher Phil Moore at Carnegie hall and receive by return mail a vocal education.

Moore, who has coached Lena Horne, Frank Sinatra, Dorothy Dandridge, and other vocalists through the years, has got tired of trying to help singers who have no knowledge of fundamentals. He also has felt sorry for them.

So Moore has developed a new record album titled For Singers Only. It is available only from his duplex studio apartment in the Rembrandt section of Carnegie hall, where he lives, convinced that the famous music hall, opened in 1890, never would be torn down, even though the schedule called for demolition this summer.

The For Singers Only set is a professional singing kit of four volumes. Each volume contains special Moore arrangements on six top standard tunes, lead sheets, and a career singing booklet. There are four volumes to cover ballads, torch and blue songs, cool jazz and rhythm tunes, and sophisticated songs.

As an example, the ballads volume contains six songs, It Had to Be You; You Go to My Head; Please Be Kind; Embraceable You; As Time Goes By, and I Cover the Waterfront.

Each song has a printed orchestration with lyrics made up in high and low keys to suit the singer's range. The single LP accompanying each volume includes two tracks for each song. The first track has Moore singing the tune against an orchestral background with vocal instructions. The other track is a rehearsal groove played by piano (Hank Jones), bass (Milt Hinton), guitar (Barry Galbraith), and drums (Ted Sommer), on which the student can practice by singing along using the lead sheet.

The booklet includes pertinent explanations of cues; how to get along with musicians; microphone techniques; song sequences; how to form an act; the functions of agents, managers, unions, and a glossary of music terms.

Moore said he believes the kit is capable of preparing a singer right up to an actual job audition. If the singer comes to New York for further study, Moore can concentrate on teaching mannerisms and body control.

Another of Moore's training innovations is the use of photography as a means to make his students aware of personality development. He takes pictures of singers in action and then the teacher and client study the photos. Hand gestures are always a problem to the new performer, and Moore's

photos make it easier to change gestures to fit the performer's personality.

Vocal coach Moore started as a jazz pianist and got into show business the hard—and almost classic—way. When his father heard him playing St. Louis Blues on the piano in their Portland, Ore., home, he raged, "I don't want any tin pan piano players around here." It wasn't until the depression came along that Moore dared to play jazz within range of his father's ears. His parents had wanted him to be a concert pianist and had given him years



MOORE

of private piano instruction.

When the bad times hit, Moore played jazz in a speakeasy. The elder Moore arranged with the owner of the night spot to keep an eye on the boy (then 14) and at the first sign of a raid, he was hustled out a secret exit.

The music world first became aware of young Moore when he wrote *Shoo*, *Shoo Baby*. He still writes music in addition to teaching.

Emarcy Reactivated

Dormant for some time, but never quite dead, the Mercury Records jazz subsidiary known as Emarcy at last began to stir back to activity.

Reactivation of the label had been rumored in the trade for several weeks, but Mercury stayed mum until mid-April, when Art Talmadge, vice president in charge of artists and repertoire for Mercury, announced it with fanfare. The label would be "expanded" on a large and "exciting" scale, he said.

He said that requests of various of Mercury's distributors and foreign affiliates had brought the change. Translated, this probably meant that Mercury had become aware of the vast increase in jazz listenership of late and realized it was missing out on a good thing. On top of that, a number of Mercury's jazzoriented artists have left the label of late.

Talmadge said that an extensive advertising and promotional campaign will push Emarcy's expanded activities. Hal Mooney will have complete charge of Emarcy. Mooney has been a recording director for Mercury for five years.

Mooney said, "I intend to explore and experiment in every facet of jazz. In my opinion, one of the most exciting trends of today is the exchange of artists between labels, such as the pairing of Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald for Verve's Porgy and Bess, and the swap between Mercury and Argo—Max Roach for Ramsey Lewis—which resulted in Down to Earth, the best Ramsey Lewis showcase to date.

"The exchange is a great stimulus to artists and directors and it gives both labels a more colorful and varied repertoire . . . I have some stimulating plans in the exchange area."

Mercury has on its roster a number of jazz artists, including Quincy Jones, Dinah Washington, Ernestine Anderson, Roach, Buddy Rich, Pete Rugolo, and Charlie Shavers. "This gives us a brilliant nucleus to build on," Mooney said, indicating that these artists would be shifted to Emarcy.

Green Blues for Granz

"You gotta stick with the safe names
—Ahmad Jamal, the Modern Jazz
Quartet, and Dave Brubeck and like
that."

Speaking was concert promoter Irving Granz, brother of JATP's Norman and a promoter in his own right for the last six years.

There was bitterness in Granz' comment. As he sounded off to Down Beat, sticking in his craw was the loss of \$16,000 in four one-nighters along the Pacific coast; and the impresario was indulging in an after-the-fact agonizing reappraisal of jazz concerts in general and his own tour in particular.

Specifically, Granz pointed out that his Jazz a la Carte bill drew few jazz concert fans in Portland, Ore., (312 persons, \$1,020 gross); Seattle, Wash., (286 persons, \$900 gross); San Francisco (2,100 persons, \$6,000 gross), and the windup concert at Los Angeles' Shrine auditorium, a 6,700-seat house that caught only 2,100 attendees for a gross of \$6,500.

In Berkeley and San Diego, advance sales were so bad, according to Granz, that he canceled both concerts, April 4 and 9.

Granz' bill consisted of Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Terry Gibbs' quartet, Cal Tjader's quintet, and comic Lennie Bruce on the northwest dates, with singer Billy Eckstine added for the Los Angeles concert.

"It only goes to show," the promoter said, "that you can't take a chance on the lesser-known names. Why with Tjader alone I'd've done better in the L.A. area than with all combined. At least he's a favorite there."

If Granz' contention is true, it means that there will be no new concert field opening for newer jazz performers in the west coast market. Because from now on, Granz insisted, successful packages will consist of the truly "safe" and established names in the business.

"This tour was really a bitter lesson," he said, "but I know I learned it well."

Atlantic City Fireworks

The first Atlantic City, N. J., Jazz festival has been announced for the Fourth of July weekend. It will be in competition with the seventh annual Newport festival, to be held June 30-July 4.

Atlantic City's event will be more on the commercial side, with two shows nightly in the Coliseum on July 1, 2, and 3. According to Larry Myers of Shaw Artists Corp., the complete roster of talent has been signed. A surprise booking is that of tenor saxophonist Stan Getz, who will be in this country from Denmark, where he is living, in time to open at the Apollo theater in New York City on May 20.

The complete lineup of the jazz musicians expected at Atlantic City includes Count Basie's Orchestra, the Miles Davis Quintet, Horace Silver Quintet, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Dinah Washington, Ray Charles, Dakota Staton, Getz, and the Ahmad Jamal Trio.

The show will be produced by Sid Bernstein of the Paramount theater in Brooklyn.

Eastern Look in the West

There should be a distinctly New York look to the second annual Los Angeles Jazz festival at the Hollywood Bowl June 17-18.

With Peter Ekstein now out as a partner in the Omega Enterprises picture, promoter Hal Lederman is planning to emphasize eastern visitors. Already signed, according to Lederman, are Horace Silver and Art Blakey and their groups. The Duke Ellington Band is set for the evening of June 18, a night that also will feature an all-star jam group consisting of Benny Carter, Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, and a local rhythm section.

Though no definite night has been set yet, Lederman said he also hopes to secure the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet after the trumpeter's South American tour. The promoter also disclosed bids are in for Ray Charles, the Gerry Mulligan big band, the Miles Davis group and singer Ernestine Anderson.

Lederman said the 1960 festival program will include a set by a group of the best-known musicians of west coast jazz fame.

The only sour note hovering above the 1960 festival involved the Ellington band. Lederman said a rival promoter, Lou Robin, sworn enemy of the Omega Enterprises festival project, "connived" to sign Ellington for a concert date June 3 at Los Angeles' Shrine auditorium in a bill that also includes the Julian (Cannonball) Adderley group.

Lederman implicated booker Bob Phillips of Joe Glaser's Associated Booking Corp. in what he termed "a double cross of the worst kind." Trade thinking is that the Ellington stand at the Shrine could cut into attendance at the June 18 bowl booking.

A Phony Cannonball Blows

The rumor ran along the jazz grapevine like a brush fire: "Cannonball's been busted in Los Angeles."

Marked for a preliminary hearing on the master calendar for felonies of Los Angeles' municipal court was the name Julian Adderley. The charge: grand theft, bunco.

In Chicago, half the country away, famed altoist Julian (Cannonball) Adderley was bemused to learn of his alleged west coast arrest. By the time the rumor had been scotched by reporters in both parts of the country, the legal proceedings in Los Angeles' Division 40 courtroom had been clarified.

According to sheriff's officers W. R. Farrington and H. F. Landrey, a man was arrested after a tipoff of a cocaine sale to an undercover policeman. When booked he gave his name as Julian (Cannonball) Adderley. Investigation disclosed his real name to be Charles Sithion, 35, who once had taken a car rental company for two Cadillacs and some \$1,800 under the alias of Harry Mills, oldest of the Mills Brothers. After the Cadillac bunco, Sithion conned a Los Angeles Chevrolet agency out of a new Corvette and took off for San Francisco.

When arrested on his return to Los Angeles during the attempted narcotics sale, it was discovered that the drug was as phony as his aliases. The "cocaine" was sugar. With the other bunco charges against him, however, Sithion was booked for grand theft under the name he chose to give the arresting officers—Julian Adderley.

Sithion then lost little time in getting sprung. Even though his bond was \$10,000, he persuaded a bondsman to put up the necessary money.

At the most recent check, Sithion had failed to show up for his preliminary hearing, had skipped bond, and was sought by police on a bench warrant. His total "bill" thus far: \$20,000.

In the midwest the real Cannonball sat back and heaved a sigh.

MEET THE JAZZTET

"We're going to go as far as we can. It's been pretty good so far."

That's Benny Golson speaking. The gifted composer-arranger-tenor-saxophonist who is coleader with Art Farmer of the new group known as the Jazztet is, quietly and modestly, optimistic about the future.

Only a few months old, the Jazztet has left profound impressions on audiences in New York, San Francisco, and Chicago. In Chicago, at a press reception staged at the Blue Note by Argo Records, to which the group is under contract, it sent reporters scurrying after adjectives. And an appearance on the Steve Allen Show introduced the six men in the group to audiences that might never have seen them—or any jazz group, for that matter.

But let Golson tell the story of the group and how it came into being:

"It was very sudden. I was planning to start a sextet last fall. And I heard Art was leaving Gerry Mulligan. I planned to ask him to join the sextet.

"In the meantime, unknown to me, he was planning a quintet, and he was thinking of asking me to join him. When I called him, he started laughing. So we got together and consolidated our plans.

"What we're really aiming for is the ultimate in unity and written arrangements loose enough so that the soloist can have a free hand to exploit his instrument. Those are the main factors.

"Heretofore, most sextets that I've heard—with the exception of Miles'—have been very tight-knit and more or less straight up and down, with little room for the soloist to really stand out.

"I feel that with three horns, we can get any effect we want. How do we get such a big sound? It's really no trick. It's there and obvious. You just have to pick the right notes. They're there. You have to emulate the things you have in your mind.

"Another thing: Art and I both lean toward melody . . . I feel that if you establish a strong melody, it will be longer lasting in the mind of the listener and, linked with good, interesting harmonic structure, will prove an interesting vehicle for the soloist.

"Right now, we have 30-odd charts in the book, after five months of working. Gigi Gryce contributed some of them. I'm not rushing any of the music just to try to build the book. I want each arrangement to really have something

to say. In the short while we have been together, I've already rejected some of my own arrangements because I felt that they did not possess the intrinsic value that we want for the Jazztet."

Now about the men in the group:

"Curtis Fuller is, I think, one of the best instrumentalists of this era, and he is still climbing upward. He's 25. He is very sympathetic with Art and me, and I feel that this makes my job of organization much simpler.

"McCoy Tyner is only 21. He is one of the great discoveries of recent years. Although he is from Philadelphia, which is my home town, I didn't meet him until last year, when I was playing a couple of concerts there. I was impressed immediately and as a consequence took him to San Francisco in August of 1959 with Curtis and me. When we were planning the group, Art asked me whom I had in mind for piano. I immediately said, 'McCoy Tyner.' Since that time, he has proved to be a most important member of the Jazztet.

"Lex Humphries is someone I feel we're fortunate to have with us. Lex was with Dizzy's small group. We had a great deal of trouble getting a drummer who could read well and still swing like the dickens. Lex is one of the few drummers who listens to the soloist and complements him.

"Addison Farmer is a graduate of the Juilliard School of Music, and as a consequence can play anything you put in front of him. Addison has been growing musically in the past few years. And aside from that, he is one of the most perfect gentlemen I've met in my life. That makes him wonderful to have with you.

"I think of Art as 'Mr. Melody'. He has an uncanny gift for melody, and for the ways of weaving it in and out of harmonic progressions effectively, as though he were creating another composition himself. Art has a big, round, warm trumpet sound all his own, which makes his ballads seem to sing. Art doesn't compose very many tunes, but when he does, they are so meaningful. Mox Nix is a very good example. He has a vast knowledge of scales and modes, which is evidenced in his playing. I predict that before long, Art will be one of the biggest jazz trumpeters we have ever known."

That is Golson's view. How does Art Farmer feel about the group? Very much the same. He and Golson are very close, forming in effect, a full-time mutual admiration society.

Will the group stay together and in this area of music? "It's got to make it," Art said with a slow grin. "I had the foresight not to prepare myself for anything else."



Art Farmer, left, and Benny Golson, right, with Argo a&r man Jack Tracy, who has the Jazztet under contract.



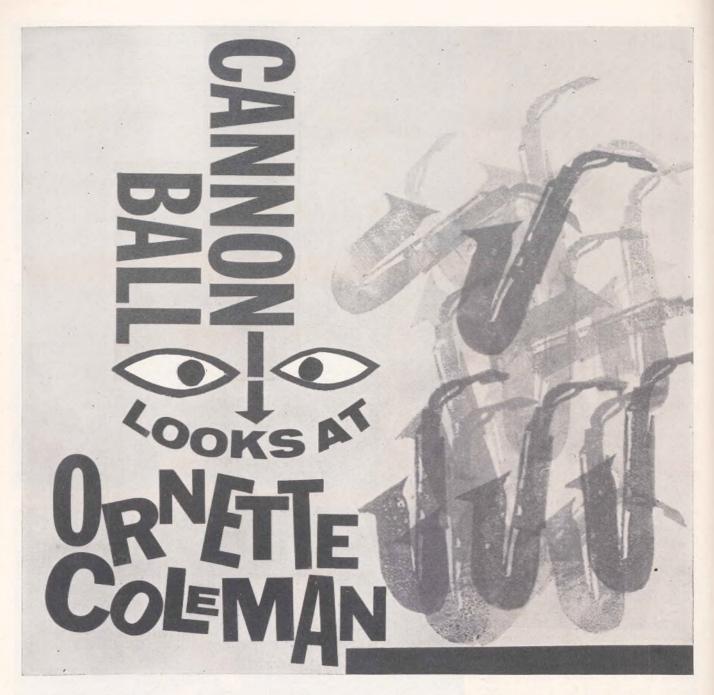
McCoy Tyner, the Jazztet's talented young pianist, at work at Chicago's Blue Note.



Art Farmer's twin brother, Addison, is the bassist with the new group.



And here, meet the Jazztet as a whole. Drummer Lex Humphries is at right.



In the wave of controversy over the playing of Ornette Coleman, there have been few cool, reasoned attempts to evaluate the work of this startling alto saxophonist and his colleague, trumpeter Don Cherry. Down Beat assigned the task to a man who is not only one of the most important jazz musicians of the present era, but a calm, analytical, and literate commentator as well: Julian (Cannonball) Adderley. The following is his essay on Ornette Coleman.

By Julian Adderley

Dizzy Gillespie stood in front of the stand at the Five Spot cafe in New York, folded his arms, and looked disdainfully at the musicians as he asked, "Are you cats serious?"

Thelonious Monk is reported to have

said, "Man, that cat is nuts!"

"He is an extension of Bird." That description is attributed to John Lewis; "the jazz of tomorrow" is attributed to Atlantic Records.

Comments on Ornette Coleman have ranged from conservative rejection to wild, enthusiastic support. But whatever the views expressed, it cannot be denied that there has been more talk, pro and con, about Coleman than anyone in jazz in the last decade.

Trombonist and composer Bob Brookmeyer had an experience with Coleman last summer, when Brookmeyer was on the faculty of the School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass., and Coleman and Don Cherry were there as students. "I used to scream out of my window, 'Damn it, tune up!' as these cats would play evenings downstairs," Brookmeyer said.

"The special interest in Ornette and Cherry, coupled with having to listen to their music constantly, was responsible for my leaving the faculty at Lenox."

But Brookmeyer added: "Since they have been in New York, however, I have been going over to hear them at the Five Spot, and I've learned a lesson in tolerance. I'm sure that my rejection of this music was based simply on intolerance of (something) that I was not familiar with."

Bob is not the only one. I have learned a lesson in tolerance myself, in a less demonstrative way.

While working in Los Angeles with Miles Davis last summer, I was a guest at the home of Joe Castro, the pianist. One evening Castro was rehearsing his group for a record date. In the group were Leroy Vinnegar, Teddy Edwards, Don Cherry, and Billy Higgins. The date was to include material composed

by Don Cherry.

Don's thematic material was starkly fresh and flowing. But his improvisation seemed to have no connection with the theme. Bassist Vinnegar and drummer Higgins were really swinging, and urging Don on with little expressions such as "Yeah, baby," which indicated that they really dug it.

Pianist Castro seemed confused.

This was only my second exposure to Don, who is Ornette's leading disciple and probably his most enthusiastic student. My first exposure had been a brief set at the Sundown club, where he sat in with John Coltrane. At that time, I was amazed at the gall of an apparent amateur to play with a giant in jazz, for his performance was seemingly unintelligible and insincere. I frankly felt that he was joking.

Then, at this later date, Castro and I discussed this music with Cherry. Don spoke as a believer in complete freedom of expression, with occasional references to divine guidance, to Bird, and

to Ornette.

I think the most interesting aspect of the conversation was his seriousness in explaining his music. I could not, however, help wondering, What kind of man is this Ornette Coleman? I couldn't at the time believe that they took this music seriously.

My first meeting with Ornette dispelled any such ideas.

When introduced to Ornette, I received praise and admiration to the point of embarrassment. I also received an invitation to his home to discuss music and the alto saxophone.

Even though this meeting never materialized in Los Angeles, shortly after-

wards I purchased Coleman's only existing recording at the time, Something Else. I determined to give it exacting scrutiny and the most fundamental analysis. I was still confused by the music. The improvisation seemed inconsistent with both the implied chords of the melodic line and those played in accompaniment by the pianist.

The second recording, which did not include piano (Tomorrow Is the Question), seemed to be more logical in

continuity.

Subsequently I have become an Ornette Coleman booster. I am sure there is a place in jazz for an innovator of this type.

I think my compassion for Ornette, coupled with his sincerity, is probably the prime motivating factor.

My analysis reveals consistency in some instances, such as a general sort of faithfulness to the blues. His intonation theories, however, disturb me. Dick Katz, an ardent Coleman supporter, explained, "Ornette does not use a tempered scale. Don apparently does, for they sometimes tend to clash." They both explain this phenomenon as the "human pitch" and suggest that this is also a freedom of expression.

I have also questioned their unfaithfulness to chords.

Ornette explains: "Chords are just names for sounds, which really need no names at all, as names are sometimes confusing."

For instance, F-minor seventh is also A-flat major sixth. Coleman does play chords in improvisation, but does not play "changes", such as the standard II-minor seventh, to dominant seventh, to the I or III chords.

Ornette says he has discovered that the alto saxophone has 32 available natural pitches, from D-flat in the lower middle register to A-flat in the second upper middle register of the piano. He does not think in octaves. Each tone to him is a separate sound.

He respects Charlie Parker as the only musician, of those to play changes, who really exploited the sound of the instrument; and he has the unique idea that the alto voice should be thought of in the alto clef. Consequently, his E-flat alto C-natural concert is really B-flat in the alto clef. (My apologies to readers for using such musical terminology, but I am unable to find any easier way to describe his category.)

There are many important musicians who are advocates of Ornette's freedom theory in improvisation. But there are fewer who would use his approach to sound and harmony. I would say that 75 per cent of jazz musicians dismiss Ornette's whole thing. But he has caused more reflection and analysis than anyone since Bird, Diz, and Thelonious.

But the so-called "music of tomorrow" theme, which accompanies his performances, is more harmful than good. For Ornette is a man to be reckoned with today. A Miles Davis is basically an impressionist, Charles Mingus a surrealist, John Lewis a neoclassicist. But how to you classify an Ornette Coleman?

His followers believe that his is the "shape of jazz to come". I feel that though Ornette may influence future jazz, so will George Russell's Lydian concept of tonal organization, Coltrane's sheets of sound, Miles' melodic lyricism, and Gil Evans' clusters of sound in rhythm.

Ornette Coleman is an innovator of the first water. But he is certainly no messiah.

ANOTHER VIEW OF COLEMAN

When bassist Charles Mingus took Leonard Feather's Blindfold Test recently, he volunteered a long afterthought on Ornette Coleman. It is included here to give a still different perspective on the controversial altoist.

You didn't play anything by Ornette Coleman. I'll comment on him anyway. Now, I don't care if he doesn't like me, but anyway, one night Symphony Sid was playing a whole lot of stuff, and then he put on an Ornette Coleman record.

Now, he is really an old-fashioned alto player. He's not as modern as Bird. He plays in C and F and G and B Flat only; he does not play in all the keys. Basically, you can hit a pedal point C

all the time, and it'll have some relationship to what he's playing.

Now aside from the fact that I doubt he can even play a C scale in whole notes—tied whole notes, a couple of bars apiece—in tune, the fact remains that his notes and lines are so fresh. So when Symphony Sid played his record, it made everything else he was playing, even my own record that he played, sound terrible.

I'm not saying everybody's going to have to play like Coleman. But they're going to have to stop copying Bird. Nobody can play Bird right yet but him. Now what would Fats Navarro and J. J. have played like if they'd never heard Bird? Or even Dizzy. Would he

still play like Roy Eldridge? Anyway, when they put Coleman's record on, the only record they could have put on behind it would have been Bird.

It doesn't matter about the key he's playing in—he's got a percussional sound, like a cat with a whole lot of bongos. He's brought a thing in—it's not new. I won't say who started it, but whoever started it, people overlooked it. It's like not having anything to do with what's around you, and being right in your own world. You can't put your finger on what he's doing.

It's like organized disorganization, or playing wrong right. And it gets to you emotionally, like a drummer. That's what Coleman means to me.

GERRY MULIGAN--before

mest begavede musikere i den unge jazz," is the unequivocal opinion of Erik Wiedemann of Copenhagen. "Muito interessantes sao os trabalhos, num mood mais cool, de Gerry Mulligan," observes Jorge Guinle of Rio de Janeiro. And Arrigo Polillo of Milan states, "Apparve presto chiaro a tutti che nel jazz de Mulligan vi era qualcosa di nuovo e di diverso." In Paris, André Hodeir has expounded at length on "Mulligan, artiste a la sensibilité exquise," while Joachim-Ernst Berendt has echoed from Baden-Baden, "Mulligan ist vielleicht der ideenreichste unter den jungen arrangeuren der Jazzmusik."

These and a few score more around the world have sung the virtues of a tall, red-haired young man who is probably the most popular saxophonist liv-

The Gerry Mulligan era, begun in

the October 22, 1952, Down Beat ("Mr. Mulligan Has a Real Crazy Gerry-Built Crew," read the headline on Ralph Gleason's rave review of the original quartet), currently is reaching a peak with his almost simultaneous appearances in four films: a playing part in Jazz on a Summer's Day, an acting and playing role in The Subterraneans, and acting assignments in The Rat Race and The Bells Are Ringing. Of his work in Bells, Judy Holliday said, "I was amazed by his sense of timing. He played a comedy scene with me so beautifully that we're almost hoping it will be cut out—it makes everything that follows seem anticlimatic."

Mulligan's movie work gave him enough financial security to start his first successful big band venture; the orchestra, assembled in New York, played its first date there in April at Basin Street East.

Along with Mulligan's musical growth, there has been a striking development in his personality. Musicians who once saw in him an air of belligerent intolerance, a garrulity, a lack of direction, now are inclined to observe that the intolerance is directed against stupidity, racial prejudice, and narrowmindedness and the talkativeness—based on sensitivity, a keen concern for music, the theater, politics, and a broad range of general interests—is leavened with humor and a refusal to accept pompousness on any level.

"It's hard to realize how much he's changed," says drummer Dave Bailey. "In the five years I've been with him he's grown up; he is a man, and he's happy. He said to me one day, 'Dave, I've got a band, and I've got no problems in it. I'm so happy about it I'm shaking'."

Chico Hamilton, who played in the



First of Two Articles
BY LEONARD FEATHER

original quartet, says: "He's trying to become a very good human being and has become aware of his fellow man. I think of Gerry not as a genius but as just another guy—a nice guy and a very sincere person." And Elliot Lawrence observed, "Often you see people mature from boyhood to manhood, but it's more than that. Gerry now is a completely different person."

Mulligan himself attributes much of the change to a fruitful experience with psychiatry. As for his musical advancement, he declares: "People think jazz is a young man's game, like athletics; but the fact is, creativity must improve as you get older and more mature."

That his life has stabilized itself may seem remarkable to many who have studied the turbulent pattern of his first 25 years. Born in Queens Village on Long Island, N. Y., April 6, 1927, he was the youngest of the four sons of a management engineer whose jobs took the family to many cities, making it hard for the children to form durable childhood associations. Gerry is three-fourths Irish: his maternal grandmother was German. Mrs. Mulligan now manages an apartment building in Washington; the three brothers all took up their father's profession.

"Gerry's parents were strict authoritarians," recalls Russ Saunders, a bassist who knew him as a teen-ager. "And he had the background problems of a strict Catholic home. He was very devout; this inhibited him in many ways and it was the source of our frequent

disagreements."

Regarding this matter, Mulligan has said, "The Catholic background was deeply ingrained in me; but the conversations with Russ and others had a lot to do with my later thinking. This was my first exposure to anything other than the Catholic philosophy. It's one thing to stop being a Catholic and another to go back and weed out your thinking when it goes back to early childhood. But from the time I left home I never went to church again, which is a remarkable step in itself."

His childhood was as deeply entrenched in music as in religion. A nun, Sister Vincent, gave him his first piano lessons in 1934. He had been picking out melodies from infancy, had recently taken up the ocarina, and had even

written a song.

Though his parents had sung in choirs and his father could play violin and piano, there was little love for music in the household. After pleading vainly with his family to buy him a musical instrument, Gerry borrowed a clarinet while at school in Kalamazoo, Mich., in 1938. He took some lessons, but had more success teaching himself; soon he was playing in the school orchestra and,

without any training, wrote his first arrangement.

Gradually, he drew closer to music and away from the family. By 1943, taking a part-time job as an office boy, he saved up enough to buy a clarinet; a year later, in Philadelphia, he bought a tenor saxophone, organized a dance band for West Philadelphia Catholic high, and wrote a book for the band.

He sent three arrangements to Russ Saunders, whom he had known while living in Reading, Pa. ("they were all in concert; I had to transpose them," says Saunders), and sold a couple to Johnny Warrington, then leader of the radio house band at radio station WCAU.

"His first efforts were pretty feeble," Warrington said, "but he accepted criticism well, and came back with the arrangements changed. He was a good kid, with real musical stardust in his eyes; sometimes he'd go along with the band for the ride on a one-nighter. He enjoyed hanging out with the boys in the band; to him they were real big operators in the music business."

The big operators, however, never found room for Mulligan as a blowing colleague. After his junior year in high school, during the 1944 summer vacation, Gerry landed a job on tenor with Alex Bartha's band at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, N. J. At least one member of the band advised him to stick to writing on the grounds that his playing just didn't make it. But Mulligan refused to be discouraged. When a chance came to stay with the band for a road tour in the fall, he decided to quit school.

"My family are still kicking themselves because I didn't get my high school diploma," Mulligan said. "They thought if I'd stayed with the church, everything would have been all right. Our ways of thinking were completely unrelated. But there is a passive acceptance between us now."

The abrupt halt in his school studies did not mean an end to Garry's education. "He was always a sensitive, bright boy," said Mrs. Frank Socolow, a friend from the Reading days. "He read a lot and gravitated toward other people in the arts. I'm sure he didn't stop studying when he stopped going to school.'

"He was a tremendous reader of books," said Elliot Lawrence. "Intellectual-type books, psychology and mythology and what have you. Maybe he was at the wrong school and felt hemmed in at a Catholic high school."

According to Russ Saunders, "Gerry was ill at ease with his family. The other brothers had a leaning toward mathematics, business, the higher forms of learning, and here was Gerry bumming around with a bunch of musicians;

they never adjusted to it. They were well-to-do, with a comfortable home, but he turned his back on it all and pulled himself up by his bootstraps."

The Bartha tour failed to materialize, but in the fall of 1944, Mulligan made a three-month tour as arranger with Tommy Tucker's band. Exposure to the bop band of Billy Eckstine during the tour induced him to try to lead the Tucker group a little further out than it was willing to venture; at the end of the tour Tucker decided Mulligan was expendable.

The WCAU house band was now in the hands of Lawrence, whom Gerry promptly approached for a job. "He came into the studio looking like the all-American high school boy," Lawrence said. "He wrote regularly for me for a year, and we kind of palled around together and he stayed with my folks. I found him polite and gentlemanly and never saw any other side to his character until he took me to his family's home one day; then I found out about the terrible clashes with his parents, who hadn't wanted him to leave school.

"Gerry was dying to play in the band, but unless one of the sax men got sick, we never let him. He wrote constantly and quickly, and in his spare time he'd jam at the Down Beat with Red Rodney."

One occasion when Gerry did get to play with the band was a concert at which Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker were to appear. Gerry recalled, "I said to Elliot's sax section, 'For God's sake, can't one of you guys break a leg or something so I can make this concert with Bird?' And sure enough, the day before the concert, one of the tenor players slipped and broke a wrist. Everyone gave me an odd look, like I was practicing witchcraft."

Parker, talking with Mulligan and learning that he had been frustrated in his desire to blow, invited him to sit in at a local club with the Gillespie quintet. Nervous but proud, Gerry formed a friendship with Parker that was cemented in a series of visits to New York.

It was during this period that Mulligan received an offer to join the Gene Krupa Band. "I think one reason Gerry took the job," Lawrence said, "was that Gene had promised to let him play as well as write." As it turned out, during the year with the band Mulligan only played for four months—two on alto and two on tenor. At the end of the year Mulligan's music went on record for the first time: his *Disc Jockey Jump*, cut in January, 1947, became a hit single for Krupa.

It was during the post-Krupa, pre-California period (1947-51) that Mulligan made his crucial steps both as writer



With Carson Smith in the earlier quartet.

and soloist. First he sold all his horns except a baritone. There was far less competition than on alto or tenor, and Gerry was fascinated by the depth and scope of the horn.

During the next couple of years he became part of a highly informal salon in the dark, windowless one-room basement apartment of Gil Evans on W. 55th St. in New York City. "Miles and Bird often stayed there," George Russell reminisced, "and everybody fell in; we were all gravitating around Gil. Gerry was still doing much more writing than playing. He was lighthearted and gay, a crisp and witty and outspoken person.

"Those were hungry days. At one time five of us collaborated on an arrangement for Buddy Johnson's band—Gerry, who wrote the intro, Gil, Johnny Garisi, John Lewis, and I. Buddy must have been ashamed to refuse it with all those names on it, because he bought it the next day—and it was a pretty bad chart."

The way Mulligan wrote, Russell said, made his omission of the piano inevitable: "His chords were moving so much that the piano got in the way. Gerry was a straight-ahead, here-and-now arranger, impatient with complications. His great contributions were the liberation of the minor seventh and a sort of freedom of tonality, a horizontal kind of thinking."

Gil Evans said, "He didn't strike me as impatient; in fact, he spent a lot of time on his work. I didn't try to guide him consciously; we were just musical associates. But I was Thornhill's arranger then, and I did get Gerry the job with Claude."

As Mulligan remembers it, "Gil wasn't the only influence on my writing; he was the *final* influence. Before that there were Ben Homer, who wrote



With Art Farmer in the most recent quartet.

some good things for Tommy Tucker, and Eddie Finckel with Krupa; they were major influences. And George Williams influenced me in terms of section writing. Later I turned out to be an influence on him. I was tremendously affected, too, by Bobby Sherwood's ballad writing; he could get that symphonic ensemble sound, using inner lines. Ralph Burns and Neal Hefti made an impression on me, too."

In 1948, a nonet crystalized out of the workshop around Gil. Miles Davis, as leader, got a two-week gig at the Royal Roost in September; four months later came the first of three memorable record dates, now on a Capitol LP aptly titled Birth of the Cool. Mulligan played on all the sessions, arranged George Wallington's Godchild and three originals, Jeru (the nickname Miles gave Gerry); Venus DeMilo, and Rocker. Though they have since become the most discussed records in the historiography of modern jazz, these sides were dilatorily treated at the time. Some came out on 78s, others were not released at all for years.

G unther Schuller, who played French horn on the last date, said he believes there were strong differences of feeling about the objectives of this group: "Gil and Miles wanted a rich, earthy sound while Gerry wanted a lighter, more transparent quality.

"By my classical standards," added Schuller, "Gerry was a disorganized person at the time, the kind who in his very pleasant, nonchalant way would saunter in late. But he was tremendously flexible and had an affability under all circumstances."

During the New York years, Mulligan's only steady jobs were eight months' writing and playing with a new Elliot



Listening to a playback with Thelonious Monk.

Lawrence Band and a few months with Thornhill. There was also a short-lived combo led by Kai Winding, featuring Brew Moore and Gerry, with which he played one of his first record dates and made several night club gigs. But by now he was more than dimly aware that destiny had not designed him as the eternal sideman. "How come," he said once to Allen Eager, "everyone else is leading bands and getting ahead while I'm not in a position of leadership and authority?" Some of this attitude had been inculcated by a girl named Gale Madden, who for a couple of years was a strong influence, and whom Gerry considers largely responsible for the no-piano idea. Miss Madden encouraged him to keep writing and to organize rehearsal bands to try out his work.

Money was so scarce that Mulligan was involved in some weird ventures in the effort to keep rehearsing.

"One time," Eager recalled, "when there was no money for a hall, we met at Charlie's tavern and decided to take our horns to Central park. We went to a knoll overlooking the lake and had our rehearsal there with an audience of children, nurses, and dogs. Nobody interfered the first day or two; then the cops ran us out."

According to bassist Buddy Clark, "Gerry got a kick of playing in the open air; sometimes we'd have two or three bassists to compensate for the lack of a piano. We even played the first modern jazz concert in the Catskills—around the swimming pool at the Waldemere hotel."

About the same time Rita Cansino, a dancer cousin of Rita Hayworth, who wanted to sing, paid Mulligan to write a library. "She thought I was star material," Gerry recalled with a grin.

Continued on page 46

1960 BELONGS TO GERRY MULLIGAN

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BELONGS

TO GERRY

MULLIGAN

OUT OF MY HEAD

BY GEORGE CRATER

Like an obedient soldier, last Saturday night I trudged back to the Five Spot to hear what had been described as the *new* Ornette Coleman. After sitting through two sets, I decided I should've bought a jug and stayed home listening to records by the *old* Charlie Parker. I talked to a few of the Ornette fans inside the Five Spot, and out in front of the place at 3:30 a.m., and, generally, just dug them. I've decided: To be an Ornette Coleman fan or get his message, you've got to be, have, or do the following:

- a. Wear a beard.
- b. Paint at least two or three abstract paintings entitled *Life*.
- c. After completing "b," refuse to remove the paint smudges from your trousers. After all, if you did, who would know you were an artist?
- d. Marry Gunther Schuller.
- e. Learn everything you can about Charlie Parker and be prepared to lay down the *Bird Parallel* when the going gets rough. Practice starting with "Why I remember hearing Bird in . . ."

I figure Frank Rehak will fly to Newport in his new plane this year and Teddy Charles will sail there on his yacht... Now if we can only hire a Shetland pony to pull Monk up there in his little red wagon...

Thoughts-while-bugged-at-the-world-department:

Television is suffering from harmful irregularity. The next cat that tells me Dizzy's a clown gets smashed in the chops with a Lowenbrau bottle. The new economy cars look like less expensive jukeboxes. Lenny Bruce for President. Polly Bergen reminds me of a Howard Johnson's hostess. I wonder if Charlie Barnet's new crew-cut will change the direction of modern jazz. Cannonball Adderley for President.

Latest rumor around New York fuzz circles is that you can't get a cabaret card if you saw the play *The Connection*. I wonder if Charlie Barnet's new crew-cut will change *Charlie Barnet*. Does *anybody* think Stubby Kaye's funny? Cyd Charisse for President. If I only had a bean for every instrument Don Elliott plays. Except for the *File and Forget* sketch, *A Thurber Carnival* drugged me. Robert Clary is still singing *I'm In Love With Miss Logan* . . . And I still can't stand Robert Clary. I wonder if Charlie Barnet's new crew-cut will change the direction of Robert Clary.

Why doesn't Junior set up a taste for everybody? Junior for President. He didn't set up the taste? Charlie for President. I think I'll hit Robert Clary in the chops with a Lowenbrau bottle whether he mentions Diz or not.

Did you ever get the feeling you were up to your nose in Mavis Riverses, Monica Zetterlands, Ernestine Andersons, Dakota Statons, and Donna Hightowers? You think Leonard Bernstein dyes his hair? . . . Ira Gitler doesn't. When is Charlie Graham going to come over to my pad and do a story on my Sears Roebuck Silvertone three-speed phonograph . . .? I won't let him in. Charlie Graham for President. No truth to the rumor that Pee Wee Marquette was Buddy Bolden's first road manager.

Did Junior set up that taste yet? Maybe I'll hit Junior in the chops with Robert Clary. Robert Clary for President. I think I'll marry Ann Bancroft . . . Oh the hell with it.

Junior for president . . . Hey, Junior!

If you're getting into the music business in one way or another, let me hip you to some of the phrases that'll be laid on you. Let's say you're a bandleader, a musician, or a singer. You'll hear from the following people the following things:

The Disc-Jockey: "Yeah, I play your things all the time!" (He'll say it even if this is your first record and he couldn't

possibly have heard it or of you before!)

The Booking Agent: "If you could only get a record going for you . . ."

The Record Company: "If you could only get some bookings going for you . . ."

The Press Agent: "Winchell promised me, as soon as you get some records and bookings going for you . . ."

The Personnel Manager: "Not yet . . . not yet"
The Song Publisher: "I was saving it for Basie and Joe

Williams but . . ."
The Club Owner: "Whatta I pay you for? Intermissions?"

The Club Owner: "Whatta I pay you for? Intermissions? The Family: "Why don't you get a legitimate job . . ."

The Critics: "Combining the qualities of . . ."

The Arranger: "Well why didn't you hire Ernie Wilkins?"
The Public: "Did anybody ever tell you, you sound just like . .?"



"Buddy, that's your problem! Monk didn't show and we want our money back!"

Ed Sherman

RECORDS

JAZZ RECORD BUYERS GUIDE

BLINDFOLD TEST

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

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

CLASSICS

Reiner / Don Quixote

M S RICHARD STRAUSS—RCA Victor Soria Series LP-2384.

Series LP-2384.
Personnel: Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Fritz Reiner; Antonio Janigro, cello; Milton Preves, violin, soloists.

Rating: ***

The initial releases in Victor's new Soria Series were a disappointment, on the whole. Packaging was sumptuous, but several of the recordings were not much above ordinary. The second group, of which Reiner's Don Quixote is a notable example, is a gratifying change for the

Reiner and the Chicago Symphony are without peers in the music of Strauss, and the owl-faced little Hungarian maestro's reading of these Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character is the last word in authority, tonal sheen, and imagin-

Don Quixote, like others in the Soria Series, is available with notes and art work in a thrift package as well as the plush luxury edition. (D.H.)

Rosen/Ravel

M RAVEL-Epic LC-3589: Gaspard de la Nuit nd Tombeau de Couperin. Personnel: Charles Rosen, piano.

Rating: * * *

Any recording of Ravel's Gaspard de la Nuit is an event. The three sections, Ondine, Le Gibet, and Scarbo, are looked upon by pianists with a fascination that is equally compounded of admiration and dread.

Scarbo, certainly, is the single most difficult piano piece Ravel ever wrote. Besides the technical terrors in the three pieces, they challenge an interpreter's imagination mightily. No one but a poet can make anything memorable of these masterpieces.

Rosen barely misses. He understands the subtleties of the music profoundly, as his own notes prove, but he is too specific in everything he does. He is good in Ondine, but seems much too healthy minded and sane for either Le Gibet or Scarbo, which call for diabolism of the Baudelaire sort.

Still, on many counts, this is a fine performance; not quite up to Walter Gieseking's but better than any other version currently available.

A first-rate Tombeau de Couperin is thrown in as a bonus. (D.H.)

Berg/Webern/Schoenberg M S ALBAN BERG: Five Songs, Op. 4 (Alten-

berg Lieder); ANTON WEBERN: Five Move-ments for String Orchestra, Op. 5; ARNOLD ments for String Orchestra, Op. 5; ARNOLD SCHOENBERG: Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 16—Columbia MS-6103.
Personnel: Columbia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Robert Craft; Bethany Beardslee, soprano soloist in the Berg songs.

Rating: ***

Craft, the talented young apostle of dodecophonism (whatever you do, don't call it atonalism), has put three classics of the 12-tone school of composition on this fine disc, and no one with the slightest interest in 20th century music will wish to pass it by

The Schoenberg pieces have been done well by other conductors, but the Berg songs, sung with incredible precision by soprano Beardslee, and the Webern orchestral work are new to records. The Webern is the composer's own transcription, the original being the Five Movements for (D.H.) String Quartet.

.......

Cannonball Adderley

THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET IN SAN FRANCISCO—Riverside 12-311:
This Here; Spontaneous Combustion; Hi-Fly;
You Got It; Bohemia After Dark.
Personnel: Adderley, alto saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Bobby Timmons, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: * * 1/2

It is rather a strange assignment to review an album that has already sold "between 25,000 to 30,000 copies" (Down Beat, April 14), doubly strange because this reviewer feels it is a much overrated album. Perhaps some of the 25,000 do now, too, for my contention is that it is not jazz that wears well.

The Down Beat news items said, "The sales have been attributed mostly to the popularity of This Here.'

I first encountered This Here, written by pianist Timmons, at a party where it succeeded in boring me on the first of three successive times it was played. (At 12:26, it is the longest track in the set.)

This Here is a perfect example of "overfunk," an east coast diametrical counterpart of the "overslick" we've come to recognize in certain west coast jazz (Shorty Rogers, etc.). Its particular use of waltz time and constant repetitive phrases are exceedingly monotonous. Horace Silver has shown us how the roots of jazz can be intelligently and effectively utilized in a modern group. This Here is so overdone that it smacks of unintentional parody.

In an interview I did with Cannonball Adderley for Jazz, he said, "You can even try to put too much funk in a thing." He proved it here, with Timmons' help.

Since the time of the Adderley brothers emigration from Florida, Nat has improved tremendously. In this album, I find him less affected than Julian and also warmer and wittier than his brother. As I have told Cannonball, he (Cannonball) has several different ways of playing, and I don't dig them all. His double-timing is often devoid of anything but a run for the sake of a run. Listen to Spontaneous Combustion for examples of this-and, speaking of that tune, it is illuminating to hear the brothers' original recording on Savoy. Cannonball is much more natural. He says that he learned a lot by playing with Miles Davis, including restraint. I agree, but it seems that he tends to discard that quality at various times.

The highlight of the album is Randy Weston's Hi-Fly. One reason may be that it is the best piece of material the group has to work with here. Cannonball solos intelligently, with restraint, and yet with plenty of "soul" for anyone.

Everything is fine until the end of Timmons' solo when Bobby quotes I'm Beginning to See the Light several times in a way that reaches a new level of banality. His solo on Combustion degenerates, too, with Hayes laying so heavy on the afterbeat that it seems a burlesque.

On Bohemia, however, Timmons flashes some of the form that so impressed everyone during his first stint with Art Blakey. Hayes, who is featured here, indicates why he is considered to be one of the best of the young drummers. His accents are extremely apt.

If this is the road Cannonball is going to travel (This Here), he will only succeed in making money, I guess. Solid. He may call it "soul." I call it another brand of "pop" jazz. (I.G.)

Kenny Burrell

.....

M ON VIEW AT THE FIVE SPOT CAFE—Blue Note 4021: Birk's Works; Hallelujah; Lady, Be Good; Lover Man; 36-23-36.
Personnel: Burrell, guitar; Tina Brooks, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons or Roland Hanna, piano: Ben Tucker, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

Rating: * * * 1/2

This on-the-spot LP is a strange mixture of Gospel-funk, swing, cool, and Art Blakey. Surprisingly, these diverse ingredients blend rather well.

Burrell turns in an excellent job; his guitar is the most rewarding solo voice. He brings his efforts to fruition in a calm, relaxed, always-logical manner. His best work is on the exciting Lady and the lyrical Man. Burrell remains one of the most consistently interesting of the crop of modern-day Charlie Christians.

The funky Gospel according to Tim-

mons is another high-water mark of the album. Even the out-of-tune piano fails to hinder him in his soulful preaching; he even turns one flat note into an amusing part of his Lady solo. He is rousing, to say the least, on Works. Hanna is on the other two tracks, and while he plays cleaner and better technically than does Timmons, he is not nearly as exciting.

Brooks leans toward the cool school of tenor. His liberal use of the upper register gives his playing an emasculated sound. He is most exciting on Lady, or, more correctly, he excites Blakey, who carries on something awful behind him on this track and adds much to the solo.

Hallelujah features Blakey in a long mallets-on-tomtom excursion with sockcymbal accompaniment. The solo, regrettably, is not up to Blakey's usual high level of performance. Tucker is fine in his supporting role. Listen to his line on 36-23-36.

Recommended for the excellent work of (D.DeM.) Burrell and Timmons.

Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis

M JAWS IN ORBIT—Prestige 7171: Intermission Riff; Can't Get out of This Mood; Foxy; Our Delight; Bahia; Bingo Domingo.
Personnel: Davis, tenor saxophone; Steve Pulliam, trombone; Shirley Scott, organ; George Duvivier, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums.

Rating: * *

Have you ever got the feeling while listening to a record that little men were coming out of the speaker to beat you over the head with their axes? You did? And while they were attacking you, did they yell and jump at you? They did? Well, steer clear of the Davis gang or they'll get you. That is unless you dig being beat over the skull . . .

There's one emotion that runs through this album-unbridled excitement. The two hornmen and Miss Scott use short phrases punched out at top volume to get this effect. This lack of restraint reaches its pinnacle in the chase choruses between Davis and Miss Scott on Foxy. I never knew an organ could scream. It's a bloody battle, but I think Scottie won. Some of the choruses are full of cliches and are repetitive—especially Pulliam's.

Another thing that gives the LP an aura of sameness is the generous sprinkling of half-step changes in the originals.

Recommended to those who like strong, overt, jumping jazz, and to masochists. (D.DeM.)

Red Garland

M RED GARLAND AT THE PRELUDE— Prestige 7170: Satin Doll; Perdido; There'll Never Be Another You; Bye, Bye, Blackbird; Let Me See; Prelude Blues; Just Squeeze Me; One O'Clock Jump. Personnel: Garland, piano; Jimmy Rowser, bass;

Specs Wright, drums.

COMMISSION

Rating: ***

There are very few pianists in jazz today who have so consistently given me pleasure in their solo LPs. Garland is deceptive, too, in that his relative simplicity in an age of complexity has allowed some people to make the assumption that he is unimportant, though pleasant. Make no mistake. Garland is one of the half-dozen important piano players in jazz today.

To appreciate his role fully—a role that is a sort of distillation of elements of Erroll Garner and Bud Powell-all you have to do is to pick out half a dozen LPs by the youngsters at random and listen to the piano players' solos. In almost every one of them there's a dash of Garland. He crops up all over the lot these days because of his heavy melodic commitment, his rhapsodic voicing, and the lovely waveswashing - the - shoreline manner of his medium-tempo and slow-tempo swinging. To be blunt, I would rather hear him than Ahmad Jamal, and if this be treason, make the most of it.

He is also consistent, a highly valuable quality in any artist. He has, of course, a special manner with the blues, and this LP contains several excellent examples of this. The LP was recorded at a club and has that irreplaceable live-performance atmosphere. (R.J.G.)

Dizzy Gillespie

M THE EBULLIENT MR. GILLESPIE—Verve MG V-8328: Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac; Always; Willow, Weep for Me; Ungawa; Lorraine; Girl of My Dreams; Constantinople; The Umbrella

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Junior Mance, piano; Les Spann, guitar, flute; Sam Jones, bass; Lex Humphries, drums; Chino Pozo, conga.

Rating: * * * 1/2

This is the same group heard on the excellent Have Trumpet, Will Excite of last year. Here Pozo is added for Tracks 1, 4, and 5. In this set, the show-biz side of Diz is brought forth on several occasions. There are some funny moments on Cadillac, but the idea is drawn out too long. At one point, Dizzy incants the words of the late Chano Pozo from Cubana Be. Umbrella Man swings more than any other version of it I've heard Gillespie do. Although it is a novelty, it shows him to advantage as a rhythm singer.

The rest of the material is not earthshaking, but the relaxed treatments of standards, like Always and Girl of My Dreams, are welcome. Willow is Junior Mance's, for the most part, and he makes the most of it with a bluesy but not selfconscious performance. Spann is good but won't send anyone jumping up and down in ecstacy.

Gillespie is the main soloist and reiterates his position as an old master who is still young at heart. Perhaps this is not up to Have Trumpet, Will Excite, but the relaxed atmosphere communicates itself to the listener. It is enjoyable to listen to, and that, after all, is one of the purposes of a record.

Chico Hamilton

M THE ORIGINAL CHICO HAMILTON OUINTET-World Pacific Records WP-1287: Caravan; Tea For Two; Fast Flute; Change It;

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.

Sidney Bechet in Concert at the Brussels Fair (Columbia CL 1410)

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

Ray Charles-Lightnin' Hopkins, Riot in Blues (Vocal) (Time 70008)

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)

Art Tatum, The Greatest Piano of Them All (Verve MG V 8323) Lester Young, Going for Myself (Verve MG V 8298)

Red Allen Meets Kid Ory (Verve MG VS 6076)

Australian Jazz Quintet, Three Penny Opera (Bethlehem BCP

6030)

Duke Ellington-Johnny Hodges, Side by Side (Verve MG-VS 6109)

Curtis Fuller, Blues-ette (Savoy MG 12141)

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)

Bob Wilber, The Music of Sidney Bechet (Classic Jazz CJ 5)

Lem Winchester-Benny Golson, Winchester Special (New Jazz 8223) Joe Williams, That Kind of Woman (Roulette 52039)

DOWN BEAT

Cute Little Deal; A Mood: This is Your Day; I'll Keeb Loving You; Crazy Rhythm.
Personnel: Hamilton, drums; Buddy Collette, savophone and flute; Fred Katz, cello; Carson Smith, bass; Jim Hall, guitar.

Rating: ★★1/2

I am not sure that the west coast would be willing to accept responsibility for this particular brand of music. It is certainly demonstrative of the Kenton advocation of jazz-meets-the-classics. As an example of this simple ambition, this album makes it. The union is not an exciting one. Often rigidity borders on rigor mortis, jazzwise, and the self-discipline practically strangles the entire group.

All of this is extremely unfortunate, as the musicians are singularly more than competent. Hamilton, even here, is still an excellent percussionist and carries off some fine brush work throughout, especially on This Is Your Day.

Buddy Collette, a virtual paragon of coolness, blazes like a blast furnace within this setting and provides most of the few moments of excitement and real joy.

Perhaps the group achieves the musical stature desired, understood, and appreciated by the leader, and perhaps this will be his reward.

Coleman Hawkins

COLEMAN HAWKINS AND HIS CONFRERES—Verve MG V-8346: Maria; Sunday; Hanid; Honey Flower; Nabob.

Personnel: Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Hank Jones, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Mickey Sheen, drums. (Maria only: Hawkins, Ben Webster, tenors; Oscar Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Alvin Stoller, drums.)

Rating: * *

Some have come to call it mainstream; some continue to term it just jazz. Anyway, this is a healthy example of un-cluttered, uncomplexed, and unneurotic jazz blowing by as worthy a company of musicians as could be desired.

Maria, recorded in Los Angeles, has an added bonus in the horn of Webster and the rhythm support of Peterson's three and that studio stalwart, Stoller. The motif is a simple one: two tenors running down a simple figure for a starter, then elaborating on it in turn. Both giants, Hawkins and Webster, are in good form and blow freely and with considerable eloquence. It's a relaxed, don't-bother-me take that retains the jazz essence yet is not going anywhere in any particular frantic hurry.

The rest of the album consists of the Hawkins horn, Eldridge's trumpet, and rhythm section. It is, incidentally, much better recorded than the first track.

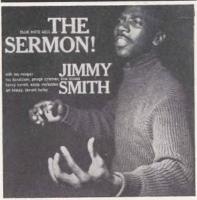
Jones is flexible and fluent, ever the compleat musician. Roy is, as usual, excitable and bubbling over with that exuberance that only trumpeters know as they manipulate lip and valve. He is warm, soaring, and unceasingly inventive—always (or at least almost always) a joy to

Sunday is taken at a medium-tempoed rock and sounds as if every last one had a ball. Hanid is fast, furious, and productive of much excitment. The rhythm section is with it all the way. Honey is weak melodically, and Hawkins is moved to resort to some molasses in his thematic statements. Jones, however, saves it with crisp and delightfully articulate elabora-

BLUE NOTE

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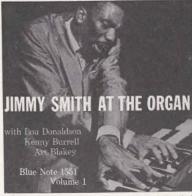
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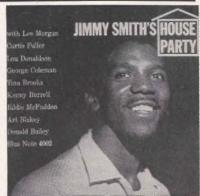


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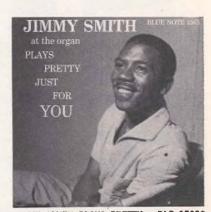


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tions before Duvivier enters to demonstrate awesome technique. Little Jazz' muted solo is big jazz indeed.

The line of Nabob is almost of popsong character (in fact, someone should try writing a lyric to it) and is stated simply by all concerned before Eldridge enters with a rich series of commentaries. Jones' touch is the embodiment of red velvet. Duviver has some pertinent bass observations to make before Hawkins enters like a lion and, straining, works his worthy way through a solo that strives but never reaches the destination.

This is a good blowing session with many moments of real musical worth. All concerned are pros and clearly show it in a happy way.

Philly Joe Jones

Philly Joe Jones

M S PHILLY JOE JONES SHOWCASE—
Riverside RLP 12-313: Battery Blues; Minor
Mode; Gwen; Joe's Debut; Gone; Joe's Delight;
Julia; I'll Never Be the Same; Interpretation.
Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Julian
Priester, trombone; Bill Barron, tenor saxophone;
Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Charles Coker
or Sonny Clark, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass;
Jones, drums, piano.

Rating:

The major factor that raises this album above the pedestrian level is the leader's exceptional drumming. Jones' work, however, does not surpass what he has done on other occasions; but this LP finds him playing more "melodically" than usual. Shades of Catlett!

Jones also plays piano on one track, Gwen. His piano playing, surprisingly enough, differs somewhat from his drumming; while the latter is virile and slashing, the former is marked by a gentleness that I admit I hardly suspected him to

Besides contributing three originals (Gwen, Debut, Delight), he arranged Gone and Same. His arranging ability is not as developed as his drumming or piano work; Same is a bit too cluttered, and Gone is more or less a copy of a Gil Evans score. Nevertheless, he is to be admired for trying his hand at such worthwhile projects.

The best writing on the date is by Barron; his Mode and Interpretation are very well done. Adams' blowing is the most consistent of the horns.

A good but hardly sensational effort. (D.DeM.)

Quincy Jones

Quincy Jones

M [S] THE GREAT WIDE WORLD OF QUINCY JONES—MG 20561: Lester Leaps In; Ghana; Caravan; Everybody's Blues; Cherokee; Airmail Special; They Say It's Wonderful; Chant of the Weed; I Never Has Seen Snow; Eessom.

Personnel: Phil Woods, Porter Kilbert, Jerome Richardson, Budd Johnson, Sabib Shibab, saxophones; Julius Watkins, French horn; Ernie Royal, Lennie Johnson, Lee Morgan, Nick Travis, Art Farmer, Jimmy Maxwell, trumpets; Urbie Green, Grank Rehak, Billy Byers, Jimmy Cleveland, trombones; Patti Bown, piano; Buddy Jones, bass; Don Lamond, drums; Les Spann, guitar.

Rating: *****

This I.P grows on You. Play it Over

This LP grows on you. Play it over once, and its nice, twice ain't bad. But keep at it, and the first thing you know, you're flipping.

To begin with, it's a crack job of arranging by everyone involved: Ernie Wilkins, Bill Potts, Al Cohn, and Ralph Burns. The men, not all of whom are members of the permanent floating Jones band, are all gifted musicians. There was obviously enough time to rehearse, and when it came to the solo spots, the men were

Phil Woods' solo on Snow is a real depth charge; the second time round it gets you. and you're hooked. I've already worn out its grooves. The same goes for Shibab's solo on Ghana. He comes in with the word, a Jon Hendricks message of no uncertain strength. Budd Johnson on Lester is fine, and so are the many other soloists in their various appearances.

But the overall impact is that of the band as a unit, of the high caliber and inventiveness of the arrangements, and of the lovely, musicianly ensemble sound. (R.J.G.)

Harold Land

Maroid Land

M THE FOX—Hifijazz J612: The Fox; MirrorMind Rose; One Second, Please; Sims Aplenty;
Little Chris; One Down.
Personnel: Land, tenor saxophone; Elmo Hope,
piano; Dupree Bolton, trumpet; Frank Butler,
drums; Herbie Lewis, bass.

Rating: *******

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Ra

No cool coastal wind, this, but rather a tough-fibered, hot-breathed blast of bluesbased wailing. Land, who at times has given great promise as a tenor soloist, is presented here in one of the best sessions he ever has participated in.

He has the assistance of a group of first-rate players; Butler is one of the most underrated drummers in jazz, Hope was in excellent form for this date and worked very well with Butler and bassist Lewis, a swinger.

In addition to Land's hard-core tenor, there is the bright new trumpet sound of Bolton, who eschews the Miles Davis syndrome for something else, based on Clifford Brown and Fats Navarro perhaps. At any rate, this is a very good LP with the tunes providing a solid basis for solos and the men all functioning welf. It just misses ****, but it's well worth owning, and it stands up under repeated playing quite well. (R.J.G.)

Yusef Lateef

M THE FABRIC OF JAZZ—Savoy MG 12140:
Moon Tree; Stella by Starlight; Valse Bouk; Half
Breed; Poor Butterfly.
Personnel: Lateef, tenor saxophone, flute; Bernard McKinney, euphonium; Terry Pollard, piano;
William Austin, bass; Frank Gant, drums.

Rating: * * 1/2

Lateef reminds me of a man making a speech while performing erratic gymnastics on roller skates; what he is trying to get across to the listener may be interesting, but he slips, slides, stumbles, and staggers so much his message is garbled and disconnected. So it is with the Detroit tenor man; his tenor playing is so disjointed and so lacking in any discernable direction that he fails to say much of lasting consequence. His tenor is rather exciting, however, and when he tames his eccentricity, it may make more

On the other hand, Lateef's flute work on Butterfly is beautiful and fragile-the direct opposite of his tenoring. He seems to have not one musical conception but two—one for each horn. Strange

Compared with the leader, Miss Pollard and McKinney are the essence of conventionalism. McKinney's euphonium solos are marked by melodic invention, nice tone,

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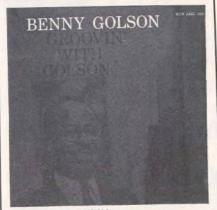
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and good intonation but very little heat. Miss Pollard is more fiery but doesn't have much room to stretch out.

Austin and Gant work together well and get some pretty swinging things going. Both solo adequately on several tracks.

This LP gives me the feeling that some people try to cash in on being weird when maybe they really aren't. Play that flute solo again . . . (D.DeM).

Jackie McLean

M SWING SWANG SWINGIN'—Blue Note 4024: What's New; Let's Face the Music and Dance; I Remember You; Stablemates; I Love You; I'll Take Romance; 116th and Lenox.
Personnel: McLean, alto saxophone; Walter Bishop, Jr., piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: * * * 1/2

If there is anything I detest, it is being forced to render a trite opinion. I thought that should I read just one more review suggesting that Jackie McLean is a faint echo of Bird, straight to Nutville I would go. Yet here it is, and this album leaves no honest alternative to that view.

McLean is a fundamental swinger without reservation. His horn sweeps along in a loping gallop. His ideas and phrases may not be the most original, but there is something to be said for beauty of expression, regardless of who said it first. There is no skipping ahead or lagging behind the beat with McLean. He stays right on it.

There are moments of commercialism and questionable taste. I Remember You and What's New are filled with uncomfortable harsh boppish cliches, incomplete erratic phrases, and spurts of near honks and squeals.

Let's Face The Music is a goody. Here McLean reaches a high level of performance and sustains it. The clean, tasteful rhythm section rises to his standard, both as a section and as soloists. Taylor is perhaps one of the most palatable drummers of today and Garrison can look forward to a great future in which to complete the promise displayed here. Bishop plays well throughout.

There is no "future promise" here. This Jackie McLean is here to stay. There will be growth in maturity perhaps, but there is no indication that McLean is searching for identity. Apparently he has found his groove and intends to work within its confines. (B.J.G.)

Charlie Mingus

M BLUES AND ROOTS—Atlantic 1305: Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting; Cryin' Blues; Moanin'; Tensions; My Jelly-Roll Soul; E's Flat, Ah's Flat,

Tensions; My John, Manager, Jackie McLean, John Too.

Personnel: Mingus, bass; Jackie McLean, John Handy, alto saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Jimmy Knepper, Willie Dennis, trombones; Horace Parlan or Mal Waldron, piano; Dannie Richmond, drums.

Rating: ***

Outside of maybe Ornette Coleman, Mingus is producing the most provocative music in jazz. There's little beauty as we know it in the Mingus philosophy; it abounds in anger; tension; sarcasm, and, above all, raw, naked emotion. The blatant minor seconds that are found throughout are like drops of acid. The wild, almostcacaphonic ensembles threaten to degenerate into chaos at any moment. I doubt if there are any aside from Mingus who completely understand his message; but despite everything, I get the feeling that this is vital and important music.

Mingus wrote all the music and is the driving force behind the performances. His shouts seem to stimulate the others and give the proceedings tent-meeting atmosphere. The Meeting track goes right to church music for its inspiration; it's quite similar to Better Git It in Your Soul of the Mingus Ah Um album. Jelly-Roll Soul is the same as Jelly-Roll from that album.

McLean, Adams, and Ervin come close to catching the Mingus approach, but only Mingus is completely one with his own spirit and compositions. He is outstanding in his solo work.

Whether you accept or reject this music or stand quizzically between these extremes as I do, you must admit that this is something worth careful and thorough listening. (D.DeM.)

Modern Jazz Quartet

M S PYRAMID—Atlantic 1325: Vendome; Pyramid; It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing; Django; How High the Moon;

That Swing; Djungo, Howards, Personnel: Milt Jackson, vibes; John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.
Rating: ****

This album affords good insight into the evolution of the MJQ with its new versions of Django and Vendome. The present interpretations are taken at faster tempos than the original recordings, and while some of the subtle interplay among the instruments is lost, they swing more. In fact, with the exception of Romaine, this LP swings as much if not more than any of the quartet's previous efforts; but it's a delicate swing, not of the sweaty, down-home sort.

Besides swinging, the MJQ offers intelligence also, something that the back-tothe-land advocates sometimes omit.

Most of the vigor of this collection is the result of Kay's drive and taste. He is especially effective behind Jackson-Kay boots him like a jockey. It could be that Kay is beginning to emerge from the Lewis spell and is becoming more forthright in his playing.

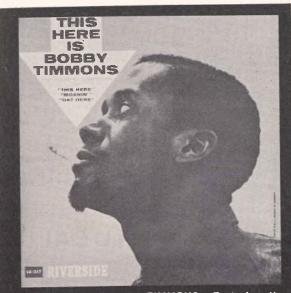
The outstanding track is Pyramid. Written by Ray Brown after he was deeply moved by a Mahalia Jackson concert, the piece captures the melancholy and sadness of the blues but retains the hopefulness of Gospel music. It's an extremely slow blues with a 12/8 feel superimposed during the solos.

And what solos! Never have I heard Jackson play with more feeling and conviction. He builds, I feel, his most moving solo on record. Lewis dances like an impish sprite in a delicate, halting, sparse exposition of his approach to the blues.

How High the Moon is also quite interesting. Jackson is featured throughout, and I believe he does to this tune what a lot of musicians have wanted to do to it for years.

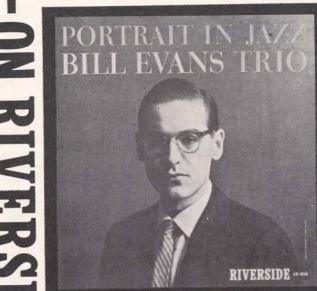
It would be best to describe what goes on rather than be too direct. He teases and tickles the melody in the ad lib first chorus, stroking it here, pinching it there. Heath and Kay fall into a two-beat in the second chorus while Jackson continues his humorous flirtation. When Lewis

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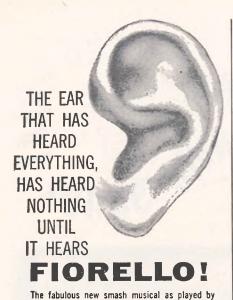


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comes in, an urging four is introduced; Jackson punches with more strength, until he explodes in a passionate climax. The tension releases, and Bags returns to a restful ad lib, as if to catch his breath. A remarkable performance!

Swing is notable for the quartet's compressing the first four bars into two bars of 6/4 and a strange Lewis solo in which he sounds like he's mimicking Thelonious Monk in places. Jim Hall's Romaine is given a somewhat ornate and drab reading, and it becomes a bit boring when compared with the brilliance of the other tracks.

A fine and worthy addition to your file of ★★★★ albums. (D.DeM.)

Phil Napoleon

.....

M'S PHIL NAPOLEON AND HIS MEMPHIS FIVE—Capitol T-1344: Milenberg Joys; South, Limehouse Blues; Black and Blue; Creole Rag; After You've Gone; Wolverine Blues; Come Back to Sorrento; Satanic Blues; Wang Wang Blues; St. Louis Blues; Shake It and Break It.

Personnel: Phil Napoleon, trumpet; Kenny Davern, clarinet; Harry DiVito, trombone; Johnny Varro, piano; Pete Rogers, bass; Sonny Igoe, drums.

Rating: * *

Years ago there used to be a New York style jazz. That was in the 1920s. This style stemmed from the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and was several shades paler than the jazz then being played by men like King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Johnny Dodds, and many more jazzmen on Chicago's South Side. This New York style was noted for its sterility, pretentiousness, stiffness, and contrived routines. One of the main advocates of this school was Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five. Precious little has changed in all these years.

It should be said in all fairness, however, that Davern and DiVito play with some fire, though they fail to ignite the others. These two are the only ones who play as if they mean it.

Black and Blue, After You've Gone, and St. Louis are marred by too much double timing; Sorrento is sweet corn; Limehouse vo-de-o-do-ish; and South . . . I'd better stop; I'm getting worked up. Good grief! (D.DeM.)

Andre Previn

MS ANDRE PREVIN PLAYS SONGS BY JEROME KERN—Contemporary M 3567: Long Ago and Far Away: Sure Thing: A Fine Romance; They Didn't Believe Me; All the Things You Are; Whip-Poor-Will; Ol' Man River; Why Do I Love You?; Go, Little Boat; Put Me to the

Test.
Personnel: Previn, piano.

Rating: ★★★

This is a curious LP. Previn, in the past, has shown a remarkable ability to interpret ballads with sensitivity and a refreshingly romantic manner. This still shows up here, but it is overshadowed by a sort of modern jazz complexity (double time, intricate runs, and pseudo-funk) which all but cancels out the former virtues.

It may be that the growing participation of Previn in the street battle of jazz has got in his way here; it's impossible to avoid the suspicion. However, the material is really beautiful; Previn over-all remains a first-rate ballad player and despite my reservations, this stands up as a good album. It's just not as good as it might (R.J.G.) have been.

Art Tatum

M MORE OF THE GREATEST PIANO OR THEM ALL—Verve MG V-8347: Sweet Lorraine; Crazy Rhythm; Isn't It Romantic?; Indiana; Happy Feet; Mean to Me; Boulevard of Broken Dreams; Moonlight on the Ganges; Moon Song; Synosin'. S'posin'.
Personnel: Tatum, piano.

Rating: ***

Any collection of piano solos made by Art Tatum at any time in his career is a **** LP. Since his death anything the world is lucky enough to have had him record before the end is worth double ★★★★ anytime.

It's not that there's anything new here; in fact it is really only a reaffirmation of the eternal truth of the Tatum style. If you are unfortunate enough as to come to this as the first sampling of Tatum, you are in for a shock. No one in jazz has treated the instrument with more personal possessiveness than Tatum. The very blinding speed with which he could play was in itself an added dimension to his solos rather than a display of technique. Following him on some rare tune like Moon Song is like listening to a lecture by a complex and erudite professor into whose statement on any subject is brought the whole range of historical experience.

All of modern jazz piano comes down from Tatum and Garner. This is a beautiful example of Tatum's work and is, I hope, only the beginning of further releases from the Verve vaults. (R.J.G.)

VOCAL

Louis Armstrong

Louis Armstrong

I'VE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING

Verve MG VS-6101: When Your Lover Has
Gone; You're the Top; You Turned the Tables
on Me; Don't Get Around Much Anymore;
Little Girl Blue; Nobody Knows the Trouble I've
Seen; We'll Be Together Again; I've Got the
World on a String; Do Nothin' Till you Hear
From Me; I Got a Right to Sing the Blues.

Personnel: Louis Armstrong, trumpet and vocal,
accompanied by Russ Garcia's orchestra.

Rating: * * * 1/2

Let's face it, Pops sings with more feeling and humor than any other male jazz singer who ever opened his mouth in front of a mike. And he was in good voice on this session. The only thing I can't get used to is Louis in front of a bevy of strings and brass; but then I can't get used to Louis, the Uncle Tom clown, Louis the actor, Louis the ambassador.

The range of emotion is great-from his heart-felt, almost tearful treatment of Nobody Knows to the humorous You're the Top, in which he drops the verb to be after "you"-an old southern habit. In fact, all the tracks have something worthwhile to offer lovers of the Armstrong voice. Those who are more fond of the Armstrong trumpet will be disappointed.

Quite a bit of Louis' horn work is ragged-the most glaring examples being Tables and Together-but some of it retains the beauty of years gone by. His trumpet chorus on Nobody Knows is like a little prayer. On balance, though, Louis' trumpet is below par.

This, like all Armstrong's current work, (D.DeM) is a mixed blessing.

sincerely, BOBBY DARIN

Ernestine Anderson

M FASCINATING ERNESTINE—Mercury MG 20492: Just Asittin' and Arockin'; A New Town is a Blue Town; Stompin' at the Savoy; Nature Boy; Fascinating Rhythm; My Heart Belongs to Daddy; I Wish I Was Back in My Baby's Arms; Harlem Nocturne; Beal Street Blues; Nobody's Heart; I Got Rhythm.

Heart; I Got Rhythm.
Personnel: Miss Anderson, vocals; Benny Golson, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Ernie Royal, trumpet; Barry Gailbraith, guitar; Pacheco. conga drums; Charlie Persip, drums; Milt Hinton, bass; Hank Jones, piano, Romeo Penque, baritone. Unidentified big band.

Rating: * * * 1/2

If ever there were a voice tailor-made to front the Count Basie Band, Miss Anderson has it. In an era where vocal graduation consists of issuing a "So-and-So Sings, Count Basie Swings" album, Miss Anderson is most conspicuous by her absence.

The sessions here are divided into bigband and combo arrangements, and it is evident that Miss Anderson's groove is best suited to a big band. The big-band tunes are much more interesting, on the whole.

Miss Anderson is more at home in the up-tempo arrangements, for she tends to wander from the point when she slows the pace down. She also has an annoying habit of indulging in dips and scoops completely out of context with the quality of interpretation she is capable of.

I strongly suspect that the unlisted bigband personnel contained a considerable number of chips off the Basie block.

There is no bad tune on this album. Unfortunately, there isn't a masterpiece, but the level of performance is extremely high and places Miss Anderson in the foreground of good vocalists who have the potential to be great. (B.J.G.)

Billie Holiday

Billie Holiday

M THE UNFORGETTABLE LADY DAY—
Verve MG V-8338-2 (Two LP's): Body and Soul;
Strange Fruit; Trav'lin' Light; He's Funny That
Way; The Man I Love; All of Me; You Go to
My Head; Easy to Love; Solitude; Everything I
Have Is Yours; Moonglow; Please Don't Talk
About Me When I'm Gone; If the Moon Turns
Green; Remember; Yesterdays; I Cried for You;
What a little Moonlight Can Do; I Can't Face the
Music; I Wished on the Moon; Gee. Baby, Ain't
I Good to You?; These Foolish Things; Lover,
Come Back to Me; When Your Lover Has Gone.
Personnel: Miss Holiday, vocals. Tracks 1
through 6: Joe Guy, trumpet; Willie Smith, alto
sax; Milt Raskin, piano; Red Callender, bass:
Dave Coleman, drums. Tracks 7 through 11 and
13, 14, 21: Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Flip Phillips, tenor tax; Oscar Peterson, piano; Barney
Kessel, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Alvin Stoller,
drums. Tracks 15, 18, 22: Joe Newman, trumpet;
Paul Quinichette, tenor sax: Peterson, piano;
Kessel, guitar; Brown, bass; J. C. Heard. drums.
Tracks 16 and 17: Shavers, trumpet; Peterson,
piano: Brown, bass; Herb Ellis, guitar: Ed
Shaughnessy, drums. Track 12 and 23: Harry
Edison, trumpet; Benny Carter, alto saxophone;
Jimmy Rowles, piano; John Simmons, bass; Kessel, guitar; Larry Bunker, drums. Tracks 19 and
20: Edison, trumpet; Ben Webster, tenor; Rowles,
piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Kessel, guitar; Stoller,
drums (Bunker, drums, on track 20).

Rating: ****

With the Columbia set of Lady Day with Teddy Wilson, Benny Goodman, et al, recorded in and around 1937, this two-LP package takes its place among those of her albums recommended most enthusiastically as musts in any collection.

The A side of the first record consists of those memorable tracks recorded during a Los Angeles concert in 1948 or '49. Strange Fruit, the second track, remains one of the moving vocal experiences on record as Miss Holiday literally personalizes sheer emotional agony and breaks off in a sob on the final note.

All but Please Don't Talk on the second side are of 1952 vintage, with Shavers contributing tasteful muted fillins and Phillips waxing lyrical in a brief spot in Everything. The final track on this side, Please Don't Talk, comes from a 1955 date and has some fine Carter sax work, roughhewn Edison trumpet, and a good Kessel guitar excursion.

The third side is composed of four sides dating from 1952 and a couple from '54, 1 Cried and What a Little Moonlight. On Yesterdays, Peterson turns to the organ for some quiet chording behind Billie's wistful vocal; then, tempo doubled, Quinichette may be heard interpolating some gentle Lesterian comments in the background.

When the stylus grooves into the 1954 I Cried, a definite change in vocal timbre is evident. The voice is slightly rougher and cracks occasionally. Shavers and Peterson are in fine fettle on this. Moonlight came from the same date and Shaughnessy's brushes are heard cooking the broth to a tangy boil while Peterson hums to himself behind his piano solo. Lady is especially fine on the last chorus.

Two of the takes on the final side, I Wished and Gee, Baby, are from 1957. These, too, are revelatory. The voice is discernibly weaker here, and a certain weariness suggests itself to the listener. Rowles' playing is gemlike on Gee, Baby, his phrases coaxed and rippling. Kessel. Webster, and Edison contribute short and good solos, and drummer Bunker rather intrudes at one point as if he were trying to get something going of his own.

This is a fascinating, very moving, and quite unforgettable collection of Miss Billie Holiday. (J.A.T.)

Abbey Lincoln

M S ABBEY IS BLUE — Riverside 12-308: Afro-Blue; Lonely House; Let Up; Thursday's Child; Brother, Where Are You?; Laugh, Clown, Laugh; Come Sunday; Softly, as in the Morn-ing Sunrise; Lost in the Stars; Long as You're Living.

ing Sunrise; Lost in the Start,
Living.

Personnel: Miss Lincoln, vocals; tracks 1, 3, 6,
10: Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Julian Priester,
trombone; Stanley Turrentine, tenor; Bobby Boswell, bass; Max Roach, drums; Cedar Walton,
piano (tracks 3 and 6 only); tracks 2, 4, 5, 7, 8,
9: Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Les Spann, guitar and
flute; Sam Jones, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums;
Wynton Kelly or Phil Wright, piano.

Rating: ****

One can but stand in awe at the beauty, artistry, and poignancy of this album. It's hard to describe the spell that Miss Lincoln casts upon the listener. It's as if she has seen into the depths of the soul and expresses all the pent-up frustrations, the bitterness, the despondency of those who know loneliness. She climbs into your very being, baring those deep emotions which you only vaguely feel, never quite able to unburden onto the shoulders of anyone

The material Miss Lincoln has chosen is as moving as her voice and interpretation. Definitely not of the moon-June trivia so often heard in vocal albums, this material is interesting both musically and poetically.

Langston Hughes penned the melancholy Lonely House; Maxwell Anderson was the lyricist of Lost in the Stars, a truly touching use of words. Miss Lincoln's words for Let Up express powerfully the frustrations and pressures of urban life and are close to the artistic merit of Hughes and Anderson. The lyrics of most of the others are on the same high plane. Of special musical interest is the 5/4 blues Living; the folk-song feel of Brother: the 6/4 Afro-Blue; and the two Kurt Weill tunes, House and Stars.

The various men backing Miss Lincoln are as one in their sympathy, compassion and understanding. There's a tender Kenny Dorham solo on Sunrise and some lovely flute work by Les Spann on Brother,

When all the ingredients are blended-Miss Lincoln's voice and interpretation, the lyrics and music, the soulful work of all the musicians - you have, I believe, one of the most artistically satisfying vocal albums to be had.

Recommended for those with souls. (D.DeM.)

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.

Cannonball Adderley Quintet, Them Dirty Blues (Riverside M 12-322, S 1170) Milt Buckner, Mighty High (Argo M

Flip Top Finnegan, The Flying Fingers of Flip Top Finnegan (Atco M 33-116)

Terry Gibbs, Steve Allen Presents Terry Gibbs at the Piano (Signature M SM 6007)

Pete Handy, Honky Tonky Piano (Wing M MGW 12201)

Bill Henderson, Bill Henderson Sings (Vee Jay M LP-1015)

Lightnin' Hopkins, Lightnin' and the Blues (Herald M LP-1012)

Lightnin' Hopkins, Autobiography in Blues (Tradition M TLP 1040)

Helen Humes, Helen Humes (Contemporary M M 3571)

Pee Wee Hunt, Pee Wee Hunt's Dance Party (Capitol M T 1362, S ST 1362)

Milt Jackson and Coleman Hawkins, Bean Bags (Atlantic M 1316)

Harry Lookofsky, Stringsville (Atlantic M 1319)

Mundell Lowe, Low-Down Guitar (Jazzland JLP 8)

Herbie Mann, Herbie Mann Quintet

(Jazzland M JLP 5) Memphis Slim and Willie Dixon, Willie's

Blues (Bluesville M 1003) Joe Newman, Counting Five in Sweden (World Pacific M WP 1288, S WPS

Barney Richards and His Rebels, Dixie in Hi-Society (Mercury M MG 20508,

S SR 60185) Jerome Richardson, Roamin' with Rich-

ardson (New Jazz M 8226) Bud Shank, Flute 'n' Alto (World Pacific M WP 1286)

Dinah Washington, Unforgettable Dinah Washington (Mercury M MG 20572, S SR 60232) db

38 DOWN BEAT

Gerry Mulligan

By Leonard Feather

Gerry Mulligan has done much for jazz in recent years simply by applying a lack of pompousness. "Jazz music is fun to me," he once wrote. "But some of the people who do the most talking about jazz . . . don't seem to get any real fun out of listening to it. It seems to me that all the superintellectualizing on the technique of jazz and the lack of response to the emotion and meaning of jazz is spoiling the fun for the listeners and players alike."

That Mulligan is still old-fashioned enough to find uncomplicated pleasure in jazz became evident again to his in-person listeners when, back in Manhattan after a movie-making sojourn on the west coast, he organized his first orchestra. He was beginning rehearsals in New York with this 13-piece group when he took this Blindfold Test, a special complement to the article on Mulligan elsewhere in this issue.

As the ratings make clear, his sense of humor and subjective reactions made it difficult for him to hold still for a star system. His comments were tape-recorded, and he was given no information about the records played.

THE BLINDFOLD TEST



"No stars to me!"

The Records

 Cannonball Adderley. You Got It (from The Adderley Quintet in San Francisco, Riverside). Adderley, alto, composer; Bobby Timmons, piano.

Wow, that holds memories for me—but I'm not really in the mood for that kind of piece; it's so frenetic. What it does to me is put me in mind of how Charlie Parker would play in a club... or rather it was the kind of a number Bird would play in a club while you were waiting for the other numbers. You know—they had to play a flagwaver at the end of the set. Bird would play very interestingly on it, but I'd wind up so nervous that I'd have to go out and gulp fresh air for the next 15 minutes.

I truthfully don't know if that is Bird, but if it isn't, it's somebody who's got his thing, not just his thing in terms of mechanics but a certain personality trait of Bird—somebody who gets ahold of something with their teeth and they won't let go until they've wrung every possible thing out of it.

It also sounds a great deal like Bud Powell. I'm quite sure that was Bud, although at the beginning I was convinced that was Bird and then as it went on ... you see, you threw me a curve, Leonard. I thought you were playing me new records. Then I thought, "What's to stop him from playing me an old record?" You still have the star system—five for the top? Well, let's see, I'll give 967 stars to Bird, 530 stars to Bud Powell, and truthfully I wouldn't buy the record.

2. Thelonious Monk. Remember (from Thelonious Alone in San Francisco, Riverside).

Well, that record made me laugh all over the place—five chuckles, no stars! Well, I don't know if that was Monk

... It sounded like something he was working on, and I think he picked a very unfortunate choice of songs to do it on, because when he got into the composition, it kept reminding me of MacDowell pieces. The things he did with the accents in the first chorus were the important parts for him . . . He wanted to do something with the first part of that tune . . . the changing durations and the shifting accents and making lines out of them.

મુંતાનું તાર્કાનું તાર્કાનુ

If you know it is Monk, there is a tremendously humorous approach to it. The humor is in the first chorus of what he does; then he goes on and tries to make a whole piece out of it...

I think that's one of Irving's duller songs, is all. Monk did an orchestration on the first part—it's really funny... And I could see where I would laugh and get a great deal of enjoyment out of it, but I wouldn't recommend it to anybody to buy, but then I don't recommend that anybody buys jazz records anyway. As for a rating—it's Monk! Five chuckles.

 Gene Krupa. Sometimes I'm Happy (from Krupa Plays Mulligan, Verve). Soloists not credited. Mulligan, arranger.

Worst arrangement I ever heard—no stars!

Well, it's hard for me to see that out of perspective, to see where it is and what I wrote it for. You know, at the time I wrote it, I did the best things I could with it. It's a question of values—if I had been there at the rehearsals getting the thing together for this date, I might have been able to get it to a point where I wouldn't be too embarrassed by it.

I guess I'm not too embarrassed by those arrangements anyway. The alto is

either Phil Woods or Gene Quill, and I'm sorry to say I don't know which. They didn't put it on the liner notes, and I wish they would have. The point is that the alto soloist has very much the same approach that Charlie Kennedy had, whom I had in mind when I originally wrote this arrangement. I think Ernie Royal played the trumpet solo—again I'm not sure.

They made too much out of parts of that . . . There again the technical thing, the actual presence of the band made too much out of it. It's an arrangement for a dance band—kind of a jazz-based arrangement, but it somehow sounds different . . . It always sounds so much sharper when you hear it with that kind of high fidelity presence on it. And there's a tendency to make a great deal out of something that isn't a great deal

The way I conceived of the thing was that the trumpet would have a much more lyrical approach, not playing it for high-note grandstanding at that point. I've tried to think of another word than grandstanding, because I like Ernie. What's more, I'd like Ernie to go on liking me!

A couple of times, albums have been made of old arrangements of mine that I had nothing to do with putting together for recording today. A lot of things they did pleased me greatly, but a couple of arrangements in this album are bordering on the inept . . and understandably so. In those days we used to try to write originals for the bands and try to come up with some kind of idea, a great deal of which never came off.

What was this? Sometimes I'm Happy. I thought I had a happy-type treatment of the tune and tried to make a whole arrangement out of it. Really,

BLINDFOLD

I don't like it; I'd like to give five stars to Gene and the soloists for making the album, and no stars to me. The age of the arrangement is no excuse; after all, I wrote *Disc Jockey Jump* around the same time, and I have no fault to find with that.

 Mercer Ellington. Azure (from Colors in Rhythm, Coral). Duke Ellington, composer; Luther Henderson, arranger; Harry Carney, baritone; Jimmy Jones, Les Spann, Gus Johnson, Wendell Marshall, rhythm.

Well, I'm downright confused by that one on account of the writing sounds so much like Duke's band, and yet the rhythm feel of the thing, notwithstanding the addition of other components of the Latin rhythm section, doesn't feel at all like Duke, doesn't even feel like the way they approach Latin rhythms.

It sounded like somebody trying to sound like Carney and doing a pretty good job of it . . . It doesn't sound like Harry to me. I'm really up the creek as to what the whole thing means—that's in terms of rating.

In another sense it's not too difficult, because I like the song, but I think I like it better the way I'm used to it



than to hear it done in the Latin rhythm, and that's whether it's Duke or somebody imitating Duke.

This sounds like an excellent dance band playing a Duke-style arrangement, and getting real good players to try to make that atmosphere. Maybe that's what you're doing to me here—I think you're trying to trick me! I can usually anticipate Carney's approach to anything, and that's not the way Carney approaches things—but if it isn't Carney, it's the best imitation I ever heard. Maybe the Latin rhythm made him approach it differently.

I don't know how to rate it, because I was listening in terms that would enable me to equate it with anything I know.

5. Gil Evans. Ballad of the Sad Young Men (from Great Jazz Standards, World Pacific).

At the very beginning I said to myself, I don't know who wrote that arrangement, but he's got to write for my band! Then I soon realized that it had to be Gil Evans—and he damn well better write for my band! That was just beautiful—965,000 stars for sheer beauty.

Afterthoughts by Gerry

Right after hearing that record, the only afterthoughts I can think of are: Gil Evans—Gil Evans.—Gil Evans.

BOOK REVIEW

By Don DeMicheal

The Story of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, by H. O. Brunn. Published by Louisiana State University Press; 268 pages, \$5.

The Original Dixieland Jass Band has been a point of controversy among jazzophiles for many years. Some have dismissed the group as a corny ragtime outfit; others have glorified it and deified its members (Nick LaRocca, trumpet; Larry Shields, clarinet; Eddie Edwards, trombone; Tony Sbarbaro, drums; Henry Ragas and J. Russell Robinson, piano). Brunn is a most devoted member of the glorifying cult.

He has set himself the task of recounting the ODJB story in almost pedantic detail, of placing them in their rightful niche in jazz history, and of presenting "new and incontrovertible evidence that the Original Dixieland Jazz Band was the first to popularize the radical new music . . . first to increase its spread by means of the world's first jazz record; and that these men are . . . more than entitled to the phrase . . . "The Creators of Jazz."

Brunn has done a workmanlike job of detailing the band's trials, triumphs, and tribulations—although his concern with minutiae such as visits to zoos, time of day of ship departures, salaries, days of the week, and the fishing habits of LaRocca become rather tedious. He has not, however, reached an objective evaluation of the ODJB's importance, and by no means has he shown "incontrovertible evidence" that these men were "the creators of jazz."

The proposition that any one man or band invented jazz is so incredible and ridiculous that it would be laughable if it weren't for the danger of some innocent's believing it.

There are, of course, volumes of documentation on early New Orleans—and before that—which give the lie to the outlandish statement that the ODJB "introduced a music of their own creation—jazz." But Brunn—or is it La-Rocca?—dismisses all such documentation as hearsay and all music previous to LaRocca's "revolution in 4/4 time" as march music or ragtime.

Perhaps Brunn bases his case on one of the "provable facts of jazz history": the ODJB made the first record with the word "jass" on the label.

This type of logic also could be used to prove that there was no language before the written word. This dependence on concrete proof would automatically reject the well-established story of Freddie Keppard's refusal to record in 1916

—a year before the ODJB's acceptance —because somebody might steal his stuff; or else, since there is no listenable proof, Keppard was not playing jazz in 1916. It is inconceivable that the music of Keppard, Joe Oliver, Johnny Dodds, Sidney Bechet, Kid Ory, Louis Armstrong, or any of a host of others then active could be anything except jazz. Of course, there's no absolute proof for my statement . . .

There may be an unpleasant motive behind Brunn's claim, and in reading along in the book, the odor of this motive becomes stronger and stronger. I feel that this claim that the ODJB started jazz is a thinly disguised attempt to discredit and refute the overwhelming contributions of the Negro to jazz' beginnings.

I base this strong criticism on the following: in the book, only the white players in New Orleans circa 1908-1917 are mentioned; W. C. Handy is depicted as a crook; Sophie Tucker is said to have had a "coon shouting" style; Brunn includes advertisements referring to the ODJB's being "white gentlemen"; he claims that the band introduced jazz to Harlem; he uses the term colored in place of Negro. These may seem small things, but their over-all effect is to give the book a white-supremacy flavor.

Besides these major points of contention, I find other relatively minor sources of irritation. Brunn, a former trumpet player, seriously writes, "La-Rocca, pointing his cornet skyward and blowing to the point of apoplexy, ripped off...polyphonic (my italics) phrases..." This is truly a remarkable statement. I take exception to his declaration that Bix Beiderbecke and His Gang produced "what most experts consider the most outstanding jazz of the late twenties." If any "expert" says such a thing, he is in the minority.

Finally, I believe Brunn leaned much too much on LaRocca's versions of the many internal frictions of the band and may have unjustly cast Edwards and Sbarbaro in villians' roles.

It's indeed unfortunate that after so much research and correspondence, Brunn did not come up with a less prejudiced, more objective history, one that would have rendered a true evaluation of the ODJB, one that would have given this important early group a justifiable and realistic place in the evolution of jazz.





ADD VOCALISTS DIRECTORY . . .

In the last issue, restrictions of space necessitated leaving a number of names out of the Vocalists Directory. It was considered better to omit names of those best-known to the public, rather than young up-and-comers. Here they are:

DAVID ALLEN

Warner Bros., World Pacific; ABC.

This onetime vocalist with the postwar Boyd Raeburn Band returned to music in 1958. Essentially a ballad singer of superior caliber, his warm, big baritone voice is best appreciated in the more intimate type of night club. Allen has appeared repeatedly on network television shows, thereby enhancing his bookability.

STEVE LAWRENCE

Coral; GAC.

One of the singing stars of the old Steve Allen *Tonight* show, Lawrence's vocal act is bright and modern, and he shows considerable versatility and constant growth as a performer. His good looks and engaging stage presence combine with an appealing voice to assure continued bookings in the nation's better supper rooms.

JOHNNY MATHIS

Columbia; William Morris.

Personable, wistful-voiced Mathis is a top album seller as well as being one of the top draws in the nation's night clubs. At home with either ballads or swingers, he is perhaps better known for his renditions of romantic fare and consequently enjoys a large following in the upper-teenage audience.

JIMMY RUSHING

Columbia, Vanguard; ABC.

One of the greatest blues singers of all time, Rushing remains a top attraction in more specialized areas, such as jazz festivals and the nation's large jazz rooms. First rising to national prominence as blues singer with the Count Basie Band of the late 1930s and '40s, in recent years he has been booked as a single.

FRANK SINATRA

Capitol; William Morris.

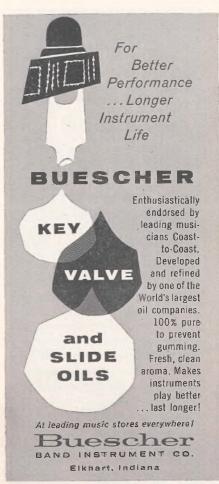
Acknowledged tops in the field of popular singing, Sinatra's record albums are perennial best-sellers, and from time to time he also scores high with single records, such as *High Hopes*. Equally busy in motion pictures these days, Sinatra's distinctive voice may be heard only in a selected number of night clubs, notably the Sands hotel in Las Vegas, Nev., and the Fontainbleau in Miami, Fla.

MEL TORME

Bethlehem, Coral, Verve; William Morris.

Long known and respected as a singer's singer, Torme's high musical standards always have been evident in his work. At home in either jazz room or supper club, his songalong act is a combination of standup and his own brand of piano styling. For good measure he may throw in a portion of jazz drumming.









PEGGY LEE

Basin Street East, New York City

Personnel: Miss Lee, vocals, accompanied by Neal Hefti's orchestra. Hefti, conductor, trumpet; Danny Stiles, Bunny Baron, Roy Ray, trumpets; Harry DiVito, Morty Trautman, trombones; Carl Janelli, tenor saxophone, flute; Joe Harnell, piano; John Melady, harp; Wally Richardson, guitar; John Drew, bass; Mel Zelnick, drums, and Roger Mozian, conga drums.

Peggy Lee turned the presentation of a song program into a fine art during her recent Manhattan stint. Rarely has there been a more carefully prepared and tastefully executed night-club act in New York.

Prior to Miss Lee's opening, the Basin Street received a new gold-and-orange canopied stage, built especially for the show. The canopy held a bank of stage lights that were controlled by a musician-electrician seated across the room from the stage, where he also operated a single direct spotlight. Special tones and lighting colors were synchronized with the music.

Hefti augmented his quintet to 13 pieces for the show and gave Miss Lee a fine rhythmic background. The musicians were all in formal dress with jazz arranger-conductor Hefti in white tie and tails.

Miss Lee's blond, cool beauty was enhanced by her selection of gowns, plus an intriguing hairdo. On opening night she was sheathed in a platinum gown and wore sequins in her hair.

Each 40-minute song set was well paced with a variety of rhythm and ballads. Her up tunes included such favorites as Fever; All Right, Okay, You Win; Smack Dab in the Middle, and He's My Baby, and I Love Him So.

Her ballads included *Misty* and *I* Don't Know Enough About You. The Lee style on this type of tune can calm the listener quicker than a tranquilizer pill.

The song I'm Gonna Go Fishing received quite a bit of applause. The



music of the tune came from a Duke Ellington theme in the movie *Anatomy* of a Murder. The lyrics were written by Miss Lee.

Her way with a Latin beat was well illustrated on her version of You Gotta Have Heart and Hey There. She also did Manana, along with other favorites on which she had hit records. Among these were Why Don't You Do Right? Lover, and I Enjoy Being a Girl.

Over the years, Peggy has acquired a great deal of stage presence for in-person appearances of this type. She seems to be calmer and more in control of the situation on a night-club floor than in front of a television camera.

Her New York stand was a great success for all concerned. It was reported that she was paid \$12,500 a week. The Basin Street (which seats some 300 persons) was packed to capacity for two shows a night during the week and for three shows on weekends.

-George Hoefer

DIAHANN CARROLL The Cloister, Hollywood

In the words of one starry-eyed female patron, "This is what you like to see when you come to a night club. It's a performance."

Undulating long, slender arms in serpentine gesticulation, Miss Carroll semaphores rather than sings her act and the male faction of her audience obviously gets her message. Miss Carroll's success—and she is savoring the



sweet smell even at this relatively early stage of her night-club career—is the result of two essentials: her remarkable prettiness and the theatrical use she makes of it.

She does not have a good voice; in fact, on the night of review her vocalizing suffered some blatant lapses in pitch and quality, notably during the blaze-away finales when all emotional stops are out, and it's every red-blooded American for himself.

Miss Carroll hit her opening number, an up-tempo Everything's Coming Up Roses, with a hard, brassy quality worthy of Ethel Merman on an off night. After a rather dreary Where Are You? and a medium-up All or Nothing at All, she launched into a version of Shoppin' that was gimmicky, coy, "cute," and quite tasteless.

After a long, rather well-written

monolog, Miss Carroll essayed I Wish I Were in Love Again that brought better singing but was spoiled by the ever-present theatrics.

Then came the current tour de force, a medley of songs made famous by Ethel Waters. This consisted of Am I Blue?; Taking a Chance on Love; Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe; After You've Gone; Stormy Weather, and Tropical Heat Wave. Clad in flapper garb, she communicated the spirit and feeling of the rollicking Roaring Twenties.

Miss Carroll is a very hard worker and benefits from the efforts of her music director, Warren Myers, far beyond the call of musical performance. She is not a good singer, but she has sex to sell and she does so with gusto and abandon. Hence, her appeal is eminently commercial. She has just been signed for a minimum of four weeks a year at the Fairmont hotel in San Francisco, and this is not hay.

-John Tynan

BARNEY KESSEL QUARTET
The Sanbah, Hollywood
Personnel: Kessel, guitar; Marvin
Jenkins, piano, flute; Bob Martin, bass;
Jack Dean, drums.

In his first local jazz-club appearance in a long time, Kessel debuted a quartet that should assure the guitarist as many club bookings as he wants should he choose to hit the road.

Apart from Kessel's frequently breathtaking guitar work, the quartet's chief asset lies in the piano and flute of Jenkins. The latter has a lissome, yet muscular flute style that blends effectively with guitar in unison and stands out with inventive clarity in solos.

On the night of review, numbers on which the guitar-flute combination was featured include a medium-up Barney's Blues; Our Love Is Here to Stay, and Everything's Coming Up Roses.

Jenkins' piano solos are invariably strong follow-up blowing to Kessel's flights. The former's original, *Reflections*, revealed an additional writing talent of considerable promise.

Whether chording behind flute or piano or playing single-string whirlwinds, Kessel plainly showed that the fire still burns.

—John Tynan



feather's nest



By Leonard Feather

Much soul-searching was involved in the selection of a winner for my *Twenty Questions* contest. So many respondents sent in articulate, literate, sensitive letters that it was virtually a tossup.

I finally allocated the six LPs to Frank Kofsky of 2214-A Carleton in Berkeley, Calif. He's 24, plays piano and drums but not professionally, and was introduced to jazz when he heard Gene Norman play a Wardell Gray-Dexter Gordon record on station KLAC around 1951.

Kofsky, who spends \$4 a week or so on records, said he is interested mainly in modern jazz, has none of my books but owns a Ulanov and an Hodeir, understands what atonal means, has no stereo or tape equipment, reads all the jazz magazines and Ralph Gleason's column. He's interested in classical music and other arts but not in folk music.

He said he feels that the best things that have happened to jazz in recent vears also have been in some ways the worst. "Consider the festival," he wrote. "Most of them are frankly commercial ventures, with little in the way of an esthetic to justify them. On the other hand, we have the Monterey festival, which was significant on a purely musical level, broadening the fan's range of interest and introducing the musician to the public as a truly creative artist eager to communicate with his listeners. Do the good effects of one Monterey compensate for the bad effects of 15 Newports? I feel they do.

"More jazzmen are making more bread cutting more records than ever before. (This) may lead to a general lowering of the standard of creativity, with the production of relatively fewer great artists; however, there's an opposite side to this coin, too. Norman Granz recorded the first Modern Jazz society record; Columbia recorded Music for Brass, the Brandeis festival album, Miles Ahead; Savoy has put out two albums of Hodeir . . . Does one Brandeis festival cancel out 15 blues-plus-I-got-rhythm dates from Prestige? I think it does.

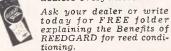
"The most important thing happening is that the market—the demand if you will—for jazz is increasing substantially.

"What is good for the music from an artistic point of view should prove good for the musician, as well, in the long run. The question the future is going to answer is, 'Is the converse also true?' But the long run may be long indeed, and lifetimes, especially creative lifetimes, are short. Who is to blame the musician if



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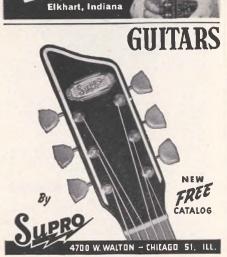
JOE MORELLO (Dave Brubeck Quartet)

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he chooses to benefit himself rather than his art?

"Most of the successful entrepreneurs of jazz are not slow in realizing their debt to the jazzman and will endorse ventures they know at the outset are uncommercial. What we must realize is that these ventures are only possible when the run-of-the-mill products bring in sufficient revenue. Hence I conclude that jazz is becoming a salable quantity and that the economic success it enjoys will give rise alternately to the best and worst aspects of jazz."

Kofsky's suggestions for improving festivals are hardly unexpected:

"Make them all like Monterey. Make

them nonprofit so that there is no excuse for the Kingston Trio. Put in musicians as musical directors and encourage them to give free rein to their imagination."

On critics: "A laudatory review of a performer can put me on the track of something new. But a panning will not prevent me from listening to that performer. I've found, inasmuch as every critic has some bias, that when reading reviews, it's best to keep an old Confucian proverb in mind: 'The mind is like a parachute; it only functions when it's open.'"

Mr. Kofsky, it was a pleasure to open my column to your open mind.

ďБ

By Ralph J. Gleason

By and large, musicians take a beating in a variety of ways. Any idiot with a Sears & Roebuck guitar who gets busted for bank robbery is a "musician." Nobody ever asks the classic Milton Berle question, "By musicians, is he a musician?"

And the musicians are besieged to give charity performances, some worthwhile, some not.

It happens that within the last year, San Francisco has been the scene of two remarkable demonstrations of compassion on the part of jazz musicians (and club owners, I should add, who are also not without their virtues on occasion).

About a year ago, Brew Moore the tenor saxophonist, went to the hospital with double pneumonia and was lucky to come out.

Like the rest of us, Moore was something less than steady in putting it away for a rainy day. He was, to be blunt, broke. So a group of musicians, headed by his friend and co-leader Dickie Mills, ran a benefit for him. Three clubs, the Cellar, the Tropics and the Jazz Workshop, where he had worked at various times, put on a special door charge, contributed a percentage of the bar take and said, "Let's go."

Some 50 musicians, headed by Dizzy Gillespie and his band, who were in town, joined in with the full blessing of the AFM. One ticket got you into all three clubs. It worked. It was a wild and wonderful night and raised about a grand for Moore.

A few weeks ago, pianist Burt Bales, who has been a sort of father image to the young traditionalists in the bay area

for years, was struck by a car on his way home one morning. He suffered a mangled leg, broken collar bone, and fractured pelvis. Sent to French hospital, he's been in a cast since and will be for months. Frankly, he's lucky they didn't have to amputate his leg.

So in mid-March a bunch of traditional jazzmen headed by Dick Hadlock and Marty Marsala decided to raise some money for Bales. They got four clubs—the Cellar, Pier 23, On-the-Levee, and the Kewpie Doll—to put on a door charge and give 25 percent of the bar take for a one-nighter for the pianist.

Eight bands and God knows how many musicians played. Kid Ory, Muggsy Spanier, Squire Gersh, Vernon Alley, and Joe Marsala were among those who sat in. The bands included all the Dixielanders in the area. Again it was a wild and wonderful night. Again they raised some money—about \$2,000 this time—for the ill musician.

These are the things that the gossip columnists never write about, that the expose magazines never mention, and that the pink-sheet newspapers never give any space to. Musicians, even if the public doesn't know it yet, are people, too. Skipp Morr, the trombonist, was celebrating his silver wedding anniversary the night of the Bales benefit, but he played anyway. And Marty Marsala, ill for months with a series of internal disorders that dropped his weight by 60 pounds, blew for Bales that night even though Marty was unable to blow for himself the rest of the week and instead went into the hospital for a serious op-

All you can say about people like that is that you admire them and respect them as human beings. And I do.



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MULLIGAN

"Even wanted to build an act and have me dance."

A swinging personnel was assembled, with Mulligan on piano, but after two months of patient preparation at Nola studios in New York City, the venture collapsed. There was a slight hitch that was making work hard to get: Miss Cansino couldn't sing.

At this stage, Mulligan was no longer the all-American boy. A gaunt, haggard-looking figure with close-cropped hair and a raggedy beard, he was given to wearing sneakers and a rope belt; he and Gale Madden wore identical green pork-pie hats. "Gerry and Gale," said George Wallington, "were the pioneers of the beat generation." Easily irritated, he blew up at a Herbie Fields rehearsal, denouncing the band's inability to interpret; he returned his fee and asked for his arrangement back. There was a similar scene with Benny Goodman after a few days of desultory rehearsal with a modern band Goodman assembled in

By now Mulligan was firmly identified with the baritone, but it was Serge Chaloff who had begun to dominate the polls previously won by Harry Carney. Once, after hearing him with the Woody Herman Band, Mulligan said to Chaloff, "Watch out, in a couple of years I'll be the No. 1 baritone." ("Serge wasn't a writer on his horn," Gerry said recently, "the way Bird was. When Bird played cliches, at least they were his own cliches.")

By 1951, Mulligan, in bad shape financially and physically, decided to head west. With the help of Milton Bauchner, a jazz-loving businessman in New Jersey, he played a concert in Newark with a horn just reclaimed from a hock shop, borrowed some money, and soon moved on to Reading to see a

From there he and Gale Madden hitchhiked across the country. "We took turns napping in the backs of trucks," Mulligan said. "We went by moving truck, oil truck, private car; stopped off in St. Louis, then got as far as Albuquerque. An old friend from Reading was at the university there. After I'd worked briefly in Albuquerque, we made it to Los Angeles."

This was June, 1951. Gerry Mulligan had spent most of his 24 years escaping -from social and religious problems, from conformity, from reality, and finally from the musical maelstrom of Manhattan in which he had found no firm path to tread. Impossible though it must have been to perceive, the Mulligan success story was barely a year away. ďЬ

(Part two of this article will appear in the June 9 issue.)



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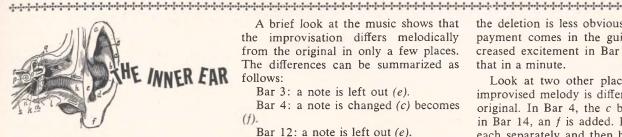
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BY BILL MATHIEU

The playing of Miles Davis is generally thought to be extremely economical. Most listeners agree that he is able, when at his best, to elicit the most possible results from the fewest possible notes.

I think it would be a good idea, in starting off these technical discussions of jazz, to examine a few bars of his most typical playing in order to gain some insight into his use of economy.

The music is the first 15 bars of Summertime in the Porgy and Bess LP (Columbia CL 1274). Let's look at this simple interpretation of the tune from the point of view that everyone knows the original melody, for much of the beauty of this rendition comes from the image of the original retained in the listener's memory.

Here is the Davis version, with the original melody written underneath:

A brief look at the music shows that the improvisation differs melodically from the original in only a few places. The differences can be summarized as follows:

Bar 3: a note is left out (e).

Bar 4: a note is changed (c) becomes

Bar 12: a note is left out (e).

Bar 13: a note is added (f) and a note is changed (c) becomes (e).

These are the only *melodic* deviations.

First, look at the omission in Bar 3. Miles leaves out the second note, an e. Why? What is gained by omitting it?

There is a good answer. Summertime is a tune written in two halves, the second half (Bar 9 on) being more or less a repeat of the first half. Bar 11, thus, is supposed to be the same as Bar 3.

The omission of the e in Bar 3 creates a gap that wants to be filled. We know the note should be there, but it is withheld, creating a suspended feeling, a tension, a desire for completion. When the chance to play that same note occurs again (Bar 11), Davis resolves this tension by striking the note a little early and by holding it a little longer than necessary. We feel a release, a desire to say "Ah!" The fruit has become all

the deletion is less obvious, and the repayment comes in the guise of the increased excitement in Bar 14. More of that in a minute.

Look at two other places where the improvised melody is different from the original. In Bar 4, the c becomes an f; in Bar 14, an f is added. Let's examine each separately and then both together.

The f in Bar 4 is barely touched. But it gives a little lift to the melody at that point. It is as if the withholding of the e in Bar 3 has created a tension that requires some kind of immediate satisfaction. The split-second plateau in Bar 4 supplies it. But keep this lifting motion in mind while looking at Bar 14.

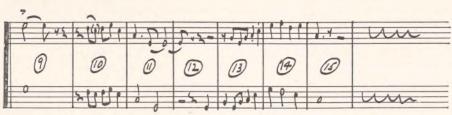
To begin with, notice how all the d's in the improvisation are either allowed their full value or given a little extra. Why, then, when Davis gets a chance to pounce on a fat, juicy d in Bar 14, does he slight it? Well, by the time he got to Bar 14, he realized (intuitively, to be sure) that there was already too much emphasis on this relatively unimportant pitch. So here he makes two notes out of it. The new note (f) is a miniature gush of unexpected energy. It serves not only to de-emphasize the d that follows it but also to make up for the withheld note of Bar 12 already mentioned. Furthermore, the notes involved (e, f, and d) are exactly the same as the ones making up the first unexpected surprise—the one in Bar 4 -but this time played in a firm, resolute rhythm, as if to say, "This time I mean it."

The two "surprises" thus become identified with one another, and what at first appeared to be undirected deviation becomes instead rigorous coherence.

By these few simple, economical melodic deviations, trumpeter Davis has created a complex pattern of interrelated tensions and resolutions. Yet at the end of the 15-bar phrase every loose end has been tied, and no melodic tendency has been left unresolved.

Study the foregoing until it is quite clear. Go at it without regard for "enjoyment" of the music. Then, when understanding has been reached—forget it. And listen to the beginning of Summertime again. Does it make a new kind of sense?





Even though there is a wealth of rhythmic variation here, and even though the special timbre of Davis' sound contributes greatly to the overall effect, let's confine ourselves strictly to the melodic aspect of the notes, that is, the simple up-and-down fluctuation of the pitches.

the sweeter for having been forbidden. What Miles hath taken away, Miles hath given back.

But as if the energy of this resolution has been too great, the music simply stops for four beats, omitting another note in the process (Bar 12). The giveand-take cycle starts again. But this time

J_{AZZ} IN THE SCHOOLS

All the signs point to an increase in high school dance—or stage—band festivals.

The first such festival and clinic ever held in the Chicago area took place recently at Oak Lawn high school under the co-sponsorship of the Lyon and Healy music stores and *Down Beat*. Organized smoothly by Oak Lawn superintendent B. E. Wetzel, the festival saw representation from 10 Chicago area schools. Don Jacoby was the big band clinician. Section clinics for percussion and guitar were headed by Don Osborne, Chicago drummer and sales representative of the

music stores and aided by *Down Beat*, this festival featured clarinetist Buddy DeFranco as clinician for the aspiring musicians. DeFranco doubled his activities by performing for contestants and their guests at a dance—backed by members of the Ohio State university dance band—on the night before the affair.

Twelve bands competed in this festival, with a band from Linden McKinley high school taking first place. *Down Beat* awarded student scholarships to the National Dance Band camp to bassist Sidney Townsend and to Dan Baker, director of the winning band.

In Milwaukee, it was the second annual dance band festival. Sponsored by the Milwaukee Boys Club with the cooperation of the Beihoff music store, this festival drew 15 competing bands. The band from Mary D. Bradford high school of Kenosha, Wis., won—as they did last year. Tony Scodwell, trumpet, from Beloit, Wis., won a *Down Beat* scholarship to the dance band camp.



SWINGIN' PADRE

The Rev. George Wiskerchen leads the Melodons of Notre Dame high school, Niles, III. The photo was taken during the first Chicago area high school dance band contest, held at Oak Lawn high school. The Melodons, winners at Oak Lawn, also performed as guests (out of competition) at the recent Collegiate Jazz festival at Notre Dame university.

Slingerland drum company, and Claude Schiener, of Lyon and Healy.

So well attended were the clinics and the performances that followed them that *Down Beat* plans to extend the idea to other festivals. An evening performance in the Oak Lawn gymnasium—with the three best competing bands playing off for top honors—drew 1,100 paid admissions. Clinician-trumpeter Jacoby performed concert works backed by the clinic band; and the powerful Northwestern University Lab Band led by Ralph Mutschler performed.

Winning group in the competition was the Melodons, a big band from Notre Dame high school, Niles, Ill. In addition, young trumpeter Ed Sheftel from Highland Park won a scholarship (donated by the Conn instrument company) to the National Dance Band camp at Bloomington, Ind.; and James Gillespie, alto saxophone, from Notre Dame high school, Niles, and Rick Rahn, string bass, Highland Park, were given similar scholarships by *Down Beat*.

Columbus, Ohio, also held its first festival of this kind. Sponsored by the Coyle

In El Dorado, Ark., trumpeter Jacoby again turned up as clinician—this time at a 14-band festival held by William Craig, band director of the city's junior high school. And in Effingham, Ill., a festival held for the first time by Samuels music store also drew 14 bands.

Meantime, more were being set up in other areas. Buddy DeFranco will be the clinician for the contest at the big Tri-State Music Festival, Enid, Okla., in May. This is the third annual affair to be held in Enid with DeFranco in attendance every time. More than 20 bands are expected to compete.

The recent biennial MENC convention in Atlantac City featured a well-attended panel on jazz piano organized by Dr. Robert Pace, head of music education for Columbia university. The moderator was Charles Suber, *Down Beat*'s publisher. The panel members included Dr. Eugene Hall of Michigan State University, and four outstanding jazz pianists—Billy Taylor, Bobby Scott, Hall Overton, and John Mehegan of the Juilliard school. This was Taylor's second appearance

before the music educators; he scored a notable personal success with his erudition and communicative ability at the last MENC biennial in Los Angeles.

The school of music at Indiana university, Bloomington, announced that educators participating in the School Dance Band Workshop (August 14-20) will receive a one-hour course credit, an unprecedented recognition for a danceband program.

This workshop is directly affiliated with the student dance band camp (August 7-20) at Bloomington, featuring the Stan Kenton clinics. Camp manager Ken Morris has announced that provision is being made for 300 students during the two-week session. To accommodate this number, additions are being made to the faculty. New appointments made to date are: Buddy Collette, saxophone and flute; Johnny Richards, arranging and conducting; Sam Donahue, saxophone; Clem De Rosa, drums; Charlie Byrd, guitar; and Leon Breedon, faculty director of the famous North Texas State band at Denton. Returning for their second year, in addition to Kenton himself, will be Dr. Gene Hall, director; Matt Betton, assistant director; Shelly Manne, drums; Russ Garcia, arranging; Don Jacoby, trumpet; John La Porta, reeds; and Ray Santisi, piano. Appointments for trombone and string bass will be announced shortly.

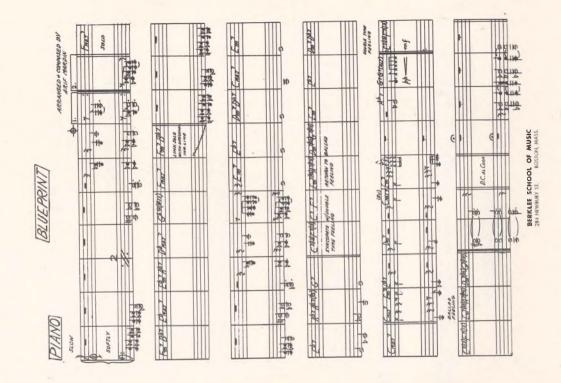
Ray Wright, chief arranger at the Radio City Music Hall, N.Y., will again direct the Arrangers' Laboratory Workshop (July 18-29) at the Eastman School of Music, Rochester, N.Y. . . . As part of its expanded interest in high school dance bands, the Selmer instrument company has appointed Tony Rulli as its first clinician for the field. Rulli has had wide experience with Ray Anthony, Ralph Marterie, Teddy Powell, Muggsy Spanier, and others. . . .

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Down Beat's annual scholarship to the Berklee school, Boston, will be announced in the June 23 issue. Tapes from contestants all over the world are now being processed and judged . . . Luis Gasca, a former Berklee scholarship winner and student at Jefferson Davis high school, Houston, Tex., has just returned from an extended tour of the orient with the Perez Prado band ... Art Dedrick, head of Kendor music, has signed Gil Evans to do a series of arrangements for high school dance bands. Dedrick, an outstanding clinician, will again be at Camp Pacific, Carlsbad, Calif., for a one-week workshop in August. Fifteen full scholarships valued at \$350 each are available from the camp . . . The dean of men's office of Pennsylvania State university is seriously considering a collegiate jazz festival next spring.

CEPRINI

is a light and moody piece for sextet, written by young Turkish arranger Arif Mardin, who is now doing post-graduate study and teaching at the Berklee School of Music. It has a modally conceived melody. As a contrast to this basically diatonic melody, the bass line is non-diatonic and coupled by its perfect fifth. The root motion is derived from the 4-tonic and 12-tonic systems,



bar phrases (AABA) is reduced to 16 bars, i.e. four four-bar phrases. During the four-bar B section occurs a blues with double-time feeling by the rhythm section. After the return to the original theme, a coda, which takes the form of a rubato cadenza for vibes, leads into the final chord, which belongs to a distant key. Performance of Blueprint does not require a high a technique covered in the theory of pitch scales of the Schillinger system, where 12-tonics outlines a chromatic line and 4-tonics a diminished seventh structure. The 32-bar chorus of four eightbar phrases (AABA) is reduced to 16 bars, i.e. four four-bar level of technique, but does require a certain musical sensitivity and understanding.



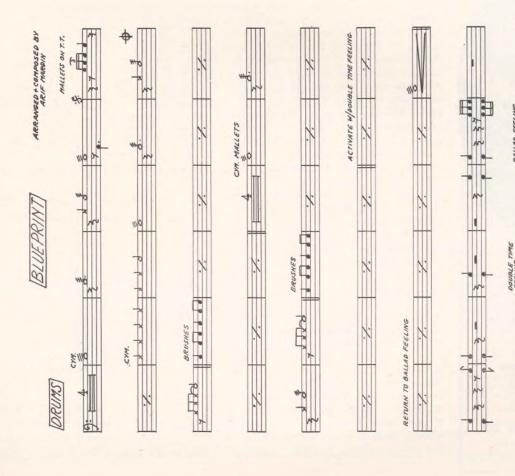
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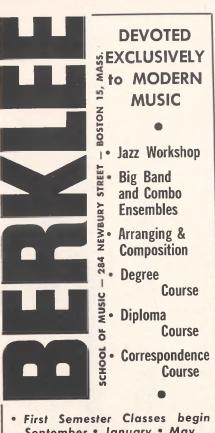
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AD LIB Continued

a tape made at the show. In England, Ella appeared on a TV show as a guest of harmonica player Max Geldray, and when he handed her a harmonica, they played an impromptu blues together . . . Chris Connor followed the highly successful Peggy Lee show into Basin Street East. On opening night, Chris was understandably nervous. Miss Lee was staring up at her from ringside.

Erroll Garner's success as a composer of popular tunes has opened up new worlds for the pianist. The producers of a dramatic show, scheduled to be on Broadway next season, approached Garner for a title song. The deal is not set yet, but Garner is seriously considering the project. He has turned down several offers to write movie scores and music for television because the plots have not been suitable for his style. Garner, who is unable to read music, composed Misty, with lyrics by Johnny Burke; Solitaire, lyrics by Steve Allen, and Dreaming, lyrics by Sid Shaw. Peggy Lee reported that Misty was the tune most frequently requested during her three week engagement at Basin Street East.

Gunther Schuller's Spectra has been selected as one of three American works to be performed at the 34th Festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music in Cologne, Germany June 10-19 . . . Edgar Sampson, former alto saxophonist with Chick Webb's band, has resumed his arranging activities. His new work has been done for Marshall Brown's Newport Youth Band . . . Bandleader Billy May has composed a music score for a new NBC mystery series entitled Raven, scheduled for the 1960-61 season. The Duke Ellington Band will record the pilot reel for the new TV series, Asphalt Jungle, which is to be filmed at MGM.

Jack Lacey, trombonist with the original Benny Goodman band, is seriously ill at Meadowbrook hospital, Bethpage Turnpike, East Meadow, L. I., N. Y. . . . Bill Bailey, dancing brother of Pearl Bailey, is at Dixon hospital in South Mountain, Pa. . . . Trombonist Miff Mole, who has been in poor health for the last five years, played for the first time since last September at his 62nd birthday party. Ît was held at the Mandalay, Wantaugh, L. I., N. Y. with Wingy Manone, Tony Parenti, pianist Charlie Queener, and drummer Mickey Sheen joining Miff in a session.

A television film, Mann with a Flute, designed to tell the story of Herbie Mann through his music, was selected as the American TV documentary entry in the Eurovision film competition at Cannes May 13-18 . . . Jazz pianist Calvin Jackson is seen and heard in the movie I Passed for White produced

by the Fred M. Wilcox Enterprises, Inc. . . . Sol Yaged and his jazz combo played in the lobby of the Palace theater on Broadway during the revival run of The Glenn Miller Story . . . Don Elliott and Sascha Burland (the Nutty Squirrels) have signed a deal where their voices will be featured in a cartoon series. They will also act as hosts of the series, to be produced by Flamingo

Nesuhi Ertegun has a date to record the Modern Jazz Quartet in live performance in Stockholm, Sweden, for Atlantic. Before going to Europe, the MJQ recorded a private session with Father Duval, the French folk singer . . . Irving Townsend of Columbia signed Andre Previn to record a jazz, popular, and classical repertoire for the label . . . Jazz violinist Joe Venuti has signed with Golden Crest Records. Venuti has been on the jazz scene for many years. He played with Paul Whiteman, Jean Goldkette, and Red Nichols before starting his own band. At one time, he was a partner of the late Eddie Lang . . . Butterbeans and Susie, the oldtime vaudeville team, have recorded for Herb Abramson's Triumph label with an accompanying orchestra made up of Sidney De Paris, trumpet; Leonard Gaskin, bass; Jimmy Crawford, drums, and Jodie Edwards, piano. The team was accompanied by Joe (King) Oliver's cornet on recordings during the 1920's.

IN PERSON

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Apollo Theater—GOSPEL CARAVAN, May 13-19; HARRY BELAFONTE Singers, ODETTA, May 20-26.

Arpeggio—BOBBY SHORT, until May 31.
Basin Street East — FRANCES FAYE, the TRENIERS, until May 31; BENNY GOOD-MAN Orchestra, June 1-30.

Birdland — HORACE SILVER Quintet and JOHNNY SMITH Trio, until May 25.

Central Plaza — GENE SEDRIC, PANAMA FRANCIS, LAWRENCE BROWN, others, Friday and Saturday nights.

Condon's—EDDIE CONDON Band.

Copacabana—BOBBY DARIN, June 2-22.

Embers—TURK MURPHY Jazz Band, May 2-June 5; SONNY DUNHAM Quartet and JAN AUGUST Trio, June 6-19.

Five Spot—ORNETTE COLEMAN Quartet, until May 29.

Gatsby's—VIVIAN GREENE.

Half Note—ZOOTS SIMS-AL COHN Quintet, until June 5; CANNONBALL ADDERLEY Quintet, June 7-26.

International Cafe — HELEN FORREST, until May 18.

Jazz Gallety—JOHN COLTRANE until May 15

Jazz Gallery—JOHN COLTRANE, until May 15. Living room—LOVELACE WATKINS, until June

Metropole—BUDDY RICH Sextet, until May 22. Prelude—BILLY TAYLOR Trio, opening June

2. Roseland Dance City—JIMMY PALMER Orchestra, until May 16; BUDDY BAIR Band, May 17-June 14. Roundtable — PETE FOUNTAIN and TYREE GLENN Quartet, until May 21; DUKES OF DIXIELAND, May 23-June 4. Ryan's — WILBUR De PARIS Band; TONY PARENTI, ZUTTY SINGLETON, Monday nights

village Gate—Monday night jam sessions.
Village Vanguard—ART FARMER-BENNY GOLSON Jazztet, until May 16.

An Evening with Harry Belafonte was presented in late April at the Boston arena. All proceeds were donated to the Emergency Scholarship Fund committee to defend Martin Luther King and the struggle for freedom in the south Singer Abbey Lincoln appeared at the Mayfair Club . . . Folk singer Josh White joined Dizzy Gillespie for the second week of Gillespie's two-week engagement at Storyville . . . George Wein's all star group, which played the Embers in New York, came to Storyville for one week. In the group are trumpeter Shorty Baker, trombonist Lawrence Brown, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, and Wein on piano . . . Storyville on Cape Cod has a June 24 opening planned. The club is located in Harwich . . .

Pillows instead of tickets were sold for the Erroll Garner concert at Dean academy. The event, held in the school gym, was a sellout . . . Harvard university freshman students voted to have the Sammy Kaye orchestra for their Spring Weekend festivities . . .

The Stable Jazz Workshop quintet played a concert and dance at Taunton in late April. The Workshop octet did a date for a jazz club in Newburyport early in May . . . Drummer Sam Woodyard's group, featuring Gary McFarland on vibes, appeared at Clark University in Worcester . . .

Connolly's Star Dust room continues with the Jimmy Tyler combo and the weekly guest-star policy. Roy Eldridge and Clark Terry were both featured for week-long engagements . . .

The coffee house Cafe Yana, in Kenmore square, has jazz each Tuesday and Thursday. The quartet consists of Randal Dash, drums; Phillip Morrison, bass; Ameen Nuraldoon, vibes (he recently replaced Monty Stark), and Edward Armour on fluegelhorn . . .

The third annual Berklee School of Music LP, Jazz in the Classroom, featuring the school's students, has been released on Berklee Records. Much of the writing was done by Gary McFarland . . .

John McClellan's Jazz Scene, on WHDH-TV, recently had a completely unrehearsed and informal show with guests Louis Armstrong and international jazz pianist Herm Chittison. Reunited on the show, the two had years ago done an album together for Vox Records, Louis Armstrong, Paris 1934.

The maitre d'hotel at Storyville for three years (an Emerson College grad), Marvin Tabolski has been named musical director for Westinghouse radio WBZ here . . .

MONTREAL

The Night Riders have replaced Shot Gun Kelly as the rock-and-roll unit at the Esquire show bar . . . Jackie Lee is at the Casa Loma . . . Jazz at Its Best, the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. show heard Saturdays at 11 a.m., celebrates its 10th anniversary on June 18, a long time for a jazz show. An FM network version is heard Wednesdays at 10 p.m., with 56 to 57 minutes of music each

Singer Shay Dennis and pianist Charlie Kittson are at the Stork club . . . Milt Sealey, a pianist of local and international repute, was booked into the Cafe Lutece for the last two weeks of April and opened at the Vieux Moulin on May 1. He's leading a quintet, with Fred McHugh, bass; Rene Thomas, guitar; George Braxton, drums, and a saxophonist.

TORONTO

Ernestine Anderson, back in town for a two-week engagement at Le Coq Dor, headed a jazz concert featuring the Phil Nimmons group, the Peter Appleyard Quartet, and the Alf Coward Quartet, in Hamilton, Ont., on April





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13. Prior to Ernestine's appearance, the Jazz Messengers drew capacity crowds at Le Coq Dor . . . Buddy Greco at the Town for two weeks . . . Willie (The Lion) Smith followed Big Chief Moore at the Westover . . . Peter Appleyard, after completing his 12 weeks at the Park Plaza, departed for Chicago, Cleveland, and New York.

Trumpeter Bobby Gimby is taking a troupe of Canadian performers to England to do a special TV show from Woburn abbey. That's the home of the Duke of Bedford, who on a recent visit here liked Gimby's work so much that he asked him to organize a Canadian show for him . . . Pianist Bill Butler, who leads a band nightly at the Lord Simcoe hotel's Pump room, has just recorded an LP for Columbia.

CHICAGO

Count Basie, Big Joe Williams, and company, just back from their successful European tour, stopped in town to appear in the second annual Negro Exposition. The band plays the Coliseum May 22 . . . Ahmad Jamal, busier than a one-arm bass player, buzzed through town, cut an album for Argo, got Ahmad Jamal Enterprises, Inc., on the road, huddled with jazz promoter Peter Long, and split back to the circuit . . . If you made the first dawn trek to the early morning Joe Segal session at the French Poodle, you know John Law cracked down and prohibited the gatherings lest "undesirables" and persons of "questionable character" infiltrate the north side tavern. The sessions have since been resumed . . . Jack Tracy, a&r director of Argo Records, has a two hour jazz slot on WSBC-FM each Sat-

Henry Mancini, strongest popularizer of television type jazz, was entertained at a trade shindig at the Ambassador East hotel in April . . . In town to plug his latest album on VeeJay, singer Bill Henderson made more than a dozen radio interviews in April before returning to New York and a date at the Village Vanguard . . . This was a switcharoo: Brock Peters of Porgy and Bess fame, featured in the Chicago date of African



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Holiday, faced a problem: how to disguise his guitarist, who is Italian, and the only white person in the troupe . . . Introducing a new trial policy, Mac the Wiggler of the Sutherland lounge booked Lambert-Hendricks-Ross into the spot in May. This could mean the beginning of vocal as well as instrumental entertainment there . . . After closing his Chicago date, Dizzy Gillespie continued to attract Chicagoans all the way to Milwaukee, where he made his next gig . . . Julian (Cannonball) Adderley threatened legal action against a local columnist who quoted - or misquoted-him as panning all critics categorically. Adderley not only denied the statement but also said he had never met the columnist.

Down Beat columnist (The Inner Ear) writer (Nothing New About Quincy, But in the Feb. 14 issue) Bill Mathieu is composing and arranging for Duke Ellington. Mathieu was with the Stan Kenton band through 1959 as arranger and trumpeter. Introduced casually to Ellington earlier this year, Mathieu was invited by Duke to show him some charts. Ellington liked them, asked for more. Since then, Mathieu has written a 15-minute ballet suite for the band, and has been commissioned by Ellington to contribute more. Mathieu, a Chicagoan, is 22.

IN PERSON

IN PERSON
Blue Note—GEORGE SHEARING, May 11-22.
HARRY JAMES, May 25-29.
Chez Paree—JOEY BISHOP, May 6-26. McGUIRE SISTERS, May 27-June 9.
Archway lounge—DAVE GREEN.
London House—NEAL HEFTI, until May 22.
SKITCH HENDERSON, May 24-June 12.
Mister Kelly's—SHECKY GREEN and LIZA
STEWARD, April 25-May 15. SHELLY BERMAN and ISOBEL ROBBINS, May 16- June 5.
Sutherland—LOU DONALDSON, until May 15.
LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-ROSS, May \$8-29.

LAS VEGAS

Terry Gibbs' big band swung into the Dunes lounge for two weeks. Unable to make the trip because of recording commitments were Frank Rosolino, Claude Williamson, and Stan Levy. Even so, the roster read like Who's Who, in Jazz. Mel (The Tailor) Lewis, drums; Buddy Clark, bass; Frank Cesari, piano; Al Porcino, Ray Triscari, Frank Huggins, and Stu Williamson, trumpets; Carl Fontana, Kenny Schroyer, and Hub Houtz, trombones; Joe Maini and Charlie Kennedy, altos; Gary LeFever and Ronnie Rueben, tenors; Jack Nimitz, baritone, and Jimmy Witherspoon, vocalist. This fresh, new band was scheduled from April 14-27, with option. Terry says they will probably return to the Sundown in L. A. Asked how he dug working with a big band (this big band) as compared with his various small groups, he replied, with a grin, "I make more money with the quartet, so you figure it out."

Della Reese, with pianist George Butcher, opened at the New Frontier lounge, following Dakota Staton, who

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MISCELLANEOUS

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left for San Francisco . . . Duke Ellington still at the Riviera with six more weeks, and publicity man Wayne Redd is hoping to book Si Zenter's big band to replace Duke. Johnny Hamlin's group was held over in the lounge . . . Pete Kelly's Seven replaced Harry James in the Flamingo lounge . . . Harry & Co. will be back in June . . Vido Musso returns to the Nevada club downtown after a complete physical check-up in L. A. Norm Pockrandt will join his new group . . . Bobby Stevenson's trio (Bobby, piano; Marv Shore, bass; Billy Steen, drums) leaves the Nevada club for points north, along with Little Red . . . Jimmy Cook's kicks band is rehearsing at the Thunderbird Wednesday nights . . . Mary Ann McCall and Tommy Turk in the T-Bird lounge for six more weeks . . . Mary Kaye staying indefinitely in the Sands lounge . . . Hotel men seem to feel that big bands have been showing profit in the various hotels, and will be booked in the lounges as long as it remains that way . . . Pearl Bailey and husband Louis Bellson in the Flamingo showroom.

IN PERSON

Black Magic—CARL FONTANA, Sunday nights Black Magic—CARL FONTANA, Sunday lights only.
Flamingo (Showroom) — PEARL BAILEY and LOUIS BELLSON, Revue. (Lounge), PETE KELLY Seven, until May 11.
Nevada Club—VIDO MUSSO.
New Frontier—DELLA REESE.
Riviera—DUKE ELLINGTON, until June 1.
Sands (Lounge)—RED NORVO.
Thunderbird—TOMMY TURK and MARY ANN

LOS ANGELES

Like the Sahara's shifting sands, the Hollywood jazz-club scene once more has changed its face. Bookings and business appear to be on the upbeat and bigname eastern talent is once more coastbound for the summer. Leading contenders for the modern jazz fans' loot are the Sanbah in east Hollywood and the Capri on Restaurant Row. Both have heavy-caliber talent due (see IN PER-SON) in coming months, and it remains to be seen how long the boom (if there is one) lasts.

Changes in the Duke Ellington Band during its stand at Las Vegas' Riviera: Trombonist Matthew Gee was replaced by ducal veteran Juan Tizol, and bassist Jimmy Woode's chair was taken by Aaron Bell. Gee left because, said he, "I didn't want to get into a rut." Woode



F.I.B.

(Festival Information Bulletin)

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> WHERE TO GO WEST

HOWARD RUMSEY'S Lighthouse All-Stars
THE LIGHTHOUSE Hermosa Beach Top Modern Jazz Names in Concert departed to fulfill a long-held ambition to live in Sweden. Tizol will fill only western dates with the band, remaining in Los Angeles when Ellington returns east later in the summer.

Lots of new faces are in the Stan Kenton Band, now making the onenighter route, which winds up in Mexico City in mid-June. New Kenton drummer is Art Anton, while Jack Sheldon is holding down the jazz trumpet chair. Rest of the personnel: Bud Brisbois, Sanford Skinner, Bob Rolfe, Dalton Smith, trumpets; Ray Sikora, Dick Hyde, Dave Sanchez, trombones; Jim Amlotte, Bobby Knight, bass trombones; Gabe Baltazar, alto saxophone; Paul Renzi, Wayne Dunstan, tenor saxophones, and Marv Holaday, Bob Lans, baritone saxophones. Much of the writing is by Gene Roland. Vocals are by Ann Richards.

Hifirecords' a&r head Dave Axelrod signed King Pleasure to a three-year contract and cut the first album April 14 with accompaniment by Harold Land and Dexter Gordon, tenor saxophones; Matthew Gee, trombone, and a rhythm section . . . Drummer Tony Papa left the Johnny (Scat) Davis Band to open the Dallas, Texas, office of Joe Glaser's Associated Booking Corp. in August. Papa said he plans to build a new band around trumpeter Conte Candoli for work in the Texas area . . . Med Flory, former tenor saxist with the Terry Gibbs Band, signed a recording pact with Capitol. According to the record company, his first record session consisted of experimentation with "avant garde rock and roll" . . . The Troubador, a coffee-beer-and-winery on La Cienega Blvd., has a seven-night-a-week live jazz policy with drummer Raphmat Jamal's Quartet. In the group are Walter Benton, tenor saxophone; Horace Tabscott, piano, and Bill Pickins, bass. Pickins takes over Mondays with his own trio, including Bob Foyer, piano, and Ed Cassidy, drums . . . Lou Pagani, piano, and Don Bagley, bass, make up two-thirds of the Leo Acosta Trio at the Agua Caliente six nights a week . . . The Harold Land Quintet continues at the Masque.

IN PERSON

Armantrout's-JOE DARENSBOURG'S Dixie Armantrout's—JOE DARENSBOURG'S Dixie Flyers.

Ben Pollack's—Dixieland jazz, weekends.

Beverly Cavern—TEDDY BUCKNER Band.

Capri—ANITA O'DAY, DON RONDI Trio, opening May 5; RENE TOUZET Band, TONI FISHER, opening May 18.

Cloister—TONY BENNETT, May 19 for 18 days; RAY CHARLES, opening July 27.

Cocoanut Grove—NAT COLE, May 25-June 16.

Crescendo—MARY KAYE Trio; JUNE CHRISTY, MORT SAHL, opening May 22.

Drift inn (Malibu)—BUD SHANK Quartet, weekends.

The Escape—Jam sessions, Monday nights.

weekends.
The Escape—Jam sessions, Monday nights.
Fiesta inn (East Los Angeles)—PACIFIC JAZZ
Quartet, Sundays from 5 p.m.
Golden Mirror—BILL BEAU Trio, weekends.
Hillcrest—WALT DICKERSON'S Eastern Jazz
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Quartet.
Jimmie Diamond's lounge (San Bernardino)—
EDGAR HAYES, piano.
Joe Kirkwood's Bowling Alley—BOBBY TROUP,

piano; CHUCK BERGHOFER, bass; KENNY HUME, drums.

La Mex (Malibu)—BETTY BRYANT, piano.
Leon's Steak House (North Hollywood)—JESS STACY, piano, nightly except Sundays and Mondays.

Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach)—HOWARD RUM-SEY'S Lighthouse All-Stars, nightly except Mondays and Tuesdays; BOB COOPER Quartet, Mondays and Tuesdays.

Marineland (Palos Verdes)—RAY BAUDUC Band.

Marineianu (raios Band.

Band.

Melody room—HENRI ROSE Trio.

Puccini (Beverly Hills)—JIM HARBERT Duo, weekends.

Barana HIBSH HAMEL's all-stars, Sundays

Weekends.
Regency — HIRSH HAMEL's all-stars, Sundays from 4 p.m.
Renegade (West Los Angeles) — FORREST WESTBROOK, piano; BILL PLUMMER, bass Tuesdays through Sundays; name jazz groups weekends.

Renaissance-PAUL HORN Quintet, Fridays and

Renaissance—PAUL HORN Quintet, Fridays and Saturdays.
Sanbah (East Hollywood) — IRENE KRAL, vocals; PETE JOLLY. piano; RALPH PENA, bass; RED GARLAND Trio, opening May 18; SONNY STITT, opening June 1; JACKIE CAIN and ROY KRAL, opening June 15; MARK MURPHY, opening July 13 for three weeks; jam session Tuesday nights.
The Bit—LES McCANN, Ltd., Trio, nightly. Troubador—RAPHMAT JAMAL Quartet, nightly except Mondays; BILL PICKINS Trio, Mondays.
Wonderhowl (Downey)—GENE ROLEN Band

Wonderbowl (Downey)—GENE BOLEN Band. Zebra lounge—TEDDY EDWARDS Quartet, with guests.

SAN FRANCISCO

The March 2 concert with Lenny Bruce, Billy Eckstine, and Lambert-Hendricks-Ross at the Masonic Temple was a three-fourths house ... Chuck Thompson joined Joe Albany on drums at the Pink Elephant . . . Jazz, Inc., the new group with Stu Williamson, Frank Rosolino, Claude Williamson, Buddy Clark, and Mel Lewis worked a Sunday afternoon concert at the Petaluma Veteran's Memorial April 3 . . . Dick Hadlock is leading a trio two nights a week at Nod's in Berkeley . . . Jesse Fuller's European tour has been extended to include the Scandinavian countries . . . Marty Marsala is seriously ill in Mt. Zion hospital . . . The Benny Barth-Fred Merge Quintet shared the bill with the Red Garland Trio at the Jazz Workshop in April. Denver Bill Perkins was on tenor.

Andre Previn is booked for an October classics-and-jazz concert here . . . Si Zentner and Billy May worked the Sand's ballroom in March . . . Red Garland blew his gig at the Jazz Workshop and didn't make it up to a week after his scheduled opening . . . The Montgomery brothers are working the Swinging Lantern in Sacramento . . . Joe Marsala is dickering for a gig in town with his group from Aspen, Colo. . . . Ralph Sutton is back from Squaw valley and is set for a long series of weekends at the Hotel Canterbury . . . Cy Trobbe (with Lloyd Davis and Ron Crotty) is doubling from the Cirque room to the Executive Suite.

Dick Lammi, former Turk Murphy tuba player, is now on banjo at the Red Garter . . . Anita O'Day did a quickie weekend at the Pied Piper in Monterey en route to Fack's II . . . Freddie Gambrell is at the Stew-Den in Berkeley . . . Pony Poindexter and Vince Guaraldi went into the Coffee Gallery with a

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SEATTLE

The Olympic Hotel's Grand Ballroom was the scene of Irving Granz' concert, where listeners drank as they heard Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Lenny Bruce, Terry Gibbs, and Eric Miller, April 6 . . . Two of the rhythm section, Gildo Mahones and Ike Isaacs, sat in at Pete's Poop Deck afterwards for a swinging session, and house tenor man Gerald Brashear and Jon Hendricks traded vocal blowing . . . Bob Winn, alto and flute; Brashear, Bill Richardson, drums; Milt Garred, bass, and Bob Nixon, piano, continue at the Poop Deck . . . Jerry Gray and Elmer Gill are doing a two-piano thing at Ivar's Fifth Avenue restaurant . . . Terry Spencer, girl pianist, has a duo at The Door, a coffee espresso house, with Freddy Schreiber playing bass four nights and Chuck Metcalf on bass Friday and Saturday . . . John Wittwer is the new piano man at No Place. He is backed by Dave Coleman, drums, and Alvin Larkins (Ellis' brother) on bass . . . Seattle guitarist Mike DeFillipis has migrated to San Francisco . . . Former Boston and Seattle pianist Paul Neves reports from San Juan, Puerto Rico, that he is on an extended duo gig . . .



10 Years Ago

On the Cover: Bing Crosby and Jimmy McPartland . . . Headline: 'Sure, I Helped To Wreck The Dance Business,' Says Kenton. Stan Kenton goes on to say that Woody Herman, Dizzy Gillespie, and himself ruined the dance business because they were determined to play the kind of music they wanted to play . . . Guy Lombardo says the public is still going to support only those bands that give the public what the public wants . . . The Terrace room of the New Yorker hotel, N.Y., gives up on name bands-too much resistance to 20 percent cabaret tax . . . Oscar Peterson signs with Mercury despite hassel with RCA . . . Top Record Album: Tommy Dorsey, Six by Cole Porter (Victor WP263) . . . Cafe Society, N. Y., is going for piano stars: Mary Lou Williams is current, to be followed by Erroll Garner, Nellie Lutcher, Teddy Wilson, and Art Tatum . . . Sinatra grossed \$65,000 in his first week at Copacabana, N.Y. . . . Jonah Jones remains with Cab Calloway for South American tour . . . Desi Arnaz and band go into Avodon ballroom, Los Angeles.

25 Years Ago

Lead Story: John Hammond says New York is as backward as Chicago when it comes to swing music and continues: there is only one of the big bands that will pass muster — Benny Goodman. There are three persons responsible for the quality of the orchestra-Benny, Gene Krupa, and Fletcher Henderson. Until Gene, who drums as well as any mortal, joined the orchestra, it was a ragged, scuffling group. Gene's musicianship and enthusiasm succeeded in welding together all the sections. With Gene to send him, Benny was able to rise to new heights of musical inspiration. It was Fletcher, however, that put the finishing touches to the band. The arrangements are so far in advance of anything else that a band playing them has a head start on its rivals that is insuperable, Hammond says.

While the Dorsey brothers are at the Glen Island Casino they will have four network programs a week . . . Saxophonist Toots Mondello has quit Ray Noble to join Benny Goodman. In a future issue: Will Television Eliminate Musicians?

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