

THE BRIGHT NIGHT WORLD OF RAY CHARLES

July 7, 1960 35¢

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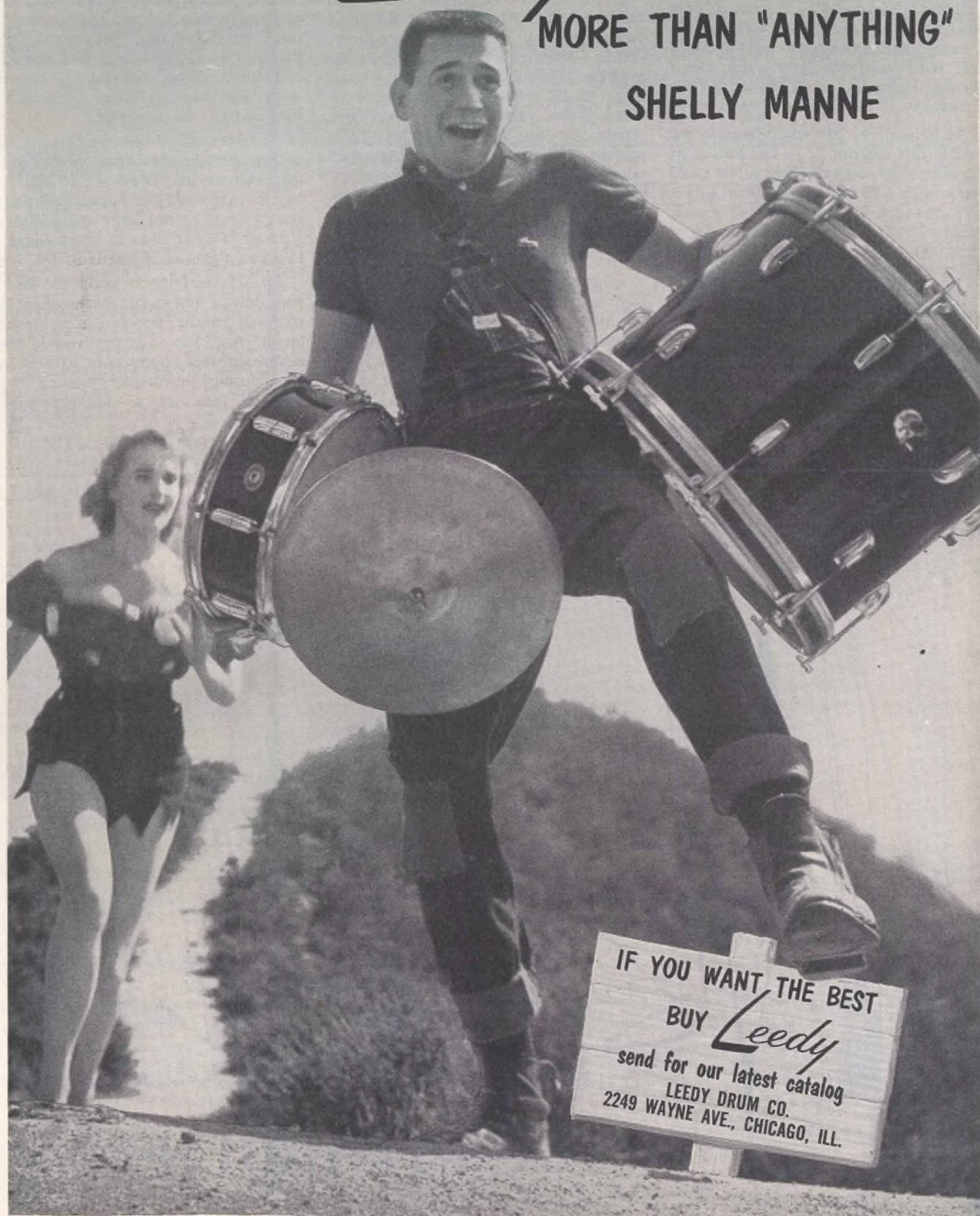


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THE FIRST CHORUS

BY CHARLES SUBER

Even though there have been several jazz festivals already this year, the season is considered officially opened with "Mother" Newport this Fourth of July weekend. On Page 14 of this issue is a complete rundown of all the festivals with pertinent dates and talent rosters. Here, let's look backstage for a moment.

At the end of last year's season, we said in this column "... The results of the nine 1959 festivals show a \$942,180 gross with 289,000 admissions to 42 performances. During the 1958 season about 175,000 persons paid some \$600,000 to 27 performances." This year's 12 festivals, with fewer performances (39), should top the million-dollar mark for the first time.

Despite this growth, jazz festivals are still in their infancy. Even with Newport, in its seventh year, and Randall's island, in its fifth, no clear pattern has emerged. Take afternoon

sessions for example. Newport and Monterey are the only places continuing with formal afternoon sessions to which admission is charged. And even then *jazz au soleil* is at best a break-even attempt, but management feels that the crowd making such an out-of-the-way trip should have something to do.


Even Messrs. George Wein, Ed Sarkesian, and Al Grossman, the most competent and experienced producers on the scene, wish they really knew the answers. Their major dilemma is how large to get without inviting chaos or diluting the value of their expensive attractions. For one thing there is a scarcity of talent that will "guarantee" admissions. The bidding for these few solid attractions — Gerry Mulligan, Erroll Garner, Ella Fitzgerald, Miles Davis, and a very few others—has skyrocketed their prices.

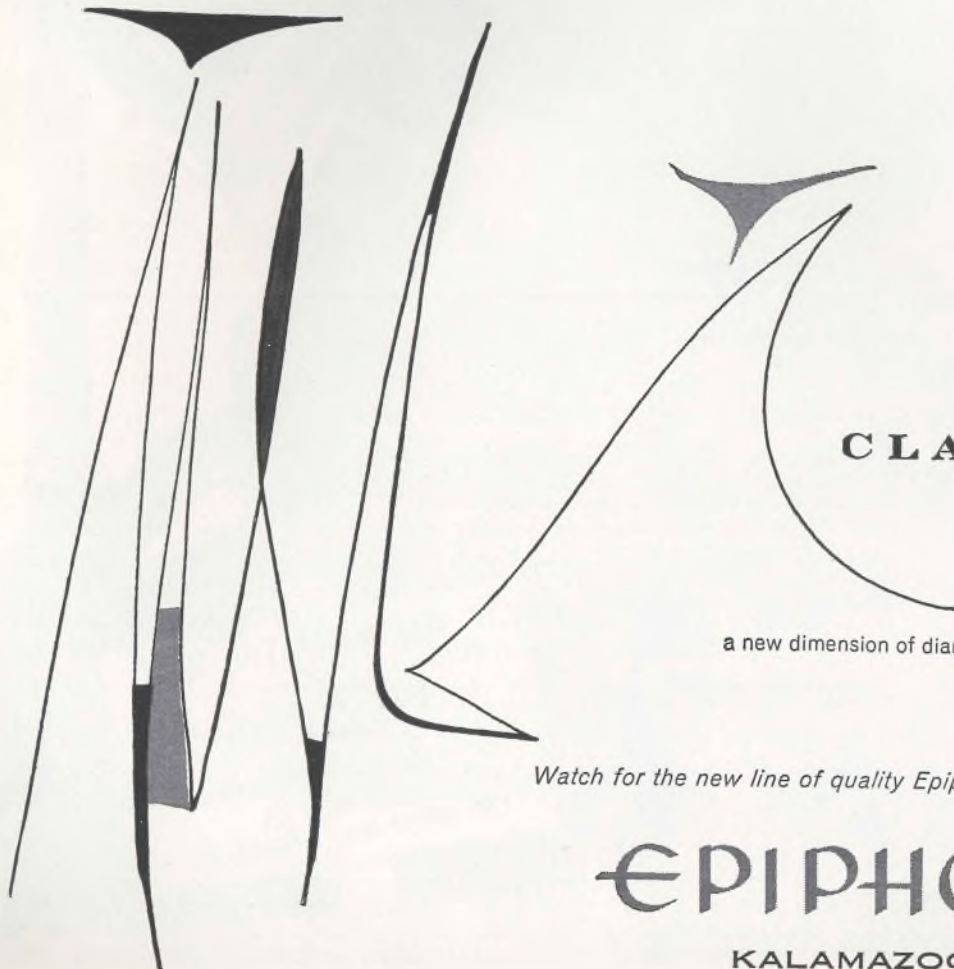
Ironically, the festivals themselves have spawned the high prices by heaping name upon name until the only measure of star billing is salary. Mulligan and Davis, for example, now insist they be given at least one-half of a performance to themselves — and a commensurately higher wage—to build

and develop their stint. Sounds reasonable. Let's only hope the audiences have not become too accustomed to the lily-gilding presentations.

Equally ironic is the success of the festivals in fostering the demand for jazz in other markets during the summer. State fairs, always on the lookout for boxoffice draws besides fatted calves and cooch dancers, are making it with jazz stars. For the last several years the midway lure has been the rock-and-roll fungi. Now that this is blowing away like used fertilizer, jazz names have a new place to work.

Another festival-spawned idea is jazz at summer theaters (first predicted in this column on Sept. 4, 1958). It's logical. After all, the popularity of any resort area is not only measured in Vitamin D but also in what there is to do at night—and jazz is it.

All this activity is good to see. It was only a few years back when the summer meant lay-off time to jazz talent. And for so many people who never get the opportunity to see live jazz during the winter, this is their chance. Jazz on a summer night. Yeah. 



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CONTENTS

AN 'ASSET' FOR THE MJQ	9
TURK MURPHY UNDER WRAPS	9
BMI'S HANDY REFERENCE LIBRARY	10
JAZZ IN JERSEY	11
BUDDY RICH — BACK AT IT	11
FESTIVALS ARE AIRBORNE	11
CASUALS SWING OUT WEST	12
MORE COLLEGE JAZZ	13
SUMMERTIME IS FESTIVAL TIME	14
END OF A CRITIC?	15
MANN IN AFRICA	16
HORACE SILVER, THE RUMORS AND THE FACTS	18
THE BRIGHT NIGHT WORLD OF RAY CHARLES	20
STEREO NEWS	23

DEPARTMENTS

THE FIRST CHORUS (Charles Suber)	4	THE BLINDFOLD TEST (John Hammond)	39
CHORDS AND DISCORDS	6	CAUGHT IN THE ACT	40
STRICTLY AD LIB	8	PERSPECTIVES (Ralph J. Gleason)	41
OUT OF MY HEAD (George Crater)	30	THE HOT BOX (George Hoefler)	44
RECORD REVIEWS	31		

ON THE COVER

A powerful influence in the jazz of today is that of Ray Charles—singer, altoist, pianist, arranger, composer. Charles has helped restore the earthy to jazz while climbing to a pinnacle of success on the rhythm and blues circuit. A sensitive word portrait of Charles by Barbara Gardner will be found on Page 20.

PHOTO CREDITS—Cover and photos of Horace Silver, by Bill Abernathy. Other photos of Ray Charles and photo on page 25 by Ted Williams. Page 11, Robert F. Skeetz.

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July 7, 1960 • 5

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GRETSCH

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Thank Goodness

Thank goodness for your special report on the other side of the payola scandal. I am an announcer at one of the small stations that is struggling to stay on top. I do not work exclusively from LPs on my show; we are still holding all the great 78s from the 1930s and '40s. I personally find that the public will listen to you, but you have to go out on a limb and look for them. Ratings improve with age.

I'm extending my hand to all announcers, station personnel, magazine outlets like *Down Beat*, and musicians who stand firm on our side of the coin. We make an impressive sight, and one of which we can justly be proud.

Congratulations on a fine article.
Sherbrooke, P.Q. Bill Hambly
CKTS

I note that you are pleased with the turn in radio programming from junk music to something better and even, sometimes, something that swings. This is happening even in Albuquerque, which, in spite of its being the home town of John Lewis . . . is still not what you might call a jazz-conscious city. But we are trying, and the one who leads the way is Al Tafayo, who is programming 12 hours a week on radio station KLOS of strictly the best jazz he can get.

He also does 12 hours of rhythm and blues and commercial jazz. So far he is doing all right—a good rating and his per hour income is cutting the Top 20 boys . . .
Albuquerque, N.M. N. L. Minch

I find myself slightly amused by a small squib in the *Things to Come* item in the May 12 *Down Beat* . . . "The issue will contain the results of the 7th annual disc jockey poll, with this difference from previous years: the poll has been tightened to take in only the opinions of jazz disc jockeys . . ."

It comes as no surprise. We live in a world of strange values. A Mitch Miller, like a Caryl Chessman, rapes values, which by his own intelligence he knows to be valid, then reaps in the profits, but once his own star starts to descend, nothing would be more practical than to get religion and switch sides. Nothing would be more idiotic than to pay any attention to his latter-day sainthood. Those of us who have been fighting the battle of Mitch Millerism as it deteriorated (along with our incomes) into rock 'n' rollism and finally Top 40 infantilism may smile a little that the original schlock artist has seen the light, but I'd prefer not to have him pontificate on what he'd do with what's left of the once proud business of radio programming.

Nor am I overly anxious to hear of Bobby Darin's great plans to swing

up a storm . . . having been exposed to this teenage terror when he was merely an obnoxious nobody plugging his first (and bad) Atco recording. The fact that these two wanderers have wised up (now that the prices are changing) is interesting and they're surely welcome in the club, but you'll pardon one man's reticence to see them take over as president without a fight. Let 'em pay their dues for a while . . . !

In *The Other Side of the Coin*, a conclusion was drawn: "It is absolutely necessary to have vocal and active support for something worthwhile from those who benefit from it . . . Apathy can and does lead to cultural and social decay . . . One way to prevent that from happening . . . is by supporting good programming to the end that the garbage will stay where it belongs—in the alley." I for one want to publicly thank you for your lack of support (by omission); loudly remind you that apathy is not merely indifference—it can also include laziness of the mind and too limited a viewpoint; and then quietly follow your last suggestion. I've put your Mitch Miller and Bobby Darin garbage where it belongs—in the alley.

Newport, Ky. Bob Knight
WNOP

Pro Crater

Re Vincent Danca's letter on George Crater in you May 12 issue.

First of all, giving up a quality magazine (if Mr. Danca really intends to) because of a one-page feature is more than a little irrational. Even the thriftiest reader wouldn't object to ignoring a page in a 35-cent magazine.

Secondly, though I am pro-Crater, as I am pro-Sahl, Berman, Bruce, and other humorists of that ilk, I agree with Mr. Danca on one point: "inside types of jokes". I'm an inland New Yorker (the D.C. address is temporarily supplied by the Marine Corps) and this places me about as far "outside" as a North Dakota housewife. But thanks to recordings and publications such as yours, I can appreciate general inside comments on the jazz world. Unfortunately, Mr. Crater tends to localize some of his material to the point of being obscure to those of us outside the tight little circle he seems to inhabit. Even some of the copious names he drops seem to be intended only for the enjoyment of his clique.

Other than this, though, I can say nothing against his feature or your magazine as a consistently tasteful whole.

Washington, D.C. Bruce Johnson

Life may be bleak without Mr. Vincent J. Danca of New York, but you'll be better off in a pure business way: that cat was only paying 25 cents for your maga-

CHORDS

Continued

zine, and at best that's a break-even situation.

If jazz needs anything *less* than the "betterment" likely to come from brother Danca and his ilk, it's beyond (my) comprehension. And I date back to a tall bass drum and a low stool instead of a low bass drum and a high throne. Never figured out why they always tried to hide the drummer. Teagarden was in town a few days ago; managed to flush Peck Kelley out for pictures but no more. It could well be the last public appearance for old Peck. He'll be around for a long time, but I don't think he liked what he heard; he can't see any more. Listen closely and you can always detect a Danca. It's an occupational hazard.

Houston, Texas

J. W. Tucker

Mr. Danca's 25 cents was a typo.

Perhaps Mr. Crater would like to know that I have just finished making a windup doll of Louis Bellson with two heads. And I caught Ed Shaughnessy sticking pins in it!

If it is at all possible, I would like to exchange letters with an American fan who is interested in all styles, especially east coast.

Meanwhile, may I congratulate you on the payola articles. For many years we have had to contend with the byproducts of the constant plugging of bad material by American deejays, as this country's pop music population is like sheep. Now it seems that the flow of rubbish from your side of the Atlantic will drop, and we will be served up with some superior material.

Admitted by many of us that the U.S.A. leads the world in pop music, of late it has seemed that it has led the world in the production of rot-gut music too.

99a Blenheim Gardens
Chris J. Torrance
Wallington,
Surrey,
England.

Reader Torrance will be interested to know that Crater's windup dolls seem on their way to becoming a national gag, like the knock-knock jokes of some years ago. The windup dolls were "invented" by Crater and Bob Brookmeyer over a taste in Junior's New York bar. Since then, various people have been swiping the idea. Chicago disc jockey Dan Sorkin has since used the gag; so have various newspaper columnists, including Irv Kupcinet and at least one of the New Yorker columnists.

Pause That Refreshes

After reading Tom Scanlan's short article, *Opinions Not Their Own*, I felt a real surge of refreshment.

Almost everyone I know is a self-styled jazz critic. Their criticism, however, is directly in line with the criticism of the *Down Beat* critics. In the last few years, all their talk has turned from Brubeck to Monk and the other artists in the lime-light.

It is surprising to me that they never

talked or even heard of Monk a few years ago—before his social acceptance. And what about the greats such as Clifford Brown, whom everyone swore by a few years ago, but whose records now lie at the bottom of the jazz fan's enormous stack of music, probably never to be played again unless the professional critics decide to bring them back from obscurity . . . ?

It is about time that people stopped buying and listening to the music they are supposed to listen to and started criticizing according to their own likes and dislikes.

Compton, Calif.

G. A. White

Tom Scanlan's article was read by disc jockey Mort Fega. It was my first and only hearing as far as this letter is concerned, and was definitely amusing. Further reading, if done, would lead to irritation.

Does criticism (in jazz) exist for itself exclusively? It seems that many of *Down Beat's* writers are overly concerned with the reader's taste in jazz. Well maybe they are stating their views and trying to uplift ours. Honorable? Not really. Reading is not necessarily listening or experiencing.

The recent fan, enthusiast, observer, or what-have-you is parroting the reviews and wallows in trends. How shocking. Yet are they really to utter personal estimates if they haven't any? Yes, fellows, you fill this gap. This category (you picked them), along with the long-time pseudo-dedicated, bear silent gratitude to you. Admiration shows its head by implication when the mouthings begin.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Carl Jones

Tom Scanlan will be with us next issue when he presents a full feature article on Washington guitarist Charlie Byrd.

Impulsive

Dropping a line because I just can't hold back my pen any longer. Congratulations to all concerned for a greatly improved magazine. Here in Hawaii, a serious music lover must depend on reviews such as yours. Do you know that a major jazz label, Blue Note, has no distributor here?

Add: what a groovy world this would be if all critics were as swinging as Don DeMicheal!

Add: what's all this fuss about George Crater and Ornette Coleman? I think this world is big enough for both of them—and Izzy Previn too!

Honolulu

D. Martini

Reply To Frey

So Mr. Frey thinks *Down Beat* is mad because he doesn't bless you with an ad for his Audio Fidelity records!

Tell me, what *would* he advertise? The harmonica gang? Port Said? Railroad sounds? An H-bomb in stereo?

Somehow I can't help feeling that the readers of *Down Beat* would provide him with an all-time low return on his investment.

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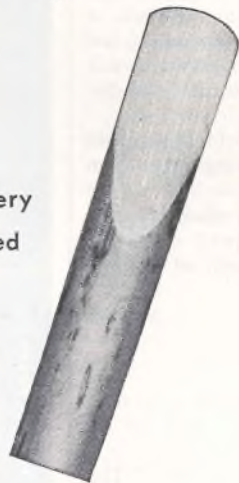
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NEW YORK

Jack Gelber's *The Connection*, a two-act drama about jazz and junkies, was deemed a dismal flop by the critics when it opened at the Living Theater last July. Not only has the play survived for almost a year, but it has walked off with three top 1959-60 off-Broadway (Obie) awards. The three judges, **Richard Watts, Jr.** (New York Post), **Robert Brustein** (New Republic), and **Jerry Tallmer** (The Village Voice), named *The Connection* the Best All-Around Production and the Best New Play. Its leading player, **Warren Finnerty**, was selected for the Best Actor award. The play has been published by the Grove Press, and the jazz score performed on stage has been recorded on a Blue Note LP. **Freddie Redd**, pianist-composer of the score, has licensed the music through BMI. Formal presentation of the awards took place at the Village Gate with jazz bassist **Charlie Mingus** and the Freddie Redd Quartet providing music.



GILLESPIE

Drummer **Chico Hamilton** has gone to California to rest after a bout with pneumonia in New York. **Philly Joe Jones** fronted and played with Chico's quintet for the last week of the group's stint at the Jazz Gallery. Hungarian guitarist **Attila Zoller** recently joined the Hamilton group. Zoller plans to remain in the United States for good. He has been here a year, waiting for a union card and the straightening out of his immigration papers. He was recently married to a girl from Philadelphia . . . **Willard Alexander's** booking office has signed the **Les McCann Trio** from Los Angeles. They plan to bring the group east for an engagement at the Village Vanguard in July . . . Tenor saxophonist **John Coltrane** recently bought a soprano saxophone and is playing it on the job at the Jazz Gallery . . . **Jimmy Giuffre** is changing his group format again. Guitarist **Jim Hall** will return in place of soprano saxophonist **Steve Lacy** and there will be a change in drummers. Bassist **Buell Neidlinger** will be the only holdover from the group that has been playing the Five Spot for the past month.



BERNSTEIN

Joe Termini, on the strength of the reduction of the cabaret tax from 20 to 10 per cent, has started to experiment with vocalists and more expensive bands. He booker singer **Al Hibbler** into the Jazz Gallery for one week and has set blues vocalist **Joe Turner** to open July 12. Termini also had the **Dizzy Gillespie Quintet** for a two-week engagement last month . . . **Dizzy Reece** has been signed to play at the Half Note this month . . . **Urbie Green** played trombone with **Benny Goodman** at the Basin Street East last month in place of **Bill Harris**, who chose to remain in Florida. The band was essentially **Red Norvo's** group augmented by **B.G.**, **Flip Phillips**, and **Green** . . . **Peggy Lee** has signed to do 10 weeks at the Basin Street East in the next two years on the basis of her tremendous success at the club last spring. Miss Lee has also agreed to accept a star role in the **Dino de Laurentis** movie, *The Dolls*, to be filmed in Europe.

The **Gerry Mulligan** Band will record singles and albums

Continued on Page 45

down beat

Down Beat

July 7, 1960

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A 'PRECIOUS ASSET' FOR JOHN LEWIS

"Jazz," said John Lewis firmly when someone suggested that the ballet-like dance he unveiled in Paris had little to do with jazz, "began as music that people danced to. We are not going out on a limb. We are just putting the music back where it belongs."

Lewis' latest project, premiered at the Théâtre Alhambra in Paris in April, encountered mixed critical reaction. Presented in conjunction with a troupe of young American ballet dancers, with choreography by Louis Johnson and music by Lewis, it met with enthusiasm for the musicianship of the MJQ but something less than that for the effort to wed modern jazz and the dance. Several reviewers felt that the four dancers and their choreography were not up to the standard set by the musicians.

Though Americans will not see Lewis' latest venture until later this year (a U.S. tour will probably open sometime in October at Carnegie Hall), those who saw the *Jazz Dance* presented last summer at Newport by Dr. Marshall Stearns can gain some idea of the direction Lewis has taken.

Like Stearns' *Jazz Dance* (which was performed to taped music of the MJQ), the Lewis-Johnson work is rooted in the Commedia dell'Arte of 16th Century Italy and centers on four traditional characters from that venerable improvisational comedy form: Fontessa, Columbine, Harlequin, and Pierrot.

"It is not a ballet," Lewis says, "but a sort of modern dance. Like the music of the quartet, each performance will change and develop from the one before." The work, he said, rejoins "the music of jazz with one of its most compelling influences, the dance, which in the past took the form of the quadrille, the Charleston, and the Big Apple." (See remarks of John Hammond, Page 39, this issue.)

Titled *The Comedy*, and then subtitled *Jazz Entertainment* to avoid comparison with other dance forms (particularly recent attempts to join either traditional ballet with jazz music, or contemporary dance with jazz-like contemporary music), the Lewis-Johnson ballet-that-isn't-a-ballet involves improvised dance coupled with improvised

music. Lewis, drummer Connie Kay, bassist Percy Heath, and vibraphonist Milt Jackson fuse their functions with those of dancers Louis Johnson, Cris-tyne Lawson, Lelia Goldoni, and Kevin Carlisle to create a collective improvisation by eight artists rather than the work of four dancers with accompaniment.

The program runs two hours. It is divided into three parts. During an opening 40-minute segment, the stage is set to show the four musicians on an elevated platform, in direct contrast to the movements and characterizations of the dancers. This segment depicts a day in the life of the four Commedia dell'Arte characters. The dancers im-



provise on the plot line as the musicians improvise on a basic musical framework.

As an entr'acte, the MJQ plays a short concert, normally comprising Ray Brown's *Pyramid*, Milt Jackson's *The Cylinder*, the pop tune *I Should Care*, and one of the themes from the score Lewis wrote for the film *Odds Against Tomorrow*.

Then the program continues with a series of improvisations in solo and ensemble, including both the MJQ and the dance group. *La Ronde* features Heath, *A Social Call* Lewis, *How High the Moon* Jackson, and four more numbers ensemble.

Bob Dawburn of England's *Melody Maker* found the opening 40-minute segment the least successful part of the performing. "The dancer's movements rarely blended with the mood of the music and had absolutely nothing to do with Lewis' earlier pronouncements of

what he intended to portray in the suite. The two media remained separate, with the dancing distracting attention from the subtleties of the music."

But ballet-wise Parisians evidently didn't agree with Dawburn—nor did *Jazz Magazine*, one of the most influential of the French jazz publications. "The show ended with repeated encores," *Jazz* reported, "and the enthusiasm was not faked." *Jazz* particularly liked the third part of the presentation, "when Lewis has each musician accompanying each dancer." *Jazz* summed up by calling the show "a precious asset for John Lewis."

Lewis shortly thereafter took his "precious asset" on the road—for five shows in Yugoslavia, a series of concerts at the Titania Palace in Berlin, and presentations in Denmark, Sweden and Italy. After that, it was Stateside for the MJQ and the Lewis experiment.

OH, DIDN'T THEY RAMBLE

Melvin (Turk) Murphy is under wraps for a month. The San Francisco trombonist took his Marching and Chowder Society Band into New York's Embers, a spot that is primarily a restaurant but has incidental music.

The Embers, which does not charge a cabaret tax and requires its musical entertainment to be muted and non-vocal, once decreed that pianist-entertainer Dorothy Donegan confine her act within arm's reach of the piano.

The exuberant Murphy, a new bridegroom (he recently married Harriet Hafner, who gave up her career as a bass fiddler), went to the Embers from another New York job where conditions are somewhat the opposite—Broadway's Metropole. But he promised the east-side management he would mute all his horns and leave vocalist Pat Yankee twiddling her thumbs in a hotel room.

Murphy and his boys made good on their vow and have been restrained. They have developed what one reviewer called "a sort of Dixie Muzak, which upsets neither the chatter nor the digestion."

The band has an enormous repertoire from which to draw its program. Out of more than 300 tunes in the book, Murphy has pulled out melodies that

he and the group can do without getting ebullient. They gave the soft treatment to *Wearin' o' the Green; Day-break Blues; Swipesy Cake Walk*, and the well-known *Memphis Blues*.

But a gang has got to blow sometime. So one recent noon Murphy got the boys out of bed early, and, with Miss Yankee, all piled into an open truck that was driven down to the heart of Manhattan's garment center, a section of the city that has the reputation of being the most congested area in the world at noon.

It was a nice spring day, and the streets were choked with push boys and their racks of dresses, shipping clerks, cutters, and models sunning themselves while they gossiped.

Asked if he had ever played in the garment district before Turk replied, "No, but we can play underwater if we can blow."

The truck was parked at the curb, and the band started out with *The 1919 March*. Some of the audience stood unsmiling, cigars clenched between teeth, while others clapped their hands and tapped their feet.

When singer Yankee took off on *Rose of Washington Square*, heads popped out of windows, and the inevitable happened: a fat man mopped his brow and yelled, "Sing it, baby, sing it!"

Murphy's band was not only working off frustrations. It also was performing its good deed for the day. The impromptu 15-minute concert was for the benefit of the American Cancer society's 1960 drive. Women with canisters circulated in the crowd, taking donations.

HANDY REFERENCE LIBRARY

Broadcast Music, Inc., (BMI) has frequently been accused by the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP) of being solely responsible for the prevalence of rock-and-roll tunes in our musical midst. The two archrivals in the field of music licensing have been battling each other since the day in the early 1940s when the broadcasting industry formed BMI.

The BMI camp rebuts the charges that constantly emanate from the old line agency, which established itself solidly during the 1920s with the June-moon-spoon formula. And BMI can point the finger at ASCAP by reminding that the r&r hit, *Rock Around the Clock*, which catapulted Bill Haley's Comets to fame, had been licensed through ASCAP.

Regardless of which agency is responsible for "launching" rock and roll, BMI has offered greater opportunities to more unknown composers than its competitors. There are now about 100 name

jazzmen licensing their compositions through BMI, including John Lewis, Thelonious Monk, George Russell, Gil Evans, Manny Albam, Ornette Coleman, Miles Davis, Charlie Mingus, Bill Holman, Dave Brubeck, and Johnny Richards.

It has been BMI's policy to publish short brochures consisting of complete summaries of the work of classical composers who license through BMI. There have been about 1,500 of these booklets to date, serving as fine reference sources for anyone interested in information pertaining to any individual composer's work contained in one convenient volume.

Now under the direction of Russell Sanjek, director of public relations at BMI, the same service is being performed for the jazz composer. Six brochures are now available, covering the work of the late Charlie Parker, George Russell, John Lewis, Johnny Richards, Gil Evans, and Dave Brubeck. Another set of six will be printed within a month.

Each brochure will contain the following sections: a photo of the composer; an essay by a well known jazz authority, with biographical and historical information, as well as a critique of the composer's significance; and a complete listing of the BMI-licensed work of the writer with the name of the publisher of the composition and the different recorded versions of the selection. Initially, each composer's brochure

THINGS TO COME ☆☆☆☆☆

Next issue the emphasis is on the stringed instruments—bass and guitar. Appropriately, a feature by Tom Scanlan on Charlie Byrd, guitarist extraordinary and a former student of Andres Segovia, is coupled with a feature on Charlie Mingus, who has been dubbed "the Segovia of the bass."

Byrd's importance to jazz guitar is that he, along with guitarist Bill Harris, has put the emphasis back on *all* the strings. At home playing Bach, Bird, or blues, the Virginia-born musician was one of the major hits of last fall's Monterey Jazz festival.

Also in the next issue (July 21, on sale July 7) will be coverage of the Hollywood Bowl Jazz festival by John Tynan—the first in *Down Beat's* series of articles covering all the major jazz festivals of the summer.

And of particular interest to musicians will be a report from Las Vegas, Nev., on this year's national convention of the American Federation of Musicians.

will be printed in editions of 10,000 copies, and each booklet will have a flap arrangement on the back cover for future insertions of up-dating supplementary sheets.

BMI intends to distribute the booklets free of charge to radio stations, universities and colleges, libraries, music critics, and record reviewers.

BOOKER-PROMOTER HASSEL

The complex and sometimes fascinating relationship between the jazz booker and the jazz promoter recently was glimpsed in bold, if embarrassing, outline.

This is a business where tempers frequently draw tight in the tooth and fang competition between rival promoters and the booking agencies from which they must buy their acts. And sometimes the booker finds himself squarely in the middle of the fracas.

In *Down Beat* (May 26), Omega Enterprises' Hal Lederman accused Bobby Phillips, west coast manager of Associated Booking Corp., of "a double-cross of the worst kind." Lederman was seething because Phillips had sold the Duke Ellington band to a rival promoter for a June 4 concert at Los Angeles' 6,700-seat Shrine auditorium. He charged betrayal by Phillips of a promise not to book Ellington in the L.A. area immediately prior to Omega's second annual Los Angeles Jazz festival at the Hollywood Bowl June 17-18.

The promoter felt there was a good possibility of this concert cutting into his boxoffice the night of Ellington's scheduled appearance at the bowl. Phillips' reaction to the story in *Down Beat* was immediate and vituperative. He denied vigorously that there was any kind of "double cross" and instead counter-accused Lederman of making the unreasonable demand that Phillips "keep the Ellington band out of the L.A. area" between signing of the contract and the bowl concert.

"How could I make a promise like that?" asked Phillips indignantly. "I couldn't have the entire band sit around this area for weeks just waiting for Lederman's date. When you have a band like Duke's in your territory, you've gotta keep it working."

After tempers cooled, the situation seemed resolved, or at least tempered by the realities of the business. Lederman, up to his ears in last-minute details of the festival, admitted he had "spoken hastily" and wished "I hadn't been quoted." Phillips maintained his realistic position that a band had to be kept working.

Meanwhile, both Phillips and Lederman went about their uniquely conjoined business.



Red Garland's recent return to Hollywood turned out to be a festive occasion. Seen on opening night outside the Sanbah club, in the photo at left, are pianist Elmo Hope; Reggie Workman, Garland's bassist; Gar-



RED GARLAND AND FRIENDS

land; Frank Gant, Garland's drummer, and well-known Hollywood man-about-town, bon vivant, and semiofficial greeter, Mel (The Taylor) Lewis. In the photo at right, the Garland group is seen hard at it in the Sanbah.

JAZZ IN JERSEY

Five years ago, a jazz disc jockey named Harvey Husten convinced the owners of the Red Hill inn at Camden, N. J., that they should try a jazz policy. Thanks to Husten's astute handling, jazz was a success, and the Red Hill has become one of the nation's better jazz rooms.

The room survived one crisis when Husten died three years ago. Joe DeLuca Jr., son of the owner, took over booking, and the Red Hill continued to prosper. Several months ago, a new problem loomed. The New Jersey highway department condemned the property to make way for the widening of the Camden-to-New York road on which the Red Hill was located.

DeLuca wasted no time. He purchased a plush but vacant night club, several miles away, which had failed to make the grade with conventional programming.

The new Red Hill could be the nation's finest jazz room. Seating 450, it can accommodate big bands, and its furnishings make places like the famed Birdland look like neighborhood bars.

DeLuca opened the other week with the George Shearing Quintet. He followed with the big bands of Maynard Ferguson and Gerry Mulligan and hopes to remain open all summer.

Although Husten has been dead for three years, he still has a connection with the Red Hill. The ads read: *Harvey Husten's Jazz in Jersey* sessions.

BACK AT IT

You might think a magnet had drawn Philadelphia's jazz drummers to Pep's jazz room the other week. But there was no magnet—just the drummer's drummer, Buddy Rich, breaking in a new group, which he has since taken to Chicago's Blue Note.

And Buddy, apparently completely recovered from his recent heart attack, didn't let down his professional fans. Sparked by a visit by Sol Yaged, Claude Hopkins, and several other friends from New York, Buddy tore into his drums like a man possessed on a 15-minute

solo on *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise*, which featured every drum stroke known to man—and some new ones.

Buddy did no singing or dancing—just drumming which astonished fellow musicians who said they never had seen him play with such power and drive. Rich, cocky as ever, had this answer for one fan who wanted to hear him sing:

"Buy my album."

FESTIVALS ARE AIRBORNE

While the kids are quaffing beer and pitching the cans around the packed jazz festival arenas, what used to be known as the "air waves," will be carrying the sounds away from the music shells in the hot, muggy open air into private homes—air-conditioned and otherwise. For those who stay home this year, it will be *Swing Along with Mitch* (Miller) over the Columbia Broadcasting radio network on the *World Jazz Series*.

In what has been called the largest single package sale of "special" programs in network radio history, Studebaker-Packard Corp. has purchased 15 segments (each of 55-minute duration) to be broadcast from five of the most famous summer jazz festivals. All of the programs are scheduled for broadcast at 9:05 to 10 p.m. eastern daylight time.

Columbia Records' Miller will again act in the role of master of ceremonies for all the programs, some of which will be taped for delayed broadcast, others of which will go "live" from the bandstands.

Last year Studebaker-Packard concentrated on the Newport festival with a *Newport Is a Lark* promotion built around a fashion show. It was an open-air parade of cool gowns inspired by the creations of famous names in the history of jazz from Stalebread to Bird.

It is doubtful that the show sold a single Studebaker Lark, since the presentation was squeezed into the dinner hour between an afternoon performance (usually the afternoon listeners are

dyed-in-the-wool jazz fans) and the evening concert. This left as witnesses to the show a handful of curious jazz critics looking for some Freudian significance.

The Mitch Miller broadcasts at Newport '59 missed the musical highlight of the festival when Duke Ellington refused to give clearance for broadcasting his portion of the Saturday night festivities.

This year, such an oversight cannot happen, according to the CBS producer-in-charge. All the talent to be aired is currently in the process of being signed.

Two of the segments have already gone on the air. Early last month, almost two hours of jazz taped at the New York *Daily News* concerts in Madison Square Garden were broadcast on a Saturday and Sunday night delayed broadcast. Music was by Louis Armstrong, Sarah Vaughan, the Dukes of Dixieland, Gene Krupa, Dizzy Gillespie, Count Basie, and the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross Trio.

The remaining segments in the series are scheduled to be broadcast from the Newport, R.I., festival on the nights of July 1, 2, 3, and 4; the French Lick, Ind., festival from an acoustical shell near the golf course adjoining the Hotel Sheraton, July 29, 30, and 31; the Detroit jazz festival, from the Fair Grounds, Aug. 19, 20, and 21; and the Philadelphia festival from Connie Mack stadium, Aug. 26, 27, and 28.

In addition to the radio broadcasts, Columbia will produce a long-playing recording featuring some of the talent appearing in the *World Jazz Series*. The disc will be available next fall—but only through Studebaker Lark dealers.

Also taping at the seventh annual Newport festival next week will be the United States Information Agency. Their television branch will be videotaping more than 30 hours of jazz music covered from the afternoon and evening sessions.

USIA plans to edit the tape down to a series of half-hour television shows, which will be made available to all USIA television offices for free telecasting to millions of people in Europe and Asia.

CASUALS SWING OUT WEST

In recent years, the west coast has been called—among other things—the graveyard of dance bands. Because of the high cost of transportation today, many eastern name bandleaders won't even consider a western tour unless the loot is handsome and dates plentiful. Booking agents in the major offices whistle a perpetually optimistic tune for print, but off the record they'll confess that the predicted name band resurgence seems awfully slow a-comin' to the west.

Yet dance bands are thriving in southern California, though you won't find dancers flocking to the Hollywood Palladium or across the Santa Catalina channel to Avalon's Casino ballroom. Those days of booming big time ballroom business have passed with the winter snows on Mt. Baldy. The bands making it today in the land of sunshine and smog are the unheralded but prospering "casual" outfits, mostly small six- to eight-piece groups that have the wedding and barmitzvah business cornered.

For those inclined to turn up their embouchures at the casual business, leader Jerry Rosen's glittering Cadillac is Exhibit A for the case of prosperity. Rosin, along with Manny Harmon and Herb Silvers, are the top trio of casual bandleaders in the Los Angeles area, yet their engagements account for only 50 per cent of the casual trade. The balance of business is divided among such lesser fry as Joe Moshay, Sid Zaid, Bernie Richards, Keith Williams, Chuck Marlowe, Mike Paige, Ivan Scott, Barney Sorkin, Carroll Wax, and even sometime jazzman Dave Pell.

While the average sideman in Local 47, AFM, doesn't get rich playing casuals, it is worth noting that in 1958 total pay for this work brought musicians under the local's jurisdiction \$1,050,231 before taxes. According to business agent Bob Manners, who heads Local 47's casual department, musicians' earnings in 1959 jumped to \$1,191,590 before taxes.

An enterprising leader can, and frequently does, keep several bands working through each week on jobs scattered all over sprawling Los Angeles county. Harmon, for example, directs a virtual network of bands sometimes numbering as many as 15 to 20 to weekly gigs where the audiences range in size from 200 at smaller social affairs to 6,500 in king-size ballrooms rented by various organizations. He employs from 140 to 200 musicians every week on jobs ranging from swank affairs in the Beverly Hilton grand ballroom to the July 4 American Legion extravaganza in the Los Angeles Coliseum.

Jerry Rosen and Herb Silvers estimate



PAPA'S FAREWELL

When a name jazz drummer turns away from the nightly gig in favor of a new career as regional office manager for a major booking agency, it's possibly something to smile about. Giving drummer Tony Papa (left) a big sendoff at the Sahara hotel in Los Vegas, where he had been working with the Johnny (Scat) Davis band for the last year, are three individuals who have figured not insignificantly in his career, (l. to r.) Stan Irwin, entertainment booker at the Sahara, Davis, and Duke Ellington. Duke hired Papa for his first name band job. The drummer will take over the Dallas, Texas, office for Joe Glaser's Associated Booking Corp. in August. Papa at one time held down the drum chair with the Artie Shaw and Conte Candoli Bands and, in 1952, led his own big band around New York. Said he of his new career, "I'm goin' down there to sell jazz."

their squadrons of bands play before a total audience of a quarter of a million persons each week. This includes a recent Rosen date at San Bernardino's National Orange show, an annual fete attended by throngs from all over the orange-growing area of southern California. Silvers figures his groups hit a weekly average of at least 50,000 persons.

Rosen, who with other casual leaders is constantly aiming for repeat engagements by specific organizations, has built an enterprise that in 1959 resulted in jobs for 303 musicians. Silvers' sidemen, too, are employed by the hundreds on an annual basis and, because he pays \$65 a sideman per night, he can call on a waiting list of musicians and singers familiar with his brand of entertainment and music.

While the Harmon and Silvers bands tend to stress a variety of music and entertainment far removed from jazz, some casual leaders have found dancers to be quite receptive to more swinging fare. Chuck Marlowe, who regularly works dates with seven pieces and a vocalist, Gloria Lowe, has found it pays off to keep his "jazz book" handy.

"When a dance begins to liven up," he said, "I judge the mood of the peo-

ple; then, if I think they're ready, I bring out charts by Bill Holman, J. Hill, or Marty Paich. You'd be surprised how many seem to dig the more swingin' things."

In the million-dollar casual business that does much to finance the operation of Local 47, income tax deductions are a constant bugbear. Business agent Manners recently declared that because taxes are withheld from casual musicians on a daily basis rather than weekly, "fantastic" overpayments and constant filing for refunds result. Moreover, he said, this also means that some \$750,000 in fees is never reported to either the union or Internal Revenue.

Casual work, said Manners, resulted in over 8,000 W2 income tax forms filed by Local 47 for the 1959 tax year. In addition, he said, the union estimates 500-1,000 more were individually filed by musicians in the leader category, i.e., as employers.

Anxious to correct this situation—and incidentally, to get its cut of that unreported \$750,000—Manners said the union is moving to induce Internal Revenue to revise the present method of withholding the casual musician's income tax. Because, brother, there's gold in them thar casuals.

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MORE COLLEGE JAZZ

With the finesse of the Modern Jazz Quartet, yet with an original sound and conception, the Bell Contemporary Jazz Quartet won the first annual Intercollegiate Jazz festival competition at Georgetown university in Washington, D. C. The decision of six judges was unanimous.

Judging the festival finals, which included a half-dozen jazz groups, were pianist Dave Brubeck, alto saxophonist Paul Desmond, John Hammond of Columbia Records, Jack Pleis of Decca Records, Robert Share of the Berklee School of Music, and George Hoefer of *Down Beat*.

The winning group, organized in the summer of 1958 primarily for the purpose of presenting jazz in the concert hall, was conceived by a 26-year-old music graduate (BA in music composition from Carnegie Institute of Technology) and student of Nikolai Lopatinkoff. He is Charles Bell, composer-arranger-pianist, whose three original works constituted the quartet's portion of the competitive program.

The compositions, *Counterpoint Study No. 2*; *The Gospel*, and *Travelin' Time* were played in a classical chamber-music mood without losing sight of the fact that the major concern was focused on jazz. As composer for the group, Bell makes use of the rhythmic and harmonic tools made available to him by his extensive music training.

One of Bell's concepts has been to elevate the ensemble performance of the group to a level equal to that of the individual improvisations so that the total impact of a rendition carries more weight than any given solo. Although Bell has been remarkably effective in accomplishing this, drummer Allen Blairman's unique sounds and use of a set of triangles was perhaps on a par with the group sound as a highlight of the quartet's set.

Blairman, 19, is the only self-taught member of the quartet. Selected as the best individual musician at the festival, he won two year's study at the Berklee school in Boston.

Electric guitarist William Smith, a second-year music education student at Duquesne university, and bassist Frank Traficante, a Carnegie Tech senior in music education, are the quartet's other members.

The Bell CJQ made its public debut in the Carnegie Lecture hall in Pittsburgh on Oct. 18, 1958. Since then it has played at several nearby colleges and universities, in all the top jazz clubs in Pittsburgh, and has presented a series of shows over WQED, Pittsburgh's educational TV station. During the recent bicentennial in Pittsburgh, Bell composed special music, and the group performed for a church service at the Council of Churches.

The group's reward for winning include a week at Birdland, a recording contract with Columbia, and a possible appearance at the Newport Jazz festival in July.

Second prize went to the North Texas State College Lab Band from Denton, Texas, under the direction of Leon Breedon. This band won several awards in the 1960 Collegiate Jazz festival at the University of Notre Dame, where it was in competition with 28 other groups. The Texas musi-

cians received an engagement at the Red Hill inn, near Camden, N. J., as their prize.

Honorary mention was given to two of the instrumentalists in the 18-piece Texas band as runners-up to drummer Blairman. They are trumpeter Marv Stamm, winner of best-trumpet and best-instrumentalist awards at the Notre Dame festival, and trombonist Morgan Powell.

Four other groups competed at Georgetown in the finals. During the last year, Washington disc jockey Felix Grant had gone through some 100 tapes from college bands around the country to select the six most promising groups for the finals. All of the bands that appeared received plaques.

Other finalists included the Chuck Mangione Quintet from the University of Rochester, a group that proved to be the favorite of the 3,000 people jammed into McDonough gymnasium because of its romping, down-home style. The band includes Mangione, trumpet; Larry Combs, alto saxophone; Paul Tardif, piano; Dick Samson, bass, and Noal Cohen, drums.

The Eddie Cercone Quartet from Hart College of Music in Hartford, Conn., which had Cercone on piano; John Mills, alto saxophone; Spike Spicer, bass, and Richie Lepore, drums. The Jazz Spokesmen were from New York State university of Albany and who have performed at colleges in New York and Massachusetts.

The Spokesmen, formed early in 1959, operate as a co-operative, each member of the group contributing to the book. Lyle Warner is the leader and drummer; John McLean, piano; Dick Pisani, tenor saxophone; Herbie George, bass, and Ronnie Blake, trumpet. One of the outstanding features of the group was the muted playing of Blake.

The sixth finalist was the Princeton Jazz Septet from Princeton university with John Simon, piano and co-leader; John Adeo, trombone and co-leader; Roger Morgan, trombone; Curt Nelson, trumpet; Jay Kelley, tenor saxophone; Doug James, drums, and Ross Brecker, bass. This band was organized last fall for the specific purpose of entering the Georgetown competition.

After the competition, the Brubeck quartet played a short concert before the contest results were announced and the winners awarded their prizes. DJ Grant served as emcee for the event.

The credit for the success of the Georgetown Jazz festival goes to two students, Bob Cavallo and Charlie Rossotti, who conceived the idea one year ago and carried it out. Some of the details were worked out during the summer months of 1959, but most of the work started last September when classes resumed. At that time, a committee was formed. It was made up of Fred Onorato, secretary; Dale Silva, director of performers; Frank Weis, treasurer; Bob Gilmartin, production co-ordinator, and Norm Smith, program editor. This group starts work soon on the second festival, to be held next May.

Meanwhile, Cavallo and Rossotti have taken over as personal managers of the Bell Contemporary Jazz Quartet. 

Festival Season 1960

To be or not to be.

That is the big question that seems likely to be raised for the jazz festivals this summer. Are many of them to become extinct because, like the dinosaur, they have grown too big for their environment? Or can they adjust to circumstances and survive as an integral and established part of American cultural life?

The first festival of the summer—the Hollywood Bowl event—has already been held (John Tynan's detailed report on it will appear in the next issue). It has followed the pattern of most festivals, so far as the announced roster of talent is concerned: Duke Ellington, Jimmy Witherspoon, Paul Horn, Virgil Gonsalves, Horace Silver, Ahmad Jamal, the Four Freshmen, Art Blakey, Miles Davis, Benny Carter, Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, and Roy Eldridge—old names and new names, some of them of great artistic validity, some of primarily commercial appeal.

Next on the list is Newport, the archetype of jazz festivals.

Last year, Newport reached a nadir of commercialism, scattered, as its events were, with blatantly commercial attractions. The problem of its producers was (and is) this: how to pull in enough people to make the event sustain itself without invalidating it as a cultural event. Ivory tower critics may not understand that to survive, an event must take in money—no matter how distasteful that word may seem to them. On the other hand, even the most sympathetic observer could not help noting that Newport went pretty far out on a commercialistic limb last year.

This year's event looks as if it is to be a much-reformed Newport. Pat Suzuki and the Kingston Trio are nowhere on the roster—nor are the Kingstons on other festival rosters, which is perhaps a hopeful sign.

These are the artists Newport has booked: the Dave Brubeck Quartet, Anita O'Day, the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, Louis Armstrong, Gerry Mulligan's new big band, the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet, Sarah Vaughan, the Oscar Peterson Trio, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Dinah Washington, Jonah Jones, Horace Silver, Shorty Rogers, the Count Basie Band, Nina Simone, Jimmy Rushing, the Buck Clayton All-Stars, Ray Bryant, the Bill Evans Trio, the Ornette Coleman Quartet, Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, the John Coltrane group, Sonny Stitt, Harry Edison, Ben Webster, Georgie Auld, Tyree Glenn, the Red Allen All-Stars, and the Marshall Brown Youth Band. The festival runs five days, June 30-July 4.

One of the problems that Newport has faced is its appeal to college-age youths as a place to ball it up. Attracted, in the view of many observers, by commercial acts pitched to sophomore tastes rather than an interest in jazz, such young persons made Newport a locale for general hell-raising last year. That reputation is established. Will the switch back to valid jazz artists eventually discourage ill-behaved youngsters from coming, turning Newport back to the jazz lovers who helped build it and without whom it can't survive?

No one expects that this will happen in the first summer of Newport's "reformation"—last year set the pattern too firmly with that element among the kids. But this summer should give a clue, and *next* summer should tell the story.

What happens at Newport is going to be significant, to some degree, to every festival in the country—and there are 12 of them this summer, compared with 11 last summer.

The Toronto festival, a financial failure last year, is out. So is the *Playboy* festival. The *Playboy* event in Chicago involved more sheer name power than any festival of last season—and more outlay of money for artists. By throwing economic caution to the winds in hiring talent, the *Playboy* festival drew huge crowds. Later *Playboy* magazine loudly proclaimed its intention to be bigger than ever in 1960: they talked about a three-city event, using planes to move the artists around. Later the plan was modified to a one-city (Chicago) event in which the artists would be presented in a nightclub. Still later, the magazine stole silently away from the jazz festival scene, leaving as a residue a one-day event in Chicago that will be sponsored by the Urban League, which had received the proceeds of the first night of last year's event and evidently took to the idea as a fund-raising method.

These are the festivals—besides Newport and Los Angeles—scheduled for this summer:

ATLANTIC CITY (first year), July 2; Count Basie, Miles Davis, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Horace Silver, Dinah Washington, Dakota Staton, and Ahmad Jamal are booked.

VIRGINIA BEACH (second year), July 8 and 9; Charlie Byrd, Sam Most, Bernadine Reed, Whitey Mitchell, Dave Brubeck, Maynard Ferguson.

FRENCH LICK, IND. (third year), July 29, 30, 31; Benny Goodman Band, Woody Herman Band, Red Norvo, Flip Phillips; other artists to be announced.

RANDALL'S ISLAND, New York City (fifth year), August 19, 20, 21; artists to be announced.

DETROIT (second year), August 19, 20, 21; artists to be announced.

CHICAGO URBAN LEAGUE (first year as a separate event), Aug. 27; Sammy Davis, Jr., Dizzy Gillespie, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, and others.

PHILADELPHIA (second year), Aug. 26, 27, 28; artists to be announced.

BOSTON (second year), Aug. 26, 27, 28; artists to be announced.

MONTEREY, CALIF. (third year), Sept. 23, 24, 25; Louis Armstrong, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Ornette Coleman, Jimmy Witherspoon, Odette, Miriam Makeba.

(Anyone wishing more detailed information on ticket prices, mailing addresses of box offices, and the like, will find a coupon for *Down Beat's* Festival Information Bureau on Page 29.)

This, then, is the shape and outlook of Festival Season 1960. Full reports on all these events will appear in *Down Beat*, beginning next issue.

(db)

The End of a Critic?

"Do you remember those jam sessions they used to have in Adrian's Tap room under the President hotel near Times square?" an old-time jazz fan reminisced recently. "There was no one there but the musicians, a few dyed-in-the-wool fans, and Leonard Feather."

Feather was indeed one of the chief listeners at the Adrian's sessions. Musicians remember seeing him sit in a corner with one or another of the players, writing in a little black book.

Feather knew what he was about. From that day to this, he has been one of the few jazz writers who has been able to subsist without another job outside the jazz world. Feather's presence on the scene as a critic dates back to 1938; now there is a possibility that that career is, by Feather's choice, coming to an end.

During the years, Feather has been the author-compiler of *The Encyclopedia of Jazz*; *The Encyclopedia Yearbooks*; *The Book of Jazz*, and *Inside Bebop*. He has written for, both as a contributor and as a staff member, all the major jazz magazines; written jazz articles for countless nonjazz publications, and has been consistently active through the years as a concert impresario, supervisor of recordings, disc jockey, and writer for special television programs on jazz.

When Feather was buttonholing musicians at Adrian's Tap room, he was a young British musician interested in jazz both as a composer and pianist. He was desperately trying to find a way to stay in his adopted country, where jazz originated and where all the major practitioners of the art were located.

But how to do it? He needed more income than he could hope to draw from his composing, arranging, and playing. So he started a column, *Gossip from Gotham*, which appeared in *Down Beat* regularly from 1940. In the years that followed, he became so busy as a jazz journalist that his career as a musician was buried under the activity. Feather developed into the best-known critic in jazz, and one of the most influential; his own music was relegated to the role of a hobby.

If Feather's career as a critic dates back to the days at Adrian's, his career as a musician goes beyond that. In April, 1937, Feather organized a jazz recording date for English Decca. The band was billed as Leonard Feather and Ye Olde English Swynge Band. The band played Feather arrangements of

There Is a Tavern in the Town and *D'Ye Ken John Peel*. Later that year, Feather's composition, *Mighty Like the Blues*, was recorded in Amsterdam by the Benny Carter Band for English Vocalion. There was an added soloist on the date—Coleman Hawkins.

On Sept. 2, 1938, the tune was recorded again, this time by Duke Ellington's Famous Orchestra on Brunswick. And Feather dug the tune out still again in December, 1939, to record it with the Sextet of the Rhythm Club of London. This recording was made in New York and released on Bluebird, backed by another Feather composition, *Calling All Bars*. Personnel of the group: Danny Polo, clarinet; Pete Brown, alto saxophone; Hazel Scott, piano; Albert Harris, guitar; Pete Barry, bass, and Arthur Herbert, drums.

Calling All Bars was recorded by Cab Calloway in May, 1940. The disc is historically important because it featured one of Dizzy Gillespie's first recorded trumpet solos.

Probably the most successful, eco-

plans are already well advanced.

With the one exception of the *Blindfold Test for Down Beat*, (which he wants to continue because it affords him pleasure and does not involve him as critic), Feather will suspend all writing for magazines. He will instead direct all his energies toward the ultimate objective of all songwriters—score assignments for movies, TV, or Broadway.

For the past few months, Feather has been busily working up a backlog of material—some ballads; some blues; a few jazz instrumentals; songs for the lyrics of Andy Razaf, Langston Hughes, and others; sometimes tunes using his own words as well as his music.

He has also been talking to artists and to record company artists and repertoire men. Singer Ernestine Anderson, visiting Feather and his wife at their Riverside drive apartment in New York one evening, waxed enthusiastic to a flock of his tunes, and later told Feather she had approached Mercury about recording an album of them.

Trumpeter Ruby Braff is also in-



Ernestine Anderson and Leonard Feather

nomically, of the Feather recording dates came in 1943, when he furnished tunes for Dinah Washington's first solo recordings. At that time, she was a featured vocalist with the Lionel Hampton Orchestra, and obtained a record date of her own on the Keynote label. Feather gave her four blues to do. One of them was *Evil Man Blues*, written in 1940 for Hot Lips Page. For the Washington date, the title was changed to *Evil Gal Blues*, given to the singer along with *Blow Top Blues*; *Salty Papa*, and *I Know How to Do It*. The discs proved jukebox hits and helped launch Dinah Washington on her career as a single.

But since the 1940s, Feather's production as a composer has been notably thin. Now, Feather wants to return to it. What's more, with his new *Encyclopedia of Jazz* completed (and due for publication late this summer), he wants to drop all critical writing to concentrate on composing and arranging. His

interest in Feather's music, along with Columbia a&r chief Irving Townsend and Atlantic's Nesuhi Ertegun.

Two weeks ago, Feather took a crucial step in his new career: he moved with his wife and daughter to Los Angeles. He picked California as a base of operations, he said, because of the intensity of recording activity there. Besides, he has many friends there and feels that contact with artists and recording people in L.A. is easier than it is in the hurried life of New York City.

In August, Feather will return to Manhattan to make a final decision on the move west. If plans don't work out, he said, he can fall back on his typewriter.

"Before I'm too old to care," he summarized, "I'd like to have the sensation that it's so much, much more fulfilling to practice than to preach."



MANN IN AFRICA

تدعو الهيئة الاحتفالية لتأدية الفعاليات الموسيقية العالمية من مصر وسوريا



By George Hoefler NEW YORK

Earlier this year, clarinetist Tony Scott, globe-trotting under his own sponsorship, blew the whistle on President Eisenhower's International Cultural Exchange program.

"The state department," Scott said in a bylined article in Tokyo's *Asahi Evening News*, "doesn't want any 'rigged' bands on those cultural tours. I had a chance to go to the Middle East back in 1958, but I was told I couldn't have any Negroes in my band, so Jack Teagarden's all-white band went instead."

What Scott probably did not know (he has been away from America since last fall) was that on the very day the article appeared in the Japanese newspaper, jazz flutist Herbie Mann was playing for a racially mixed audience in Africa with a band made up of two Cubans, two Negroes, and four white musicians.

Mann was touring Africa under sponsorship of the self-same program that Scott had criticized, a program administered by the U.S. State Department through the American National Theater and Academy (ANTA). Before Mann and his band returned to America, they had brought jazz and their Afro-Cuban variant of it to audiences in Liberia, Nigeria, Sierra Leon, Angola, Mozambique, Tanganyika, Kenya, Uganda, Ethiopia, Sudan, Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Nairobi, Morocco, and Tunisia. The Mann octet even took part as featured band in the inaugural

ball of Liberia's President Tubman.

Not that all was sweetness and light between Mann and the cultural exchange program—though when the tour was over, they seemed to regard each other with at least moderate satisfaction. Not everyone took instantly to Mann's idea for the tour when he first presented it.

The idea was born in Mann's mind in November, 1958. He had left the band of Machito, with whom he had been a featured flute soloist. Now he wanted to form a group of his own, utilizing the talents of Carlos (Patato) Valdes and Jose Luis Mangual on bongo and conga drums. And he was thinking about Africa . . .

So Mann went to see Dr. Marshall Stearns, the noted jazz historian, who at that time was the sole voice for jazz on the advisory panel attached to the International Cultural Exchange service (New York *Times* and *Down Beat* jazz critic John S. Wilson has since joined him on the panel).

Mann told Stearns: "I'd like to show the Africans how much our American jazz music owes to its African heritage." The group he would take, he said, "would be designed to demonstrate the roots of jazz in African tribal music and show how the evolution of jazz reflects the tempo and rhythms of American life, with its form and spirit remaining basically African."

Mann also felt that the group should be racially mixed. "It's time," he said, "that we show the European and the

African visually, as well as musically, the evolutionary process where men with different backgrounds live together and produce something artistically worthwhile."

Stearns liked the idea. He submitted it—using a formal presentation prepared by Mann—to the rest of the panel. An audition was arranged at New York's Village Gate club. The panel approved. But Mann wasn't over all the hurdles. ANTA followed up with presentations to the 17 American consuls in Africa, which included copies of Mann's *African Suite* LP.

Eleven consular posts accepted immediately; the other six rejected the proposal. They didn't think the Africans would care for such sophisticated music, or so they said. To win over the hold-outs, ANTA sent another Mann LP, *Flautista*. But it failed to change any minds.

Then came another hitch. If the six consuls thought the music too "sophisticated", the ANTA people now decided it was too African. They told Mann to add a trumpet and trombone to the group, so he could play Dixieland, music from the swing era, bebop, and, of course, his own Afro-Cuban brand of jazz. Mann compromised, adding the two musicians. But he had a gnawing suspicion that the consuls rejecting his original proposal weren't so much interested in America's public relations as they were in getting a group from home to play some of their own soirées. It was an intuition that was to prove accurate, in some cases.

With the altered instrumentation, three more consular posts came into line. This was enough to guarantee the 14 weeks the group needed to make its junket worthwhile. Omitted from the schedule were Ghana (where Louis Armstrong had come close to causing a riot in 1956 when he played *King Porter Stomp* while facing 75 hard-pounding native drummers) and the Belgian Congo.

Two weeks before the start of the tour, one of the consular posts—that at Dakar, Senegal—changed its mind, for whatever reason. Dakar fell out of the schedule. But it was too late to change the itinerary, so Mann's group began its safari with a four-day vacation on the Beach at Dakar.

But after that, things got busy. They had to cover 16 countries. They travelled by plane. They went through the jungles by bus, and into the copper belt by railway. They played concerts. They played for dances in private clubs.

The personnel of the group included—besides Valdes and Mangual—Adolphus (Doc) Cheatham, trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Johnny Rae, vibraphone, marimba, and timbales; Don Payne, bass, and Rudy Col-

lins, drums. Mann himself was playing an assortment of flutes (six types, made of wood, metal, and cane), tenor saxophone, clarinet, and bass clarinet.

Dutifully, the band played all styles of jazz. Since the programs were printed in advance, Mann ran into frequent disapproval when he tried to make changes or alter the pace.

And so delicate is the situation in Africa that even this produced political overtones. Mann found in Nairobi that many British colonials were anti-American because of the U.S. position on the racial situation in Africa—a position that many American Negroes, along with Africans both white and Negro, consider to be essentially hypocritical. One Englishman in Nairobi made the statement to Mann, “We were here before the Africans.”

A British journalist accused Mann, in effect, of being in Africa for political reasons when he asked, “Is your tour a musical one?”

Mann replied that he was trying to show the Africans they could live with Europeans and vice versa. He got this retort: “That’s what I mean. You people are always interfering in the internal problems of other countries.”

When Mann played only four of the tunes listed on the program that night,



the journalist blasted him for deviating from the printed program, as though there were an ulterior motive for it.

But all was not seriousness on the tour. Ruth Mann, Herbie’s wife, who accompanied the group as secretary, was kept busy explaining that Carlos Valdes’ nickname, Patato, had nothing to do with potatoes, but was a Cuban word meaning small. Bongoist Patato was rejected by the Cuban army for being under height: he is four feet, eight inches tall.

Trumpeter Doc Cheatham was not new to some of the territory: he had played many of the same countries with the Wilbur De Paris band in 1957, and was able to renew friendships from that tour. In Addis Ababa, capital of Ethiopia, the group had a jam session with Emperor Haile Selassie’s Imperial Guard band. And in Salisbury, Northern Rhodesia, all classical music teachers brought their students to hear the octet.

The Salisbury concert was in the Rhodes National Art Gallery, the first

time a musical performance had been held there. Precious 17th Century tapestries and Persian carpets adorning the walls of the main hall helped the acoustics. The band performed on a special platform directly under a famous Gobelin tapestry, the largest in the world.

Mann even added to his collection of flutes during the tour. In Mozambique, he tried a Mombasa-made flute. It was a simple bamboo stick bound with copper wire and with a few holes burned in its sides. But Mann couldn’t get a sound out of it. The challenge was too much; he bought it on the spot. He is still trying to master it, and may compose a work titled *Midnight in Mombasa* when—and if—he gets the sound down pat.

Romance even reared its head on the tour. Bassist Don Payne was approached by an English girl for his autograph in



Rhodesia. Five days later they were engaged; right after the tour ended, they were married.

Mann and his men gave the State Department what ANTA had asked for. They usually opened their concerts with Duke Ellington’s *Caravan*, during which each member of the group was introduced. For Dixieland fans, they played *Struttin’ with Some Barbecue*, *When*



the Saints Go Marching In, *Basin Street Blues*, and *St. Louis Blues*. The swing era was represented in such tunes as *I Can’t Get Started*, Benny Goodman’s *A Smooth One*, and Lionel Hampton’s *Flying Home*. The Count Basie sound was represented in numbers like *Dickie’s Dream*, *Lester Leaps In*, and *Tickle Toe*.

Many of the concerts ended with Dizzy Gillespie’s *Night in Tunisia*, which featured a five-minute drum solo by Rudy Collins. As Mann had suspected, this was what the Africans loved. If they failed to understand anything else, this they loved.

Along with the jazz standards, the group performed many Mann originals,

including the *African Suite* and a work he had written especially for the tour, called *Evolution of Jazz*. It was designed to show the development of jazz from its African origins through what is now known as traditional jazz, swing, bop, and the Afro-Cuban phase that so interests Mann. This was what he had come for.

Now that Mann is home, evaluations of the success of the tour vary. Mann thinks it was an exceptional success. Robert C. Schnitzer, general manager of the president’s international cultural Exchange program, isn’t quite so enthusiastic.

“Wilbur DeParis did well over there,” Schnitzer told *Down Beat*. “So did William Warfield. We’ve sent more than 3,000 entertainers over, and they all did well. I can say that Herbie did well. But so did the others.”

Mann comments: “The tour proved to me that the idea about presenting African rhythms was right. I feel that if you give people something that they can identify with, then you can progress from there and carry them some of the way with you.

“We should send people on foreign tours who can do this—for example, Yusef Lateef and Ahmed Abdul-Malik



through the Middle East. When the natives identify with that, they can accept the American jazz melodic line and the rest of it.

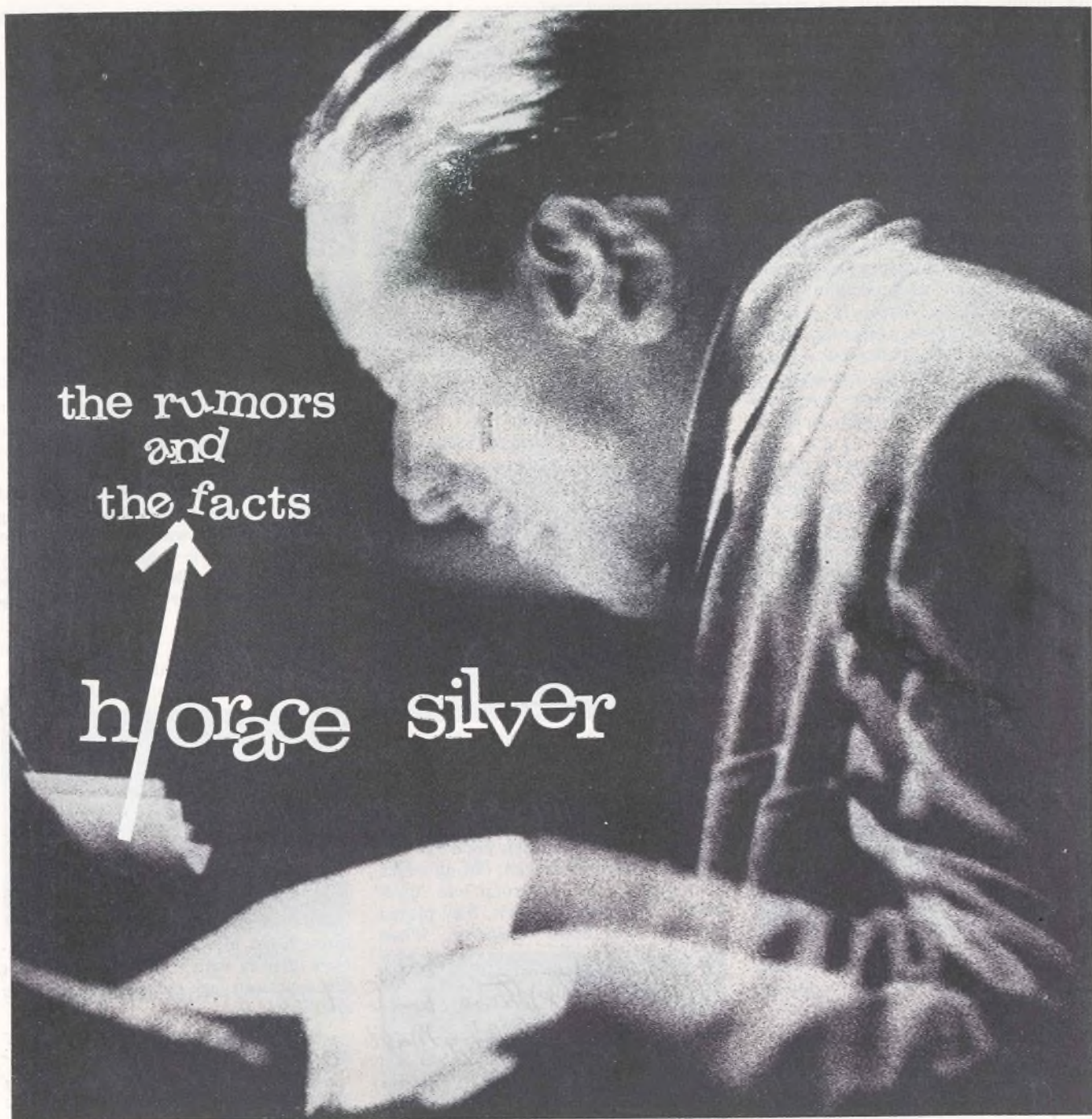
“It’s like putting your foot in the door first.

“But if you go and play strictly ultra-modern American music, the people are completely lost.”

But Mann had an even more serious charge to make than that: “A lot of the time, Europeans and Americans involved with these various embassies and consular posts want entertainment over there for their own dances and amusements. In too many cases, they’re not interested in what the natives want to hear.”

If Mann’s charge was justified, it means that there should be some soul-searching in the State Department’s cultural program. Perhaps more important, it means that the controversial book, *The Ugly American*, hasn’t really made a dent on the minds of the people involved in what could be vaguely lumped together as the diplomatic services. Not, at least, in Africa.





the rumors
and
the facts

↑
horace silver

CHICAGO

The cloud of confusion and rumor thickens around his head.

"Yes, you know he has arthritis. There's no telling how much longer he'll be able to play."

"Rheumatic fever. Notice his playing. He can't control his fingers any more."

"It's a central nerve condition, definitely. Notice the jerky movements of his body. Sometimes he can hardly straighten up."

These remarks were floating around the Chicago club where pianist Horace Silver played a recent engagement. They stem from an incident of about 19 months ago just after he had com-

pleted another Chicago date and had returned to New York. A popular Chicago disc jockey triggered the initial spurt with the simple radio announcement of impending hospitalization!

"Horace Silver is ill. There seems to be some trouble with his hands. He has returned to New York for examination and treatment. The group may disband."

For gossip mongers and natural worriers, who embellish as they spread their news, this was more than enough. For well over a year now, according to these people, each engagement Silver played has been tragically close to his final performance.

This has resulted in an unsolicited cloak of protection for the pianist that

often comes close to strangling him.

Visiting entertainers have been known to pester Silver into changing clothes between sets when his band suit became damp with perspiration. Many times he has been excluded from after-gig festivities because it was felt that he needed to rest. His performance is often given the clinical eye, and someone will suggest that "Horace is working too hard." This opinion advances the theory that Silver is frantically spending his *all* in his race against time.

It is true that the slightly built Silver maintained a steady, sustained drive to reach the top in his profession. It also is true that he is not willing to relinquish this eminence now that he has

achieved it.

He belies both his delicate appearance and his New England upbringing by the intensity with which he tackles his work and an energy that seems almost beyond endurance. Although baseball has practically usurped the phrase, the only words that adequately describe Silver's approach to the piano are "he digs in."

Horace Ward Martin Tavares Silver has come a long way from Norwalk, Conn., where he was born Sept. 2, 1928. He grew up as an only child. An older brother was grown and married before Horace was born. He began taking piano lessons early; however, there was no great artistic urge at that time. He had met a girl slightly older than he, and she played the piano. So how else could a 12-year-old convince the lady of his eye of his interest than by going along to piano lessons?

"I wasted the first two or three years," Silver says. "I didn't want to practice. I wanted to start swinging right away. After about two years, I started playing boogie-woogie by ear, and that sort of stimulated my interest."

This interest led to a desire to learn the fundamentals of music, and Silver began taking the first real step toward a career.

"I started hanging out with older musicians," he said. "One fellow who played on the Teddy Wilson kick gave me a fake-book of standard tunes with the chord changes at the top. At that time I didn't know anything about chord changes. I could read, and I could play by ear, but I didn't know anything about formulating chords, and I didn't know what intervals made up the chords."

This book and one record pushed the teenager along the road toward jazz.

"The record was *Grooving High* by Bird and Diz," Silver relates. "This was the first bop record I ever heard, and it really gassed me. I knew I was really going to have to take care of business to play like that."

By this time he was in high school



and his interest in music had led him to join the school band. Piano lessons were not given, and Silver was given a tenor saxophone, which he immediately liked. Yet his love for the piano had to be fulfilled. For months he skipped gym classes and sneaked off to the empty auditorium to practice on the piano.

During his sophomore year in high school, the music director was faced with a problem. The baritone saxophone player had been graduated. The director tagged Horace for the chair, and he reluctantly learned to play the horn when the instructor took away the school's tenor saxophone. But his tenure with baritone was short-lived—Silver bought his own tenor. And all the while he was woodshedding with the piano.

"I had to study mostly from records," he said. "There were only a few cats in our town who blew hip. Down in the basement we had one of those old windup Victrolas. I used to put on Teddy Wilson's records and slow it down and try to copy off the changes and chord structures."

"It didn't always work. Like, I couldn't cop nothing from Art Tatum records. He was too fast even with the record slowed down."

The first professional job is recalled with hilarity by Silver:

"Boy, it was a riot—just rhythm section and another fellow playing tenor. The drummer didn't have a bass drum, cymbals, or trap. He just played the snare. We only had about four tunes. We used to go up to Stanton to play



for dances. When we'd run through our four little tunes, then the tenor saxophone player and I would play *After Hours* all night."

Upon graduation from high school, Silver felt drawn toward New York City and the major jazz figures who were merely names on record labels for him, but insecurity held him in Norwalk. Then, at 19, he became seriously ill.

Draft board examination had disclosed that he had a curved spinal column. He was classified 4-F. Horace remembers his immediate reaction to the medical report:

"I thought, 'Solid'. I was glad I had the thing because I didn't want to go anyway. Besides it didn't bother me none, so I was satisfied."

But a year later, it was discovered that things were not to be "solid" after all. Silver recalls the symptoms:

"It was pretty weird. I lost control of my limbs. My arm would jerk or my leg would jerk, and there were pressures on the nerve centers, and I was having trouble thinking and behaving rationally. Boy, for a while there, I thought I was wiggling out."

After trying several specialists, he went to a chiropractor who treated the malformed area and subsequent recurrence of the trouble. There was no cure. The damage was done some time in his childhood and if detected at that time, could have been corrected.

Treating this illness cost all the money Silver had saved for the trip to New York; he returned to local gigs. On a club date in Hartford, Stan Getz was the guest artist. Getz was so impressed by the men in the combo that he hired the entire rhythm section. Horace said that without this single break, he might still be in Norwalk, suffering cold feet, afraid to try his wings in New York.

After a year's touring with Getz, Silver went to New York to wait out his 802 union card.

"I worked little weekend—oh, oh, scratch that out. I just remembered I wasn't supposed to do that. But if I had been supposed to, I would say I worked weekend gigs for six months."

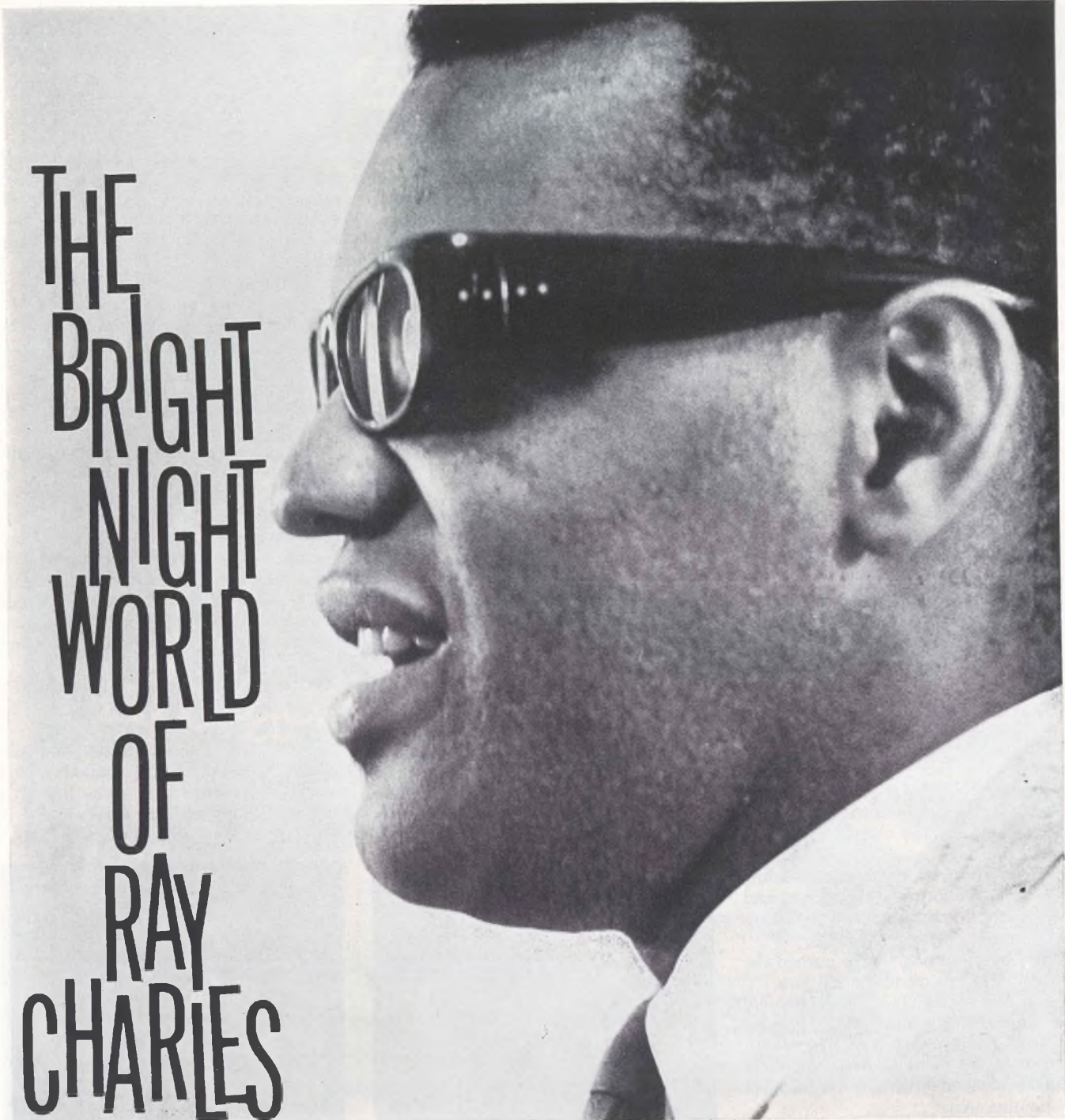


Then, at 23, a still awe-struck Silver joined one of his idols, Art Blakey, and the Jazz Messengers.

"I don't know," Horace grinned. "These fellows were my idols, just people I had read about and heard on records, so I was scared to death. I overplayed, trying to impress them. I remember I would be doing okay, then one of the Big Cats would walk in, and I'd start thinking, 'Oh, Lord, I really got to make it right', so as a result, I would tense up, and I would goof."

Gradually he overcame this problem and began settling down into what has

Continued on Page 42



THE BRIGHT NIGHT WORLD OF RAY CHARLES

BY BARBARA GARDNER

CHICAGO

Ray Charles is a handsome man, clean-cut with prominent features. But he has no way of knowing this except by what people tell him. And even when they tell him, his memory of what a handsome man looks like is hazy; he has been blind since he was 6.

Yet he carries himself proudly and gracefully. He uses no cane, and only the dark glasses hint at his handicap. Neatly dressed and sauntering down the street, he looks like any other good-looking young blade "catting behind the cheaters."

His step is sure and unwavering, and his hand is steady. As he meets someone for the first time, his hand goes out quickly and its grip is firm.

But then some little thing will give him away. A nicotine slave like millions of others, he smokes incessantly, lighting one cigaret after another. He uses a pocket lighter. Usually it lights, but sometimes it doesn't. But Ray cannot see the

flame when it does, and when the lighter fails, there is a long agonizing moment as you watch him try to light a cigaret without fire.

Yet this man, who all his life seems to have faced insuperable odds, has reached an amazing peak of commercial and artistic success. He is a favorite on the rhythm and blues circuit (though not with the rock and rollers) and he commands the most profound respect of most jazz musicians, singers, and just about everyone else in the music business.

"He breathes life into every note he writes," Quincy Jones has said of altoist-pianist-singer-composer-arranger Charles. "Also he is an excellent technician. It was Ray who first showed me how to voice certain sections in writing. He has an uncanny ability to hear things." Quincy and Charles were friends during adolescence in Seattle, Wash., and Quincy says that even then, Charles was singing with that "certain feeling." The very presence of Charles on piano, Quincy said, made a routine session "come to life."

Others put their feeling about Charles more simply: they say he is the epitome of "soul."

"I try to put all of me into what I am singing or playing," Charles says. "If I don't feel it, I'd just rather forget the whole business. If I don't believe it myself, I can't make anyone else believe it."

There are those who think that Ray is what he is not in spite of his blindness but because of it. Charles cannot be distracted by the tinsel of life that clouds the vision of the rest of us—or by the gold ring we chase so long only to find out that it is plated. While so many others resign themselves to cynicism and wearily announce that they have seen too much of life to trust its promise, Ray was never given such a promise. Those of us who trust too much in visual perception are a little like people watching television in an empty ball park while life goes on outside it. Ray is out there, thoroughly involved in it.

Then, too, when you are blind, you see no disapproving glances, no contemptuous stares, no mocking looks, none of the world's tiresome pseudo-sophistication. You feel none of the self-conscious confinement of visual censure.

Sometimes the result is true freedom of expression. This is the case with Ray Charles.

Ray went blind in 1938. He still does not know what it was that blinded him. It was some minor childhood ailment of the level of measles or chicken pox. But little Ray Charles had the misfortune to be living in Greenfield, Fla. Medical attention for Negroes in the south left (and often still leaves) much to be desired. Only the year before, blues singer Bessie Smith had died—reportedly because, after an automobile accident, she could not be admitted to a white hospital. By the time a hospital that would admit Negroes was found, she had bled to death.

So it was with Ray. His "routine" childhood ailment, whatever it was, produced complications. Lacking proper medical help, the small boy soon found that he could not see the green fields around him—and never would again.

His parents enrolled him at the St. Augustine School for the Blind. There he learned braille and acquired those specialized skills so vital to the blind if they are to live as independent, whole individuals. He also began to study music.

All this preparation was put to the full test when Ray was 15. His parents died within a year of each other. Suddenly he was not only handicapped, he was an orphan without a known living relative to whom he could turn.

As Charles remembers it, he considered the alternatives calmly. He could pick out his corner and stand there with a tin cup and a cane. Or he could try to be self-reliant.

He made his decision. He left school and went to work, playing piano and alto in night clubs. "I don't need to see to play the way I feel or to sing the way I feel," Ray still says. "I don't need to see . . ."

For the next two years, Ray played with any local group that needed a pianist. The gigs ran from hillbilly bands to accompaniment for rhythm and blues singers. He also was composing and arranging music. Though he had learned to write music in braille, often he found it expedient to hum or sing a tune to someone else, who would write it down for him.

Such singing felt good and natural, and Ray soon drifted into doing it professionally, as well as playing. But he sang very differently then from the way he does now.

The period was the late 1940s. Gaiety was back following World War II. People were listening to Charles Brown and Nat King Cole. To a youngster with the task of supporting himself, the answer was obvious: he formed his own trio and copped a going style.

"I used to sing like Charles Brown and King Cole because they were making money," Charles said recently. "I wanted

to make money too. So I tried to copy them. But that wasn't the real me. I was just pretending."

But for two years, the public bought this admittedly insincere style; the Maxim Trio, as it was called, was a commercial success.

But the hunger to tell his story in his own voice began to bite at the youngster. He formed a larger group, worked as an accompanist for blues singer Ruth Brown, and began waiting for his moment. It was during this period, when he was in his late teens, that his friendship with Quincy Jones began. Though Ray is only a year older than Quincy, Charles refers to him as "a very, very dear friend" and "a talented kid."

More than any individual of this era, Ray Charles has instituted the use and advanced the recognition of the natural Negro idiom in accepted jazz circles. He found that this was no easy task. The complexes—the need of the Negro for general acceptance, the yearning to escape the penalties of race—ran too deep.

Yet, unable to see the censure in Negro eyes, the rejection on the faces, Ray Charles hammered away at the new-found "cultural" armor surrounding their hearts until he struck a responsive chord buried deep inside. Believing firmly in the lyrics of the songs he sang, Charles proved beyond doubt that "it comes out if it's in you, yes indeed." That was the beginning.

And so Charles soon found that he had growing acceptance and a constantly spreading acclaim among Negroes. Then came a surprise.

Misery, disappointment, pain, and hope are no respectors of race. White people get the blues too. And Charles found that they too vibrated to that chord he was striking. This was the final breakthrough for Ray: the Ray Charles records came out of more sophisticated album jackets than previously, and people listened together while presumed unique problems and situations, ironies and dreams came alive.

To Ray, this recognition is of incidental concern. "I just sing the way I feel. I don't try to please anybody. I'm glad people like it, but I would sing this way anyway."

The intensity of conviction and sincerity with which he sings are almost embarrassing in their exposition of self. The mechanisms by which he personalizes a tune are universal and were in existence long before anyone had coined the current uses of the words "soul" and "funk."

He chants, he screams, he whoops and hollers, he squeals, he speaks in the unknown tongue (relative to the southern belief that the body is possessed by spirits), and he punctuates the most ordinary line with agonizing cries and grunts. His voice may be harsh and ugly at times, but this only adds to the emotional shock value of it.

When he is singing a ballad, on the other hand, Charles becomes quiet and infinitely tender. His appeal at times is childlike. His tone further begs for sympathetic understanding and love. Here he hums and moans, mumbles and growls. His voice is warm and hushed.

At all times, a slight waver and some indefinable other quality lend the wisdom of the ages to his voice. He is completely believable. On first seeing him, some fans are shocked to find that he is a young man of 27; they expect their sympathizer to be older and somewhat heavy-set.

The kind of honesty that you find in Charles' singing carries over into his off-stage manner. He corrects the glamorous fabrications about his life as readily as he does the derogatory ones.

"Ray is phenomenal for a blind man," one friend and admirer said. "Why, if you put him in a car, he can drive it for at least a block."

Ray threw back his head and howled with laughter. "I

can't really drive a car no block. I foel around with cars a little, but to drive one myself? No . . ." Ray does go to movies, however, and he "watches" television, as he puts it.

Charles also rebuts the attempts to attribute his vocal style to early church-going.

"I love a good Gospel song," he said, "if it is real and if they sing it with soul. I am basically a religious man. Sometimes I kinda get off and do things I shouldn't. I guess everybody does. But maybe that's why they say I sound kind of gospellike. If you love something, it's bound to rub off on you.

"But I never sang in any church choir or anything. My first singing was in a rhythm and blues kind of thing. No, I didn't have too much time for choirs and things; I was too busy trying to make two dollars 'round about then."

Charles has no trouble finding two dollars now: he demands and gets thousands of dollars a night. He has an explanation for his success. Not surprisingly, he thinks his honesty has done it.

"You say I'm successful? I don't know about that. I know there are a lot of things left that I want to do, so I don't know if you could call me a success or not. But this success thing is very simple: if all artists would do just the things that are really right for them, they would stay up there a lot longer."

Charles has been "up there" for several years now. Admiration for his work is expressed gushingly. But one young tenor saxophonist—Frank Foster—expresses his liking for Ray in reverse. When he sees Ray, his opening words are, "You're doing okay, Ray, but you still ain't got no soul!" Ray counters by telling Foster that he isn't doing so well on that saxophone. This exchange is standard whenever they meet.

The men who work with Ray are completely devoted to him.

The group is composed of jazz musicians whose talents range from adequate to exceptional. The mainstay of the group is bassist Edgar Willis. He has the yeoman task of managing the business affairs of the band and remaining a personal friend and assistant to Charles. In spite of his obvious virtues, Charles is not an easy man to work with, according to members of the group. He is—as are many artists with far less reason to be—temperamental and unpredictable. And lately he has been gaining a reputation for unreliability.

Recently, press reports told of a near riot in Atlantic City when Charles showed up at a date nearly four hours late. When such things occur—and the band also had to go on-stage without him during a show in Chicago recently—the responsibility falls on bassist Willis to placate the anxious producers, club-owners, and musicians, even while uncertainty needles at his own mind.

Yet despite such behavior, the members of the Charles band are fiercely protective toward him, and unflinchingly loyal. Somehow, with the uncanny insight of the sightless, Charles has managed to surround himself with sympathetic men who will exert themselves to the full to maintain the public acceptance and appreciation of their boss.

Ray repays this respect—though seldom in words. He chooses to exhibit his appreciation in other ways. The most famous instance involved one of his most successful albums. Even the most casual observer could notice what he had done.

"Ray Charles has surrounded himself with the baddest men from Duke and Count's bands," said one, "then washed them away with his own cats."

Charles had, in fact, hired 11 men from the Basie and three from the Ellington band. Only a few were given solo room. Instead, the men formed a big solid unit as a base for Charles and two of his favorites from his own group, trumpeter Marcus Belgrave and saxophonist David Newman.

Some of his fans think they have detected a paradox in Charles—different styles for the instrumental and vocal records. But there is no paradox; each style represents a facet of the man. Into the instrumental arrangements he pours that part of himself which is sympathetic to modern jazz music; the vocals involve emotions and feelings buried deep within the man who has lived such a dark existence in a hostile land.

The lasting impression that Ray Charles has made upon the jazz world is explicitly and implicitly evidenced in the great upsurge of "soul tunes" with "soul" titles. The tunes and songs with foreign titles are being interspersed with original material that makes its origin obvious. Indeed, the roots of jazz are often flaunted in the titles, and the casual Negro pronunciation causes headaches to the record company writers. The musicians have adopted the attitude of one member of that fraternity who quipped, "I wrote it, I named it, I played it—you spell it!"

There is of course no doubting that many performers are prostituting even this new direction; but the healthful expression of this inheritance in jazz serves as a musical purgative, and many artists, such as Horace Silver, have found that they have true and continuing roots in this medium.

Ray Charles is responsible for a vast part of this revitalization of jazz.

For that, if for nothing else, Charles' admirers hope that the worst is all behind this great musician. Yet nobody seems to feel very sure about it. The gigantic entertainment grapevine is at work. Smatterings of fear, half-truths, and outright lies are in circulation. There is a hint of some lingering illness. There is the fact of his late appearances. There is an arrest record for narcotics possession.

Yet Charles himself seems oblivious to these hovering shadows, which is strange. For a man whose sensitivity and spontaneous understanding have brought him this far, it is hardly to be expected that his intuition should fail him now. Perhaps it is because there is such a crowd around him to protect him—fans, reporters, his true friends, and members of that parasitic breed who seem to draw their sole emotional nourishment from proximity to celebrities.

Charles remains a restless, nervous man constantly in motion. "I've got to do something," he said. "You can't stand still." And he doesn't. A photographer trying to get good pictures of him found him a frustrating subject. How can you capture on film a man who is prowling aimlessly around the room—a man totally unconcerned with the light and dark areas, oblivious to the lighting problems of shooting pictures?

He keeps constantly on the move in other ways, too—zigzagging across the country, playing to SRO and turn-away crowds. He hears the clamor and enthusiasm of thousands, and he believes it will continue as long as he is true to himself.

"As long as I can feel what I am singing about, I'm all right," he said. "That goes for all artists. A true artist will be around for a long time.

"That's the way I look at it."

db





SUMMER IS HERE AND WITH IT OUTDOOR LISTENING



Now that summer is here, thousands of jazz fans will join the hundreds of musicians who do most of their music listening on the road. So this month we'll look at some of the ways to enjoy music outdoors and on the road.

Today, jazz and other music is almost as easy to hear outside as at home—and in each of the three common mediums: discs, tape, and radio. There is a greater variety of both trans-portable (able to be carried) and of *truly* portable (operable away from house current) equipment.

The really portable phonographs include very small units, powered entirely by batteries, that play discs of all speeds, including 12-inch LPs. Yet they will fit into an overcoat pocket when closed. Such machines are little more than toys, but can do a definite job, provided you don't expect good sound. Better sound can be had from small tape recorders of similar size and from ordinary trans-portable phonographs that require house current but can be played in boats and automobiles by using small converters, which cost from \$25 to \$40.

An interesting unit is the Steelman Transitape. This machine, unlike most other battery-powered units, uses regular reels (the small 3-inch ones), which will play back on standard home machines. It records with excellent fidelity at the faster of its two speeds, which is the same 3¾ inches/a/second that home machines have as a slower, second speed. It can be carried easily in one hand and delivers fair volume from its own built-in loudspeaker.

There are several widely different

classes of radios for non-home listening, including car radios, full-size portables, and the tiny transistor receivers which are often miscalled "transistors" by laymen. Along with these sets, all ordinary table model radios can be played in boats or automobiles using the same sort of inverters mentioned above for powering transportable phonographs and tape recorders.

Radios are in about 90 percent of all new cars now sold, and these radios are surprisingly good. The cheapest car radios generally have six tubes and a speaker only four inches in size. They cost about \$40, not counting installation, and will fit under the dashboard of almost any car, except sports and economy automobiles. This same radio chassis, built into the dashboard and using a 4x6-inch or larger speaker is standard in most low-priced cars. It has one tone control which varies only the treble, and will pick up local AM stations and plenty of static. As sold, with or for a specific model car, they cost from \$55 to \$75 dollars, installed.

Somewhat better are the radios sold as "de luxe" models or as "standard" in very expensive American cars. These radios have more tubes and transistors (between seven and 10), a larger speaker (or two), and tone controls for both treble and bass. They have dial panels designed for the dashboard of each specific car model and cost from about \$75 to \$135 installed. They'll pick up more distant stations, will separate the stations much better than can the cheaper sets, and deliver considerably

better tone, especially at the bass frequencies.

The best car radios today are the imported FM-AM sets. They are made by Blaupunkt (Blue Spot) and Telefunken, among others, and are usually readily available only in the large cities, through a few major automotive supply houses and sports car specialty houses. These sets run between \$100 and \$200, have excellent speakers, very good tone and, because they're FM, pick up less static and fade much less when going under bridges and between buildings. Minor disadvantage for most music listeners is that when you are really on the road, you find there are areas of the country—in the deserts or mountains, for example—where you are more than 40 miles from an FM station. Even more often, you are away from the big cities where good jazz and other fine music is still most often found on FM. Of course, every month more FM stations are going into operation, and jazz on FM is spreading, along with all good music.

It should be added that AM reception of these imported car sets is generally as good as the state of the art permits with the short automobile antenna, and is superior to the AM of most other car sets. Thus the purchase of one of these FM-AM sets is a sound investment. (This department has often gone on record as not recommending purchases of combination FM-AM tuners, preferring a straight FM tuner, if one lives in a metropolitan area with several FM stations.)

For people who already have an AM car radio with good tone, there is an FM tuner, relatively easy to install in any car, that will give top FM reception. This is the Gonset FM tuner Model 3311, pictured on page 23, *Down Beat*, Oct. 15, 1959. It uses the regular car aerial, tone controls and loudspeaker, costs only \$70, and can be installed by any handy mechanic or do-it-yourselfer in less than an hour.

Latest good news for music on the road is the announcement by the biggest maker of car radios, Motorola, that they're going into FM car radios in a big way. We hope to have details on this possibly biggest break in the growth of FM to date in an early future issue.

Tape recorders for non-home use may be regular home or semiprofessional units operating off an automobile or boat converter, or they may be true portable units which include their own battery power supply. Some of these units were discussed in detail in previous pages of the *Stereo News* section of *Down Beat* in Aug. 20, 1959.

A very easy way to get good sound

Continued on Page 24

Continued from Page 23

from tape recordings on the road, on picnics, and elsewhere away from household AC power, is to use one of the compact inverters for car or boat batteries. These units, a typical good example of which is the Terado model Super, pictured in the New Products Section of this issue. It can be used to run any regular home tape recorder. We have seen excellent results on the road with one of these inverters, which can be kept under the front seat of the car.

The Terado will provide up to 100 watts of power, which is sufficient for all home tape machines and even most semipro jobs. For high-quality recording, only a rotary converter, which costs \$100 to \$150, should be used, because the speed of the tape machine won't always be exactly what it should with the smaller, less expensive inverters. With a rotary converter, you can rely on the speed being precisely what it should be.

Smaller inverters cost as little as \$25, though they'll handle only the smaller tape machines, table radios, or small phonographs. Some of the less expensive inverters may also create some hash static during playback, where the Terado and similar good units create almost no static hash.

The Terado inverter is connected to your car by plugging the cord into the cigaret lighter receptacle, while the compact inverter (3x5x6½ inches) itself is shoved out of the way under the front seat of the car. We have run our Norelco tape machine for months on a Terado model Super and it records and plays back perfectly whether the car is running or at a standstill. This has made it possible to hear a great deal of jazz that wouldn't otherwise have been available while traveling.

There are now available to Plymouth and DeSoto owners (and other cars, too, from those dealers) RCA automobile phonographs which play any 45-rpm discs in stacks of up to 14 at a time. These players work on any but the roughest country roads and play back through the regular car radio. The unit costs about \$120 installed, fits under the dashboard, but is easily reachable for loading and unloading the records. This newest version of highway hi-fi was engineered by RCA last year for the Chrysler Corp., and it works perfectly.

The records are slipped onto the 45 spindle with one hand. They drop off the spindle one at a time as each is played, into the bottom of the player, to await removal. A convenient button on the front of the player allows you to reject any disc.

This is by far the most convenient form of away-from-home phonograph listening you'll run into, and has made a buyer of 45-rpm jazz records out of many persons already.

Several years ago, CBS Labs engineered a highway hi-fi player, but it never got off the ground because it took only special-speed records. Nobody bought the players since no popular artists or selections were available. The special discs were planned for sale at the car dealers. Even if they had been available, can't you just see yourself going to your Chrysler dealer every time Monk made a new side?

Apart from phonograph, radio and taped music on the road, music can be played outdoors on standard high fidelity equipment, even stereo, by running a simple lamp cord out the window to your patio or back yard. Speaker lines can easily be extended out of doors instead of just across the living room floor under the rug, for 3 to 5 cents a foot, the cost of standard lamp cord at the local hardware store. There's no problem of fire insurance or safety, for these wires carry no dangerous currents and can be safely handled even while they're actually carrying the sound signals.

Regular loudspeakers can be used on the porch or patio, but certain small speakers lend themselves better to this kind of use than others.

If the porch or patio is enclosed overhead, with some protection from the weather for the outdoors loudspeaker, and if only a small outdoor area is to be covered with sound, small inexpensive speaker units—normally used indoors as extension speakers—or remote secondary speakers can be used. One of the best all-around, all-purpose extension speakers made is the Madison-Fielding Troubadour, a Best Buy unit recommended previously in these pages, costing \$30. It has a very heavy duty though small cone speaker in a specially designed compact case (9x9x16 inches). It's capable of surprising volume and very acceptable tone.

There are several speakers designed to resist the weather—rain and the other elements. They are similar to the "horns" used on sound trucks and at outdoor rallies.

Unlike public address speakers, these units do not sound tinny and harsh, with no bass sound.

A fair selection of outdoor speakers for music is now available, costing from about \$35 to \$150. They are made of metal and are weatherproof. Connections to them are just as simple as to any standard high fidelity speaker—by means of two simple screw terminals using lamp cord.

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STEREO SHOPPING WITH GENE LEES

by Charles Graham

The editor of a journal devoted to modern music and musicians may be expected to have considerable love for and knowledge of a wide range of music. And so it is with Gene Lees, the managing editor of *Down Beat*, who recently decided to throw out the old monstrosity of a phonograph on which he'd been listening to records for two years, and get a real setup to listen to favorites from Vivaldi to Mingus.

The only stipulation I made when Gene said he'd like some help in choosing equipment was that I must be free to write a story on it—and as I wanted, with no changing in the copy by him. He agreed.

Since buying his first *Nutcracker Suite* and *One O'clock Jump* at the age of 11, about 20 years ago, Gene has been an avid record collector. He played his three-minute 78s through a small radio with a turntable attachment using cactus needles. Then when LPs and TV burst on consumers in the late 1940s, he got a pair of turntables as part of a big RCA radio-phono-TV set. This was in the days of the war-of-the-speeds, when RCA was pushing 45s, but had given in to the extent of including a changer for 78s and 33s along with its own 45 changer in this package set. This set played tolerably well, though the "permanent" needles probably chewed up the records more than Gene knew.

Becoming more critical of sound, Gene for a while shared an apartment



with a Montreal audiologist named Eric Smith, who'd been an electronics specialist in the British army. Smith put together an early mono amplifier and other high-grade components, the names of which Gene has forgotten, and mounted the works flush in a table made out of a slab door. "Eric really knew his business," Gene recalled. "Since then I've never been satisfied with any of the package sets I've owned."

The closest approach to realistic

Amplifier, Scott 222 dual 12-watt \$139.95.

Speakers, Acoustic Research AR-2A, \$120.00 each.

Turntable, Components Corp. kit, \$29.50.

Tone arm, Components Corp. kit, \$9.50.

Pickup cartridge, Pickering 380, \$29.00.

FM tuner, Granco, \$20.00.

sound he subsequently found came from a Columbia 360, the portable phonograph which so many jazzmen have found excellent for the road. It included a magnetic (GE) cartridge and separate bass and treble controls, and was probably the best portable set ever widely sold.

When Gene started telling me about the way he likes to hear sound (LOUD!) I discovered that he too has that almost-universal problem, the wife-who-can't-

stand-it-loud. He pointed out in amazement that his wife objects to volume far lower than she'll tolerate in a concert hall. This is an effect that Walter Toscanini once noted, and had no explanation for. It may be that with their sometimes greater sensitivity to high notes, women can detect distortion more readily than men can. Probably, though, it's usually the result of a lower index of interest in music.

I decided that the sound must be available *loud*, but with absolutely minimal distortion. I pointed out that today there are loudspeakers whose distortion is actually so low as to be not much more than the distortion contributed by the amplifier. These are the speakers made by or under license from Acoustic Research, Inc., of Cambridge. These speakers employ the volume of air in their enclosure as part of the mechanical suspension of the speaker cone, achieving unusually low frequency response with lower distortion than any other speakers available.

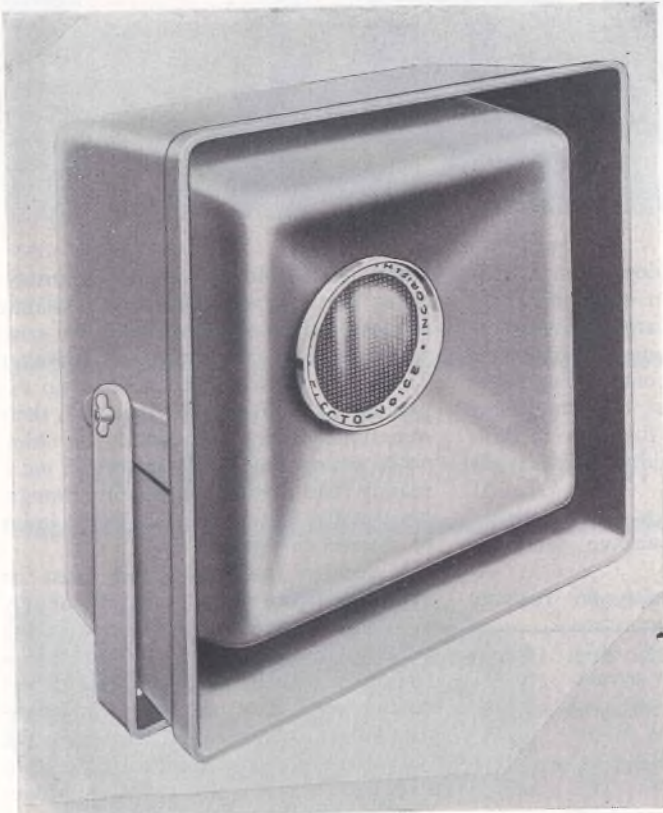
When I pointed out that AR's least expensive speaker, the new AR-2A, has one of the new AR-patented tweeters just like the ones in the top-drawer, best-rated AR-3 (\$225), Gene agreed he'd have to have a pair of AR-2As. They cost \$120 each, plus or minus four or five dollars for various wood finishes.

Gene said he'd like the Scott 222 stereo amplifier, but wondered if it

Continued on Page 29



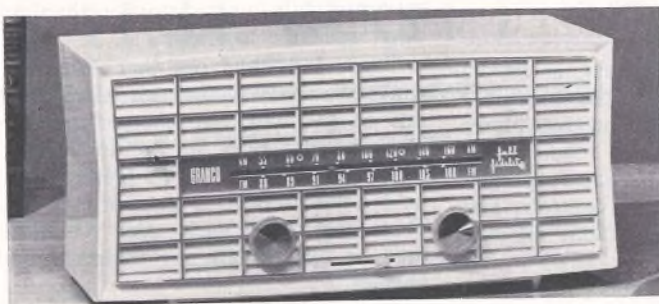
NEW PRODUCTS



Outdoor weatherproof loudspeaker by Electro-Voice provides good bass sounds from folded metal horn. E-V Musicaster costs \$47.



Outdoor weatherproof speaker requires no enclosure, can be mounted on tree post or wall with wood screws, and adjusted to any angle. Electro-Voice models for musical reproduction cost from about \$20 to \$50.



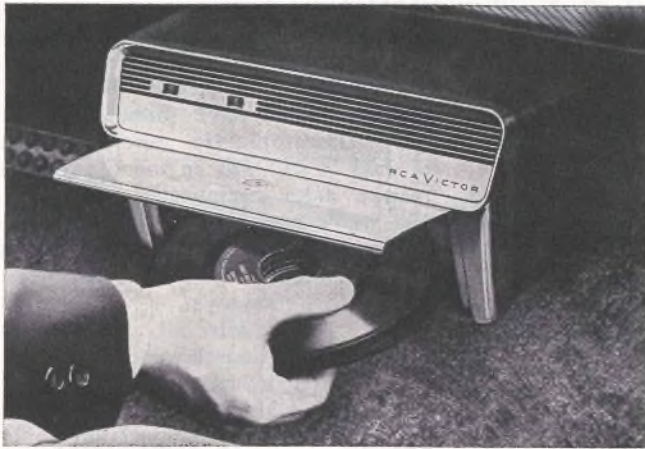
Granco FM tuner is sensitive unit with own built-in antenna. Super model costs \$49.



New FM car radio is being supplied in many models to fit most car panels. Motorola set uses combination tube-transistor circuitry. Reception should be better than on AM, with less fading and little or no static.



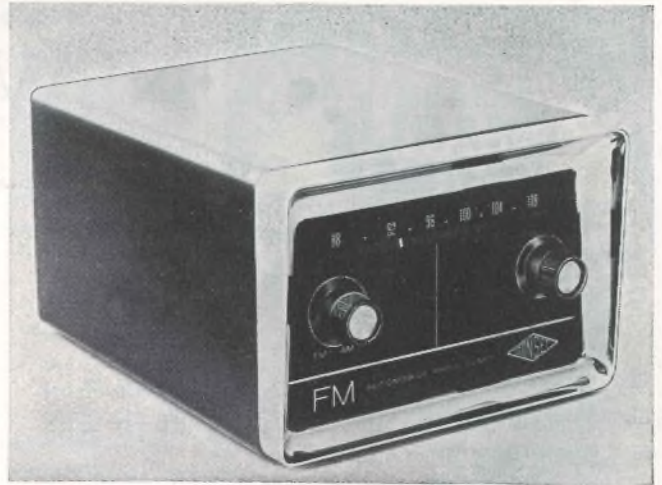
Loading a stack of 45-rpm discs into the RCA-Chrysler auto phonograph is as easy as it looks. Discs are pushed into place, lid pushed down, and start button pressed. It costs \$120 at Plymouth-DeSoto dealers. Player works through car radio.



Highway hi-fi player handles up to 14 of the 45-rpm discs. It plays through any car radio and mounts under dash. Push stack of records into slot and close door.



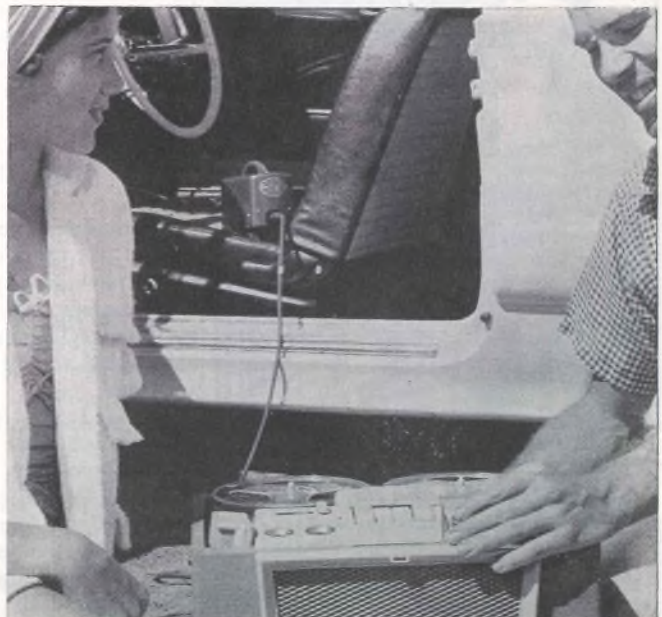
Inverter for use in car (or boat) permits regular home tape recorder to be used away from regular house current. Inverter plugs into cigaret lighter receptacle or connects permanently to wires behind dash. Terado Super costs \$46.



FM tuner for automobiles converts any AM car radio with minimum installation. Car antenna plugs into FM tuner, and power cable goes to cigaret lighter receptacle. AM radio tunes in FM tuner providing fade-free, staticless reception. Gonset tuner costs \$70.



Gonset FM car tuner fits under dash and plays through any regular car radio. Installation takes up little space. Hookup is simple. It costs \$70.



Inverter, for tape-recorder operation from car battery, plugs into cigaret lighter receptacle. Super model costs \$46. Other Trav-Electric models for small radios, shavers, etc., cost as low as \$22. Large models handle even television sets.

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NEW NEW NEW NEW SOUND

Roy Eldridge, just returned from another European Jazz at the Philharmonic tour, is using a multitaping set-up he improvised with the help of the *Tape Recorder Tricks* manual written by Dick Jurgens and Ray Sanders.

Previously, Eldridge was recording piano, drums, horn, one after another on one tape by playing the first tape back through one tape machine, with a microphone from a second recorder set up to catch the sound from the first recorder while he also blew the added instrument into the microphone.

In so doing, he couldn't help lowering the quality of the earlier track(s) each time he added a new sound—because of room sound and reverberation and the lowered fidelity of the speaker-air-mike chain—compared with doing it electronically. The sounds were recognizable all right but muddy and distorted.

The trumpeter now is using a small microphone mixer, a pair of Koss headphones (they work as well for mono as for stereo), only one microphone, and two Norelco tape recorders, plus a few connecting cables.

He is putting the following all on one track: solo trumpet, piano, drums, and three trumpets for section backgrounds. With his new all-electronically-connected setup, his results are quite professional sounding.

If you have been thinking about getting an FM radio set, you may find useful a new six-page list, by cities, of such stations, which has been put out by Blonder-Tongue labs, makers of FM tuners and radios. Canadian cities also are listed.

Included are 14 FM stations in Los Angeles and New York; 11 in Chicago and Philadelphia; eight in Boston, Detroit, and Washington, D. C., and seven in Dallas and Cleveland.

And if you already have an FM set but aren't making full use of it, this free folder will help you. Blonder-Tongue labs' address is 2 Alling St., Newark 2, N. J.

A couple of months ago, there was a rush in the stock market by the smart money to sell stock of the big tape-recorder company, Ampex. It was occasioned by the supposed inside information that either RCA Victor or General Electric, or both, were coming out with revolutionary new recording mediums that presumably would make tape recording as we know it obsolete.

Engineers knew then, as the "smart" operators since have found out, that GE's thermoplastic tape-recording method is still way in the future, will require more complicated equipment, and won't begin to cut into any tape systems for years, if ever, so far as home or studio sound recording goes. RCA hasn't shown yet.

Disc records, after all, still are very much with us, despite some predictions 10 years ago, when tape was starting, that tape would kill discs (and similar predictions in the '20s that radio would kill phonographs.)

When new technological systems come out, they usually complement the old ones at first, instead of replacing them. That's what will happen with new recording mediums when they're perfected.

* * *

Likely to see the light of day before new recording mediums is a tape cartridge developed by CBS Laboratories of Stamford, Conn., in co-operation with Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing. This cartridge has the tape moving very slowly, 1 7/8 inches a second, (standard for home use is 7 1/2 ips, with 3 3/4 coming into much greater play now). It's likely that it'll be a long time before this or any similar new magnetic tape recording system will become generally available, to say nothing of beginning to make present tape recorders obsolete.

Even big RCA, two years after first commercial showing, hasn't yet got its tape cartridge system into U.S. homes. And the RCA system represents only a very small change from the presently accepted and universally used systems.



F.I.B.

(Festival Information
Bulletin)

Volume 1 No. 2

F.I.B. is a *free* reader service offered by Down Beat in response to the flood of mail and phone (and some telegram) requests for jazz festival information.

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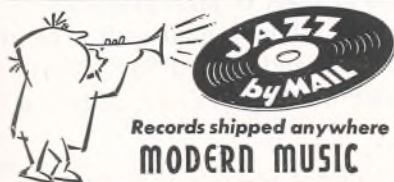
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STEREO SHOPPING

Continued from Page 25

could handle the AR-2As, which he understood were a little less efficient than most other speakers, requiring somewhat more power. I told him that the Scott, rated at 12 watts a channel, had reserve power for *any* speakers, including the ARs. Actually, the Scott is very conservatively rated, and is capable of much greater peaks of power than are usually required. The Scott 222 amplifier, dual 12 watts, costs \$139.95.

Gene decided that he didn't need a changer, and asked if he could put together a turntable, saving money at the same time. He found that the Components Corp. turntable kit, a simple belt-drive affair costing \$29.50, has a companion tone arm kit that he could also assemble for only \$9.50. It took him less than three hours to put both kits together and have them turning.

Gene tried two magnetic stereo pickup cartridges in his Components arm. One sounded harsh and thin, the other rich and full. Since the sound from the second, the Pickering 380, was so pleasing, that simple listening test decided him on this critical part of his rig.

He said he hasn't been listening to FM radio as much in the past as he intends to in the future, but since he need only add a small tuner to his amplifier, he ordered one of the new Granco miniature FM tuners costing only \$20. They have a built-in line antenna, and provide perfect reception in metropolitan areas.

At present Gene has a big Ampex tape recorder on loan. He occasionally uses it with a pair of Shure microphones for stereo recording. He's planning to get a tape deck (no electronics), though, since his Scott amplifier will play back stereo tapes from a simple deck costing little more than \$100.

Gene has for some time been enthusiastic about the sound of his Koss stereo headphones. He recommended them for anyone who wants to hear, for example, the intricate lines of Gil Evans, saying, "In no other way can you hear orchestral voicings so cleanly and incredibly. The effect when listening to good material on stereo headphones is like having a concert hall in your head."

When I last talked to Gene he was telling me, "Stereo really makes it, notwithstanding dissenters to the contrary. They must not have heard it right. The weirdest effect I've heard is on the Riverside album of Jean (Toots) Thielemans and Pepper Adams. I swear I can hear the echo of the snares off the left rear wall of the studio—and am faintly bugged by it—but so delighted at the quality of reproduction that I'm delighted by being bugged by it, if you know what I mean . . ."

Buying a Tape Recorder?

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

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

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OUT OF MY HEAD

By GEORGE CRATER



To begin, let me say that Nat Hentoff is **not** employed by me as a press agent. It is true that, for several months now, Nat has been giving **Down Beat** and me quite a bit of publicity in the various¹ publications he writes for² and on his New York FM radio program, but I have **not** hired him as yet. I'd like to rule out the possibility that he's pushing for the account, and just say that Nat's a most generous cat.³ If this be the case, I feel it's only right that I reciprocate. Right? **Right!**⁴

Nat, as you may know, is co-editor of a probing magazine that publishes pictures of 1921 jazz musicians, Ornette Coleman, and reviews by "an attorney practicing in Toronto, Canada and a long-time follower of jazz."⁵ As a token of my appreciation to Mr. Hentoff⁶ and as a service to readers, I humbly offer **A Child's Guide to Nat Hentoff.**⁷

The following list of names, terms, subjects, phrases, etc., will undoubtedly turn up in Nat's writing. The accompanying definitions, explanations, and identifications, if memorized thoroughly, should prove an invaluable aid to understanding Nat and his work.

Footnotes: Little things that could be included in the body of the text but instead are numbered and placed at the bottom of the page. This adds class to the piece and gives your book the authoritative look of, say, **The Journal of Analytical Chemistry.**⁸

Sam Charters: A friend of Nat's.

Martin Williams: Nat's co-editor.

Mack McCormick: A friend of Nat's.

Lightnin' Hopkins: A friend of Mack McCormick's.

Field Recording: A term that validates the poor recording of a poor singer who could be found without leaving town in the first place.

Jack H. Batten: An attorney practicing in Toronto, Canada and a long-time follower of jazz.

The Quote: A handy device that enables the writer to take on plenty of work without taking up any of his thinking time. An extremely valuable device in liner note writing, the quote allows you to "write" notes for artists you **can't stand** without committing yourself.

Bill Crow: A friend of Tony Scott's.⁹

Gunther Schuller: A French horn player, composer, and Jack Armstrong symbol.

Murray Kempton: A columnist, goal, and Uncle Jim symbol.

Cemetery Headstones: Pieces of rock.

Cemeteries: Wasted ground that could be put to better use as sites for low- and middle-income housing developments.¹⁰

Down Beat: A publication as useless as the **New York Times Book Review Section.**

Noms de plume: the object of Nat's latest crusade, ranking second only to cemeteries. Rumors have it that Nat will score two sensational exposes in the near future: he's going to tell the world that Mark Twain's real name was Samuel Clemens and that Charlie Weaver's real name is Cliff Arquette.

Jazz night clubs: Places where writers on jazz should not go, for fear of poisoning their minds.

Junior's: Heavens! Don't go **there**, you might meet a **musician!**

Ornette Coleman: One of Nat's favorite saxophonists.

Hsio Wen Shih: Nat's publisher and until recently Ornette Coleman's personal manager.

Record Reviews: A subliminal form of psychoanalysis for jazz musicians and a vehicle for quoting Nat Hentoff.

The Venetian Blind News: One magazine Nat **doesn't** write a jazz column for.¹¹

O.M.O.G.: The belief that Obscure Means Overlooked Genius. This unique way of evaluating musicians and their music came into prominence after the now-famous Missing-of-the-boat-on-Sonny-Rollins.

Boorish: This year's secret word.

Significant: Last year's secret word.

But . . . : Next year's secret word.

Toronto: A city in Canada¹² where attorney Jack H. Batten, a longtime follower of jazz, practices.

Nat Hentoff: A small, chunky man with a beard, pipe, typewriter, and a friend named Sam Charters.

So much for Nat Hentoff. Hope I'm not outta line.¹³

(1). Rumored to be at least 347—not counting **Rogue**.

(2). The N. Hentoff who writes the jazz column for **Ballistic Missile Magazine** is not Nat Hentoff.

(3). A word, used in jazz circles, meaning a male human being. For further clarification, contact Babs Gonzales.

(4). Copyright Mort Sahl.

(5). Jack H. Batten.

(6). Nat Hentoff not N. Hentoff.

(7). **New York Chiropractor's University Press**, June, 1960.

(8). Published monthly.

(9). A modern jazz clarinetist now playing in Japan.

(10). If interested, write **Help Stamp Out Cemeteries**, Nat Hentoff, WNCN-FM.

(11). The other is **All Pets Magazine**.

(12). A country north of the United States.

(13). Courtesy Lenny Bruce. **White Collar Drunk**, Fantasy LP 7007.

in review

● 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 Gardner, John A. Tynan, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

Ratings are: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor. [M] means monaural, [S] means stereo.

CLASSICS

Ernst Toch

[M] ERNST TOCH — Contemporary (Composers Series) C-6002: *String Quartet in D Flat Major, Op. 18*, (1909); *Serenade in G, Op. 25* (1917).

Personnel: Westwood String Quartet (Louis Kaufman, Joseph Stepansky, Louis Kievman, George Neikrug); Westwood String Trio (Kaufman, Stepansky, and Kievman).

Rating: ★★★★★

[M] ERNST TOCH — Contemporary (Composers Series) M-6005: *String Quartet, Op. 70* (1946); *String Trio, Op. 63*.

Personnel: Zurich String Quartet (Eduard Melkus, Jürg Jenne, Franz Hirschfeld, Frederic Motzler); Vienna String Trio (Wolfgang Poduschka, Helmut Weis, and Otto Blecha).

Rating: ★★★★★

Toch, now 73, is one of the masters of the 20th century, though his music has not received the attention it deserves, possibly because Toch (like Ernest Bloch, a composer with whom he has much in common) has ignored the fads and fetishes of his fellow composers. He has followed neither Stravinsky nor Schoenberg but only the beacon of his own genius.

All four works on this two Contemporary discs are musically important, and the earlier quartet, written in 1909, is astonishing in its power at this late date. Toch, who is also an author of talent, never writes doodling, academic music; each work is alive with poetic intensity and reaches out for the listener's mind and heart. The 1936 trio is an especially exciting piece. Toch's earlier works have a Debussy tinge, but there is backbone in each one.

Performances are admirable, and the sound is exceptional. (D.H.)

Gail Kubik

[M] GAIL KUBIK — Contemporary (Composers Series) M-6006: *Sonata for Piano; Celebrations and Epilogue*.

Personnel: Jacob Maxin, piano.

Rating: ★★

Kubik, a Kansan who has made a great success in writing for television and the movies, is represented here by some facile and occasionally inventive piano music. The mind soon wanders, however, for it is all rather trifling stuff.

There is a little bit of every composer of the last 50 years in Kubik's music, with special references to Satie and his French successors and even hints of the thinly scored pointillism of the Webern school.

But the effect is pedestrian and without any sound of great conviction. The writing for the piano is percussive throughout, which is well suited to the wrong-note harmonic style employed but quickly becomes a bore. (D.H.)

Leon Fleisher

[M] LISZT *Sonata in B Minor*; WEBER *Sonata No. 4 in E Minor, Op. 70*; *Invitation to the Dance*, Op. 65—Epic LC-3675.

Personnel: Fleisher, piano.

Rating: ★★★

Fleisher manages the Listz *B Minor Sonata* in good fashion and sweeps through the Weber pieces without much trouble, too. The rarity of the Weber sonata makes the disc worthwhile, but Fleisher is not the ideal interpreter of this wildly romantic music. Rather tinny piano sound. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Nat Adderley

[M] [S] WORK SONG—Riverside RLP 12-318: *Work Song; Pretty Memory; I've Got a Crush on You; Mean to Me; Fallout; Sack of Woe; My Heart Stood Still; Violets for Your Furs; Scrambled Eggs*.

Personnel: Adderley, cornet; Wes Montgomery, guitar; Bobby Timmons, piano; Percy Heath, Keeter Betts or Sam Jones, bass; Jones or Betts, cello; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This album is as warm, fresh and sunny as a summer's day in the back country. It's earthy without being muddy, sophisticated but not phony.

Adderley has gotten variety by altering the size of the group from trio to sextet with different combinations of men and by not limiting his material to just funk. By including four standards, played without piano and ranging from an intimate trumpet-guitar-bass grouping to almost-full size, he has avoided the pitfall of overfunk. The use of cello and guitar in unison produces an interesting sound, making not only for novelty but also adding much charm to the album.

Most of the cornetist's best solos are muted ones on the standards, although his horn work throughout the LP is humorous, feelingful and to the point. But the excellence and taste of his muted playing put me in mind of Harry Edison, and I believe that if he wanted, Nat could become the modern-day Edison. His tendency to play a bit flat is a flaw that he can and should correct, however.

Montgomery's playing is of the highest order. On the earlier tracks he sounds like he's pulling the notes out of his instrument with a fish hook. But all is not funk with this man. No, listen to his thoughtful and logical statements on *Crush* and *Mean*. In the latter he pulls off a run of triplets that is excellently conceived and executed.

Of the two bassist-cellists I found Betts more adept with cello but Jones more telling on bass. Betts' cello is outstanding

on *Fallout* and *My Heart*, and Jones' best cello bit is in *Eggs*. Unfortunately, both men have intonation trouble, attributable probably to the switch from the larger to the smaller fingerboard.

Adderley's *Work Song* is a simple and effective tune with a southern air so strong I could almost smell the swamp water. It is in the work-song tradition with a statement-response device and sledgehammer blows. Unlike the majority of present-day originals, this one should have some permanence.

Recommended strongly. (D.DeM.)

Walter Davis Jr.

[M] DAVIS CUP—Blue Note 4018: *'Smack It; Loodle-Lot; Sweetness; Rhumba Nhumba; Minor Mind; Millie's Delight*.

Personnel: Davis, piano; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Sam Jones, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★★

We seem to be in an era when it's no longer enough to be just an accomplished jazzman; now almost everyone is making an album of his "compositions."

The trouble is that there are so few who have anything of lasting value to offer. This LP features the work of Davis, but while the raw material of a minor writing talent is heard, it is neither fully developed nor applied very skillfully. Most of the compositions sound familiar and lack that flame of originality that marks Monk, Lewis, Ellington, or any of the handful of really significant jazz writers.

Loodle-Lot and *Minor* are interesting, with their dash of contrary motion, but although this adds flavor it is done in a rather gross manner. I think Davis' best writing in this collection is the ballad *Sweetness*, more for the rich chord structure than the melodic line, which is not very memorable. Although this may sound a bit harsh, it's meant NOT to discourage Davis in writing, for there is that flash of talent within his work that could develop nicely. Many talents have withered because of too early and too much praise.

All the men solo effectively, but Byrd stands out like a bright diamond. Besides the inventiveness of his work, there is one aspect of his playing that few other musicians approach—an ability to play long and intricate but logical phrases. He is not bound to the four-bar system heard so often; he crosses these four-bar walls as if they weren't there. One of his phrases on *Rhumba* is 12 bars long!

In effect, this is a blowing album within a framework of Davis' writing, but it displays enough of his raw writing talent to awaken interest in how it will develop.

(D.DeM.)

Art Farmer-Benny Golson

MEET THE JAZZTET—Argo LP 664: *Serenata*; *It Ain't Necessarily So*; *Avalon*; *I Remember Clifford*; *Blues March*; *It's All Right With Me*; *Park Avenue Petite*; *Mox Nix*; *Easy Living*; *Killer Joe*.

Personnel: Farmer, trumpet; Golson, tenor saxophone; Curtis Fuller, trombone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Addison Farmer, bass; Lex Humphries, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The idea behind the Jazztet is to give ample space to each soloist but within a framework that does more than set up lines at the beginning and end in a jam session type of group. What leaders Farmer and Golson are striving for is a little "band". With composer-arranger Golson to do the majority of the writing, this is accomplished. Devices such as having the trombone and trumpet play into hats are employed and the blend of the horns often gives the impression of a larger group. However, here, bad recording or bad pressing on my copy gives the horns a fuzziness on some numbers that does not do justice to the way the group sounds in person.

Musically, the first side of the album is uneven. Farmer shines on *I Remember Clifford* and *Ain't Necessarily* and the whole group digs in on *Blues March* with Farmer and Fuller blowing some healthily swinging choruses. On the debit side, *Serenata* suffers from the bad balance mentioned before and a certain patness that the group can fall into. *Avalon* is the low point of the set. Everyone sounds uncomfortable on this up tempo, as if they were in a hurry to get through with the whole thing. As a result, phrasing is jerky and rushed.

Side two is uniformly better. Fuller is featured on *All Right*, ripping through his solo with fire and finesse in his Johnson-inspired style. Farmer is piquant on Golson's heretofore unrecorded *Petite* and Benny himself is extremely convincing in his Lucky Thompson-out-of-Don Byas groove on *Easy Living*.

Mox Nix, by Farmer, is the high point of the set. All the horn players get a chance here and young Tyner sounds fine too. There is a shouting quality coupled with thoughtful improvisation. Humphries is an exciting drummer who has a tendency to play too loud. On *Mox Nix* he swings hard but controls his volume.

Golson's *Killer Joe*, the musical depiction of a hipster, is tied up in a neat package (in some ways, too neat) with the soloists getting far less space than they would in a night club performance. I wish Benny had given his spoken introduction to the tune without reading it. This, by the way, did not affect my rating.

This group has improved greatly since its formation. Even though Fuller has now left, they should continue to grow if they avoid getting too polished. (I.G.)

Jimmy Giuffre

AD LIB—Verve MG Vs-6130: *I Got Those Blues*; *I'm Old-Fashioned*; *I Hear Red*; *The Boy Next Door*; *Stella by Starlight*; *Problems*.

Personnel: Giuffre, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Lawrence Marable, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Giuffre has been a poignant and sensitive advocate of the pastoral approach to

jazz for several years now. He has made worthwhile contributions within this context, but here he steps out of that context into a more heated environment. Or, at least, the idea of the date is to present him in a blowing session; the result is not unlike a lamb trying to roar like a lion.

His propensity for relaxation is admirable, and within his usual format has an air of freshness to it; but in this release his relaxation becomes limp and spreads to his compatriots, giving 84 percent of the LP a lifeless and spineless aura. Most of the session becomes so relaxed that I found it hard to stay awake. It's fairly interesting, but it stays on a straight line—no ups and downs.

Giuffre's tenor work on this 84 percent is below his clarinet offerings; it sounds as if the tenor is just too much for him to handle. His ideas come out muffled. His clarinet is clearer and more rewarding, especially on *I Hear Red* (a theme not too different from what we've come to expect from Giuffre).

The main saving grace on these first five tracks is the playing of Mitchell, but even he can't completely shake the torpidity.

But what of the remaining 16 percent? That's something else again. This remainder—the last track, *Problems*—

coming after such low-key offerings, is like a dash of ice water in the face. Suddenly things become firm; the men, especially Giuffre, start to spit some acid instead of merely drooling saliva. Giuffre's tenor work is quite east coastish, as is the theme; the lamb is shorn, revealing a set of rippling muscles. This track alone added a full star to the rating.

Only Giuffre knows whether he will incorporate some of this hardness into his previous conception, but if he does, it should give that approach a vitality that at times has been woefully lacking. (D.DeM.)

Dick Katz

PIANO & PEN—Atlantic 1314: *Timonium*; *Aurora*; *Duologue No. 1*; *Glad to Be Unhappy*; *Round Trip*; *Afternoon in Paris*; *Ain't Misbehavin'*; *Scrapple from the Apple*.

Personnel: Katz, piano; Chuck Wayne or Jimmy Raney, guitar; Joe Benjamin, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This album puts equal emphasis on the writing and playing of Katz; both facets of his ability are marked by a subtlety and a carefulness that border on timidity. His approach to both writing and playing is similar to John Lewis': Katz is concerned with form and symmetry of performance, as is Lewis, but while Lewis incorporates

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 five-issue 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)
- Ray Charles-Lightnin' Hopkins, *Riot in Blues* (Vocal) (Time 70008)
- Red Garland at the Prelude* (Prestige 7170)
- Jon Hendricks-George Russell, *New York, N. Y.* (Decca DL 79216)
- Billie Holiday, *The Unforgettable Lady Day* (vocal) (Verve MG V-8338-2)
- Quincy Jones, *The Great Wide World of Quincy Jones* (Mercury MG 20561)
- Abbey Lincoln, *Abbey Is Blue* (Riverside 12-308)
- Lester Young, *Going for Myself* (Verve MG V 8298)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

- Freddie Redd, music from *The Connection* (Blue Note 4027)

★ ★ ★ ★

- Red Allen Meets Kid Ory* (Verve MG VS 6076)
- Curtis Fuller, *Blues-ette* (Savoy MG 12141)
- Jimmy Heath, *The Thumper* (Riverside RLP 12-314 and 1160)
- Harold Land, *The Fox* (Hifjazz J612)
- Jelly-Roll Morton Plays and Sings* (Riverside RLP 12-133)
- Oscar Peterson, *Swinging Brass with Oscar Peterson* (Verve MG V-8364)
- Mavis Rivers, *Hooray for Love* (Vocal) (Capitol T 1294)
- This Here Is Bobby Timmons* (Riverside RLP 12-317)
- Tommy Turrentine* (Tim T/70008)
- 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)

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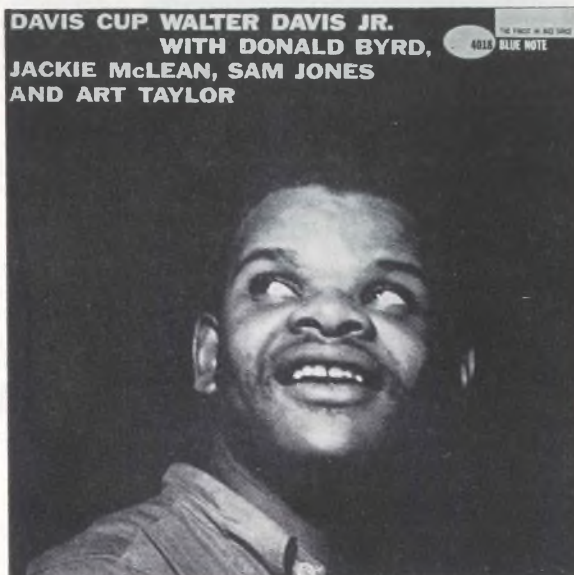
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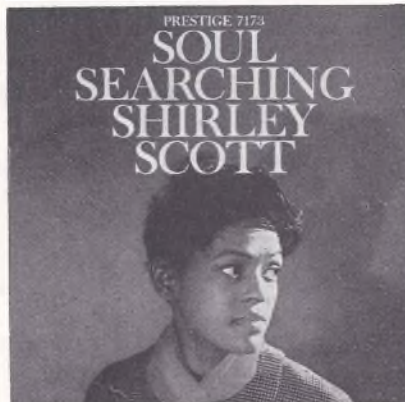
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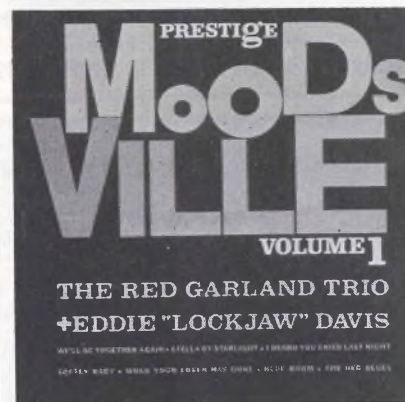
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many valleys and peaks in his work, Katz seems to stay on one plane.

His scores are mostly polyphonic and intricate but in a contrived sort of way. For instance, on *Duologue* in the first eight bars the theme is stated by piano, answered by guitar; in the second eight the order is reversed. On *Round Trip*, a canon, all four instruments have parts, entering in a certain order, but in the last statement at the close of the track, the entrances are reversed. To me, this is merely cute and tricky and not of great musical value, but it does show Katz' dry humor, something that also comes out in his playing.

Katz' piano is calm and cleanly played, showing traces of not only Lewis but also of Teddy Wilson. He even acknowledges the funkners with a Gospel chord here and there, but he uses this more as a touch of humor than as an integral part of his playing.

The men whom Katz has assembled work with him very closely. All the tracks, even though there are different guitarists, are enhanced by an intimacy and integration not too often heard nowadays. Wayne's solos are very nice; his best track is *Scrapple*. Benjamin and Kay work well together but hardly set the others on fire.

This lack of fire—or guts, if you prefer—and consequent loss of the valleys and troughs that make jazz so emotionally satisfying is the big negative factor in this album. Intellectualism, although it may be interesting and all that, is not a substitute for emotion. I'd have enjoyed this much more if there had been a little less of the brain and a little more of the heart of Dick Katz. (D.DeM.)

Gene Krupa-Buddy Rich

THE DRUM BATTLE—Verve MG V-8369:
Idaho; Sophisticated Lady; Flying Home; Drum Boogie; The Drum Battle; Perdido.

Personnel: Gene Krupa, drums; Willie Smith, alto; Hank Jones, piano; Buddy Rich, drums, on *Battle* and *Perdido* only; Flip Phillips, tenor, on *Perdido* only.

Rating: ★ ★

Here is an excellent example of how to merchandise a mediocre jazz album. Given the presence of that drum genius, Buddy Rich, in one number of a 1952 Carnegie Hall *Jazz at the Philharmonic* concert during which he carved the pants off Gene Krupa—as was his regular wont in those days—all you have to do is plaster pictures of Rich and Krupa on the cover under the blazoned title, *The Drum Battle*. The fact that the majority of the set consists of the Gene Krupa Trio of that season needn't concern you at all. Of course, for good measure Flip Phillips steps in for another dreary run-down on *Perdido* and, although his healthy tenor sound is a relief after all those tracks of Smith's strained and dull alto, contributes very little to the session's salvation.

The savior here becomes Hank Jones. Always a joy to listen to in terms of consummate taste and rippling invention, Jones rides out of the prevailing dullness to make relaxed piano statements that seem to tell the others, "Fellas, this is how it should be done."

The predominant solo horn, Smith's alto, carries the set with unfortunate, if

unavoidable, results. His timbre is flat as a yeastless cake and he is driven to shallow patterns of "invention" on *Flying Home* in a last ditch pitch for gallery excitement. He doesn't make a dent.

As to the "battle" itself, one doesn't have to be a professional drummer to figure out the victor: Rich by a knockout. (J.A.T.)

Oscar Peterson Trio

OSCAR PETERSON PLAYS THE JEROME KERN SONGBOOK—Verve MG V-2056: *I Won't Dance; Bill; The Song Is You; A Fine Romance; Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man; Ol' Man River; Long Ago (and Far Away); Lovely to Look At; Pick Yourself Up; Smoke Gets In Your Eyes; The Way You Look Tonight; Yesterday.*

Rating: ★ ★ ★

OSCAR PETERSON PLAYS THE HARRY WARREN AND VINCENT YOUMANS SONG BOOK—Verve MG V-2059: *Lullaby of Broadway; Serenade in Blue; You'll Never Know; I Had the Craziest Dream; I Only Have Eyes For You; Chattanooga Choo-Choo; More Than You Know; Carioca; Without a Song; Drums in My Heart; Time on My Hands; Great Day.*

Rating: ★ ★ ★

OSCAR PETERSON PLAYS THE HARRY WARREN SONG BOOK—Verve MG V-2060: *Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe; Stormy Weather; Over the Rainbow; The Man That Got Away; Ill Wind; Let's Fall in Love; As Long As I Live; Come Rain or Come Shine; Acc-centchu-ate the Positive; Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea; I've Got the World on a String; That Old Black Magic.*

Rating: ★ ★ ★

OSCAR PETERSON PLAYS THE JIMMY McHUGH SONG BOOK—Verve MG V-2061: *You're a Sweetheart; Lost in a Fog; I Can't Believe That You're in Love With Me; On the Sunny Side of the Street; Diga Diga Do; I Feel A Song Comin' On; I'm in the Mood For Love; When My Sugar Walks Down the Street; Don't Blame Me; I Can't Give You Anything But Love; Can't Get Out of This Mood; I Couldn't Sleep A Wink Last Night.*

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

With this release of four LPs of Peterson playing the songs of America's best popular songwriters, only one more album (MG V-2058) in the scheduled 10 is due. The first five were reviewed by this writer in *Down Beat*, Feb. 18.

As all these sets were recorded in continuous sessions, there is consistency of performance throughout. Peterson takes the songs straight for the most part; when he does wander into improvisation, it isn't for very long. The selections are well balanced between ballads and up tunes and on the latter, Thigpen has opportunity to show the stuff he's made of—swinging stuff, to be sure.

Peterson's performances on these albums demonstrate one fact: Not only is he the superb creative artist of his more inventive jazz albums (e.g., the Stratford festival LP), he is an interpretive craftsman of the highest order, too. And it is the latter that is on display for the most part in these sets.

Serious jazz fans may wish to save their pennies for more rousing fare but for those who favor light, pleasing, and extremely well-played modern piano, these albums will hit the spot. (J.A.T.)

Andre Previn

WEST SIDE STORY—Contemporary M 3572: *Something's Coming; Jet Song; Tonight; I Feel Pretty; Gee, Officer Krupke!; Cool; Maria; America.*

Personnel: Previn, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Latest in the apparently endless series

of pop-jazz interpretations of successful Broadway musicals (predecessors: *My Fair Lady*, *Lil Abner*, *Bells Are Ringing*, *Pal Joey*, and *Gigi*), *West Side Story* is high on musical flash, low on genuine jazz value.

As usual, Previn is a keyboard whiz. His musicianship is impeccable, his technique borders the incredible, and his taste is astute as he makes the most of material ill-adapted to jazz interpretation. Manne is a percussionist of intelligence, whimsy, and constant rhythmic drive. But it is in the solo work of Mitchell that the principal jazz excitement lies here. He solos brilliantly, notably in his long discourse on *I Feel Pretty*, and is imaginatively backed by Manne.

This rates ★★★★★ for the superlative musicianship of all three, but warrants ★★ in terms of jazz value. (J.A.T.)

Various Artists

☐ ☐ ONE WORLD JAZZ—Columbia WS 314: *Cotton Tail*; *Misty*; *Big Ben's Blues*; *International Blues*; *Nuages*; *In A Mellotone*.

Personnel: Clark Terry, Roger Guerin, trumpets; J. J. Johnson, George Chisholm, Aake Persson, trombones; Roy East, alto saxophone; Ben Webster, Bob Garcia, tenor saxophone; Ronnie Ross, baritone; Stephane Grappelly, violin; Hank Jones, Martial Solal, pianos; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Jo Jones, drums; George Duvivier, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★/2

This was not released yesterday. It was issued early in 1960 but we were tardy in reviewing it. This should not deter you from going into your neighborhood record store and buying a copy immediately.

The idea of having musicians in the U.S. and Europe record together by the use of multi-taping never descends to being a gimmick here. The musical quality and relaxed atmosphere would make this record worth while even if you didn't know the circumstances.

As you can see from the personnel, the rhythm section is at all times American. The original session was made here and Leonard Feather carried the tapes to London, Stockholm and Paris where soloists added their contributions while the previously recorded music filled the studio. In one case (*International Blues*), Feather wrote additional parts for East, Ross, and Chisholm, creating a transatlantic ensemble. In many instances, the soloists are involved in exchanges across the ocean.

To begin with, the American session is excellent, with Webster, Johnson, Terry and Jones in fine form. This, and the fact that they were recording with these luminaries, inspired the Europeans. Chisholm plays a relaxed style that cuts across school lines and Ross is an intelligently warm soloist. East is a heated player, modeled somewhat after Phil Woods, but his phrasing tends to become too choppy at times. This stiffness is not deliberately jagged in the way Gene Quill can be so effective.

Persson appears only on *Mellotone* but makes the most of his opportunity.

The French contingent is well represented by Guerin, a melodically agile Grappelly, and a swinging Solal. On *Big Ben's Blues*, Solal plays while Jones comps, which leads into some awkward spots but on *International Blues* he is

backed only by Duvivier and Jo Jones as a piano solo was anticipated. Bob Garcia, a newcomer on tenor, is adequate but undistinguished.

There are some who may be annoyed by the escaping air from Webster's horn on his *Misty* statement but I don't believe this, or any of the other minor flaws, will prevent anyone from enjoying this international jam session. The two Ellington numbers are a ball. Django Reinhardt's *Nuages* is sensitively treated.

In stereo, the Americans are on the left, the Europeans on the right. (I.G.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Various Artists

☐ SINGING THE BLUES—RCA-Camden CAL-588: *Good Morning Blues*; *Yellow Dog Gal Blues*; *Just Another Woman*; *Why Don't You Do Right*; *Bessie, Bessie, Bessie*; *How Long Blues*; *Fifty-Fifty Blues*; *How Blue Can You Get*; *Jelly, Jelly*; *Walking Slow Behind You*; *You've Got a Date With the Blues*; *Mighty Like the Blues*.

Personnel: Huddie (Leadbelly) Ledbetter; Lizzie Miles with Porter Grainger, piano, Teddy Bunn, guitar; George (Pops) Foster, bass; Oran (Hot Lips) Page with Teddy Bunn, guitar; Ernest Hill, bass, Leonard Feather, piano; Lil Green with Simeon Henry, piano, Willie (Big Bill) Broonzy, guitar, Ranson Knowling, bass; Thomas (Fats) Waller, with John Hamilton, trumpet, Gene Sedric, clarinet and tenor saxophone, Al Casey, guitar, Cedric Wallace, bass, Slick Jones, drums; Wing-ing Manone with Buck Scott, trombone, Gus Feterer, clarinet, Leon (Chu) Berry, tenor, Ernie Hughes, piano, Zeb Julian, guitar, Sid Jacobs, bass, Cozy Cole, drums; Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden with Bobby Hackett, trumpet, Peanut Hucko, clarinet, Al Casey, guitar, Johnny Guranieri, piano, Al Hall, bass, Cozy Cole, drums; Johnny Moore's Three Blazers; Jimmy Rushing with Count Basie and His Orchestra; Lucy Reed with the Charlie Ventura orchestra; Hazel Scott with Pete Brown, alto, Danny Polo, clarinet, Albert Harris, guitar, Peter Barry, bass, Arthur Herbert, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

Not to be confused with Jimmy Witherspoon's album on the World Pacific label which bears the same title, this collector's compilation by Leonard Feather presents an admirable cross section of blues vocalizing that reaches back to 1930 and covers two decades.

The opening track by Leadbelly couldn't be more perfect as the dynamic performer first speaks his explanation of the blues, then sings his song. Lizzie Miles is strong and gusty on *Yellow Dog* and Teddy Bunn's gut-string guitar may be heard commenting behind her. Page's vocal on *Just Another Woman* is masculinity itself and he also plays a pretty good solo on mellophone, unusual for 1940. Lil Green's gummy and tough rendition of *Why Don't You Do Right* makes the much more celebrated Peggy Lee version with Benny Goodman pale and gutless by comparison.

Closing the first side are two tracks kidding in nature but quite disparate in intent and effectiveness. Fats Waller is in typically delightful jocose mood as he cuts up vocally on the lyric of *Bessie* and urges on his soloists. Manone and gang lugubriously intone *How Long* until one is forced to smile at the result.

Kicking off the second side, Armstrong and Big T engage in a spirited vocal-instrumental duet unusual because it probable was the only piece of "special material" ever written for them as a duo, as

the notes indicate. The Johnny Moore group delivers a low down, dirty version of *How Blue* with some pretty basic lines embellished by Oscar Moore's guitar in support. Eckstine's famous vocal on *Jelly* belongs in every worthwhile jazz collection but Hurley Ramey's "Hawaiian" guitar interpolations remain as irritating today as they were 19 years ago.

Rushing's contribution, *Walking*, was recorded as a novelty vocal at the time. It swings along at medium tempo with the band relaxed and kicking. The tune is hardly historic but the lyric is quite amusing as Rushing handles the fun in aptly deadpan fashion.

The two final tracks are disappointing. Lucy Reed's vocal on *You've Got a Date* is very well executed but quite out of place in a set of this nature. The same goes for the Manny Albam arrangement. When the sylvus hits this track the entire mood of the album is thrown out of kilter. Even for 1950 (the year it was recorded), which was late in the day for the new jazz innovators, a more appropriate example of latter day fringe-blues material could have been uncovered without too much effort. Consequently, the net result is an impression of blase artificiality.

Finally, the Hazel Scott song, composed by Leonard Feather, doesn't come off with expected impact. But it is, as noted on the liner "a pleasantly unpretentious interpretation of a blues mood."

At a price of \$1.98, this album is well worth the money. (J.A.T.)

VOCAL

Mildred Anderson

☐ PERSON TO PERSON—Prestige/Bluesville 1004: *Connections*; *I'm Free*; *Please Don't Go*; *Hello, Little Boy*; *Person to Person*; *Good Kind Daddy*; *Kidney Stew*; *I Didn't Have a Chance*.

Personnel: Miss Anderson, vocals; Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, tenor saxophone; Shirley Scott, organ; Arthur Edgehill, drums; George Duvivier, bass.

Rating: ★★

There are blues that come from the marrow of the bone, which express the pathos, joy, despair, or any of a number of emotions bound up with life; then there are night-club blues, which express one thing—sex—and are meant as entertainment for the habitues of gin mills. Miss Anderson sings night-club blues.

Most of her material in this album deals with one man going and another right around the corner, ready to take his place. This one level of emotion and one story line gets tedious after a while.

Although her material is thus limited, I find her hoarse, almost-raspy voice well suited to the blues. She does have a mannerism that she may not be aware of, one that she uses to excess—a little upward gliss on the end of phrases. It gives her statements a questioning flavor that detracts from what she's trying to do; it also adds to the general impression that perhaps she's not putting as much feeling into her work as one would expect.

Davis and friends romp and stomp as is their wont. But it's all in keeping with the night-club feel of the album; it wouldn't have surprised me a bit if they had gone into *Fine and Dandy* to play Miss Anderson off. (D.DeM)

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GERRY MULLIGAN and his Big Band, RAY CHARLES and his Orchestra, OSCAR PETERSON, DAKOTA STATON, GLORIA LINN, SYMPHONY SID M.C., WADO, n.y.c.

Toni Harper

☐ LADY LONELY—Victor LPM 2092: *Lady Lonely; In the Dark of the Night; He Was a Man; My Heart Is a Lonely Hunter; The Lack of Love; Blue It Grows; I Love the Blues; You Taught Me How to Cry; The Velvet Hammer; The Other Woman; Nobody Home but the Blues; Busy Blues; Love Has Come, Love Has Gone; River Weep.*

Personnel: Miss Harper, vocals; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★ ★

From the essentially novelty aspect of a child vocalist piping her way through *Candy Store Blues*, Miss Harper has grown into a 22-year-old with a warm, polished voice and the knowledge and assurance to phrase sensitively and swingingly.

But what should have been an exciting showcase for the presentation of the adult Toni Harper has, unfortunately, been used as an excuse for recording the work of students in a songwriting course at UCLA. Almost inevitably, even the best of these students hangs in that half-world of the amateur reaching toward professionalism. Most if it is high-class classwork, especially as dressed up by Marty Paich's arrangements and projected with high professionalism by Miss Harper.

But a collection of student work—even relatively commendable student work—cannot be expected to produce a good program. In this case it doesn't, and it is too bad because Miss Harper gives it the respect and honest treatment that might have been really rewarding if her songs had been carefully chosen from the professional repertory.

What this record does tell us is that Miss Harper has a lovely voice and an excellent conception of how to use it. It is doubtful if anyone could have done better with this material than she has.

Yet if the record doesn't sell—as it probably won't—she will doubtless go down in Victor's books as an unsalable commodity. She deserves better treatment than this, for she now has the basic assets to become one of the major singers working in both the pop and jazz fields.

(J.S.W.)

Helen Humes

☐ HELEN HUMES—Contemporary M-3571: *You Can Depend On Me; Trouble in Mind; Among My Souvenirs; Ain't Misbehavin'; Star Dust; Bill Bailey; When I Grow too Old to Dream; A Good Man Is Hard to Find; Bill; Tain't Nobody's Biz-ness if I Do; I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good; When the Saints Go Marching In.*

Personnel: Miss Humes, vocals; Benny Carter, trumpet; Teddy Edwards, tenor sax; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Andre Previn, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Shelly Manne, drums, except on tracks 3, 8, 10 & 11, when he is replaced by Mel Lewis.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★ ½

Here is a real, live jazz singer.

After the seemingly never-ending parade of so-called "jazz" singers, this album is a complete refreshment. Whether you remember Miss Humes from her Count Basie days (1938-42) or her r&b success of *Be-baba-leba* for Aladdin in the mid-Forties is not important. Most people won't know her because she was semi-active in the 1950's. But you should make it your business to know her via this album.

Miss Humes' style is time-right, sunny, and bereft of hokey devices. While she doesn't have a "big" voice, it is warm, pure, unaffected and capable of enough

Armstrong THE NAME TO REMEMBER



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volume when needed. And she is individual!

The musicians headed by Benny Carter are extremely sympathetic and the exuberant atmosphere makes you feel that in these performances, Helen was *en rapport* with a large audience. Actually, they are taken from three studio sessions. Carter's trumpet talent, unknown to many, is in evidence; the other main soloists, Edwards and Rosolino, show their happy involvement with the entire proceedings whenever it comes their turn to blow. Previn is an excellent accompanist: his solos are not that abundant or lengthy to glaringly bring out what I consider his faults.

The tunes are old ones and, for the most part, good ones. Miss Humes helps make them better. *Trouble in Mind* is a moving experience; *Star Dust*, a ballad sweet without syrup; *Tain't Nobody's Biz-Ness*, as annotator Nat Hentoff says, no longer only Billie Holiday's property; *When I Grow Too Old*, gospel-flavored by Miss Humes natural inclination and not by a dictated vogue. Even *Saints* is given new life; its words should be circulated to all college dixieniks so that they needn't keep repeating the first stanza incessantly.

By all means, whatever your means, get this record. (I.G.)

FOLK

Odetta

[M] [S] BALLAD FOR AMERICANS AND OTHER AMERICAN BALLADS—Vanguard VSD-2057: *Ballad for Americans*; *This Land*; *On Top of Old Smoky*; *Hush, Little Baby*; *Dark as a Dungeon*; *Great Historical Bum*; *Payday at Coal Creek*; *Going Home*; *Pastures of Plenty*.
Personnel: Odetta Felious, vocals, guitar; Fred Hellerman, second guitar; Bill Lee, bass; DeCormier chorale and Symphony of the Air added on *Ballad for Americans*.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Odetta shows still another facet of her talent in this release by performing Earl Robinson and John LaTouche's *Ballad for Americans*. Her interpretation lends more of a folk air to the rather sprawling, flag-waving work than does Paul Robeson's; yet even with Odetta's impact added, the score still remains contrived—it never rings true as a real folk ballad does. All in all, however, Odetta's is the best reading of the work that I've heard.

One need only compare the second side with *Ballad for Americans*, which covers the first, to hear the striking difference between the true and the contrived. Here is the humor, the pathos, the satire, the tears, the life that Robinson and LaTouche failed to catch.

This Land is a short geography lesson that conveys the breadth of America; Woody Guthrie's dust-bowl ballad *Pastures of Plenty* gives insight into the pathetic figures who were the Okies of the '30s and are the migrant workers of today; *Dungeon* is a chilling account of the miner's life but has a message for all the contestants in the rat race.

Odetta makes these ballads come to life as if she'd lived each of the experiences depicted. So great is her understanding and compassion that one is not aware that Odetta is performing; no, song and singer

are so completely enmeshed that what remains is emotion. I bow before such artistic majesty. (D.DeM.)

Various Artists

[M] [S] FOLK FESTIVAL AT NEWPORT, VOL. 1—Vanguard VSD 2053: *The Bells of Rhymney*; *One Grain of Sand*; *Abiyoyo*; *Hey Daroma*; *There's a Hole in the Bucket*; *Que Bonita*; *Bandeira*; *Lonesome Traveller*; *Every Night when the Sun Goes In*; *Times Are Getting Hard*; *Sinner Man*; *Cobbler's Song*; *Mountain Dew*; *Careless Love*.

Personnel: Pete Seeger, vocals, guitar, banjo; Martha Schlamme, vocals; Frank Hamilton, guitar; Leon Bibb, vocals; John Stauber, guitar; Eric Weisberg, bass; Tom Makem, vocals; Pat Clancey, pennywhistle.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

[M] [S] FOLK FESTIVAL AT NEWPORT, VOL. 2—Vanguard VSD 2054: *Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho*; *Cotton Fields at Home*; *Great Historical Bum*; *I've Been Driving on Bald Mountain*; *Water Boy*; *Virgin Mary Had One Son*; *We Are Crossing the Jordan River*; *Beware, O Take Care*; *When First unto this Country I Came*; *Hopalong Peter*; *Little Maggie*; *Dink's Blues*; *My Baby Done Changed the Lock on the Door*; *Pick a Bale of Cotton*.

Personnel: Odetta, vocals and guitar; Bill Lee, bass; Joan Baez, vocals; Bob Gibson, vocals and guitar; the New Lost City Ramblers: Mike Seeger, Tom Paley, John Cohen) Seeger, autoharp, fiddle; Paley, banjo; Cohen, guitar; Barbara Dane, vocals and guitar; Frank Hamilton, guitar; Sonny Terry, vocals and harmonica; Brownie McGhee, vocals and guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

[M] [S] FOLK FESTIVAL AT NEWPORT, VOL. 3—Vanguard VSD 2055: *Flinthill Special*; *What're We Going to Do with the Baby-Oh*; *Pretty Saro*; *Shady Grove*; *Paper of Pins*; *The Hangman, or The Maid Freed from the Gallows*; *Lady Gay*; *Old Raccoon*; *Earl's Breakdown*; *Which Side Are You On*; *Un Domingo*; *Jalisco*; *The Bold Fisherman*; *When Cockle Shells Turn Silver Bells*; *Frankie and Johnny*; *Twinkle Twinkle Little Star*; *Cumberland Gap*.

Personnel: Earl Scruggs, banjo; Hylo Brown and the Timberliners; Jean Ritchie, vocals and dulcimer; Oscar Brand, vocals and guitar; Billy Fajer, guitar; John Jacob Niles, vocals and dulcimer; Frank Hamilton, vocal and guitar; Frank Warner, vocal and banjo; Cynthia Gooding, vocals and guitar; Ed McCurdy, vocals and guitar.

Rating: ★ ★

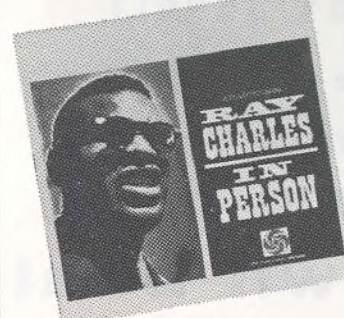
Despite the several blasts taken at the Newport Jazz festival in the liner notes of these albums, the discs reveal that the folk folks didn't have that much to shout about either. True, much of the artistry and many of the characteristics of exceptional folk music are in direct contrast to—or rather, in circumvention of—many of the rules and foundations of classical and popular music. But there still exist enough universal standards to determine that many artists at this gathering fell way below the mark. Many even fell below their own standards of performance.

It is good that Pete Seeger opens and closes the festival as recorded here. On Vol. 1, he alone is able to sustain a consistent level of performance. *Bells* reflects his fine ability to blend song and instrumentation without losing control of either. *Abiyoyo* is a spirited song-narrative, and much of the captivating humor of folk music is displayed in this delightful tune.

Bibb's *Times Are Getting Hard* is a beautiful, sensitive interpretation of a tune with a soothing rising and falling melody. *Sinner Man* is an ambitious undertaking for the rich baritone voice. The result is dramatic and effective but a little unnerving at the end. *Lonesome Traveller* is hurried and superficial. *Every Night* seems to be an unfortunate choice rather than a poor performance. Belafonte has so indelibly stamped the tune that Bibb's version suffers by automatic comparison.

Tom Makem exhibits a strong, sure voice. He has mastered the folk material of his homeland and here projects it well. His a capella treatment of *Cobbler's*

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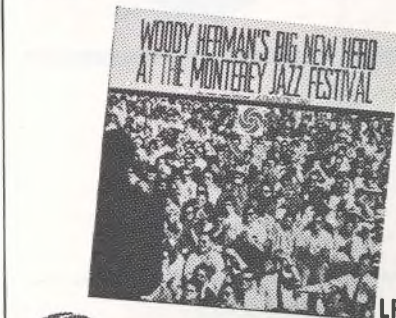


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Song is most representative of the kind of singing Makem is now doing as a member of the Clancey Brothers.

Of the three albums, Vol. 2 is the most rewarding. The high level artistry and emotional variety on this album range from the gummy solo blues to the ambling mountain singers.

Odetta is here recorded as the warm, dark-voiced messenger of Negro heritage. Whether she is singing the humorous *Historical Bum* or the reflective *Cotton Fields at Home* or the spiritual *Joshua Fit the Battle* or the blues-tinged *Bald Mountain*, she radiates authority and understanding of lyrics. Pronunciation and grammar in general are subservient to interpretation and projection. At times, her voice breaks, she forgets a lyric, she shocks you back into 1960 with soft elegant speech between tunes, and yet she is at all times sincere, magnetic, and believable.

Joan Baez and Bob Gibson unfortunately follow Odetta. Miss Baez in this circumstance is not convincing. She is more relaxed on the few bars she sings solo, but she is faltering and reaching in harmony. In spite of all the flurry and fuss, *Jordan River* remains fairly un-inspired and uninspiring.

Barbara Dane's *Little Maggie* sounds weak. There are even shades of Peggy Lee. *Dink's Blues* is more natural to Miss Dane and she sings with conviction and, to some degree, mastery of material. No place on either tune, however, do I feel the confidence and communication which Miss Dane usually exhibits in live performances.

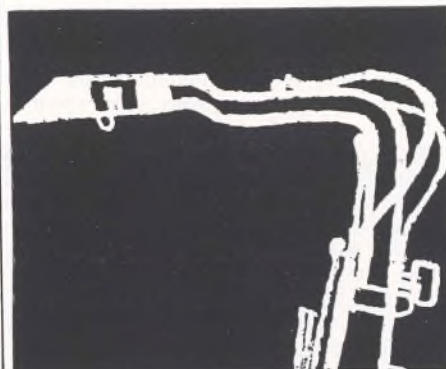
Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee hit the pinnacle of gummy, earthy blues, complete with hoots, guitars, harmonicas, and sloven speech on *Changed the Lock*. They fit the infectious *Bale of Cotton* into a succinct rhythmic pattern and transform it into a vehicle of their own expression.

The New Lost City Ramblers are a fair representation of adequate mountain singing. At times ragged (as in *Beware*), then closeknit, they sing with the deceptive abandonment that characterizes this style.

With the exception of the fantastic Earl Scruggs and a spotty Ed McCurdy, Vol. 3 is pretty much of a musical wash-out.

In summary, let us say Vol. 1 is pretty good folk listening; Vol. 2 is for the serious folk listener and for those who wish to be converted; and Vol. 3 is all right for friends and families of the artists.

(B.G.)



NEW JAZZ RELEASES

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

Chet Baker, *Chet Baker in Milan* (Jazzland [M] JLP 18, [S] 918S)

Francis Bay Orchestra, *Big Band Blast* (Omega [M] and [S] OSL-58)

Louis Bellson, *Louis Bellson Swings Jule Styne* (Verve [M] MG V-2131, [S] MG VS-6138)

Ray Charles, *Ray Charles in Person* (Atlantic [M] and [S] 8039)

James Clay and David (Fathead) Newman, *Cannonball Adderley Presents: James Clay and Fathead* (Riverside [M] RLP 12-327, [S] 1178)

Buck Clayton's Six, *Fast but Soft* (Omega [M] OML 1052)

Buddy DeFranco, *Generalissimo* (Verve [M] MG V-8363, [S] MG VS-6132)

Johnny Dodds, *In the Alley—Vol. 2* (Riverside [M] RLP 12-135)

Kenny Dorham and Kenny Drew, *Kenny Dorham and Friends* (Jazzland [M] JLP 14)

Kenny Dorham, *Jazz Contemporary* (Time [M] 52004, [S] 2004)

Don Elliott and Dick Hyman, *Double Trumpet Doings* (Jazzland [M] JLP 15)

Tal Farlow, *The Guitar Artistry of Tal Farlow* (Verve [M] MG V-8370, [S] MG VS-6143)

Terry Gibbs and his Big Band, *Swing Is Here* (Verve [M] MG V-2134, MG VS-6140)

Andy Gibson Orchestra, *Mainstream Jazz* (Camden [M] CAL 554, [S] CAS 554)

Johnny Griffin and Wilbur Ware, *The Chicago Cookers* (Jazzland [M] JLP 12)

Woody Herman and the Fourth Herd, *Woody Herman and the Fourth Herd* (Jazzland [M] JLP 17, [S] 917S)

Sam Jones, *The Soul Society* (Riverside [M] RLP 12-324, [S] 1172)

Gene Krupa-Buddy Rich, *The Drum Battle* (Verve [M] MG V-8369)

Ramsey Lewis Trio, *Stretching Out* (Argo [M] and [S] 665)

Thelonious Monk, *Brilliant Corners* (Riverside [S] 1174)

Jo Moutet French Orchestra, *Paris in the Swing* (Jamie [M] JLP 3010)

Cecil Payne, *Patterns of Jazz* (Savoy [M] MG 12147)


Oscar Peterson, *Oscar Peterson Plays Jerome Kern* (Verve [M] MG V-2056, [S] MG VS-6087)

Playboy Jazz All Stars, *Playboy Jazz All Stars—Vol. 3* (Liberty-Playboy [M] PB 1959 [S] PB 1959)

Dave Remington and the Dixie Six, *Dixie on the Rocks* (Vee Jay [M] and [S] VJLP 1021)

Sonny Stitt, *Burnin'* (Argo [M] and [S] 661)

Mel Torme, *Mel Torme Swings Shubert Alley* (Verve [M] MG V-2132, [S] MG VS-6146)

Various artists (Big Bill Broonzy, Ma Rainey, Fats Waller) *Early and Rare* (Riverside [M] RLP 12-134) 

JOHN HAMMOND

Part II

By Leonard Feather

Although it was in the 1930s that John Hammond made his most celebrated discoveries—such as Count Basie, Teddy Wilson, Charlie Christian, Billie Holiday—his activity in unearthing and helping new jazz talent never has flagged. Recently for instance, since rejoining Columbia Records (he was an a&r man there previously in 1939-43), he signed Ray Bryant and set him on the road to what promises to be a successful career as recording artist, composer, and pianist-leader of his own trio.

Though Hammond is a man of very definite opinions, which automatically would seem to qualify him for jazz criticism, he seldom has employed his talents regularly in writing. He corresponded for several British periodicals in the '30s and has written for several newspapers and magazines (including *Down Beat*) since then, but knowing that finding and molding talent is a far more creative and gratifying process than criticism, this is where he has most often functioned.

Several of the records played for Hammond were included because he was associated with earlier versions of the same tunes (e.g. No. 1).

THE BLINDFOLD TEST



"Jazz is coming back . . . healthier."

The Records

1. Andre Previn. *Stealin' Apples* (from *Previn Plays Fats Waller, Tops*).

Curiously enough, the only time when this record means anything is when the pianist states the wonderful theme, straight. Everything else, all the improvised choruses are as mechanical as anything cut by Max Cortlander on QRS.

This is a sad state to which jazz has fallen. This is probably a very well-known pianist; I won't guess. It could be any one of five or six different people. One star. Or rather four stars for the tune and one star for the performance.

2. Randy Weston. *Pam's Waltz* (United Artists). Weston, piano, composer.

Now that's one record I'm crazy about. It's a wonderful tune, very well played. I'd call it a four-four waltz, because it is a waltz, but it's got the propulsion of something else. And the drummer is pretty much in four.

As a matter of fact it might have been even more effective if the drummer had given us the lilt of a waltz. I have no resentment at all about waltzes in jazz, because after all, waltzes are a very genuine dance form. Years ago I made a record for Columbia with Fabian Andre called *Waltz Night at the Savoy* that I'm still crazy about. In fact the only trouble about waltzes is getting musicians to feel them. But this pianist really felt it; it was good musically, every way. It's a stunning piece. I'd give it four stars.

3. Ornette Coleman. *Congeniality* (from *The Shape of Jazz to Come*, Atlantic). Coleman, alto saxophone, composer; Don Cherry, trumpet; Charlie Haden, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

This was a tremendously interesting

record to me, Leonard, because I would suspect that this is Ornette Coleman, a musician, by the way, of whom I am not a particularly great fan. And yet, through all the sickness in his playing, there is a real, considerable talent here, and it's not just Charlie Parker talent either; the guy has got something of his own to say.

Curiously enough I got more from this record than I did during the many times I heard him down at the Five Spot. One thing I have always liked about Ornette's group is that the drums and bass keep a fine pulse going throughout . . . The trumpet doesn't make it.

I think a tragedy has happened to Ornette, because here is a man with really considerable talent who has been way over-touted. As a result, instead of settling down and evolving, producing something valid, he is going to be more and more a mess in his playing. For the talent that's there, however, I want to give this record three stars; but my prediction is that instead of this young musician getting better, he's going to become more and more of a bore.

4. Modern Jazz Quartet. *Vendome* (from *Pyramid*, Atlantic). John Lewis, piano, composer; Milt Jackson, vibes; Ray Brown, bass.

Gee, that's just wonderful. It's a Bach fugue, I would suspect, by John Lewis . . . May not be at all, but I think it's beautifully played. The balance in the quartet is just wonderful. Vibes certainly sounded like Bags to me; piano, I must say, sounded like John.

Of course, we might find that it's the Mastersounds, but I don't think so, because it doesn't sound like an electric bass to me. I just loved it and I would give it five stars, because that's a rec-

ord I'd like to own.

Afterthoughts by Hammond

Leonard, I think jazz is coming back into a much healthier state than it was. Dancing is really coming back. We've had an extraordinary experience at Columbia with something called the Madison. It's a dance step that started in Chicago and was developed in Baltimore. We got a smashing hit going on it with Ray Bryant, and using wonderful musicians with Ray—men like Harry Edison and Urbie Green or Benny Morton or Al Grey and Buddy Tate. We've got an LP coming out on Columbia and another one coming out under Buddy Tate's name on Harmony. We've got modern and traditional musicians playing together, and all playing for dancing. During all these sessions dancers were dancing for the guys to play to.

I think as dancing comes back and records are made for dancing, you're going to find that the music automatically will have to become a little less complicated, and a little less self-conscious.

I think this is one of the real trends that will be coming in jazz in the 1960s. Jazz is going to become more functional again. I would still rather go to the Carnegie recital hall or the YMHA to hear experimental music that is frankly experimental music and not called jazz.

There's certainly all the room in the world for experimentation, but, dog-gone it all, I think jazz is primarily functional. My favorite record that you played today, John Lewis' fugue, is not only wonderful listening but marvelous dance music as well, as the fugues were in the days of Bach!



Caught in the Act

MEL TORME

The Roundtable, New York City

Personnel: Torme, vocals and piano; Derek Smith, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Ed Shaughnessy, drums.

Mel and Manhattan have seen far too little of each other in the past few years. Possibly as the composer of the *California Suite*, he feels a certain disloyalty to New York. Luckily for us, the cut in the cabaret tax made him an ideal choice for the opening vocal attraction, under the new policy in the main room at the Roundtable.

It's hard to know where to start a review of this act. What do you say of a man who has the entertainment impact of Sinatra, the conviction of Joe Williams, the humor of Sammy Davis, and the vocal value of all three? Maybe you just throw out all the comparisons and sum it up more aptly: he has the talent of Tormé.

From the first moment, as he swings into *All I Need Is the Girl*, you know you're getting the very best in lyrics, in melody, in beat. This groove never lets up: right through the finale, a delightful vocal-and-trombone chase with Tyree Glenn on *Love is Just Around the Corner* (this started as an impromptu gimmick one night during the run), everything was as tasteful as any vocal act I can remember.

The comedy bits, both spoken and sung, are priceless, ranging from weird album titles (*Beverly Aadland Plays Gamble Benedict*; *Lawrence Welk Plays Gerry Mulligan—to Win*) through the vocal on *Autumn Leaves* in what might be called Occupied French, to a hilarious *Mack the Knife* that invokes everyone from Sophie Tucker to Carole Tregoff, and a wild set of topical lyrics on *I Can't Get Started*. The humor is sharp, relevant, and never detrimental to the legitimate vocal qualities.

Late in the act, Tormé took over at the piano to accompany himself. Both before and after this switch, the rhythm section did an impeccable job.

By now you will have gathered that I dig Mel Tormé. What's more important, the Roundtable crowd dug him like no audience I'd ever seen there. In this hitherto Dixieland-oriented spot, where the customers likely as not would slurp

soup clear through *Muskrat Ramble* and swill Scotch sonorously throughout *Sugar Foot Stomp*, Mel not only had them listening attentively but even roaring for more.

Needless to say, the big business he drew led to an immediate rebooking. Gratefully I observe: what a difference 10 per cent made—and the difference is Mel.

—Leonard Feather

ERIC MILLER-LENNY BRUCE

The Tradewinds, Chicago

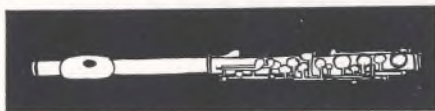
If you have ever watched Lenny Bruce at work in a club, it is probable that you know the face and voice of Eric Miller.

Miller is a close friend and sometime travelling companion of the brilliant comic whose scalpel humor systematically opens all the festering wounds of the sick society in which he finds himself living. Miller often co-operates with Bruce in his sketches; if you have the Bruce *Togetherness* LP, you have heard Eric in the role of "Randy" in the *Defiant Ones* satire.

Miller is a singer. He is an excellent singer. He and Bill Henderson are probably the most gifted of the upcoming male singers at work in the popular music idiom. A major difference is that Henderson is getting a long-overdue break; Miller still isn't.

Miller's voice is rather like a cross between that of Nat Cole and Harry Belafonte. Not that he sounds like either of them. The comparison is made only to give the reader the general impression of his sound, which is clear and clean. Actually, Eric has a thing of his own going, so that he ends up sounding like nobody but himself.

One key to his style is his musicianship. An alumnus of the Lionel Hampton band, Miller plays guitar, very good guitar, on which he frequently accompanies himself. His material ranges from the high-grade ballads through folk music to Ray Charles rockers. Because of his musicianship, he departs from melody often—usually



in the second chorus. This he does with superb assurance, refreshingly sure intonation, and the kind of logic that only training on an instrument (and in his case a chordal instrument) can give.

Appallingly, Eric has never made a recording, though he is now in his early thirties.

Columbia a&r man Mitch Miller, in one of the more idiotic of recent music business pontifications, said that real talent rarely goes unrecognized. Really?

Then where have Mitch and his boys and the other a&r people been when Eric Miller has been working? Eric's been around for more than a decade.

Show-conscious and suave, Miller handles audiences well. He evidently has no trouble getting club work, and he's got Lenny Bruce as his No. 1 admirer and booster. But he very much needs a recording. Somebody should get with it, and soon.

—Gene Lees

RED GARLAND TRIO

Sanbah Room, Hollywood

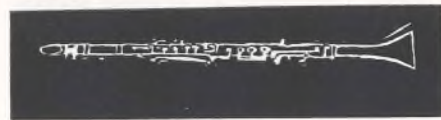
Personnel: Red Garland, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Frank Gant, drums.

One of the most tasteful modern pianists, Garland's opening at the Sanbah marked his debut in Hollywood as a leader. In a town starved for new jazz faces, his engagement there portended healthy business.

The pianist is past master of the art of weaving delicate tapestries of improvisation yet always swinging hard. Backed by the light, sure firmness of Gant's brushes and sticks and the steady pulse of Workman's bass, Garland breezed through set after set with benign self-assurance and handled the announcements in a pleasant and clear manner.

He paced ballads and up tunes logically, veering from a pensive *If I Fall in Love* to a *Night in Tunisia* that turned out to spotlight Gant in a long but inoffensive drum solo. In the following fast blues, however, Gant managed to turn the time around several times in the course of a round of fours, a dereliction duly noted by the number of local drummers in the audience.

From the lacework of *The Things We Did Last Summer* the trio hopped onto *It's Your Red Wagon* for a relaxed, easy swinging ride and then increased the tempo with *What Is This Thing Called Love?*, only to drop down again into a soft *Little Girl Blue*, embroidered by Garland with an unexpected tongue-in-cheek coda. Bassist Workman had his inning on the medium-up *Satin Doll*,



executing a good, solidly constructed solo.

Jazz without humor is like a deacon in a beatnik pad. Garland consistently proves that his individual brand of musical fun is not only a delight to hear but is definitely contagious as well. And when it is based on the swinging invention that is the heart of the music, listening to this man becomes a most delightful way to spend an evening.

—John Tynan

PERSPECTIVES

by Ralph J. Gleason

Erroll Garner blew into town in the middle of May for his pioneering engagement at the Fairmont hotel, and kicked up such a storm that Charlie Bourgeoise, who was along as his road manager, went out one day into the street wearing one blue sock and one black sock.

However, Garner's Fairmont engagement was noteworthy for more than Mr. Bourgeoise' socks, believe me. For one thing, it added a new dimension to criticism. A jazz critic reviewed Garner's opening without being there. He was not invited because they were afraid he'd get too juiced again and make a scene like the last time Garner had a press party in San Francisco.

All of this puts me in mind of some curious aspects of jazz writing in the papers and periodicals. I used to pick up *Down Beat* and other publications and read how mediocre Duke Ellington sounded. Every once in a while, this would happen right after I had heard the band for two or three nights running on one-nighters and club dates in California, and I would wonder if I had lost my mind, because the band completely gassed me.

Duke was always playing new things, some of them not yet recorded and some that have just shown up on recent LPs. What band were the older guys hearing? Or were they taking the trouble to go out and hear Duke under as many varied circumstances as possible? I don't know, but the same situation is present again with Erroll Garner. He gets put down by critics (but rarely by jazz musicians) for all sorts of sins. One even apparently called him a fake (I had trouble finding out what that review really did say). And here at his Fairmont hotel opening, people who call themselves jazz critics didn't attend.


It was only one of the most important events in west coast jazz history, that's all, and possibly in the whole national jazz scene. It marked the first time a solo jazz instrumentalist (not a band) had been booked into a major hotel room. If the venture is successful, it will open the doors for numerous others, and it may spring the cream of the jazz musicians out of their sewer slavery. Not to attend this sort of thing voluntarily is to disqualify oneself as a critic of this music.

Now it happens that Garner played magnificently. I have heard him countless times in concerts, at dances, in joints, and in good clubs, and he has never failed to do something that delighted me some time during the eve-

ning. Some nights have been better than others, which is inherent in the nature of things, but the norm is so high in musical content that you know immediately you are in the presence of a great artist. And when he soars above it, as he does with startling frequency, you are privileged to hear something rare.

Erroll Garner soared above the norm many of the nights he was at the Fairmont. He started slowly at the boxoffice, because people are natural skeptics. But those who came were pleased and told others, and he built steadily. With his Fairmont breakthrough, he is reaching an entirely new audience of older folks, —square if you will but a loyal audience.

A friend of mine who is no jazz fan happened to go there one Saturday night. "I don't know when I have enjoyed anything more. It didn't last long enough," he told me. That is a high compliment. And Garner did this night after night without saying word one to the audience, just letting the music speak. It was eloquent, to say the least.

This is fair warning to those critics who have been putting him down. They have had to shift their position on Duke. History forced them to, not Duke—he was always productive. They will change their position on Garner, too, because he is art, truth and beauty and pure creativity, and it cannot be denied. 

What the artists say about the Artley...

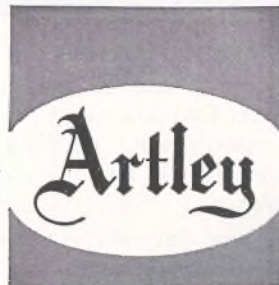


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HORACE SILVER

(Continued from page 19)

become the distinctive Silver sound.

By 1955, he felt ready to head his own group. He has undergone countless personnel changes. Within four years, more than 13 musicians have been in his employ, though the group has always been a quintet. The Silver alumni include such notables as Art Farmer, Donald Byrd, Hank Mobley, Clifford Jordan, and Louis Hayes. His current group includes Gene Taylor, bass; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone, and Roy Brooks, drums.

"Roy Brooks is a helluva drummer," Silver said. "He's got soul and fire and that extra something that all good drummers have. You've got to play, with Roy Brooks kicking you in the behind."

The group's bend toward flunky blues is its most obvious trademark. Even Horace's tune titles have that down-home ring.

"Well, I write the way I feel, and I play the same way," he said. "I am very fond of the blues because that's where it all began. I do plan my titles a little. Of course, I name a tune for whatever the music reminds me of, but I also think in terms of lyrics. I name the tune something that won't have to be changed in case someone decides to put a set of lyrics to it."

He is reluctant to mention names of places where he prefers working.

"I like to play in soulful joints. I like places where people let their hair down and get with the music. Philly has some crazy jazz fans. They get right, in the music with you."

This type of acceptance is not limited to Philadelphia or even to this country. When the quintet made a European tour, the reception was warm almost to the point of embarrassment. There were prolonged standing ovations at times and always the deafening choruses of "encore."

In this country, Silver won the *Down Beat* critics New Star award in 1954 and has made a respectable showing in subsequent jazz polls throughout the industry.

Today, Silver is playing with more freedom and enthusiasm than ever before. The foreboding about his hands is fading. In spite of the fact that 98 per cent of the rumors are erroneous, they do have some basis in fact.

"Right after our European trip, actually while I was in Chicago, I began having trouble with my hands," he explained. "It was very painful for me to play, and I couldn't manipulate the fingers as I once could. To tell the truth, I was scared to death.

"My father had tried to convince me to learn another trade when I was a

child, but music is my whole life, so I don't know anything else. For a while there, I thought I might not be able to play professionally as I wanted to. Thank God, I found a doctor, right in New Haven, who cooled me out and now my hand is 90 percent improved."

What is the ailment?

"It seemed that I had sprained a tendon in my wrist," he said, "and was developing a slight case of rheumatism on top of that. For a while, they believed it was arthritis, but it wasn't. For many months, I took treatments almost every day. I didn't go on the road. Now I can travel more, although when I'm in New York I still take treatments twice a week."

Silver has a light philosophical attitude regarding his hand and spine afflictions:

"Well, the spine thing, I can't do anything about that. When I feel an attack coming on, getting nervous and jumpy, I just go get a treatment and that straightens me right out. But this hand business, that sort of bothers me. But I believe in this doctor, he's a wonderful cat, and I believe he can overcome that, too."

Meanwhile, swinging around the country on the tide of his string of hits, Silver continues to record only two albums a year. Most of his recorded tunes are originals, and he is busy creating enough music for just two albums. He does much of his writing in his comfortable efficiency apartment in New York City.

Horace is a bachelor, and his quarters reflect the carelessness of that set. An expensive tape recorder stands up-ended, cluttered with months-old magazines, on top of a huge grand piano. Records, tapes, radios, and mementos are usually strewn about. Numerous photographs, paintings, and sketches of himself presented to him by admirers are on display. The *Down Beat* award occupies a place on the mantle.

He quickly points to his 10th anniversary silver record plaque, presented by his recording company, Blue Note.

Silver will invite guests to join him in a snack of natural whole wheat bread spread with butter and crunchy peanut butter. The drink is bachelor's coffee sweetened with unrefined sugar, which has the appearance of a mixture of cement and sand. If the guest doesn't like the sugar, he can have honey for sweetening.

Silver offers no excuses or explanations. This is his habitat, and he expects friends to accept him and his tastes. He doesn't believe in stage manners.

"I'm just myself, that's the only way you're going to win in the end anyway. Just sit down and be you."



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The Lester Lanin society band operation plays second fiddle only to the Meyer Davis dynasty in performing for lawn parties, nonstop cocktail fests in private apartments, divorce celebrations, and comparable festivities. But there is one striking difference between the two tuxedo-clad mickey music giants: Lanin has a propensity for hiring jazz musicians.

As a result, he has won a soft spot in the hearts of many jazz artists. When times are hard and satisfying playing jobs are few, the jazz instrumentalist always has one of two choices for bread. He can either spend a quiet evening playing elbow-directed music with Lester, or get on the lineup at Central Plaza.

At any rate, Lanin was advertising his orchestra for debutante parties and college dances in *Down Beat* as far back as 1939. And through the years, jazzmen have been welcome in Lanin bands as long as they knew the show tunes and could cut a long medley of evergreen standards. The Lanin club includes Jonah Jones, Bud Freeman, Ernie Royal, Russell (Big Chief) Moore, Urbie Green, Frank Ippolito, French drummer Dave Pochonet, and others.

Many musicians expressed amusement when Lanin was called to testify before the House subcommittee probing payola. Lanin, who has been called Perle Mesta's favorite orchestra leader and draws as much as \$3,000 a night, has a firm established business with an office on Broadway where his booking manager is kept busy all day every day, arranging for as many as 20 Lanin bands to appear on a single night.

It seems that in September, 1958, Lanin's No. 1 organization (the band that is sold to the client with Lanin personally at the helm) played a charity block party in Brockton, Mass., under the sponsorship of Boston radio station WBZ, Dumont record distributors, and Epic Records, a subsidiary of Columbia. In order to plug a new Epic album by his orchestra Lanin agreed to play the job for \$1,000, although his

usual minimum for a personally conducted date is \$2,500. He had been offered the difference in "exposure" by disc jockey Norm Prescott's record program on WBZ.

The \$1,000 fee was what Lanin needed to pay his musicians union scale. After the party, the record distributors sent the leader a check for \$400, and after billing Dumont four times, Lanin was still unable to collect the balance of \$600.

In Washington, Lanin stated that he did not have anything to do with disc jockeys and said he wouldn't have been before the committee if Dumont had come up with the check for the balance. He also said he wasn't worried about the money because if "Dumont doesn't pay, Epic will." According to Lanin, an Epic official had approached him regarding making the appearance in Brockton in the first place. This prompted a member of the subcommittee to call the charity party merely a record promotion. Although Lanin's testimony was not directly related to payola, it gave some people an embarrassing time of it.

Payola is something the Lester Lanin enterprises certainly do not need. This is immediately apparent when you consider his main band is booked solidly at debutante balls until 1968. In one month of the summer of 1959, Lanin's schedule reportedly called for furnishing music at 47 deb parties, 73 weddings, and 85 yacht club parties.

The Lanin office can offer anything from a duo to a 75-piece orchestra with strings. For smaller private shindigs, he usually submits a quartet made up of piano, drums, tenor saxophone, and trumpet. One of his side men once said he rarely uses a bass because the bassist doesn't play melody. All the various Lanin groups use pretty much the same book. The medleys, played in 2/4, consist of one chorus of each tune.

On some of the jobs, the musicians have to dress up to conform to the decorations of the ballroom. A *Silver Ball* calls for silver uniforms, and a party with a Russian motif would require the dress of a Cossack.

It is a standard wisecrack among musicians that when you work a Lanin date, you are a commodity—like any piece of furniture in the plush places where the band plays. And, they say, taking the gig means that you may have to play "elbow music" four hours without a pause.

But many of these same musicians—including jazz musicians—will, if you get them talking seriously about it, tell you that they're deeply appreciative that Lester Lanin provides a gig when they need it most.



AD LIB

Continued

for the Verve label. First single is slated to be the Mulligan treatment of *I'm Gonna Go Fishing* from the Ellington *Anatomy of a Murder* score . . . Pianist **Marian McPartland** may record an album of **Leonard Bernstein** tunes live from the Hickory House. Plans are to have the maestro supply the cover notes for the Argo LP . . . Pianist **John Mehegan** and **Arthur Taran** have their own record label. It is T J Record Corp. of Rockaway Park, N. Y. Their latest disc, a 7-inch EP, is John Mehegan's rendition of *Four for the Road* . . . **Sarah Vaughan** has recorded, for Roulette, *The Awakening*, which she sings in the movie, *Murder, Inc.*, soon to be released . . . **Herman Lubinsky's** Savoy label has signed trombonist **Curtis Fuller** . . . United Artists Records will get the sound track rights to the **Paul Newman** and **Sidney Poitier** movie *Paris Blues*, which will be filmed in Paris with a jazz score by **Duke Ellington**.

Benny Goodman will play a benefit for the Musicians Aid Society, Inc., on Aug. 1. Goodman and **Dave Brubeck** are on the advisory board of the organization with **Jack Benny**, **Andre Kostelanetz**, **Leonard Bernstein**, and **Dmitri Mitropoulos** . . . Blues-singing barrelhouse pianists **Memphis Slim** and **Little Brother Montgomery** will play at the fifth annual Beaulieu Jazz festival to be held at Lord Montagu's home in Hampshire, England, on July 30, 31 and August Bank Holiday Monday (1) . . . **Owen Engel** has again changed the date for his World Jazz festival. It is now scheduled to be held in the Central park mall on Wednesday night, Aug. 17. The reason given for the new date is that several nations wishing to participate were unable to get their musicians here in time for the original June date . . . The Atlantic City Jazz festival will be held in the Warner theater, July 1, 2, 3 and not in the Coliseum as previously announced. The affair will be bucking singer **Rickie Nelson**, who will be appearing at the Steel Pier.

Jazz festivals in the form of week-long engagements in music tents will be common this summer. **Louis Armstrong's** group played for a week early last month at the Lambertville (N. J.) Music Circus . . . The Brandywine Music Box (a canvastop), after four years of legitimate summer theater, has radically changed its policy to replace the drama with jazz. The tent is located in Concordville, Pa., and this season will present **Louis Armstrong**, July 5-10; **Maynard Ferguson** and **Chris Connor**, July 11-16; the **Glenn Miller Orchestra** and the **Modernaires**, July 18-23. August dates include week-long gigs by **Count Basie**, **Les Brown**, **Sarah**

Vaughan, and a folk festival bill . . . The Stony Brook Music Festival at Stony Brook, N. Y., will feature four nights of jazz. The series, held at the Dogwood Hollow amphitheater, will open July 9 with a Dixieland night featuring the bands of **Yank Lawson** and **Mickey Sheen**. The Count Basie Band with **Joe Williams** is scheduled for a double header July 23 and 24. The final night, Aug. 6, will highlight the **Benny Goodman Band**.

Al (Jazzbo) Collins has revived his *Purple Grotto* jazz-oriented radio show. It is now broadcast over WINS from midnight to 1 a.m. nightly. A former Theater Guild production manager, **Bill Zev**, of Westport, Conn., has started a new series of daily jazz radio programs over station WMMM-AM in Westport. Each segment will be a half-hour devoted to a specific theme in the history and development of jazz, illustrated with recordings from Zev's private collection. The opening week covered basic instruments. Examples included **Miles Davis**, **Lester Young**, **Thelonious Monk**, **Charlie Parker**, and **Philly Joe Jones**.

Recent deaths in the music world include veteran New Orleans trombonist **Bob Thomas** (the Barbarin band); **Norman W. (Pete) Viera**, pianist with the Bob Crosby Dixieland band for six months after **Bob Zurke** left; **Orville Kenneth (Bud) Jacobson**, a clarinetist who helped pioneer the Chicago jazz style, of a heart attack in West Palm Beach, Fla., at the age of 54.

Robert H. Thiele, part owner of Hanover-Signature Records, is in a discordant domestic jam session. Mrs. Thiele No. 2, vocalist **Jane Harvey**, wants a separation and \$2,500 monthly support . . . **Rudi Blesh** has written a new book on artist **Stuart Davis**, to be published by the Grove Press. Davis is noted for his jazz-like approach to painting as is shown in the color and tempo of his work.

IN PERSON

African Room—**DUKE OF IRON**.
Apollo Theater—**FARMER-GOLSON** Jazztet, until June 23; rhythm and blues spectacular, June 24-30.
Arpeggio—**BOBBY SHORT**.
Basin Street East—**BENNY GOODMAN**, until June 26; **AHMAD JAMAL** Trio and the **SHORTY ROGERS** group open June 27.
Birdland—**MAYNARD FERGUSON** Band, **JAMES MOODY**, until July 6; **COUNT BASIE**, **TOSHIKO-MARIANO** Quartet, July 7-20.
Central Plaza—**CONRAD JANIS** Tailgaters and others, Friday and Saturday nights.
Condon's—**EDDIE CONDON** Band with **BUCK CLAYTON**.
Embers—**JONAH JONES** Quartet, **YUGENE SMITH** Trio, until July 31.
Five Spot—**ORNETTE COLEMAN** Quartet, **JIMMY GIUFFRE** Quartet, until July 15.
Half Note—**CANNONBALL ADDERLEY** Quintet, until June 26; **DIZZY REECE**, June 28-July 4.
Hickory House—**MARIAN McPARTLAND** Trio. Jazz Gallery—**THELONIOUS MONK** Quartet. **JOE TURNER** opens July 12.
Jilly's—**MORGANA KING**.
Metropole (Upstairs)—**GENE KRUPA** Quartet, until July 10; **TURK MURPHY** Frisco Jazz Band, July 11-Aug. 1.
Prelude—**BILLY TAYLOR** Trio.
Roosevelt hotel grill—**LEO REISMAN** Orchestra.
Roseland Dance City—**DON GLASSER** Band, until July 12.
Roundtable—**TEDDY WILSON** Trio, until July 2; **CLYDE McCOY** Dixieland Band, **TYREE**

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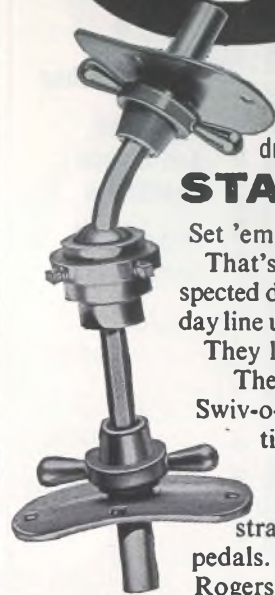
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Bob MacDonald joined the band last October and Jerry Dmytryshyn, a WESTLAKE junior, did last Christmas-New Year holiday booking with Gordon.

Ron Brandvik, Dick Forest and Jack Redmond were with Gordon when his band won the A.F. of M. nationwide contest for THE BEST NEW DANCE BAND OF THE YEAR—180 bands competed.

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BOSTON

After closing the season at Storyville, singer **Dinah Washington** collapsed with a stomach disorder and was rushed to Massachusetts General hospital. During her successful club engagement, she was assisted by her own troupe, which included singer **Dell St. John** with organist **Perry Lee's Trio** and the **Joe Zawinul Trio** . . . **Boots Mussulli's** Crystal room in Milford had **Lionel**



Hampton's Band in concert and on the following week presented **Dizzy Gillespie's Band** . . . **Ralph Flanagan's** Orchestra appeared for one night at the New City ballroom in late May . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** is a scheduled attraction for the Salisbury Beach Frolics during the summer season . . . The Boston Arts festival commissioned drummer **Joe MacDonald's** Band for two nights of the event. **Woody Herman** guest-directed the band for half the program.

A jam session was held at the May meeting of Massachusetts Jazz society. The **Randy Dash Quintet** (Cafe Yana regulars) was featured. The group has Dash on drums; **John Lewis**, trombone; **Walter Radcliffe**, piano; **Phil Morrison**, bass, and **Ameen Nureldeen**, vibes. The next meeting will feature the **Manny Weiss Quintet** . . . Tenorist **Jimmy Mosher** fills the fourth saxophone chair in the new **Herb Pomeroy Band** . . . Drummer **Jack Sager**, who is a member of the **Preston Sandiford** group at Sandy's Piano lounge in Beverly, has opened an independent record distributorship, Disc Distributors, here . . . Drummer **Del Birmingham's** Trio with **Bill Keough**, piano, and **Nat Mucci**, bass, are Friday and Saturday night regulars at the Domino club in Brighton . . . The Keyboard lounge of the Somerset hotel has pianist **Harvey Saxe** featured six nights weekly.

PHILADELPHIA

Sonny Stitt joined **Miles Davis** for a week at the Show Boat. Jazz buffs agreed they had never heard either play better, backed by a rhythm section of drummer **Jimmy Cobb**, pianist **Wynton Kelly**, and bassman **Paul Chambers**. Miles shocked everyone by *speaking* from the bandstand opening night to introduce **John Coltrane**, visiting from

New York, where he opened with his own new group . . . **Bernard Peiffer**, last attraction to play the Red Hill inn before it moved to new quarters, will play a week this summer at Pep's, usually a showcase for hard-swinging groups . . . **Art Farmer** and **Benny Golson**, who played Pep's recently with their Jazztet, returned to the city to plug their new Argo album.

Tenor man **Billy Root**, who formerly played baritone with **Stan Kenton**, filled in for several days at Pep's while flutist **Sam Most** of the **Buddy Rich** group took final exams at City College in New York. Billy has been playing bar mitzvahs and weddings with trumpeter **Red Rodney** and studying arranging with **Dennis Sandole** . . . **Dick Stout**, of Lambertville, N. J., has joined **Ray McKinley's** Glenn Miller Band on guitar. He had been studying at the Berklee School in Boston . . . **Eddie Newman**, veteran jazz jockey, is back in harness doing a show over WTEL.

Sid Mark, anchor man of WHAT-FM's 24-hour jazz programming is the father of a boy, his first child . . . **Benny Goodman** and his new group, featuring **Red Norvo's** combo and **Flip Phillips**, played a two-night date at Atlantic City . . . **Lonnie Johnson**, veteran blues singer-guitarist rediscovered by disc jockey **Chris Albertson**, was booked for a month's date at Chicago's Playboy night club. Lonnie recently cut two albums for Prestige.

MONTREAL

Band leader **Ted Elfstrom** received an award from French-speaking members of seven local entertainment unions. The award was nominally for Best Montreal Jazz Orchestra . . . Guitarist



Tony Romandini has been appointed music director of EMC Records and will have an LP issued soon. **Buck Lacombe**, another jazz guitarist, has a similar position with Compo Records and will act as an a&r man for Compo, too . . . **Jimmy Durante** got \$20,000 for his 10-night stand at the Bellevue Casino here . . . **Dean Morgan** is the bandleader at the dance pavilion in Belmont amusement park this summer, replacing **Stan Wood**, who is booked to play river cruises.

Lyn Stevans' Trio has been held over at the Ballerina lounge, and the **Buddy**



Jones Trio is now at the Penthouse . . . Pianist **Wynton Kelly** was booked into the Little Vienna restaurant in May . . . **Milt Sealey** has been held over at the Lutece café . . . *Jazz at Its Best*, the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. successful jazz series, celebrated its 10th anniversary June 18.

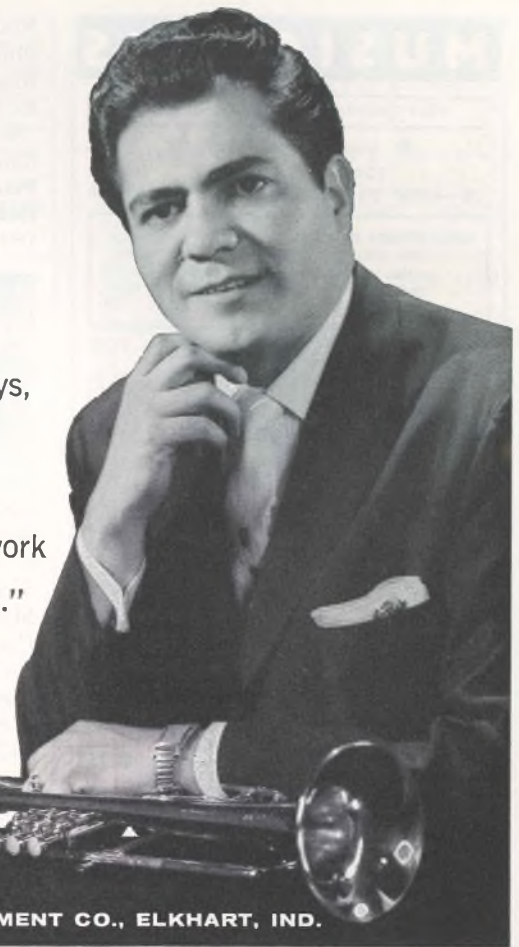
CHICAGO

Hoping to cop the Monday night crowds, both the loop-located Blue Note and the south side Sutherland Lounge have instituted a Monday night policy. The Blue Note will change its nights off to Tuesday and Wednesday permanently, while the Sutherland has experimented with a six-night policy with Tuesday off . . . Coming into Chicago on a six-day pass, bassist **Richard Evans** recorded an album for Argo late in May. **Jack Wilson** was pianist and **James Slaughter** played drums . . . Excited about the charts he is arranging for the group at the C & C lounge, tenor saxophonist **Eddie Harris** has decided against striking out for New York until he has had more time to polish up these new charts . . . Arriving in town a week ahead of their scheduled Blue Note opening, **Cedar Walton** and other sidemen from the **J. J. Johnson Sextet** spent the week rehearsing and jamming around town . . . **Ray Charles** played a one-nighter on a rhythm and blues gig called *Hitmakers of 1960* for the Tivoli theater early in June . . . The house group alternating with the starring act at the Sutherland late in May was the **Jodie Christian Trio** featuring **Victor Spoles** on bass and **Louis Taylor** on drums . . . **Arthur Edgehill**, former drummer with **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis** sat in two nights for **Jimmy Wormsworth** with the **Ike Isaacs Trio** when the **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** drummer was ill. While in Chicago, **Edgehill** wired his two weeks' notice to **Lockjaw** in New York . . . Late in May,

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Roosevelt university presented a jazz film fest, which included a capsule history of jazz from Bessie Smith of 1929 to the Oscar Peterson Trio of the late '50s. Squeezed in between are short films on Louis Armstrong, Lena Horne, Pete Johnson, Albert Ammons, the Delta Rhythm Boys, Fats Waller, the 1941 Count Basie Band; Mel Torme;



Peggy Lee; Jonah Jones; Duke Ellington's Orchestra, Dizzy Gillespie, Sahib Sahab; Charlie Persip and, in the words of the film historian, Bob Koester, many, many others . . . The Lake Meadows management announced that Carmen McRae was scheduled into that club in June or July . . . Daddy-O Daylie has a second jazz show on WAAF in the afternoons. His morning show on that station runs three hours.

IN PERSON

Blue Note—ART FARMER-BENNY GOLSON Jazztet and NINA SIMONE, July 7-18, GERRY MULLIGAN, July 21-Aug. 1.
Chez Parce—EYDIE GORME, until June 25.
Cloister—MOREY AMSTERDAM and MEG MYLES. The HI-LO'S open July 12.
London House—JACK TEAGARDEN, until July 10. OSCAR PETERSON, July 12-Aug. 7.
Mister Kelly's—MEL TORME, KAREN ANDERS, and PEGGY HADLEY, until June 26.
RUTH OLAY, June 27-July 17. KEN and MITZIE WELCH, July 18-Aug. 7.
Sutherland Lounge—MAX ROACH, June 21-July 4. MILES DAVIS opens July 19.

LOS ANGELES

Gil Evans will sign with Columbia and, according to the label's west coast chief, Irving Townsend, "He'll have all the freedom he needs." Townsend will share supervision of the Evans dates with a&r man Teo Macero in New York.

Gerry Mulligan, again pacted by Verve, was set to record the first LP by his new big band here during its stay to play the Hollywood Bowl festival . . . One of Mulligan's star soloists, Bob Brookmeyer, also will record an album here with a group including Mel (The Tailor) Lewis . . . Finally signed by a major label, Bill Holman is at work on his first album for Capitol, to be recorded in the near future . . . Vic Feldman did an LP with Cannonball Adderley's group minus Nat Adderley.

Although it's "no comment" from both parties, Norman Granz is talking to Frank Sinatra about doing two concerts next season in the 5,000-seat Paris Sports Palace. Sinatra may be working on a picture in London at the time . . . Howard Rumsey reshuffled his Lighthouse All-Stars again. In for the departed Art Pepper and Conte Candoli

are young comers Don Sleet, trumpet, and Daniel Jackson, tenor. With pianist Terry Trotter, Rumsey now has three of drummer Lennie McBrowne's Four Souls (*Down Beat*, March 31). Drummer Nick Martinis completes the present Lighthouse lineup. Pepper and Candoli joined the Terry Gibbs Band at Avalon's Casino ballroom.

Cashing in on the recorded popularity of his music for the Peter Gunn and Mr. Lucky teleshows, Hank Mancini brings a big band to showcase it into the Hollywood Palladium July 8-9 and 15-16 . . . Si Zentner's long-awaited road tour finally materialized this month, so the leader hopped aboard the bus with a broken foot! The injury was suffered on a New Mexico date. After a three-weeker in the Pacific northwest the band heads into the midwest, and the trombonist hopes to keep it on the road till Labor Day. Zentner burned his studio bridges behind him, and, he says, is taking no more sideman calls in Hollywood. Personnel: Jack Hohmann, Jim Bossy, Bill Clark and Dick Forrest, trumpets; John Wanner, Jack Redman, Barrett O'Hara and Zentner, trombones; Al Lasky and Bob Davis, alto saxes; Ronnie Reuben and Lou Ciotti, tenor saxes; Ted Parker, baritone; Dick Whittington, piano; Jerry Geddes, bass; Chiz Harris, drums, and Jan Tober, vocals.

The Buddy De Franco-Tommy Gumina Quartet went into the Crescendo this month with Mort Sahl and June Christy . . . Drummer Billy Higgins returned to L.A. to start his own group, which debuted at the New Troubador coffee house on the fringe of Beverly Hills (see *In Person*). Rest of the personnel comprises Herbert Yancey, trumpet; J. B. Chalk, tenor; Amos Trice, piano, and Bill Pickins, bass . . . Dexter Gordon's Sextet at the south-side Zebra lounge comprises George Alexander, trumpet; Richard Boone, trombone; Dolo Crocker, piano; Charlie Green, bass; Joe Peters, drums, and the tenorist-leader.

Looks like Jimmy Witherspoon has a record hit in his single on the Kent label (Modern subsidiary), *Stormy Monday Blues*. He'll have a new Crown album out in September. Meanwhile, his big band album is still under wraps at the Hifirecords corral. *Stormy* was recorded a couple of years ago but Modern-Crown owners say he's still under contract.

Maynard Sloate, ex-Freddie Slack drummer and co-owner of Jazz City, now runs a personal management office



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IN PERSON

Ben Pollack's—**RAY BAUDUC** and the Dixielanders, weekends.

Beverly Cavern—**TEDDY BUCKNER** band. Resident.

Casino Ballroom (Avalon)—**TERRY GIBBS** big band, Wednesday through Saturday.

Cloister—**RAY CHARLES**, opens July 27.

Cocoanut Grove—**KINGSTON TRIO**.

Cosmo Alley—**BURNS AND CARLIN** with **DICK HAZARD**, piano.

Crescendo—**DUKE ELLINGTON** orchestra, till July 3.

Dragonwyck (Pasadena)—**CHARLIE LLOYD** Quartet, weekends.

Drift Inn (Malibu)—**BUD SHANK** Quartet, weekends.

Hillcrest—**WALT DICKERSON'S** Eastern Jazz Quartet. Resident.

Hollywood Palladium—**HENRY MANCINI** orchestra, July 8-9, 15-16.

Jimmie Diamond's Lounge (San Bernardino)—**EDGAR HAYES**, piano, nightly.

La Mex (Malibu)—**BETTY BRYANT**, piano, nightly.

Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach)—**HOWARD RUMSEY'S** All-Stars, nightly except Mondays and Tuesdays; **BOB COOPER** Quartet, off-nights.

Melody Room—**HENRI ROSE** Trio, nightly.

New Troubador (Santa Monica and Rodeo)—**BILLY HIGGINS** Quintet.

Renegade (W.L.A.)—Forrest Westbrook, piano; **BILL PLUMMER**, bass, Tuesdays through Sundays. Jazz groups weekends.

Renaissance—**PAUL HORN** Quintet, Fridays and Saturdays.

Sanbah (E. Hollywood)—**JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL**; **MARK MURPHY**, opens July 13 for three weeks. Jam sessions Tuesday nights.

Sundown—**TERRY GIBBS** big band; **JIMMY WITHERSPOON**, Tuesday nights.

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Wonderbowl (Downey)—**GENE BOLEN** and his Jazz band, nightly.

Zebra Lounge (Central and Manchester)—**DEXTER GORDON** Sextet.

Zucca's (Pasadena)—**ROSY McHARGUE** band, nightly.

SAN FRANCISCO

Oscar Peterson canceled out of his last three nights at the Black Hawk because of the sudden death of his mother. The **Virgil Gonsalves** Sextet filled in at the last minute with **Ray Brown** on bass . . . The big mystery of who would or who would not get **Sarah Vaughan** finally was settled. **Irving Granz** lost out and the singer played a concert June 17 at the Civic auditorium with the **Duke Ellington** Band. **George Andros** of Fack's II had a hold on the Ellington band 30 days prior to his club date at Fack's and released it for **Lou Robbins** and **Artie Samuels** to promote the concert . . . **Mabel Mercer** in town looking for a gig here . . . College bands from all over California trekked to Monterey Peninsula college on Memorial day for a contest held under the auspices of the MPC music department in conjunction with the Monterey Jazz festival . . . **Virgil Gonsalves' Sextet** did two concerts in a bar, June 8 and 15,

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Beginning next issue . . .

DOWN BEAT STAR FILE★

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The all new *Down Beat* Star File is designed to meet the heavy demand from our readers for more biographical information on their favorite artists . . . information that can be kept and referred to.

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Watch for the July 21 issue of *Down Beat*, at your newsstand or music store on July 7, with the first of the *Down Beat* Star File series . . .

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at the 2Cs on Mission St. . . . **Anson Weeks' Orchestra** is back playing for dinner at the Palace hotel.

Pony Poindexter gave a lecture on jazz May 30 at the Coffee Gallery. **Ole Calmyer** is now on piano there . . . The **Four Freshmen**, **Si Zentner's** band, and pianist **Chris Ibanez** played a June 12 concert at the Oakland Auditorium theater . . . **Cannonball Adderley** cut three radio shows in Frisco for airing in New York . . . KGO AM & FM now carrying remotes from several jazz clubs and KPUP-FM doing likewise (KPUP began it, by the way) . . . **Dick Collins** flew up from Hollywood to take over one of the trumpet parts for **Herb Barman's** big band concert May 29 at the Marines' Memorial . . . Tap dancer **Tommy Konine** returned to the Outside at the Inside in Palo Alto. **Ada Moore** remains and so does the **Vince Guaraldi Trio** and **Lord Buckley** . . . **Leon Bibb** replaced **Ruth Price** as vocalist at the hungry i in June . . .

Jimmy Lyons' new club in Monterey, the Pied Piper, is booking **Pat Henry**. She's a singer from L.A. . . . **Lawrence Marable** joined the Montgomery Brothers' Quintet as drummer, and **Ron Jefferson**, a tenor from Denver, became the horn man. The group opens at the Jazz Workshop this month . . . **Rose Louro's** gig at the Beach Hotel cancelled . . .

DOWN BEAT

10 Years Ago

On the Cover: Louis Armstrong. Headline: 50 Years of Armstrong . . . Salutes to Satchmo include: Tallulah Bankhead—"If I were to try to draw an analogy, I would mention Charlie Chaplin and Mozart." . . . Dave Garro-way—"All people and their teachers and pupils owe Louis a debt for giving the freedom and beauty to musical America that he has." . . . Program operations branch of the U.S. State Department—"We feel that you have succeeded in demonstrating to European audiences an important facet of the American musical scene." . . . Harry James—" . . . And that perfect taste has thrilled me and continues to thrill me almost more than his playing." . . . Gene Krupa—"Yes, Pops, they're going to have to put you down in history books as the Michelangelo of our music." . . . Charlie Shavers—"As far as I am concerned, Louis is the greatest influence jazz ever had. He was swinging when people didn't even know what it was to swing." . . . Billy Butterfield—" . . . And without his inspirations, I certainly wouldn't be playing the trumpet today" . . .

25 Years Ago

Headline: Musicians Union Condemns Amateur Hours as Vicious . . . At the convention of the American Federation of Musicians, Local 802 of New York introduced a resolution calling for a nation-wide \$3 tax on remote broadcasts. It was defeated by a combined vote of the smaller locals . . . Louis Armstrong is having his most successful southern road tour in years . . . Ferde Grofe's latest assignment is to write the *Romance of Wheels* for Henry Ford. The music will be in the form of a suite and will trace the development of wheels from the covered wagon to the "modern, streamlined" motor car . . . The government suit seeking dissolution of ASCAP has been postponed until the fall . . . Ethel Mer-man is soon to go to Hollywood to appear with Eddie Cantor in *Dream-land*. She is currently starring in *Anything Goes* on Broadway and has her own CBS radio show . . . Cab Calloway drew 4,300 paid admissions to a dance in Columbus, Ohio, for a gross of \$10,700.

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