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July 21, 1960 35¢

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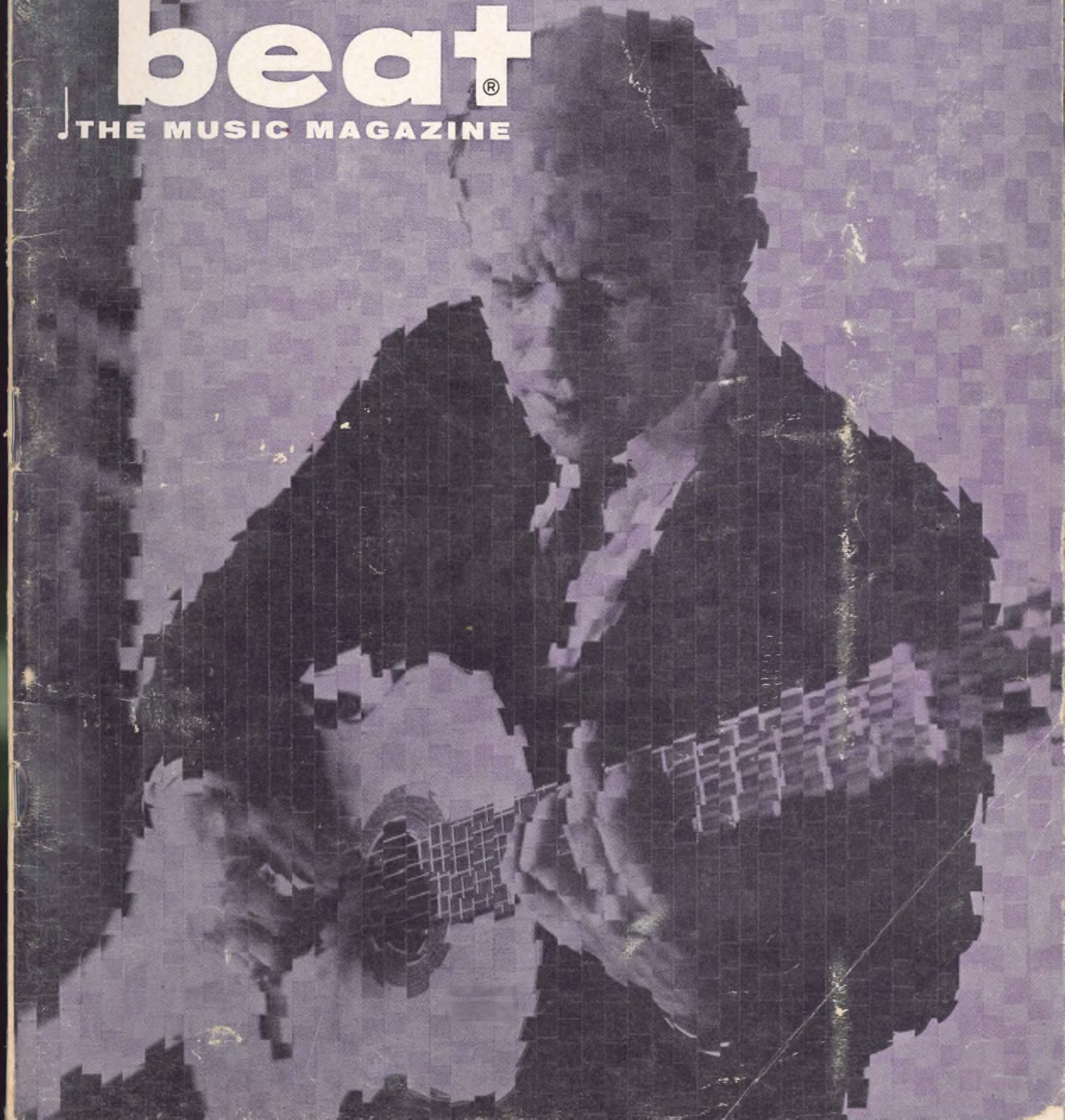
THE MUSIC MAGAZINE



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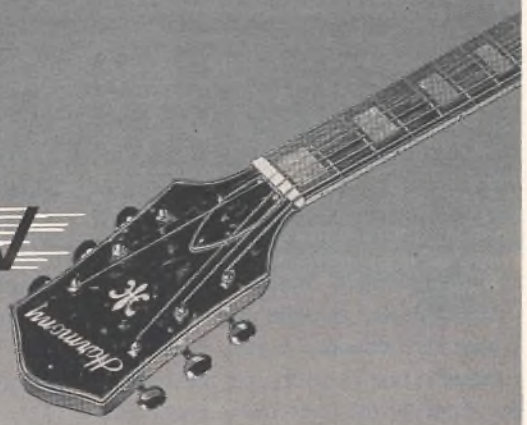

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THE FIRST CHORUS

BY CHARLES SUBER

What a thing is music!

There is no other esthetic endeavor in which more people participate. There is no other art form on which more money is spent. And certainly there is none that is so taken for granted. Perhaps these figures can illustrate the scope of music today.

Of the 176,000,000 people now living in the United States, an estimated 31,000,000 play musical instruments on at least six occasions a year each. This is roughly one in every six persons. If you properly discount those under five years of age and those older persons who are no longer able to play, the ratio rises to one out of every five.

Of these 31,000,000 players, the American Music conference estimates, 21,500,000 are out of school adults, 9,500,000 are in-school students. (One tenth of one percent — about 35,000 —are full time professional musicians.)

Twenty-five years ago — about the time *Down Beat* was founded — the ratio was one out of every nine. About 14,000,000 persons then played instruments. If the gap between player and non-player continues to shrink — and there is no reason to think it will not — the ratio by 1970 will be one out of every four physically able persons playing a musical instrument. Assuming the population a decade hence will exceed 200 million, we will have more than 50,000,000 persons making for themselves at least part of the music they listen to.

Look at it in terms of dollars.

Currently, the American people spend over $500,000,000 a year for musical instruments, accessories and sheet music. (As we are talking here only of direct participation in music, we do not include: record purchases, $350 million; audio equipment, $600 million; box office admissions, from $50,000,000 to $150,000,000, depending on semantics.) Even though the piano, for a long time the basic instrument, is rapidly losing its share of the music market, 200,000 of them were sold last year. There also were 200,000 organs sold, 400,000 guitars, and so forth.

But before the figures become overwhelming let's put them into proper perspective. During 1959, musical merchandise sales increased 1.4 times as fast as the national standard of living, yet were only .17 per cent of the total United States personal consumption of 311 billion.

Enough of statistics. What is the motive for all this musical activity? Why is music so far ahead of all other art forms as a personal form of expression? Even dancing, which is closest to music as a variegated artistic activity, is itself dependent on music. Surely our basic physical and emotional responses to music have remained the same. Our psyche — or whatever it is that music affects within us — is the same. Can it really be that our need for music increases in direct proportion to the outside pressures to which we are exposed? As the cookie-cut appurtenances of our culture become more rigid, do we seek out music as a release and a gratification? Can the time be coming when music is an essential quality of a complete person? (db)

down beat

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CONTENTS

DEPARTMENTS

ON THE COVER

In the past two years, one guitarist has been commanding constantly more attention. He is a mild-mannered resident of Washington named Charlie Byrd. Byrd's way of applying classical guitar technique stunned audiences and critics alike at last year's Monterey Jazz Festival. But who is Byrd? In the article that begins on Page 26, Tom Scanlan, *Down Beat's* Washington correspondent, presents a close-up of Chuckatuck's gift to guitar.

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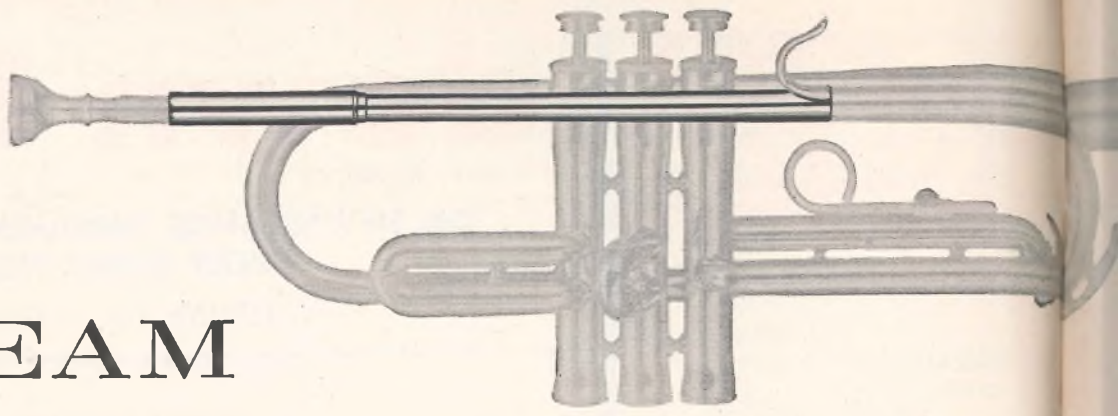
Now it can be told: **The Story Behind a Dream Pipe**

A PIPE DREAM COME TRUE



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"Seldom in the history of the musical instrument industry does the development of a major product improvement go to market without an accompanying blast of oratorical claims, boasts and promises. Some true, some exaggerated—but all loud.

"So it was with some degree of reluctance that we decided more than six months ago to quietly incorporate a remarkable improvement into our trumpets and cornets and let knowledgeable music people everywhere recognize our achievement on their own.

"Part of the reason for this unorthodox merchandising strategy was that the complete overhauling of our brass line—as reflected in the widely-acclaimed Air-Borne Valves—was so great in scope that one could hardly digest the complete story in its entirety at one time.

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"So now we want to share with you the untold story behind our claim "You Never Heard It So Good" as applied specifically to cornets and trumpets.

"As you undoubtedly know, the tube which immediately follows the mouthpiece of a cornet or trumpet, most commonly called the "mouthpipe", is one of the most important and sensitive parts of the instrument. It acts as both a receptacle for the mouthpiece and as a connector between the mouthpiece and the bore of the instrument. As a result, it must be tapered to receive the mouthpiece at one end and the bore at the other without permitting any leakage or disturbance of air at either end or in between. (*Fig. 1.*) Such disturbance or leakage would, of course, seriously affect the instrument's tone.

"To fully understand the significance of the mouthpipe's function, one must be reminded of the physical phenomena which takes place as tone passes through this tube. A large number of nodal patterns created as a result of the vibrations of the player's lips—a separate pattern for each tone—are formed in and passed through this single tube before further development and amplification in the bore and bell. (*Fig. 2.*) *A troubled pattern at its inception is magnified in its progression.*

"Now, as you may not know or have always accepted if you do know, the ordinary mouthpipe is made in two separate parts. These two parts are then joined together by soldering—a process which requires heating that results in the tube's expansion. And, since solder has been added, the tube frequently does not return to its former dimension as it cools. Engineers agree that the dimension will vary a plus or minus .002 inches. (*Fig. 3.*) The tube will then be either 2-thousandths of an inch too big or too small and, consequently, form an entirely different tonal pattern than that originally intended.

"Soldering further complicates the problems of a two-piece mouthpipe. If a little chunk of solder sticks out into the interior of the tube, the instrument will play badly because of a distortion in the nodal pattern.

And when the two pieces, the mouthpiece receiver and the mouthpipe, are joined together by soldering they must fit perfectly. (*Fig. 4.*) The slightest gap or roughage in this seam will cause a distortion in the tone wave as it passes through this very sensitive area. This is not conjecture; it has happened many times—much to the consternation of performers and service people alike. But this very touchy problem has now been completely solved.

"Because of the music industry's historically poor experience with two-piece mouthpipes, Buescher engineers have devoted a great amount of time and study to this extremely important small piece of tubing. The end result is Buescher's exclusive UNITIZED MOUTHPIPE—*a single, one-piece unit, mirror smooth on the inside, perfectly tapered to precise dimensions to properly balance the bore and bell tapers . . . and scientifically designed so it can be duplicated thousands of times without the slightest change or alteration.*

"Please understand, now, that the whole story behind Buescher's new UNITIZED MOUTHPIPE cannot be told. It has already been classified as a Buescher trade secret.

"This new UNITIZED MOUTHPIPE is, however, the major reason why the new Buescher cornets and trumpets assure positive and instant response, uniform tone quality, no stuffy, dull or "wolf" tones, and instruments easier to play in tune. (*Fig. 5.*) To the student, Buescher's new UNITIZED MOUTHPIPE means a more mature tone. To the more experienced performer, it means dynamic contrasts easier to control. And, best of all, these same fine qualities are always present in any new Buescher cornet or trumpet without the necessity of 'picking-out' a good instrument."

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Lynn L. Sams
President
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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Credit Where Due

A reprint of a page from your issue of March 31 has just brought to my attention the excellent and justly deserved laudatory comments about the ballet *Vision of America*. It would have taken little extra space to mention the name of the choreographer . . . Nadia Chilkovsky, faculty member of the Curtis institute and Swarthmore college, not only choreographed this half-hour work but conceived and inspired it . . . Since Miss Chilkovsky, according to the New York *Times*, is one of the very few choreographers who is able to write her ballets in Labanotation, the two notated scores represent the highest form of choreographer-composer co-operation. We agree with everything you say about Jimmy DePriest, but please give the lady a little of what is her due . . .
Philadelphia, Pa. Nicholas Nahumck

Wind Me Up

I applaud *Down Beat* as good literature, down to the excellent layout and quality art work. George Crater and the whole happy magazine are quality-representative of quality music.

Golly, was I ever flabbergasted actually to find George Crater wind-up dolls on the market! I eagerly took the MJQ set home and unwrapped it, wound all four dolls up, and put them on the table. *And they took a bath in their tuxedoes!*
Wooster, Ohio P. Blair

Mingus

I may be wrong, but it seems to me that Charlie Mingus (*Blindfold Test*, April 28) doesn't like music unless it's chock-full of "soul" and intrinsic value. Can't he enjoy some good, happy, swinging music unless it has some deep-rooted meaning to it?

He also seems to throw five stars around just because of a musician on the record. It seems to me that he doesn't care whether the cat blows well or not on a certain record. He gives the five stars for the cat's name.
University City, Mo. Shale Yorke

An open letter to Charlie Mingus:
Do you dig Mitch Miller?
Chicago, Ill. S. Michael Goberman

Singers Again

Your lists of male singers omitted the name of the vocalist who did more than any other to advance the cause of good music during 1959. Nowhere in either issue did I find the name of Charles Van Doren.
Chicago, Ill. Charles L. Curtis

I think your magazine is wasting a great deal of valuable space on such articles as payola, Bobby Darin, and Frank Sinatra, all three of whom have absolutely nothing to do with jazz. Frank may be the greatest pop singer today; but he never was, is not, and never will be a jazz singer because he just hasn't got that "soul" . . .
New York, N. Y. Lee H. Jones

I found the article on Bobby Darin completely out of place for *Down Beat*. For years *Down Beat* has devoted itself to instrumental music, specifically jazz with a few articles on top-quality vocalists like Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, Frank Sinatra, etc. Darin is highly successful commercially . . . I agree he's talented, better than the rock-and-rollers. But the fact is that he's still years away from really being top-drawer in the critical vocal areas of musicianship, taste, technique, and consistency . . .
Santa Monica, Calif. L. A. Witherill

Obviously not everyone draws the line at the same place.

Critics, Criticism, Hipsterism

I think that a further leaning toward a learned and thoughtful approach to jazz, as exemplified by the recent addition of Barbara Gardner and Don DeMicheal and by the excellent 25th anniversary issue, will be beneficial both to *Down Beat* and its readership . . .

I would like *Down Beat* to be solely a critical and evaluative magazine. I realize this is impossible and that payola and stereo are here to stay. But, because of this, I must insist even more emphatically that the critical and the evaluative areas be alive and functioning correctly. This means a playing down of hipsterism since a hip attitude informs no one and misinforms many . . .
Charles Zigmind

Frying Frey

What type of inept, egocentric person is this (Sidney) Frey? I am thrilled that I don't have to associate with this egocentric mess.

It seems to me his intelligence could be summed up after reading this portion of his letter: "The positive proof of their (the Dukes of Dixieland) talent lies in the fact that sales of their album have exceeded $10,000,000."

Well, how foolish do they come? How many millions have Fabian, Frankie Avalon, and the rest of the monotones made, and are *they* artists?
Alexandria, Minn. Kurt T. Kolstad

The Storm Blows Hot and Cold

After sitting back and enjoying the controversial statements made by various jazz critics (both professional and amateur) concerning Ornette Coleman, it seems time that we re-examine our criteria concerning the value of various musicians. Coleman's worth is not so hard to determine if we stop worrying about our reputations as critics, if we just step back and consider the various frameworks for judging his worth.

First of all, we should ask ourselves

the fabulous Morello

★"Critics and fellow workers alike rave about his fantastic technical ability, his taste, his touch, and his ideas."

So wrote Marian McPartland, long-time musical associate of Joe Morello, in an appreciative appraisal.

Joe was born and brought up in Springfield, Massachusetts. He had won a reputation as a "musician's musician" almost before he was out of his teens.

With Brubeck since October, 1956, Morello's talent (and the quartet's) has continued to flower and expand. A spectacular instance is to be heard in "Watusi Drums," on the quartet's recent Columbia LP, "Dave Brubeck in Europe."

Morello's drums? The most logical, for his superlative taste, technique and touch: LUDWIGS. The most famous name on drums.

A great musician, Joe Morello plays an equally great musical instrument . . . the new Ludwig Super Sensitive Snare

that showcases his fabulous left hand with miraculous tonal vividness and response. Each snare strand is attached to its own tension screw. Dual throw-off releases the snares from *both sides at once*. A second set of gut snares can be mounted in less than a minute. Try it soon. We're sure you'll agree with Joe that its the finest snare drum ever designed.

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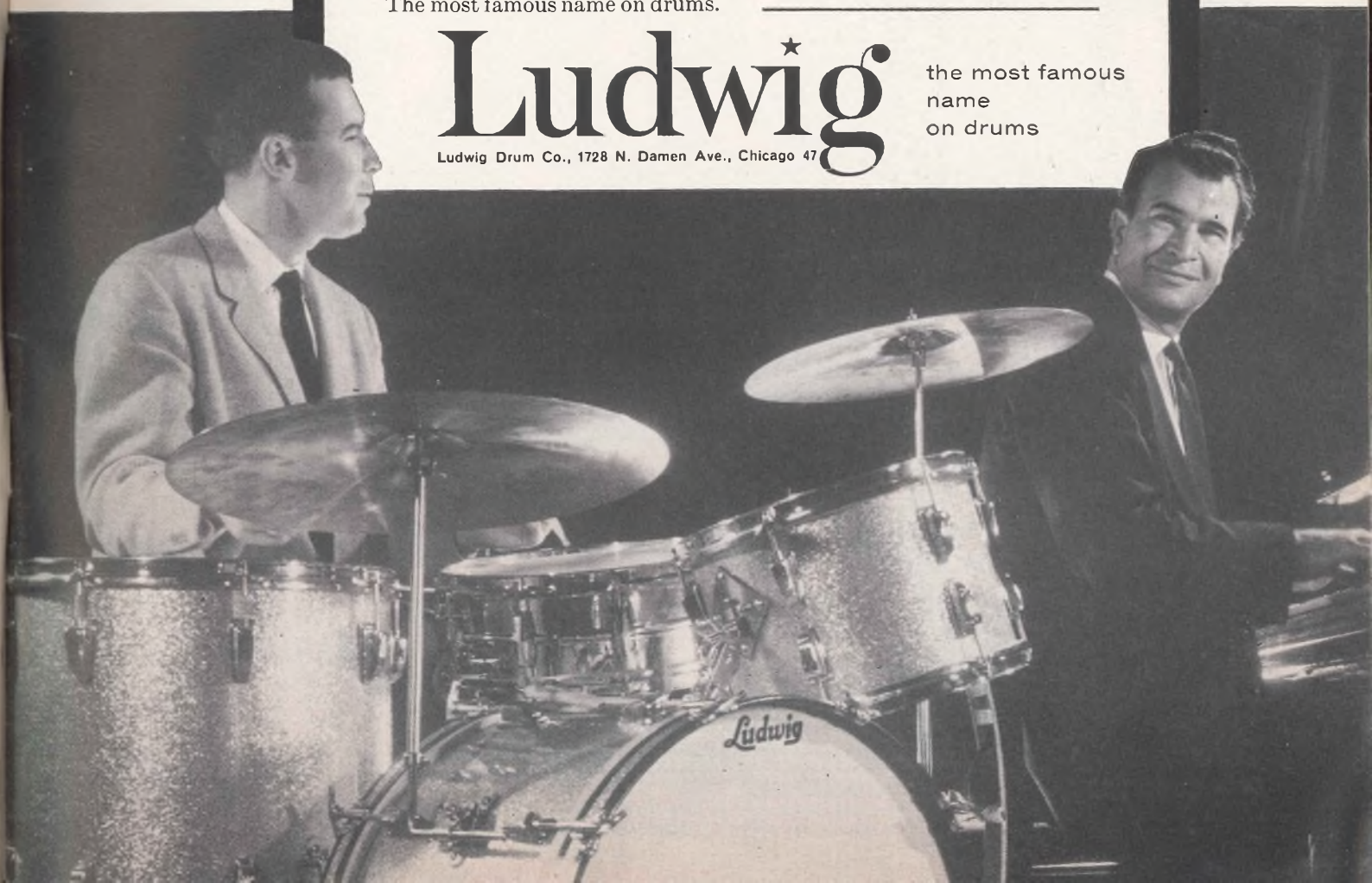
Morello and Brubeck—½ of a world-famous 4



exactly how a musician gets to the top. He can (particularly if he plays piano) join the super-funk school and write at least one "down home" type chart. Or he can be put down by Martin Williams, or sign with Columbia . . . Or he can sacrifice all commerciality by attempting a lot of far-out stuff on the stand and put up with a lot of controversy when he doesn't get his message across or a lot of criticism when he gets hung up.

The latter two cases could very easily apply to Ornette. I can remember when, at various stages of interest, I put down Bird, Monk, and Coltrane because they were too weird or "just putting us on."

Wouldn't it have been better if I had just said, "I can't hear him now. Maybe I will later when I get used to him"? True, there are probably some critics who understand Ornette's playing. But the ones who don't shouldn't be so free with "he must be great because he's weird" or "if I don't know what's happening, he can't be saying anything."

Baltimore, Md. Jeff Gollin

I have always regarded *Down Beat* as a jazz bible and have accepted most of its articles as truth. I am a clerk in a record shop, and I'm now being drenched with the sounds(?) of Ornette Coleman.

With a bit of research on your part could you tell me: Why Ornette Coleman?

Did he get the horn for Christmas?

Iowa City, Iowa E. L. Martin

Why don't you devote a column or a page every issue to a brief biographical and discography of one jazz performer? . . . I think this would add a wonderful touch to your publication, for I am sure there are others besides myself who would like to know more about jazzmen who have made names for themselves.

The second suggestion that I'd like to make I feel more strongly about. Why can't you guys lay off Ornette Coleman? I have studied clarinet for over six years. I also studied jazz piano, drums, and saxophone, and I was admitted to the High School of Music and Art recently, which I think should qualify me as a competent enough musician to make the following statement:

Ornette Coleman has tremendous technical facility. He has a very fine tone, which many well-known saxophonists in jazz lack. His band plays with precision, musicianship, and a great deal of soul . . .

Another thing you have overlooked is that any performer deserves a certain amount of respect from his critics. I have spoken to Coleman and found him to be a most modest and refined chap, with a nice manner and a great knowledge of music. For these reasons alone I think he is entitled to constructive, not destructive, criticism. The only decent and well-thought-out comments I have ever read about Coleman were by Art Farmer in a *Blindfold Test* some weeks ago.

I would be much obliged if you printed this so that your readers would read some good stuff about Ornette.

Down Beat gets better and better.

Jackson Heights, N. Y. Tony Bowden

Cannonball Adderley's article on Coleman was generally favorable; and Charlie Mingus's comments very much so. Further, in the rush to get on the Coleman bandwagon, it has been generally overlooked that Down Beat's *John Tynan was the first jazz writer to discover Coleman* *(See Page 32)* *and bring him to public attention. That was more than two years ago.*

Contrary to propaganda, musicians generally are not gassed by Coleman. Many dislike his work, including more than a few who are hardly traditionalists themselves. Others are impressed.

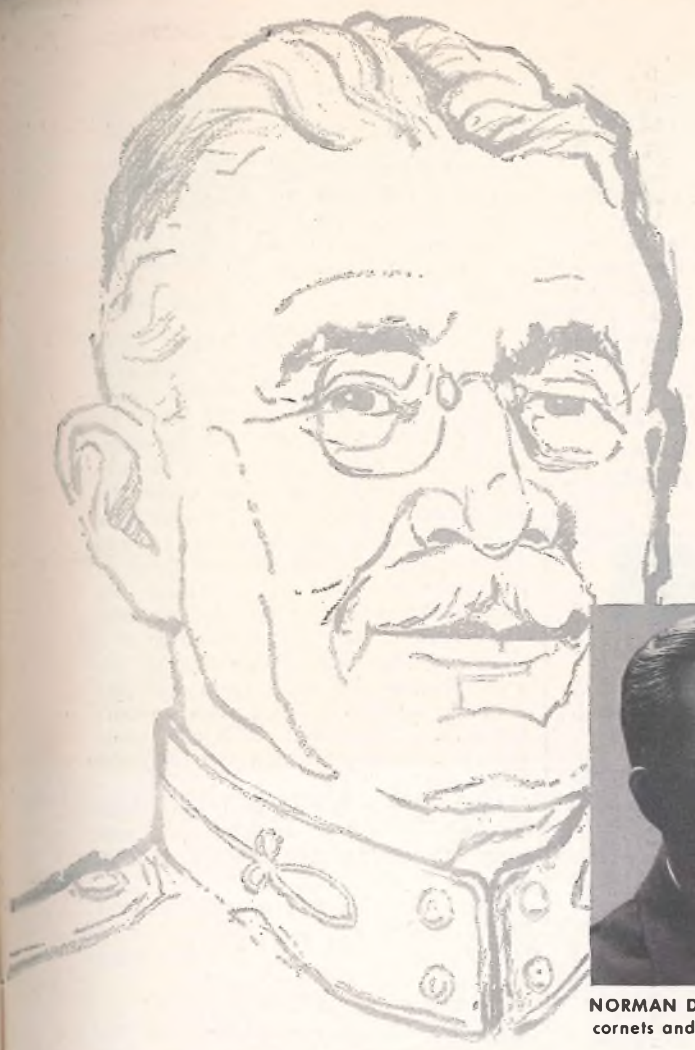
Reader Bowden will be interested in the Star File *series of biographies that begins in this issue. They are perforated so that they may be torn out and used in a filing card system.*

Brubeck's Stand

I'd like to make some favorable comments on *An Appeal from Dave Brubeck* (Feb. 18).

This article was very interesting and revealing. It reveals that Brubeck is an extraordinary musician. By his refusal to play the south, he has demonstrated that he truly and faithfully will not tolerate injustice.

"You can't compromise," was well stated by the gifted pianist. And you *cannot* compromise, especially in a situation where one's decision will affect the



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DR. EUGENE STUCHBERRY, Bandmaster, Pasadena (Tex.) High and outstanding educator

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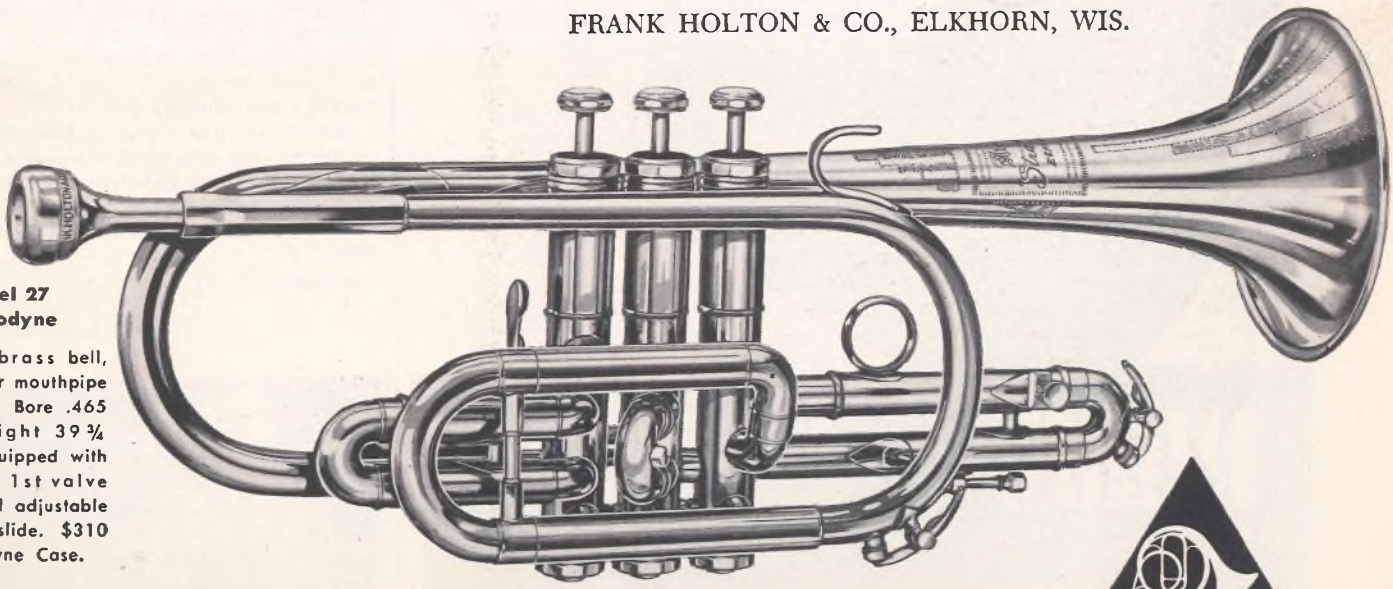
FRANK HOLTON & CO., ELKHORN, WIS.



Model 27 Stratodyne

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HOLTON

actions and thoughts of those who seek human jusice.

Therefore, I say give 10—not five—bright, shiny stars to the Dave Brubeck Quartet, not especially for being the best jazz combo, but for being a really outstanding example of giving faith to minorities!

Malstrom AFB A/2c Robert S. Willis
Great Falls, Mont.

A somewhat contrary view of Brubeck's action is taken by Norman Granz in a statement that appears elsewhere in this issue.

What About King Pleasure?

I read and enjoy every issue of *Down Beat*. I listen to and enjoy Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, and enjoyed the issue which featured LHR. But when is some scribe going to toss a little nod in the direction of King Pleasure, one of the founding fathers?

Even Leonard Feather allows that Annie Ross learned a little from the King. Ira Gitler agrees in his liner notes on Prestige 7128. And Pleasure actually worked with both Dave Lambert and Jon Hendricks . . .

I'd just like to see him share a little in the current kudos being heaped on the LHR trio. Why not a quartet?

Vincent E. Pelletier

King Pleasure, inactive recently, has just recorded an album for Hifijazz. It's marked for early release.

Teen Problems

Being a minor, I'm not allowed in any of the local clubs to take in a set. However, when we do have a group appearing where I might be allowed, because of lack of advertisement, the group has come and gone before I can catch it . . .

Oh well, maybe I should give up on jazz altogether . . ?

Baltimore, Md. Phyllis Payne

I wish to reply to Bill Brady's letter (June 9, 1960) on his views of teenagers. I'll admit, for the most part teenagers conform to the same type of music(?), but why must Brady and so many others indicate that every single one of us is in the same rut? There are a few of us who like music! I know that I, for one, have been listening to any jazz that I could get my hands on for the last three or four years, and there are some more kids around our small burg who do the same. The trouble is there just isn't enough of it available. The radio programing in this area schedules the small amount of jazz that they do play at times when we can't listen . . . The record stores carry only a small amount of it and then only the big names . . .

I think that if DJs dared to slip a little jazz once in a while into their trash programs, they might start a swing of teenagers to the good stuff . . .

As for the rest of Mr. Brady's letter, I heartily agree, sir.

Rupert, Idaho Ken Reed

Change of View

Down Beat has been missing from my required reading lists for a long, long while. By chance I happened to notice my man Stan Kenton's photo gracing the cover of your April 28 issue. So I broke down and laid out 36 cents (we have sales tax in West By God Virginia).

The changes made are really wonderful. DB had gotten to the point where it was an all-around music magazine. And that's okay, but I'm sure you lost a lot of jazz fans. The opposite side, those of the popular taste, probably wouldn't be caught dead reading DB, so where were you?

Anyway, I just wanted you to know that I was greatly impressed by the new look in *Down Beat* and glad to see the extra pages. Hope the advertising department continues to sell a lot of space, allowing more editorial room.

Incidentally, the city of Huntington, one of the squarest around, is running a nightly 55-minutes jazz show on radio through the efforts of the Huntington Publishing Co.'s radio and TV stations, WSAZ and WSAZ-TV.

Huntington, W. Va. Bob Powers
Music Editor
The Herald-Advertiser

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The highly skilled hands of the Gretsch artisans who proudly create each fine guitar they manufacture are equally as talented as the gifted hands of Chet Atkins who sings the praises of his Gretsch guitar. Inspired by original design ideas from the famous RCA recording artist himself, Gretsch craftsmen have produced the Chet Atkins and other models. Choose from these superb models at your dealer's, and for that perfect sound use Chet Atkins "Country Style" strings.

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NEW YORK

Vibist **Teddy Charles,** recently appointed jazz artists and repertoire director for Bethlehem Records (now owned by King), is bubbling over with enthusiasm for the first Dixieland recording date with which he was ever involved. Charles, himself a leader in the modern jazz movement, recorded flutist **Leroy Parkins** and his Yazoo River Jazz Band last month, and said, "It was a gas! We used guys like drummer **Manzie Johnson** and trombonist **Dickie Wells.** The tunes were originals by **Danny Barker** (guitar-banjo) and Danny himself wrote some wild liner notes." He went on to add, "At first I was afraid the bosses wouldn't like the record, but they flipped when they heard it." Other recent dates supervised by Charles include a **Mal Waldron** *Left Alone* (dedicated to the late **Billie Holiday);** drummer **Charlie Persip's** *Jazz Statesmen;* tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin's** *Book Cooks;* a two-piano session with **Dave McKenna** and **Hall Overton;** and a tape made during a Charles jazz concert in New Haven, Conn., after the Yale-Harvard football game. Charles may go into the Five Spot with Waldron when **Jimmy Giuffre** leaves.


Giuffre

Another jazz musician who is becoming active in the production end of the record business is **Cannonball Adderley.** Riverside has made him a roving talent scout authorized to supervise out-of-town sessions. Adderley's next assignment is to record pianist **Dick Morgan,** who plays with guitarist **Charlie Byrd** at the Showboat in Washington. The busy Cannonball also does a weekly radio show over WNCN-FM and writes articles for jazz publications. He recently received a gold plaque from Riverside for having sold more than 50,000 copies of *The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in San Francisco* (see photo in news section).


Hawkins

Trumpeter **Erskine Hawkins,** whose 78-rpm records for RCA's old Bluebird label were consistent sellers, is making a comeback on Decca . . . A recent Mercury recording date, to be called *Jazz at the Metropole,* was under the supervision of **Leonard Feather. Coleman Hawkins** headed the list of musicians. Some of the others included trombonist **Benny Morton,** trumpeter **Pee Wee Erwin,** drummer **Bert Dahlander,** bassist **Arvell Shaw,** and pianist **Nat Pierce.** Pianist **McCoy Tyner** left the **Farmer-Golson** Jazztet to join **John Coltrane's** group at the Jazz Gallery. His replacement is **Duke Pearson . . . J. J. Johnson** intends to keep his sextet together . . . **Charles Greenlee** has been playing trombone and euphonium with the **Slide Hampton** group since **Bernard McKinney** left to join the Jazztet.

The East Meadow, N. Y., high school hit upon a solution to the problem of students leaving their senior proms to go to night clubs in Manhattan after making token appearances at the dance. This year the East Meadow prom was an all-night affair starting at 9 p.m. with dance music by the **Woody Herman** Band. At midnight there was a floor show featuring the **Jackie Paris** act and the blues singing of **Big**

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in review

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PENDING DISAPPOINTMENT

All over America, jazz fans are expecting this summer to see tenor saxophonist Stan Getz, still a favorite despite his lengthy absence from this country.

But it appears that they will be disappointed: the most reliable recent word is that Getz isn't coming. A spokesman for Shaw Artists Corp. said that "personal problems" were behind cancellation of the Getz tour, which comprised at least 15 definite bookings, including the Newport Jazz festival.

One of the problems reportedly is with the U.S. Internal Revenue Service, to which Getz is believed to owe taxes, which he would have to pay on returning to the United States.

Mrs. Alexander Getz, the musician's mother, who lives on New York's Long Island, said she still has not been informed that he is not coming. His last letter, however, came two months ago, she said.

From Copenhagen where Getz now lives, there was no comment one way or the other.

GRANZ TO BACK MULLIGAN BAND

Since the dance band business hit the skids over 10 years ago, a favorite pipe-dream of still-aspiring leaders has always been that someday a well-heeled angel will show up with a truckload of loot to subsidize their bands. Next fall, when Gerry Mulligan takes his concert jazz band on tour, he'll have an angel on his shoulder bearing striking if unlikely resemblance to Norman Granz, owner of Verve Records.

The record company, Granz told *Down Beat,* will back the Mulligan band all the way for a series of concerts to cover the forthcoming three-month fall season. Verve's action, said Granz, will enable Mulligan to place under contract the best musicians at top salaries for the duration of the 25- to 50-city tour. Moreover, Mulligan will keep all proceeds from the concerts less the cost of the hall and other expenses, it was learned.

Under the banner, "Verve Presents the Gerry Mulligan Concert Big Band," the record company will set dates in certain areas, with Associated Booking Corp., handling the balance.

Granz feels record company sponsorship such as this is "the best way to showcase an artist" and in concept, he said, the policy is essentially European. Certainly for the U.S. record business, it is highly unusual.

"In Europe," said the Verve president, "the record companies participate all the way in the promotion of a jazz artist. They give press parties and contribute money for many promotional activities. What I'm doing is to bring this European concept to this country."

For both record company and booking agency, the arrangement is mutually

Mulligan

satisfactory, he noted. Should a concert lose money, Verve will put up the difference for hall rental. And, for those dates it books, ABC collects its commission. Verve, in return, benefits from the attendent record promotion in whatever area the band plays.

In any event, it is generally agreed that for Gerry Mulligan, the setup could hardly be better. He'll be guaranteed the best sidemen and solid bookings and, best of all, he doesn't have to worry about losing money.

STIFF FINES FOR PAYOLA

Broadcasters breathed a sigh of relief: it would not, after all, be necessary for them to idenitify the source of free records played on the air.

Record companies, too, were relieved, in the main. A directive from the Federal Communications Commission, saying that records given by disc companies to stations would have to be identified as gifts, had brought severe criticism.

But the worry was removed when the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight submitted its new bill to govern broadcasting. The bill specifically exempted free discs from identification over the air.

On the other hand, the subcommittee headed by Rep. Oren Harris moved toward putting real teeth into a prohibition of payola. The bill, passed by the House Commerce Committee and then sent to the House, provides severe penalties for both givers and takers of payola.

The Harris bill did not, of course, deal only with records and payola. It was an overall broadcast reform bill that also prohibits quiz frauds on the air. It involves suspensions for radio stations violating certain of its provisions.

The penalty for payola—both for givers and takers—can range up to $10,000 in fine and/or a year in jail. The bill demands that anyone connected with the "production or preparation" of a program must disclose any payments made.

The bill further demands that station operators employ "reasonable diligence" to prevent payola among personnel. The bill would provide a forfeit not exceeding $1,000 a day for every day that the FCC found a licensee had failed to obey any provision of the Communications Act.

Curiously, reaction in the record business seemed to be that the main result of the new laws would be to "drive payola underground." Still, the new law, when and if it becomes effective, would provide the FCC with a stern weapon if its members cared to dig down far enough to uncover any future payola.

ABC-PARAMOUNT SIGNS CHARLES

After recording for various other labels, including Atlantic and Time, singer - pianist - altoist - composer Ray Charles has signed with ABC Paramount.

The label plans a major campaign on the artist, giving him more build-up than they have any artist in some time. A heavy advertising campaign to disc jockeys is planned. Further, the label will be helping Charles get better location dates, in order to build up the image in the public mind.

FOUNDING COMMITTEE

These are members of the committee founding the Billie Holiday Memorial Foundation. They are, l. to r., theatrical producer H. B. Lutz; Edwin Fancher, chairman of the New York neighborhoods council on narcotics and publisher of *The Village Voice*; Mrs. Elaine Lorillard, chairman of the new foundation; Leonard Feather, contributing editor of *Down Beat*; Allan Morrison, New York editor of *Ebony*.

IN MEMORY OF BILLIE

Billie Holiday wrote in *Lady Sings the Blues*, "If you think dope is for kicks, you're out of your mind. There are more kicks to be had in a good case of paralytic polio or by living in an iron lung . . . All dope can do for you is kill you—and kill you the long, slow, hard way. And it can kill people you love right along with you."

A group of Miss Holiday's friends, recalling her attitudes on narcotics addiction, have formed the Billie Holiday Memorial Foundation, dedicated to "promote educational and charitable purposes, exclusively, and in particular to alleviate the human suffering caused by the misuse of narcotic drugs."

The new organization plans a gigantic Christmas jazz concert to be held in Carnegie hall (exact date to be set) during the last week of 1960.

A five-member board of directors will administer the aims and activities of the new foundation. The membership of the board will be made up of representatives from the worlds of jazz, theater, and publishing.

Elaine Lorillard, the instigator of the idea, will serve as chairman. The internationally famous Newport Jazz festival is a result of an idea originated by Mrs. Lorillard in 1953. Now estranged from the Newport festival, she is producing a series of summer jazz concerts for the Evergreen theater in Easthampton, N. Y., on Long Island.

Miss Holiday's last public appearance in May, 1959, was at a Lorillard-produced concert at the Phoenix theater in New York City.

Another founder of the board is H. B. Lutz, co-producer of Theater 1960's hit, Samuel Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape* and Edward Albee's *The Zoo Story*, presented on a single bill at the Provincetown Playhouse. Lutz is also the author of a one-act play, *The Chip*, which was produced on a recent weekend at the Jazz Gallery.

Leonard Feather, author of the *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, is also one of the board members. He was a close friend of Miss Holiday and featured her on a European tour in 1954.

The fourth founder of the foundation board, also a close personal friend of Miss Holiday, is Allan Morrison, the New York editor of *Ebony* magazine since 1948.

To complete the panel, Edwin Fancher, publisher of Greenwich Village's *Village Voice*, was brought in to assist on a subject with which he is conversant as the chairman of the New York neighborhoods council on narcotics addiction.

PRESTIGE MUSHROOMS INTO SIX LABELS

It is rare to see Prestige Records executive Bob Weinstock in a New York jazz club. It's more likely that he'll be found on a baseball diamond in Teaneck, N. J., for Weinstock once said his main interest in life is sports, with jazz and the fascination of his record business close behind.

In running his record company, Weinstock applies some of the theories promulgated by baseball's Branch Rickey: the manager of a ball team develops a group of players through a farm system, and when he sells or trades an older star, there is always a well-trained youngster waiting and ready.

The Prestige roster is like that. A flock of comparatively unknown musicians is constantly in development. But there is one difference. Whereas a ball club usually hires talent scouts, Weinstock has found it worthwhile to make his musicians serve as talent scouts. They recruit their own sidemen for sessions and are on the alert for new talent in their travels.

Weinstock, now 35, first became interested in New Orleans jazz when he was 13. He began to trade records with other collectors by mail, and eventually found himself with a mail-order business, which he carried on from his New York City apartment.

It wasn't long before more space and better mailing facilities were needed. Weinstock rented a corner in Jazzman Joe's Record Center on 47th St. near Sixth Ave. This record store (which still exists) was a dingy, second-floor front room, crammed full of used 78-rpm discs. A customer might run into many jazz musicians, as well as record collectors.

Although young Weinstock was what was called, in the late 1940s, a mouldy fig, he soon began to evidence interest in some of the comparatively unknown young modern instrumentalists. He spent a lot of time in the Royal Roost, a modern jazz spot near the record store.

When Weinstock decided he wanted to make his own records, he moved his operation to a loft at Eighth Ave. and 49th St. He picked Lennie Tristano and Lee Konitz as his first recording artists. Their first sides were 78s on the New Jazz label.

Excepting some masters of a Jimmy McPartland Band date (when they were issued on 78, Weinstock made the first use of the label name Prestige), all the New Jazz activity for the next decade was in modern jazz.

Some of the stars who first became known by their New Jazz and Prestige recordings were Sonny Rollins, Teddy Charles, Art Farmer, Milt Jackson, Phil Woods, Billy Taylor, Gene Ammons, Mal Waldron, Mose Allison, Red Garland, and John Coltrane.

Eventually New Yorker Weinstock moved to Teaneck to live and established his recording headquarters in Bergenfield, N. J. All his recording (except one on-the-spot Red Garland date at the Prelude) has taken place in Rudy Van Gelder's studio in New Jersey.

At the beginning of this year, Weinstock became busy on an expansion program, which has resulted in Prestige now listing six separate labels.

The parent Prestige label continues to catalog jazz greats such as Miles Davis, Red Garland, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, and organist Shirley Scott, and Weinstock recently signed tenor saxophonist Willis Jackson, organist Jack McDuff,

and guitarist Bill Jennings to record under this label.

The New Jazz label will continue to showcase newer and less-known talent. Recent sessions have included vibist Lem Winchester, organist Johnny (Hammond) Smith, multisaxophonist Oliver Nelson, alto saxophonist Eric Dolphy, and Gigi Gryce's new quintet.

Now added are three new labels for recordings in the categories suggested by the name of these new labels. They are Bluesville, Swingville, and Moodsville.

Bluesville will present the vocal blues talents of Al Smith, Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, Willie Dixon, Memphis Slim, Lonnie Johnson, and Roosevelt Sykes.

Swingville has been set aside for the mainstream jazz styles of Coleman Hawkins, the Buddy Tate Band, Tiny Grimes, Rex Stewart, Al Casey, and Pee Wee Russell.

Through Moodsville, Weinstock hopes to open the door for a lot of people who are not now listening to jazz. The label will highlight ballad sets by such as Garland, Lockjaw Davis, and others whose work can create a popular type of mood music.

The sixth and most recent addition to the Prestige family is Weinstock's first venture outside of jazz proper. The new Prestige International label is designed to present authentic folk music from all over the world. Prestige International's first release is an album entitled *Golden Songs of Greece,* which is now on the market.

Weinstock has announced that he has an open-door policy for anyone in the folk field. Talent will be auditioned only through submitted tapes, and the lining up of folk material is being handled by Ozzie Cadena of *Sounds of America.* Cadena recently left Savoy Records to devote all his time to recruiting this type of talent.

Weinstock has expanded his activity, but his belief in young, unknown musicians is still strong, and the label will continue to promote the uncommercial musician who has something to say musically.

Weinstock once said of the upcoming young jazz musicians, "They have more fire in their playing at the beginning of their careers. Even if they haven't reached their technical peaks, they have the enthusiasm. Later they become conservative in their musical thinking."

JAZZ POPS AT THE STADIUM

On a hot July night last summer, 8,000 fans sang *Happy Birthday* to Louis Armstrong in New York's Lewisohn Stadium. Then, against his doctor's orders, Louis borrowed a trumpet from a member of the Johnny Dankworth band and set out to prove that the reports of his illness in Spoleto, Italy, had been highly exaggerated.

Satchmo's appearance had at first been cancelled, and the Lewisohn bookers had brought in the Gene Krupa Quartet, singer Carmen McRae, the Jack Teagarden group, Herbie Mann's Afro-Cubans, and the Dankworth band from England. It made a formidable jazz bill, and the crowd loved it.

This season, Mrs. Charles S. (Minnie) Guggenheimer, chairman of the Lewisohn summer concerts, not only brought in two other acts to share the stand with Louis, but also scheduled an additional night for jazz. Armstrong went back in Lewisohn with his entire troupe as the top attraction of the Sixth Annual Jazz Jamboree.

Making his debut in the stadium series was trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, with his group. Two years ago, Gerry Mulligan was a guest baritone sax soloist with Duke Ellington's band at the jamboree, but this year he was there to lead his new concert jazz orchestra. Gillespie and Mulligan gave the Lewisohn-goers their first taste of the more modern sounds.

Mrs. Guggenheimer's second jazz event of the season will take place July 19, when the star of the Tuesday night concert will be clarinetist Benny Goodman.

Goodman will appear in a dual role: as a classical clarinet soloist, and as the leader of his jazz sextet and trio. The first half of the program features Goodman in the lovely Mozart A major clarinet concerto, accompanied by Alfredo Antonini's Stadium Symphony Orchestra.

After the intermission, the symphony musicians will be replaced by Red Norvo, vibes; Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Flip Phillips, tenor saxophone; Jerry Dodgson, alto saxophone; Urbie Green, trombone; Gene Di Novi, piano; Jim Wyble, guitar; John Mosher, bass, and John Markham, drums. The jazz aggregation will play a long set of B.G. favorites with Benny's clarinet solos as a highlight.

NEW ORLEANS' NEW JAZZ MUSEUM

Almost since the formation of the New Orleans Jazz Club 12 years ago, its members have dreamed of and worked for a jazz museum to house the various treasures they had accumulated over the years.

With the accompaniment of Johnny Wiggs and a group of Crescent City jazzmen blaring in the background, the dream became a reality when club president Philip L. Giroir recently turned the first spadeful of dirt, breaking ground for the start of the museum's construction.

The French Quarter building site was donated by two brothers, Arthur and Edward Steiner. The D. H. Holmes Co., a leading New Orleans department store, will defray the construction costs.

During the ground-breaking ceremonies, museum committee chairman Harry Souchon stumbled across an old rusty horse shoe. What better symbol for the success of the venture?

OVER THE TOP

Bill Grauer, president of Riverside Records, is seen congratulating Julian (Cannonball) Adderley after giving him a gold record to mark sales of his album *The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in San Francisco.* The LP passed the 50,000 mark and continued to sell well.

'Delaware Valley' Festival Season

BY DAVID BITTAN PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia, home of Eugene Ormandy's symphonic spellbinders, is off on a summer-long jazz bash that is taking the spotlight off the city's longhair Robin Hood Dell concerts.

The Greater Philadelphia area (dubbed the *Delaware Valley* by some) extends roughly from Trenton, N. J., to Wilmington, Del., and from Atlantic City, N. J., to Lancaster, Pa. A jazz map of that area would show concerts, festivals, and shows all over the place.

Two full-fledged jazz festivals are scheduled—at Atlantic City and Philadelphia—with top names booked at both. And two open-air tented theaters, which formerly went in for nothing more potent than *South Pacific*, are leaning heavily on jazz to beef up their slumping box office.

Promoter Sid Bernstein, tired of seeing New Yorkers and Philadelphians making the trek to Newport each July 4, booked some top names for a three-day Atlantic City Jazz Festival, July 1-3 at the huge Warren Theater on the Boardwalk. Some attractions will play both at Newport and at the Jersey shore resort.

Bernstein, who quit Shaw Artists Corp. to stage jazz shows in theaters, is running two shows each night, one at 8 p.m., the other at midnight.

Count Basie and Joe Williams head the opening-night lineup. Also booked Friday are Sarah Vaughan, Horace Silver, Cannonball Adderley, and Lambert-Hendricks-Ross. Basie and Williams also will be featured Saturday, supported by Dinah Washington, Dave Brubeck, Art Blakey and the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet. On the Sunday bill are Gerry Mulligan and his big band, Ray Charles, Oscar Peterson, Dakota Staton, and Gloria Lynn.

Sid Mark, anchor man of Philadelphia's 24-hour jazz station, WHAT-FM, will be host for the weekend. Symphony Sid will come in from Manhattan to emcee the Sunday show. Bernstein is advertising heavily over WHAT-FM and in the Philadelphia newspapers.

Two months later, George Wein, Ed Sarkesian, and Al Grossman will join forces with Philadelphian Herb Keller to present the Quaker City Jazz Festival, successor to the ill-fated Phillies Jazz Festival staged last year. This year's festival will be presented Aug. 26-28 at Connie Mack Stadium, home of the Phillies baseball team.

Keller, owner of the Show Boat jazz room, has this tentative roster signed: Duke Ellington, Four Freshmen, Dave Brubeck, Gloria Lynn, and Dinah Washington. He also plans to present Jimmy DePriest's 24-piece Philadelphia Youth Band, a group of jazzmen under 20.

South of Philadelphia, near Wilmington, the Brandywine Music Box has thrown out light opera and Broadway musicals and booked eight weeks with the accent on jazz.

The promoters decided to switch after polling some 12,000 persons last summer. The crowds preferred jazz and pop concerts two-to-one over musicals. Last year, the only jazz attraction was Duke Ellington.

Louis Armstrong is the opener, July 5-10. Then Maynard Ferguson and Chris Connor come in July 11-16; Ray McKinley and the Glenn Miller Orchestra with the Modernaires, July 28-23; the Dukes of Dixieland, July 25-30; Count Basie and Joe Williams, Aug. 1-6; Les Brown, Aug. 8-13; Miles Davis and Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Aug. 15-20. The season will be rounded out with the Brothers Four and Odetta, Aug. 22-27.

Meanwhile, St. John Terrell, who opened the nation's first tent theater in 1949, is widening the jazz scheduling at his Lambertville (N. J.) Music Circuis. Terrell kicked off his season May 28-June 5 with Paul Whiteman, an area resident, leading a 30-piece crew of New York studio musicians in an evening of George Gershwin music. Whiteman did good business and Terrell followed with another good week featuring Armstrong and his All-Stars, June 7-12.

Monday night is off-night at Lambertville and Terrell has booked nine jazz attractions. The schedule includes:

Dave Brubeck, June 27; Ahmad Jamal, July 11; George Shearing and his Quintet, July 18; Bobby Hackett, July 25; Dukes of Dixieland, Aug. 1; Modern Jazz Quartet, Aug. 8; J. J. Johnson, Aug. 15; Chris Connor, Aug. 22; Maynard Ferguson, Aug. 29.

Even the Drexelbrook apartment project, where Dick Clark lived until *Bandstand* money built him a new home, got into the jazz act. A "musical festival" featured concerts by Armstrong and Woody Herman, along with non-jazz attractions.

The area's three big jazz rooms, the Red Hill inn, Pep's, and the Show Boat, meanwhile continue jazz programming throughout the summer. Atlantic City rooms also scheduled jazz artists.

But, in the midst of all that jazz, buffs lamented the fact that Robin Hood Dell, a natural for a concert series, still turned its back on jazz. Philadelphia Recreation Commissioner Fredric R. Mann, a reported enemy of jazz, rejected pleas to book some jazz artists into the city-owned open-air amphitheater.

Philadelphia can take a lesson from the smaller city of Trenton, 30 miles to the Northeast on the way to New York.

For years, the city of Trenton has sponsored Sunday night presentations by concert bands in a local park during the summer. Occasionally soprano or tenor vocalists appear with the bands, and the programs are typical of the days when Victor Herbert and John Philip Sousa led summer band concerts. The local musicians' union foots half the bill for the series.

But where Philadelphia's Mann resisted jazz, Trenton's Mrs. Ethel Gault, the recreation superintendent, realized that jazz could boost attendance at the Sunday night concerts.

She got the go-ahead from her boss, Park Commissioner George W. Rieker, and contacted arranger Artie Roumanis, a former Benny Goodman tenor man who lives in Trenton and who has written arrangements for his brother, George, who records for Coral, and for Woody Herman.

Roumanis, who for years has been conducting a rehearsal jazz band around Trenton, agreed to lead a big band at two jazz concerts this summer. And he also will lead a nine-piece jazz-orientated band at a series of weekly dances this summer sponsored by the city and the union.

The remainder of the Sunday night concerts will be of the semi-classical variety. But, if the jazz programs outdraw the others, jazz will get a bigger slice of next year's series.

With at least 10 dates booked for the summer, Roumanis hopes to keep the band together and play some dates this fall.

Much of the credit for the increased popularity of jazz in the Philadelphia area in the past year or so can be attributed to WHAT-FM and to its program director, Sid Mark.

With its 24-hour programming of jazz, the station has won thousands of jazz converts. Taverns, stores, and even doctor's offices use the station for free background music.

Mark claims that not a single jazz concert has lost money in Philadelphia since WHAT-FM started its heavy jazz programming.

Jazz in the Garden

By GEORGE HOEFER

No one had ever seen publicity on jazz artists like it—and more than a few jazz lovers hoped they never would again.

Beginning in February, the New York *News* began beating the drum for its two Madison Square Garden jazz concerts with language that was intended to sound hip but not infrequently was downright insulting to the art it was touting.

Readers were urged by the newspaper in its Sunday editions to "be there when the band starts playing". They'd be sorry, they were told, if they missed the "music to swing from trees by."

In describing Sarah Vaughan, a *News* story—which appeared under the by-line of Art North—said, "When she turns on the juice, man, all you can do is glow. She's the rock-a-dilly filly with a two-octave range."

Dizzy Gillespie? He's "the Orville Wright of progressive jazz and the brewer of bootleg music called bop and blues." Louis Armstrong? He's "the livin' aspirin" who has been "playing second trumpet to Gabriel for the last 35 years and still sounds like a guy who just got off the boat—the one jazz boarded from the trip up-river from its birthplace in New Orleans. He plays like a loner on the levee hoping to rouse other jazzbos for a midnight stomp in town. He started something back there that won't be finished till the very last of those saints go marchin' in."

But such is the nature of the crowd that this kind of abyssmal-tasting promotion paid off: 14,359 persons turned up at the Garden for the first night's concert, 14,776 for the second. To the real jazz lover, the concerts were musically dull, with each participating group contributing every cliché at its disposal. The Woody Herman band even played *Caldonia.*

The programming was slick and professional. There were five groups each night. Each was allotted a half-hour of playing time.

But the overtones of squareness continued. Emcee Bob Russell introduced the Dukes of Dixieland on the first night as "the authentic thing". The group then performed, in its fortunately inimitable vaudevillian style, *Original Dixieland One-Step, Limehouse Blues,* and, for freshness, *When the Saints Go Marching In.* Writer North, now turned critic, hit it closer to the mark than he probably intended when, next day, he wrote in the *News:* "The Dukes cut a high, wide, and handsome musical swath. Sputtering trombones, squealing reed work, and a lot of sass from the trumpet section distinguished their work." The "trumpet section" to which North referred was Frank Assunto who, it should be pointed out, does *not* play two trumpets simultaneously. The crowd remained cool.

The Hi-Lo's came next with a set of tunes ranging from pops to folk songs, and managed to skirt jazz completely in their efforts. But the crowd thawed a little.

The Ahmad Jamal Trio induced handclapping that remained as an added attraction for the rest of the program and next day's as well. Jamal's tinkling on *Poinciana,* in fact, generated enough applause to awaken one jazz critic who looked up in haste and said, "Wha-wha? Did I miss something?" Jamal's group replaced the originally-scheduled Dave Brubeck Quartet.

Sarah Vaughan, that "rock-a-dilly filly," turned out to be the musical highlight of the evening with her warm ballads and skipping scat vocals.

Count Basie's band finally came sounding up through the left-over applause from Sarah, ran through a couple of his standards, then dug in to back Joe Williams, who did a couple of tunes he's been doing for what seem like countless years. Time was running out, and Basie had to make it back to the Waldorf Astoria. Sarah joined Williams for a duet on *Teach Me to Love.* The crowd yelled for more. But Basie said, "No," and that was the end of the first night.

Emcee Russell opened the second night's bill with, "Here's Gene Krupa, a man who is famous for laying a stick on the skins," displaying a further gauche unawareness of the overtones of jazz slang.

This was the Krupa quartet's first gig after a six-month layoff. But it did some swinging on *Stompin' at the Savoy* and *As Long as I Live.* Krupa's long drum solo came on *Drum Boogie.* "Go, Gene, go," yelled the crowd.

Then came Dizzy Gillespie with his group. The emcee, with his now-well-established foot-in-mouth skill, later said that Diz "got the cats flying all over the balcony."

But Diz, in point of fact, supplied the taste that had been so notably lacking up to this point. He played Benny Golson's *Blues after Dark* and his own *Kush.* Obviously enjoying himself, he ran 10 minutes overtime—this time with no curtain to be dropped on him. At one point, he held up his hand and said, "We don't want to waste any time here with applause. We just play." Dizzy's superb horn and Junior Mance's restrained funk at the piano were the most noteworthy sounds of the two-day affair.

Dizzy was followed by Woody Herman's big crew, which generated more handclapping. Woody did *Caldonia* as an encore. He said, "We're playing it as a musical tribute to the late Dick Clark."

Lambert-Hendricks-Ross did well with the crowd on their now-famous vocalizations of famous jazz instrumentals.

Then came the climax of the second night's concert: the Louis Armstrong All-Stars, doing their old surefire program—*When It's Sleepy Time Down South* (in its entirety), *High Society Calypso, Le Jazz Hot,* and *Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey.*

If Louis capped the two-day event with a series of vaudeville turns, his own act was capped in turn when Velma Middleton closed the show with her "jelly roll" dance.

Yet for all its faults, two things distinguished the *News* event (all proceeds of which were distributed through the paper's welfare association to a long list of New York charities): the way jazz was put over commercially as a mass-appeal music; and the excellent staging.

The performers worked on one of two slowly revolving platforms at the center of the arena. One was rectangular to accommodate the big bands; the other was circular and served for the combos and vocal groups. As the platform rotated, every one of the ticket-holders was able to have a periodic front view of the artists. Another advantage of the system was its elimination of all waiting and confusion between acts.

The platform in use was bathed in light from four spots up in the corners of the amphitheater and from a large circular reflector overhead. Streaks of vari-colored light converged on the artists, with control of the effects in the hands of people with sufficient perception to focus on musicians playing solos.

It is not, of course, fair to compare the Madison Square Garden sound system with the setups at the various jazz festivals. The Garden is covered; the festivals, for the most part, take place in the open air, which presents completely different sound problems. Still, the *News*-sponsored *Jazz in the Garden* should give pause to the operators of Newport, Randall's Island, and even Carnegie and Town hall concerts, who would be well advised to consider the excellence of the sound dissemination through the vast Garden.

The End of the Blue Note

For several years now, Chicago's famous Loop has been dying, as far as live entertainment is concerned. Clubs trying to buck the trend have gone through tortuous shifts of policy, only to end up going dark. Only a few month ago, the Preview—one of the two remaining jazz rooms of any consequence in downtown Chicago — folded.

Last month, the one remaining downtown jazz club followed suit: the Blue Note, one of America's most famous jazz rooms, gave notice to its employes, shut its doors, and went out of the jazz business.

The Blue note had been having trouble for some time. Occupying sprawling quarters up a long flight of stairs at 3 N. Clark St., it was often nearly empty, despite the big names often booked there. Owner Frank Holzfiend had found that in the last year only a very few names—among them Count Basie, Stan Kenton, Duke Ellington, and Ahmad Jamal—could really fill it. Even double bills, such as the J. J. Johnson Sextet and the Buddy Rich Quintet, who played there together recently, could rarely extend the crowd beyond a small table area close to the bandstand. The Blue Note most nights looked lonely.

Several major factors had been working against Holzfiend. For one thing, the last year has seen a hard squeeze on night clubs all over the country. This is one reason Congress recently cut the work-killing 20 per cent cabaret tax to 10 per cent—though the cut was too little and too late for many clubowners.

Holzfiend thinks the tax cut won't help. "That's an insignificant part of the thing," he said. "People don't want to go out to hear something new any more. It's got to have a name. And if it has a name, the price for the group becomes prohibitive."

Meanwhile, some of the jazz groups —despite the salaries they can command—were having their own economic troubles. At the very time Holzfield was thinking of folding the Blue Note, J. J. Johnson, on the club's bandstand, was thinking of folding his sextet and going back to a more secure, if less spectacular, role as a sought-after sideman. He decided to stick it out with his group a while longer.

Two other factors, in the opinion of trade observers, were working against the barn-like Blue Note: the trend toward the Rush St. area where the majority of Chicago's night spots are now located; and the simple fact that the club is an upstairs location. The old Blue Note, which was in the basement around the corner at 56 W. Madison, was packed, they argue.

Holzfiend said it was packed only when certain names, such as George Shearing, were on the marquee.

The old Blue Note opened in November, 1947, in the location once occupied by Lipp's Lower Level—a seedy joint that sailors used as a pick-up spot during World War II. Holzfiend opened the new room with the Muggsy Spanier Dixieland group. The late Dave Tough was its drummer, and the group alternating with it was led by the late Herbie Fields.

Holzfiend moved the club to its Clark St. location in 1954. Muggsy Spanier was again on hand to open it. The date was April 2. The Blue Note had been at its new address a little over six years when Holzfiend announced its closing.

There was real concern in Chicago (and other) jazz circles over the club's disappearance. Holzfiend had consistently proved himself a friend to jazz, booking both big names and complete unknowns, for some of whom the Blue Note constituted a first break. He has consistently shown a sensitive awareness of the need to develop new young talent. He was, for example, the only club owner to offer bookings, both last year and this, to winners of the Collegiate Jazz festival at Notre Dame. This year's winning group will never get to play the club.

But there was still another factor in the Blue Note fold-up. Chicago's Local 10 of the American Federation of Musicians is the only local in the country to have a five-day work law. Holzfiend thus was paying top name groups their large salaries for a week but getting only five nights of performance out of them—a condition which, in effect and in fact, is imposed on no other big modern jazz room in the country. (Of the few Chicago clubs that feature jazz consistently, most book Dixieland groups, and the Sutherland, on the south side, is—because of Chicago's segregated locals situation—outside the jurisdiction of (Local 10.) Though the intent of the Local 10 five-night law is to make work for musicians, the Blue Note collapse constituted an instance where it contributed to destroying a place of employment for musicians.

Holzfiend's manner was melancholy as he went to the empty club in mid-June to wind up his affairs there. But there was hope that he wasn't through with jazz. "I'm gonna get myself straightened out," the white-haired one-time bowling alley operator said. "Then I'll get back into the jazz picture."

Joachim Berendt's American Journey

Joachim-Ernst Berendt is the son of a Lutheran pastor. He became interested in jazz in his native Germany when he heard a Benny Carter record on radio during the 1930s.

His father disliked jazz, but approved of his listening to it for one reason: he knew the Nazis hated jazz almost as much as they did the church.

The Nazis killed Berendt's father—after a series of arrests, they shipped him off to Dachau, where he met an end Berendt doesn't like to think about —but they never killed his love of jazz.

When the reconstruction of Germany began after the war, Berendt went to work for Sudwestfunk, the Southwest German radio network. He was one of 35 persons employed. Today, Sudwestfunk's employe roster totals 1,500 names, and Berendt, at 38, is Germany's foremost authority on jazz and author of the world's best-selling book on the subject: *Foto-jazz,* which has sold more than 200,000 copies in Germany alone.

To many, Berendt's situation seems perfect. He does six regular broadcasts a week for Sudwestfunk (pronounced zoot-vest-funk, it even *sounds* hip) and a regular TV show. Sudwestfunk is supported by state funds; each listener pays two marks a month for the privilege, the money being more or less voluntarily paid to the German post office department. So it is not dependent upon the whims of sponsors for its content and can concentrate on high-quality programing — which means that disc jockeys aren't vying to reach an ever-broader common denominator, thereby driving down the cultural norm. On the other hand, Sudwestfunk isn't under the thumb of the government. It is a separate entity, utterly undependent on the government. (It has, in fact, consistently attacked Chancellor Konrad Adenauer.)

With 10 books published on jazz and constant activity in importing and booking top American jazz markets, Berendt is an eminently successful man, doing what he wants to do. But he has not been content. Berendt's other passion, inevitable with his interest in jazz, has for some time been to visit America, to go to the sources of the jazz flood now spreading through the world's culture.

He made it in 1950—for three weeks. But that only whetted his appetite.

Last summer, it looked as if Berendt had it all set: the U.S. State Department promised its co-operation in the preparation of a film on jazz in

Chicagoan bassist Jim Lannigan (l.) with Berendt

America, which Berendt was to start shooting at Lenox, Mass., last August. The project constituted excellent public relations for America, since the film was to be shown on four broadcasts over Sudwestfunk and then distributed throughout the world. And it was important to jazz. Just how important becomes clear if you try to imagine CBS or NBC or ABC showing so solid, mature a concern for America's cultural roots that they would produce four documentary broadcasts on jazz.

But the State Department blew it. Nobody knows how or why. State Department officials simply notified Sudwestfunk that they were withdrawing support for the project, and that was that. All attempts to get an explanation have been lost in the Washington labyrinth; the decision is vaguely blamed by officials on some unknown in their ranks, but nothing more than that has been said.

But Berendt was determined. Promptly he contacted his publisher and sold him in advance on the idea of doing a picture book on jazz in America. And he sold Sudwestfunk on the value of the broadcasts he could tape in America.

Berendt contacted various U.S. photographers and finally put top jazz photographer William Clayton under contract for three months, and left for the States.

Since he arrived a few weeks ago, he has had hardly a moment's repose. He stayed three weeks in New York, where he encountered the famous viewpoint that nothing of importance in America happens west of the Hudson river or north of Yonkers. But Berendt wasn't buying that, either, any more than he would be blocked by State Department mishandling. After three weeks in New York, he left on a tour. This was his trip:

WASHINGTON, D. C., one day — primarily to see guitarist Charlie Byrd, whose fame has now gone well beyond the Atlantic.

ST. SIMON'S ISLAND, GA., to hear spirituals virtually unchanged since the last century. Berendt listened in the woods and on the beaches to the group known as the Spiritual Singers of St. Simon's Island, taped music all one day, and later described what he got as "the most tradition-rooted material I have found on my trip." He stayed two days.

BILOXI. This was actually little more than an overnight pause. "But I found excellent modern jazz in three different places, and an excellent young white pianist named Probst," Berendt reported.

NEW ORLEANS. The New York set, hearing that he had scheduled nine days of his safari for the Delta City, told him he could hear absolutely all there was to hear in two days. But Berendt found even the nine crowded, saying, "We saw two street parades and a funeral, all in the old style. We went to three fine private sessions, and I heard a beautiful country blues session out in the bayou country, which was set up for us by Harry Oster, the folklorist of Louisiana State university. Oster also took us to Angola State prison, which was both depressing and impressive. The way these men transform their problems into music is deeply moving."

MEMPHIS, three days.

ST. LOUIS, five days.

KANSAS CITY, five days. "Here," Berendt said, "I came across a wonderful trumpet player named Carmell Jones. He works as a porter on a train between Kansas City and Chicago."

CHICAGO, eight days.

WESTERN U. S. (including Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Las Vegas), 16 days.

BOSTON, two days.

NEWPORT, five days.

Berendt made one side trip during his journey, but it was a long one: to Buenos Aires, for the Argentine jazz festival. There, he ran into guitarist Jim Hall, heard a few good musicians, but found that the level of audience appreciation was below that of Europe, with most of the applause going to honkers and to Dixieland musicians whom Berendt found far beneath the standard of British and French traditional bands. But the several good musicians he did hear compensated for the audiences. Then it was back to the States.

It was in Chicago that Berendt plunged into one of his most active periods. While photographer Claxton recorded visual impressions, Berendt taped material for his broadcasts at home.

"Everyone in Europe thinks that all the jazz is in New York," he said. "But I was luckier getting material for broadcasts in Chicago than in New York.

"There are two things that are impressive in Chicago: the modern musicians, and the blues scene on the south side. There are some beautiful blues musicians.

"I was very much impressed by Ira Sullivan, especially on trumpet, though I heard him on tenor too. I'm sorry I missed Johnny Griffin, who sometimes has impressed me more than Coltrane.

"I think our book will put the emphasis on jazz outside New York—despite what they told us there."

Berendt's tour with Claxton has gone off remarkably smoothly. They have traveled in a rented car, seeing the scenery (what there is of it; Berendt was distressed by how little open countryside is to be seen in eastern America today), and carrying out their study missions in each city with smooth dispatch. Before leaving Germany, Berendt arranged to have a known authority guide him in each city, and encountered no hitches along the way. "I'm very proud of my system of traveling," Berendt said. "Claxton kids me. He says it is an example of real German organization."

The tour with Claxton comes to an end July 15. Thanks to countless private citizens and jazz lovers who gave him co-operation that the State Department denied (in Washington, officials extended formal apologies to him, and said they didn't know who fouled up), Berendt will take back a treasury of Americana, one that is bound to redound to the credit of the country.

But Berendt isn't leaving as soon as the project is finished. "I want to stay a while longer," he said. "In fact, I'll stay until my money runs out." db

The AFM Convention

UNITY AND SOLIDARITY

By **JOHN TYNAN** LAS VEGAS, NEV.

Although the 63rd annual international convention of the American Federation of Musicians met here in the aluminum-domed Convention Center June 6-9 in an undoubted spirit of unity and solidarity, the meeting convened under the shadow of unrelenting attack by the Hollywood-based Musicians Guild of America prior to the convention's first day.

In an apparent attempt to toss a spanner into the convention works before it got off the ground, Cecil Read's rival organization had repeatedly charged that the federation was planning to stage a phony show for free-loading delegates and that the gathering would amount to no more than a four-day binge and gambling spree, paid for out of the pockets of federation membership. Read further charged that the convention would be controlled by non-playing, semiprofessional delegates who in the past had been maintained in office by the now modified performance trust funds.

Not only did the guild's charges fail to affect the temper of the AFM gathering once the speeches of welcome had been completed, but the MGA issue was noticeably soft-pedaled. It was, indeed, as if by deliberate decision of the convention officers and AFM international executive board that the matter was so de-emphasized.

In starting his keynote address at the convention's opening session June 6 before some 1,200 delegates, President Herman D. Kenin promised them "a most pleasant and optimistic message." By and large, it was. In fact the speech bordered on blandness. And, as if in direct reaction to the subdued tone of the address, applause was sparse and far from hearty.

The president dwelt on three main points: the fight for live music in radio and television, complete abolition of the existing 10 per cent cabaret tax, and the dual union situation in Hollywood.

On the issue of increasing employment of musicians in radio, Kenin denounced "the several thousand broadcasting licensees who fatten off a multi-billion dollar monopoly." He pledged that the federation would pursue its battle against canned music of all kinds —including the much-debated imported soundtracks used in TV films — and would never relax its demands that broadcasting licensees be compelled to fulfill their basic obligations by developing, sponsoring and employing live local talent.

"Theirs," he said of the broadcasters, "is a monopoly dedicated to the propagation—not of talents and human resources, as is their pledge and obligation—but to the propagation of the almighty dollar. Their brazen expropriation of our air waves (is) one of the most despicable and continuing frauds ever perpetrated upon the public."

The federation's fight to rectify this, Kenin added, probably entails "a rewriting of the federal communications act, with built-in policing and endorsing power that stop short of programming censorship."

Thus, dropping the legislative issue into the lap of the next Congress, Kenin served notice of a new federation fight on this issue. Then he stressed the "imperative need of continuous political action (by) direct, lawful economic action" that has always, he said, been labor's chief weapon.

In a review of the AFM-sponsored boycott against radio and television sponsors whose programs use the imported soundtrack, Kenin failed to cite victories against specific firms, advertising agencies, or networks. Instead, he quoted several letters from television station managers sympathizing with the federation's position.

He assured the convention, "We will maintain and expand this boycott."

Only now did Kenin turn to the thorny issue of the existence of the Musicians Guild of America. Yet he refused to mention the organization by name. Instead, he spoke of "the dual union situation" in Hollywood. The federation, Kenin told the delegates, has taken steps that "have gone a long way" toward eliminating "irritations" caused in the past by the Performance Trust Funds. In effect, he told the delegates, the trust fund situation was under control within the AFM.

As to the MGA itself, Kenin declared, "The noise it makes has become more shrill and less audible." Then, instead of launching an all-out attack on Cecil Read and the guild, as many had expected, he adopted a general and positive tone.

"We are hopeful," he said, "that the labor board (NLRB) will, sometime this summer, conduct another election" that would result in the restoration of total film bargaining rights to the AFM and prompt a return to the federation fold of those mavericks who chose to join forces with Read's union.

But Kenin was by no means finished with the guild. Dropping the tone of moderation, he thrust his sharpest barbs at the MGA's theme, oft-repeated prior to the convention, that the conclave was controlled by trust fund-bribed small locals throughout the country which had prevented federation officialdom in the past from dealing fairly with alleged abuses.

He defended the authority as well as the procedures of the annual convention and vigorously attacked the guild's line as "pure, unadulterated, infantile, vicious nonsense." These guild charges, he declared angrily, are "scandalous falsehoods."

Then, returning to his previous conciliatory tone, Kenin said, "The true nature of this convention has finally been grasped by our recording brothers in Hollywood." Whether this statement encompassed those of the recording "brotherhood" sympathetic with the MGA may be regarded as fruitless speculation, since there were no declared guild representatives or supporters present to hear him utter it. And in view of the fact that the preponderent bulk of MGA support stems from such recording musicians, Kenin's declaration appeared to some to be either wishful thinking or a waste of breath.

On the Hollywood achievement side, however, the president cited the recently signed contracts in the television film field that provide for reuse payments to recording musicians.

Throughout the address, Kenin returned again and again to one theme: "The unity of every professional musician."

Tuesday's session was highlighted by two developments—a recommendation put before the convention by Donald Conaway, executive secretary of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, and the appearance of suspended AFM member George Boujie.

Conaway proposed the establishment of a joint committee from all the entertainment unions to cope with future problems of a contractual nature concerning the advent of pay TV. He also noted that entertainment unions do not have representation on the AFL-CIO council and, suggesting this be corrected, proposed Kenin as industry-wide representative.

With the appearance of George Boujie on the convention floor, the problem of the MGA again raised its head. Boujie—among many others—had been suspended from membership in the AFM and heavily fined ($200) for playing a circus job at the Hollywood Bowl under MGA jurisdiction. The matter of jurisdiction was contested and later won by Local 47. This led to disciplinary steps against all AFM members who had played it.

Admitting membership in the guild, Boujie's defense was that because of the dual union situation in Los Angeles, he is forced to take whatever work he can, regardless of jurisdiction. He was permitted to take the platform microphone to plead his own case.

About halfway through Boujie's long speech, the house lights in the huge convention hall went out. Boujie continued his plea in the dark. A delegate rose to demand that he shut up. President Kenin quickly defended the appellant, and Boujie concluded his appeal. With but a faint scattering of "noes" from the floor, the appeal was turned down.

As one reporter drily remarked on the dousing of the lights, it "seemed too timely to be accidental."

In a surprise appearance at Wednesday's session, Joey Adams, president of the American Guild of Variety Artists, and that union's national administrator, Jackie Bright, addressed the AFM delegates.

Adams spoke with pointed humor that raised repeated laughs. He told the convention of AGVA's efforts to reopen closed theaters with live entertainment—a goal long dear to the AFM—and revealed that talks were now in progress toward that end in Los Angeles.

Bright, in a well-tailored speech that stressed "unity and mutual support" between the two unions, pledged AGVA aid for the federation's fight for repeal of the 10 per cent cabaret tax. He won the heaviest applause of the session by declaring, "AGVA members will not appear anywhere with anybody not a paid-up AFM member." Such a resolution has already been passed by his union's adjacent convention in the desert city.

President Kenin thereupon introduced a similar resolution of mutual support and received a lifetime membership in AGVA.

In Wednesday's closing business session the convention killed a resolution to push for the introduction of a bill in Congress urging the creation of the post of secretary of the arts in the cabinet. In addition, a newspaper article by *Down Beat* columnist Ralph J. Gleason opposing mechanical music devices was introduced from the floor. Before adjourning, President Kenin acknowledged before the convention the presence of composer Benny Carter, who was greeted with wide applause.

By Thursday morning's closing meeting, elections of officers had been completed. Kenin was nominated without opposition to succeed himself as president for his third consecutive term. Also renominated and re-elected unopposed were International Secretary Stanley Ballard, Newark, N. J., and International Treasurer George V. Clancy, also of Newark. Occupying the four U.S. seats on the international executive board are Lee Repp, Cleveland, Ohio; E. E. Stokes, Houston, Texas; Alfred J. Manuti, New York City, and Charles (Pop) Kennedy, San Francisco, Calif. Canadian officer on the IEB, Walter M. Murdoch, was also renominated without opposition.

The only contest in the 1960 AFM elections was between incumbent William J. Harris of Dallas, Texas, and Raymond J. Muir of Windsor, Ont. The victor: Harris, with 1,740 votes to Muir's 1,484.

Most interesting disclosure of the closing session was made by treasurer George Clancy during his report on the AFM's Best New Band contest. As the result of negotiations between Al Parvin, president of the Las Vegas Flamingo hotel, and Mike Werner, assistant to president Jack Foy of Las Vegas Local 369, Clancy said, the winning band in 1960's contest will get a two-week booking in the lounge of the hotel, as will the second place band.

According to Clancy, the federation has been working closely with the National Ballroom Operators of America in the promotion of this year's contest. The NBOA, Clancy said, has set aside the week of October 8-15 as *Band Contest Week,* when the tourney will be held.

Clancy admitted that mistakes had been made last year in preparation and even presentation of the contest. This, he suggested, was due to the proximity of the Best Band affair with the first String Congress. But, added Clancy, a tangible result emerging from last year's contest may be seen in the increased earnings of the top bands participating. Earnings, he said, jumped from an average of $250-$350 a night to as much as $500.

Claude Gordon, whose band was winner of last year's contest, was a belated but warmly welcomed speaker during the convention's last hour. "We are pioneering the new big band era," Gordon told the delegates. He then observed, "The young folks don't want the names of their parents' era—they want the names of their own era."

After noting his band's coverage of 41,000 miles in road tours since winning last year, Gordon then put in a hefty plug for his record albums and urged the delegates to get their local disc jockeys to play them, and others like them, regularly. He pinpointed promotion as the greatest need for new bands today and earnestly urged the delegates to help all they could by pressuring disc jockeys.

Other features of the convention proceedings included a spirited debate on the formation of an All-American Symphony that would include members from the 50 states and Canada. There was no resolution of the matter.

The site of this year's International String Congress was chosen as Puerto Rico's International University. The convention was told that a goal of 100 scholarships for the event had been reached at an early date, so that some locals applying late had to be turned down.

Killed by the law committee was a resolution to investigate the possibility of moving the international headquarters of the AFM to permanent offices in Washington, D. C. The reason given for the resolution, according to President Kenin, was that federation executives are commuting constantly to the nation's capital.

One of the more significant notes on which the 63rd annual convention ended involved a law committee decision on a resolution concerning one James C. Petrillo, who was absent from the gathering. The resolution proposed a building erected in Petrillo's honor in Washington, D. C., to be used as national hub of the union. The idea was gently, but very firmly, quashed.

A DIVERGENT VIEW BY NORMAN GRANZ

THE BRUBECK STAND

(Ed. Note: Since 1946, when Jazz at the Philharmonic broke out of the west coast territory for its first national tour, Norman Granz has consistently fought for nonsegregated audiences at JATP concerts. At that time he took the position that "the only kind of law that prejudice understands is the law of economics." He insisted on clauses in all his contracts giving him the right to pull out of a date if a local promoter insisted on segregation. In cases where racial discrimination hit the Negroes in the JATP troupe, Granz brought lawsuits against the discriminators and won. In the following exclusive article, Granz takes issue with the Dave Brubeck "southern affair" (Down Beat, *Feb. 18*) *and the position taken on it by jazz writers.*)

So far, I have managed to contain myself about the stories that ran on Dave Brubeck's canceled southern tour because the southern universities would not accept the mixed group of Negro and white musicians that comprised Dave's group.

I kept quiet about Dave's attitude on the whole matter and his complete lack of understanding of reality because of what I feel to be his naivete in this area. But when the writers of jazz added their confused points of view and applauded him, I felt the time had come that I had to say something about their incredible lack of understanding of the problem.

The distressing and tragic thing about this whole problem of Brubeck playing with a mixed group in the south is that never at any time did I see the question raised by anyone as to the kind of audience he was going to play for! All I read was that he had lost a lot of money for maintaining his principles of the mixed group. In fact, if Dave was really sincere about playing with a mixed group, why didn't he have a clause in his contract saying " . . . my group is mixed, and I reserve the right to play that way . . . " rather than to act surprised when a southern university rejects the group just before the play date?

Let me put it simply. I don't give a damn if Dave Brubeck has an all-white or an all-Negro group, though obviously, if it be possible musically, a mixed group is far more preferable.

I really don't care, for example, if Count Basie has white musicians in his band or not. I know that Basie and Brubeck try to choose musicians on the basis of their ability and not their color. When I formed Jazz at the Philharmonic, it was always happenstance that it was a mixed group, but no one was ever chosen because of his color; leaning over by me to make a group mixed just for the sake of mixing would have been just as chauvinistic as making it all-white or all-Negro. No, the important thing that I learned early with Jazz at the Philharmonic was playing before nonsegregated audiences! Here is the crux of the matter: at no time did I see any guarantee that even if Brubeck had been allowed to appear with the mixed group, would he have been playing before a mixed audience, and the latter, I submit, is far more important than the mixed group.

You see, I had the same experience when I first formed Jazz at the Philharmonic. I never had any trouble playing anywhere in the south with a mixed group, and I mean anywhere. The important thing was that I had a clause in my contract in advance that said I could play with a mixed group and that I would play only before nonsegregated audiences, and it was with that point of view that we managed to break down segregation and established in many cities a precedent for mixed audiences, which is the heart of true integration. I think it has been proved, particularly with today's events, that mixing on the lower levels, such as schools, buses, lunch counters, and concert halls, where people sit next to each other for no other reason than respectively to learn, to travel, to eat, and to enjoy.

I don't think, for example, that Duke Ellington accomplished anything for true integration where segregation existed in the south by having Louis Bellson in his orchestra. I think it far more important that he should have played before nonsegregated audiences in the south and made that stick.

I'm extremely distressed, not so much with Dave, because I know he means well, but at the tragic lack of understanding by the so-called writers of jazz who don't know a damn about the realities of life. As I said, I so ardently believe in true integration—and have devoted my life to achieving it—that I felt that I couldn't hold this back any longer.

P.S. By the way, though this is parenthetical, speaking of sitdowns at lunch counters, in 1947, in Jackson, Mich., almost 14 years ago, I once sat with Helen Humes and J. C. Heard for three hours at a lunch counter until finally they closed the restaurant rather than serve us, so that we were more than two hours late at the concert.

I proceeded to make a speech to a full auditorium as to why we were late, telling them the name of the restaurant and that they wouldn't serve us anything to eat—yet here we were appearing before the same people we couldn't eat with. The point is, only by enforcing vigorously the legal rights of everyone in an audience can true integration be achieved and not by holding up as an example the mixing of musicians. db

KNOB TURNS TO DETROIT

In almost three years of the operation of Los Angeles all-jazz FM radio station KNOB, program director-disc jockey Al (Sleepy) Stein and co-owner Ray Torian had been nurturing a dream of expansion to establish a series of little KNOBs in the country's key cities. This meant, and still means, watching and waiting for available frequencies and clearance from the Federal Communications Commission to start any new radio station.

Last month, KNOB's first all-jazz offspring was finally set to toddle. Scheduled to commence broadcasting by the first of the year, new FM Jazz outlet WIPE is currently under construction atop the Cadillac Tower in Detroit, Mich. The new station, operating at 92.3 megs at a husky 10,000 watts, represents an investment of between $15,000 and $20,000, according to Stein. In addition to Stein and Torian, other investors are KNOB manager Don Propst and adman Tom Mullins.

New WIPE will boast as chief jock-in-residence Detroit's Ollie McLaughlin, in addition to a complement of KNOB's present staff via taped shows.

THINGS TO COME

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The next issue is *Down Beat's* annual International Jazz Critics' Poll issue.

Considered by many the most important of jazz polls, this survey presents the views of the men who make a major occupation of listening to and studying jazz.

One of the most significant facets of the poll is its New Talent categories, wherein it is possible to spot up-and-coming young artists some time before they have reached the general audience consciousness. Winners of the critics' poll usually turn up in high places on *Down Beat's* Readers Poll within a year or so.

Also in the issue (along with coverage of the Hollywood Bowl Jazz Festival, originally scheduled for this issue but held over for mechanical reasons) will be a featurette on Ronald Kirk, the young saxophonist from Columbus, Ohio, who plays three horns simultaneously—and not just as a gimmick.

That's the issue of Aug. 4, on newsstands July 21. The Aug. 18 issue will be devoted to coverage of this years' Newport Jazz Festival.

CHUCKATUCK'S GIFT TO GUITAR

By TOM SCANLAN

Ever since Charlie Christian's solos with the Benny Goodman Sextet electrified the jazz world two decades ago, jazz guitarists have been divided, roughly, into two groups: the amplified, single-string soloists who have little interest in rhythm guitar, and the straight (unamplified) rhythm guitarists who play four, an immensely valuable if dying breed.

But this sharp division is no longer always the case, thanks in part to Charlie Byrd, a 34-year-old soft-spoken, witty, balding Virginian who is helping to give jazz guitar a wider range and a new direction.

Although this extremely versatile guitarist has played amplified guitar in the Christian tradition, Byrd is best known, and rightly so, for his skill at playing jazz on an unamplified concert guitar, finger-style (no pick). And this is not any kind of stunt or gimmick to obtain attention or record dates, as those who have heard him play can tell you.

Byrd plays jazz on the concert guitar with conviction. If nothing more, he is proving to anyone willing to listen that the guitar, by its very nature, is designed to do more than tie a rhythm section together or serve only as a tool for hornlike, single-line improvisation.

This is not to suggest that the reason for Byrd's increasing fame (thanks mainly to a half-dozen LPs) is that he is a different kind of jazz guitarist with a new approach, or new sound if you will. The reason for his appeal and importance lies not so much in *how* he plays but *how well.*

Born and reared in Chuckatuck, a country-store small town near Suffolk, Va., Byrd has played down-home music since childhood. Perhaps this is why, despite his success with more sophisticated music, he digs into something like *Salty Dog* with so much zest, warmth, and a feeling of having been there. Down-home music is certainly no outside thing with this accomplished, serious musician. He is as familiar with the repertoire of Blind Lemon Jefferson and Bessie Smith as he is with the music of Duke Ellington and Bach.

Despite his rare technique, it probably is Byrd's basic jazz spirit that accounts, primarily, for his appeal to other jazz musicians. Also, despite rare eclecticism, it might be pointed out that Byrd is a stylist who somehow always manages to sound like himself regardless of what he plays, which is perhaps the most extraordinary and most impressive thing about him.

Herb Ellis explained his feelings about Byrd this way:

"I am very impressed by his work. Very impressed. I'd say he has a true feel for jazz guitar, which only a few have. I won't name them, but only a few. And he certainly uses classical technique for jazz very successfully."

Later, during casual conversation, Ellis added, "There are some guitarists who impress you with their techniques and not much else. Others reach you. For me, Byrd does both."

One of the unusual and interesting things about Byrd is that here is a musician who prefers, and is able, to play both classical music and jazz music in the same club six nights a week. And unlike some currently popular musicians, he doesn't pretend to mix the two at the same time. When Byrd plays classical music, he plays classical music, and when he plays jazz, he plays jazz.

At the Showboat lounge in Washington, D.C., a smoky cellar club where he has been working regularly to SRO crowds for the last few years, Byrd plays classical, jazz, and folk music—in fact any kind of music for guitar that appeals to him.

Do jazz and classical music mix in a night club? Byrd said he thinks so, adding, "I think it's a good combination. Rather than aim jazz a notch above rock and roll, I believe you should aim it at thinking people."

Has his jazz work hampered his classical work? Or the other way around?

"I don't think so," he replied. "And if it has, what's gained greatly overcomes what may be lost. The value of jazz is completely different from the value of classical music, and I wouldn't want to be without it."

The basic difference in playing jazz and classical music? Byrd said he finds that in classical music "the sound of the individual line, the tone" is of utmost importance. "And in jazz, if you'd have to take it to court, I'd say rhythm is the thing. Segovia, for example, will sacrifice rhythm to get a good sound."

Byrd added that a good many classical guitarists have been criticized for a lack of rhythm and said he has been told that "rhythm is the thing that makes me different from other classical guitarists."

Happily, Byrd is no majority-thinker, no crowd-follower. Although he is an easy-going type who prefers to talk about what's good in music rather than what's bad, pretentious music annoys him, and he believes some highly praised jazz of today is little more than racket. He would much rather hear Billy Butterfield than Ornette Coleman or John Coltrane. And he will rave at length about the piano playing of Oscar Peterson or the singing of Ella Fitzgerald. "I think Ella is about the only female singer who can really *wail*," he said.

Byrd said, "All intellectual music had inspiration from folk music. Look at Italian folk music, and then look at Italian opera, or Bartok and Hungarian music. And Spanish music, of course, is immediately identifiable . . . Even the Bach dances are composed with the popular dances in mind. Most great composers are not great melodic inventors. They tend to work with what others have invented.

"There are, after all, only two bases for music—song and dance. No matter how sophisticated you get, there is dance music—look at jazz or Bach—and song."

Charlie began playing guitar at the age of 9, learning from his father, who plays several string instruments, primarily the mandolin. Charlie played in the dance band at Virginia Polytechnic institute and later gained valuable experience in an army show band in Europe directed by Marty Faloon, described by Byrd as "a real good guitar player." While in Paris toward the end of World War II, Byrd heard and met Django Reinhardt, whose enormous skill amazed him, then as now.

Charlie pointed out that Reinhardt had "a terrific ear" as well as "the best pick technique of anyone who ever lived, which was the balancing factor against his crippled left hand."

"And he was a *real* unamplified guitar player, an acoustical guitar player," he continued. "He played *loud*. There was no pussyfooting around. He also had all kinds of speed and always precise speed. His was a completely individual approach to jazz, and he was the only completely identifiable un-American jazz player I ever heard . . . I took part in lots of good sessions in Paris with Django and Nick Travis, then with an army band." Byrd added that "chord symbols didn't mean much to Django, but once he went through a song, he had it."

From 1946 to 1950, Byrd was a familiar figure on the jazz scene in New York City though certainly not a name performer. During this period, while making "lots of sessions" and playing conventional amplified guitar with groups led by Sol Yaged, Barbara Carroll, Joe Marsala, Alvy West, and Freddie Slack, he became tremendously interested in classical music and began to "fool around" transcribing classical piano music for guitar.

Then he heard about Sophocles Papas, a teacher of classical guitar in Washington, D.C., who was a rarity: one approved for study under the GI Bill of Rights. Byrd learned of Papas from another guitarist, Bill Harris, who had studied with Papas and has since, like Byrd, gained considerable national attention for playing jazz on a concert guitar.

In 1950, Byrd went to Washington to study under Papas, also taking harmony and theory from the city's highly respected Thomas Simmons, and has been based in the capital since, save for a 1954 trip to Italy to study under Andres Segovia and appearances with Woody Herman in New York and in Europe in 1959. Thanks to a growing national reputation, he has also made occasional appearances at jazz festivals and at a few of the nation's better-known jazz clubs.

Byrd met Segovia through Papas and earned the opportunity to study under the world's most honored guitarist by way of a special audition before "the maestro," as Byrd calls him. Study with Segovia took place in Sienna, Italy, in a summer music academy sponsored annually by Count DiCigi.

Byrd said he considers Segovia "the greatest guitarist ever on the face of this earth" and explains the value of his study with Segovia this way:

"He helped me a great deal. In his own way, he is a good teacher although he doesn't teach technique. He teaches interpretation. I'd say the greatest thing I got from him was conviction . . . how much conviction he has in his own ideas and seeing how he goes about playing a piece . . . his logic. I came back from Italy with a lot of confidence in my own ability and a clearer idea of how music should sound."

Back in Washington, Charlie began doing more and more classical work — meaning recitals and transcriptions of classical music for guitar — and at one time had about decided to give up jazz entirely. (He has transcribed a suite by Buxtehude, 10 pieces by Bartok, and innumerable other pieces and has recorded albums of 16th century music and late 17th century music for Washington Records.)

"But I have a revitalized interest in jazz now and want to continue doing both classical and jazz." Byrd, an essentially modest man, added softly, "I think I have a contribution to make. After all, I played jazz all my life until 1950 . . . from '50 to '56 I was doing about 90 percent classical work . . . and decided I shouldn't throw the jazz experience away. I'm probably the only guitarist with this much experience in both classical and jazz music, and I came to realize that this experience should be used as a means of expression."

At the Showboat lounge he is doing just that. Interspersed with the work of his jazz trio (the highly skilled Keter Betts on bass and Bertell Knox on drums) an evening with Byrd at the Showboat will probably include, in Byrd's words: "Something *classical* classical on the first set, say Paganini . . . Something folksy on the second set, a sonatina, a Mexican folk song . . . Third set, classical Spanish, such as Villa Lobos or Granados . . . Fourth set, baroque, Bach, or Frescobaldi. And on the final set, if I've got the wind, flamenco, or perhaps I should say pseudo-flamenco."

At least 40 percent of those who come to the club want to hear classical music, Byrd estimated. He also said he thinks that the audience for guitar is a special one, anyway. "The guitar audience is something of a cult," he said, "one that crosses over musical barriers. Bugs on the guitar don't care what you play."

Betts has been with Byrd for more than three years, Knox for more than two. Byrd describes Knox as a "melodic drummer, which is essential to our kind of trio," and points out that Betts "has an instinctive sense of form. No matter what the tune or the tempo, he'll never lose you."

The repertoire of the trio is a wide one, ranging from what Charlie calls "folk blues things" to music by Ellington, Gershwin, Reinhardt, Monk.

Byrd is very happy about being based in Washington. And no wonder. He is a big fish in a little pond rather than just another big fish in a big pond, as he would be in New York or Los Angeles. In Washington, in addition to his regular

work at the Showboat, Byrd plays for modern dance groups, for stage plays, and for a great variety of singers.

As for the Showboat, Byrd calls it "the best full-time music room in the country easily, at least for what we do," explaining, "the operation of the club is tailored to what we do, to show our act to best advantage." Unlike most jazz clubs, there is unusual concern for the performer at the Showboat, managed by Pete Lambros. There is, for example, a minimum of service during the music, particularly during Charlie's classical solos, and the waitresses wear soft-soled shoes. The place is almost always crowded, and last year a wall was knocked out, more than doubling the size of the club.

Byrd also has been featured regularly on *Jazz Recital*, a Saturday afternoon program over WMAL-TV, which has gone off for the summer but which will return this fall. Disc jockey Felix Grant is the host. Currently, there is a plan afoot to offer this program to other television stations across the nation. Cannonball Adderley and other nationally known musicians have been guests on the show, as have outstanding Washington musicians, including an exceptional jazz accordion player, Dick Bailey.

Byrd likes to go on the road with his trio to good spots in major cities every now and then and also would like to do "a month of serious concerts, say a 20-concert season once a year." But whatever offers may come his way, he plans to remain in Washington. A family man with two children (Jeffrey, 5, and Carol, 2), he likes the security and home life that working in Washington brings. Charlie's wife, Ginny, occasionally sings with the Byrd trio.

While in Europe with Woody Herman last year, Byrd bought a new guitar, which he is quick to praise. It's a Fleta, made in Barcelona, Spain. About 10 are made each year, and a Fleta is the first guitar other than a Hauser that Segovia has ever used in concert. Byrd also has two Hausers but finds the Fleta has a "bigger and better tone." The builder has different ideas about making a guitar, he will tell you, particularly in regard to the inside ribbing and the bottom bar, which Byrd said, "is as big as my thumb." For his now occasional amplified work, he uses a D'Angelico guitar.

Occasionally, Byrd uses a new kind of ceramic pickup for his open-hole guitar. The acoustical box is designed specifically to sound like a guitar, not like an amplified guitar. He uses the pickup only when necessary (as at the Monterey Jazz festival last year).

Byrd's appearances with Herman last year came after the bandleader heard him for the first time in Washington. The week Herman heard Byrd, he was asked what he thought of Washington's favorite guitar player. Herman's answer was quick: "Byrd is the complete answer." db

MINGUS SPEAKS —AND BLUNTLY

BY IRA GITLER

In the course of a critique on Ornette Coleman in these pages several issues ago, Cannonball Adderley categorized Charlie Mingus as a surrealist. Since that term has been used most widely as a description of painters in a certain idiom let's consider it as applied to artists like Ernst, Tanguy, and Miro. What these men did was to exteriorize the subconscious, using the dream instead of nature as a source of inspiration.

About 20 years before the Surrealists in art history came the Expressionists (Roualt, Kokoschka, Soutine), who have been described as having a "passionate, instinctive feeling for the object. Whether a landscape, a still-life or a portrait, the picture for them was a mirror which reflected their emotions and psychic institutions."

If a parallel is to be drawn from one art to another, this second area is where Charlie Mingus fits. *Goodbye, Pork Pie Hat,* for Lester Young, or *Fables of Faubus,* about Gov. Orval E., are not rooted in dream sequences but in real people and events which have affected Mingus. Among other things, Charlie is a man of strong emotions and, if we examine his beginnings in music, one with intuitive powers.

Born in an army camp at Nogales, Ariz., on April 22, 1922, he moved with his family to Watts, Calif. (three miles from Los Angeles), when he was still very young. One Christmas he received a trombone as a present. His teacher asked him to learn the clef but didn't bother to distinguish between bass and treble. Mingus asked his sister, who played piano, to help him. She taught him the treble clef. When he recited it verbatim to the teacher, instead of the bass clef, the man told Charlie's parents that their son was too stupid to learn. Mingus believed him because he didn't know any better. Despite this blow to his ego, he tried to play on his own, but soon the trombone was on its way back to Sears Roebuck.

Some time later, Mingus sought out a boy who was two years older and already in high school. Britt Woodman even then had a reputation as a talented trombonist. Mingus had seen him, had liked him instinctively, and had made up his mind to meet him.

On his way over to Woodman's house, he encountered some bullies. Although he was big for his age (a reason he could hang around with older boys), Mingus was cowardly and shied from any fight. Woodman intervened and, in the next few years, took Charlie to the gym to prepare him for a fight with Coustie. That was the main antagonist's name, as Mingus recalls. You don't forget the names of some people, no matter how long ago they crossed your path.

Woodman taught him more than how to fight. The Woodman family was a musical one. The father, William Woodman Sr., had played with Duke Ellington, as Britt himself was to do in the 1950s and '60s. In the '30s, Britt and his brothers already had a little band. Although Charlie started to hang around the Woodman gas station so that he and Britt could form a "bad" basketball duo at the local playground, he was also reading music over Britt's shoulder while his friend practiced his horn.

Aside from the music books passed out in school for singing class, Mingus hadn't done any sight reading. Intuitively, however, he seemed to hear the sound the note was supposed to make, before it came out. Woodman was quick to spot this natural talent and encourage it. Before, where Mingus only knew that ♯ meant "a little higher" and ♭ "a little lower", he soon found out about key signatures, lines and spaces. Later, when Britt would show him a chord, Charlie would add notes to it. "Sounds weird but it sounds good—like Duke," Britt would say.

The only music that young Mingus had been exposed to was in the Holiness church where his mother took him. His parents were strict and wouldn't permit him to go any place. He had listened to Ellington's *East St. Louis Toddle-Oo* on the ear-phones of a crystal set at the risk of a whipping. It remained for his youthful mentor, Woodman, to take him to hear Duke in person. "I never heard no music like that in church," he recalls. "I nearly jumped out of the bleachers. Britt had to hold me. Some piece, something he did, I screamed and Britt said, 'You like that music,' cause he said it was weird."

Woodman said: "That's not really the swingin'est thing. Basie is the swingin'est. Why do you like that music?"

"I hear that; that is right," answered

an enraptured Mingus.

At Woodman's urging, the Minguses bought Charlie a cello. "It fit right in with my sisters' violin and piano," he remembered.

He started to take lessons but fell victim to an unscrupulous teacher. "He took advantage of my ear and never taught me the fingerboard positions. He'd give me the first note and I'd be gone. My mother thought I was good because I was playing the tunes."

Although Mingus was a minor sensation in the Junior Philharmonic while he was still in grammar school, he did not live up to the reputation that preceded him to high school. "They were

With Tal Farlow and Red Norvo

waiting for a cello player and knew about me. When I got there I couldn't make it."

During this humiliating experience, he got the same "quitting feeling" he had experienced when the trombone teacher had called him dumb. Fortunately, he still had the support of Woodman, who told his parents about the cello teacher (who was promptly fired) and continued to encourage Charlie.

In school, he practiced chord positions on his desk as if it were a piano. Later, when he was studying bass, he would practice in the air on an imaginary instrument on his way to the lesson. "Running though it kind of prepares the co-ordination between the mind and what you're going to do," Mingus said. "I showed it to Dannie (Richmond, his current drummer) and he finds that it works for him."

After Mingus left the Ellington concert, he thought he knew his place in music. Then, in high school, he heard classical music on records and loved it. His favorites became Debussy and Ravel. "I don't know why but they did. I also dug Richard Strauss' *Death and Transfiguration*. I don't know how I got all with death other than religiously. I was raised to believe in Jesus but I always thought there was something else too. As a kid I had Freud's *Introduction to Psychoanalysis* . . . and a book on hypnosis by Ralph Rhodes. I didn't read nothing in school but what I wanted to because we had a school that didn't care about us, so I kind of educated myself.

"I was always talented as a writer. I couldn't spell and all that but they would clean it up for me. They were always asking me to write things. One year I wrote a thing for the Community Chest . . . *Give and Let Live*. It wasn't much, but for a kid . . . Anyway, they gave it to another kid to read and the teacher didn't give me credit."

Young Mingus, who by this time had started to study bass with Red Callender, was moody and confused. "I didn't think I dug life the way other people did. I didn't have any lust or love for life. It was just living and breathing. I dug breathing and all that but I thought something was wrong with life and there must be a better place to go."

The summer before he graduated from high school, Mingus did go to San Francisco, where he met an artist named Farwell Taylor. "I liked his work immediately. It moved me. I couldn't say why I liked it—I didn't know terms like perspective—except that what he painted was living off the paper."

Taylor, to whom Mingus recently dedicated a composition, *Far Wells, Mill Valley* (*Mingus Dynasty* on Columbia), had Charlie stay with him and his wife and encouraged him to become a composer. "Classical, jazz—he didn't care."

In late 1939, Taylor introduced him to the study of Karma Yoga. "I learned through meditation the will to control and actually feel calmness. I found a thing that made me think I could die if I wanted to. And I used to work at it. Not death and destruction but just to will yourself to death."

During this period in 1940-1, Mingus was writing a piece of music. He finished it one day and lay down to die. "I had a little thing in there like *'jingle bells, jingle bells'* . . . not funny style but because it represented Christmas and Christ. While I was laying there, I got to such a point that it scared me and I decided I wasn't ready. And ever since, actually, I've been running because I saw something I didn't want to see. I felt I was too young to reach this point. Then I found something else, a little girl named Jean who I fell in love with. I started to write again and write out of that."

In June, 1960, Charlie Mingus recorded that composition of almost 20 years ago. A 22-piece orchestra under the direction of Gunther Schuller played *Half-Mast Inhibition*. The nine-minute piece will be issued as part of an album on EmArcy. According to Leonard Feather, who supervised the date, it was "something else." After knowing the circumstances under which it was written and considering the kind of power that Mingus' talent is harnessed to, none of us should doubt this, even before an audition.

On the day I met with Mingus for this interview, he had received contracts from BMI for some 200 tunes he had written since coming to New York. With them was a brochure, containing information about Mingus, that the firm is going to issue. In describing Mingus' composing methods, it stated something that has been in print before

In earlier days

about how he gets the framework from the piano and hums it to the musicians so they get the feeling.

"That's what you do on one tune," Charlie explained. "There's the ocean and there's a million waves and each piece is like one of the waves and different as each wave. A creative person is not one thing. That's why I'm trying to go back to the beginning to answer the question that's come to me so many times: 'What is jazz? What is my music in relation to jazz and what kind of a composer am I or what kind of a bass player am I?' That's got a

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PAUL CHAMBERS Youngest old man in Jazz

By BARBARA GARDNER

Even five years ago, Paul Chambers had an impressive history behind him.

He had plucked his way out of that prolific jazz incubator of Detroit with guitarist Kenny Burrell, toured the circuit with the tenor vice-president, Paul Quinichette, and had landed conspicuously in New York City, there to be snapped up by Benny Green, Jay and Kai, George Wallington, and finally, in 1955, Miles Davis.

Yet with all his long list of credits, Chambers is only 25 years old.

The Pittsburgh-born bassist (his family moved to Detroit about 1948) had studied baritone horn and tuba, switching to bass when the school band needed a bassist. He played his first local jobs with the horn and tuba.

Paul cracked big-time jazz while he was still in his teens; he joined the Kenny Burrell Combo. The group lasted only a short time, but the job led to his joining the Paul Quinichette group. This job too proved temporary. In 1954, Chambers was caught in a whirlwind of job changing, during which he worked with Benny Green, the J. J. Johnson-Kai Winding group, and pianist George Wallington. These groups represented a broad cross-section of jazz, indicating how much potential the leaders of these groups saw in him.

But the final step in the big time came when he joined the newly organized Miles Davis Quintet in 1955. Since that time, Chambers has developed into a master bassist, respected for his vital contribution to the Davis group, one of the most sought-after recording bassists in the country.

As early as 1957, Chambers had won the respect of the critics' circle.

"I would rank Chambers as one of the best bassists in jazz and certainly the most exciting performer on that instrument to appear in recent years," Ralph J. Gleason wrote at that time. "He thinks of interesting, intriguing, and beautifully logical things to play. He has excellent rhythm and supplies a fine pulse to whatever he is doing; he has all the technique to do whatever he wants. The combination of these produces a remarkable bassist."

Aside from his musical attributes, one of the most striking characteristics of Chambers is his endurance. He has been known to work a full night in Chicago, fly to New York for a recording date the following day, and fly back to work in Chicago that night. Once his plane stayed up several hours in turbulent weather, unable to land. Yet when it got down, Chambers went straight to the job, fit and ready to play.

On a bandstand, Chambers works confidently and casually. But in the recording studio, he is subject to tension and apprehension. He creates and discards ideas constantly. He may discuss his problem with the other musicians, or he may simply announce that everyone has to stop while he pauses to "get my little stuff together."

But in the main, it seems that nothing but physical unconsciousness will stay the rhythmic pulse that is ingrained in him. Once, it did.

The physical and emotional exertion of playing can be seen in the steady flow of perspiration that drips from his face and glistens on his hands. On one occasion, self-driver Chambers was swinging with the rhythm section. A moment later, there was pandemonium in the studio. Chambers had collapsed into an unconscious heap from strain. (The brandy that was supposed to alleviate the pressure hadn't helped a bit.)

Chambers has had a great deal of attention for his use of the bow. The reactions have ranged from awe to awful, from the sympathetic to the vicious. Yet he is firm in his belief that arco bass contributes a unique and important flavor to musical expression.

Anyone meeting the bassist is bound to be struck by his youthful appearance. He looks even younger than he is. He is usually dressed in casual trousers, open shirt, or bulky sweater. It is difficult for the average fan to realize that this youngster is *the* Paul Chambers. It is even more difficult to imagine him in the role of mature, settled husband and father. But Paul and his lovely wife, Ann, have three children, the oldest of whom is six.

Soft-spoken and reserved, Chambers shares Miles Davis' taste for terse, earthy expression. Though he can be warm and witty among friends, he instinctively shuts a mental door on anyone attempting to "come in" too rapidly. "I don't know about Paul Chambers," one member of the trade remarked. "He's friendly enough, but I just can't seem to get next to him."

This man had merely encountered Paul's proensity for keeping his emotions and feelings to himself. Chambers is often slow to move, but once the initial step is taken, you may consider the deed done.

Chambers is the only remaining member of the original Miles Davis Quintet. And he has been thinking for some time of pulling away from the group. He feels a need for greater and more personal expression.

"I've been here so long," he said recently. "I ought to be moving on now. Not that there is anything wrong with this group, but I want to do some things on my own."

Whether he moves now or not, Chambers is not marking time. He continues to garner fans, reputation, experience, and recording credits, all of which contribute to a reputation as an old man of jazz at 25.

Ornette: the FIRST beginning

In the recent fuss and furor over Ornette Coleman, a good many persons have been making hasty leaps for the tailgate of what might turn out to be a bandwagon. But as Ralph Gleason pointed out recently in the San Francisco Chronicle, *Coleman, at the early stages of his career, had one lone champion among those who write on the subject of jazz:* Down Beat's *west coast editor, John Tynan.*

Tynan was praising Coleman when the esotericists of jazz were ignoring him—if, in fact, they had ever even heard of him.

Recently, Tynan was asked to write his own account of Coleman's early days. By inclination and training, Tynan is opposed to personalized journalism. But at last he acceded, producing the following report. It is defective in that it underplays Tynan's own role as Coleman's first critical champion. But it is an oddly moving story, and it helps put Ornette Coleman in perspective as what, at base, he is: a human being.

By JOHN TYNAN

Few artists in recent years have provoked such a tempest of controversy as has 30-year-old alto saxophonist player Ornette Coleman. In less than two brief years his highly individualistic playing has drawn from musicians and laymen cries ranging from "fraud . . . !" and "unbearable nonsense . . . " to "genius . . ." and "another Bird." From a hungry and virtually unemployable unknown, Coleman has become one of the most promising record "properties" in jazz and today need have few worries about working steadily with his group in clubs or at festivals.

To Coleman, this radical shift in economic status must seem rather ironic. The slim, reserved young Texan has never asked anything but opportunity to write and play his horn. This was denied him at open sessions; most musicians he sat in with in Los Angeles couldn't tolerate playing with him and often left the stand rather than do so.

Coleman followed a lonely course. He wrote and played at home because "most musicians didn't take to me; they said I didn't know the changes and was out of tune." Daytimes he held down a job as elevator operator in a Los Angeles department store where he would park on the 10th floor and study harmony. When the store introduced self-operating elevators, Ornette was out of a job.

Despite the economic bite, Coleman kept writing. By now he was beginning to attract a coterie from the ranks of the Young Turks on the Los Angeles jazz scene. Three who were among his earliest cohorts were trumpeter Don Cherry, bass player Don Payne, and a drummer still in his 'teens at the time, Billy Higgins. They felt they understood Ornette's aim; they felt a surge of almost overpowering emotional force in his expressionist blowing; they were wild about his writing. When they couldn't find a club to sit in with Coleman, they'd play in one of their homes.

Coleman was no longer ignored in his art, but to the jazz world at large he remained unknown and unsung. Whenever he tried auditioning for a club-owner he was dismissed in derision. Deaf to the beauty of his original writing, the club operators winced and howled for mercy when he played.

Howard Rumsey, bass playing leader of the jazz group at the well known Lighthouse cafe in Hermosa Beach. Calif., recalled the first time Coleman sat in there.

"He played here one Monday night when I wasn't working. The off night. The boss thought he was nuts!"

Reminiscing, Rumsey went on, "Everybody — the musicians, I mean — would panic when you'd mention Ornette. People would laugh when his name was brought up."

But if Coleman wasn't permitted personally to express himself for pay to audiences of cash customers, he had his missionaries. Possibly his chief evangelist was bassist Payne. In August, 1957, Payne, Cherry, Higgins and Texas tenor man James Clay worked a fortnight at the Cellar in Vancouver, B.C. Much of the music they played during the engagement was written by Ornette.

When the group returned to Los

Angeles, Payne called the *Down Beat* office one afternoon. He told me about the job in Vancouver and said, "Look, we made some tapes up there. I'd like you to hear them because I really think you'll dig the charts. Some of them are Ornette Coleman's and, John, they're just too much."

That, I believe, was the first time I had heard the name, Ornette Coleman.

Unable to resist Payne's enthusiasm, I drove up to his apartment of Hollywood's Beachwood Drive. What I heard that afternoon in 1957 convinced me that in Coleman jazz had birthed an important *writer*. I had yet to hear him play.

In *Down Beat*, Sept. 5, 1957, I termed the group that worked in Vancouver a "neo-bop quartet." I only bring this up to clarify an important point. While Coleman worked independently at first, forging his personal concept of jazz which today has emerged as possibly an important force, it would be a mistake to conclude he that was fountainhead of an avant garde movement. His mission was personal; he served his own bright muse. But the new, vital life-force stemming from the assertion by Negro musicians of their own musical-cultural birthright made it possible for Coleman's music to be appreciated by his fellows and for it to be recorded.

Perhaps the point is more clearly seen if put this way: The "discovery" of Ornette Coleman had to await the demise of the tutti-frutti intellectualism of the "west coast jazz" of the early 1950s. Coleman first arrived in Los Angeles — center of the new experimentation — in 1951. He didn't trek west from Fort Worth by choice: he was left there high and dry by Pee Wee Crayton's rhythm and blues outfit, which he had joined in his home town. Ruefully, Coleman has said, "He (Crayton) didn't understand what I was trying to do, and it got so he was paying me not to play."

Such was the hostility of most Los Angeles musicians whenever Coleman showed up at a session, the altoist quickly got the message that sunny southern Cal was giving him the freeze and returned to Fort Worth before the end of 1952. He wasn't to view the Pacific again for more than 18 months.

The jazz climate in Los Angeles at the time of Ornette's first trip west was such that general professional acceptance of his music was totally out of the question. He rejected the then prevalent slavish imitation of a living Charlie Parker though the root of his musical thought was buried in Bird; he was completely alien esthetically to the experiments of the white sophisticates.

By 1957, a virile new current was detectable in jazz on the west coast. A new generation was reaching for a jazz mode of expression in which it could find fulfillment; most of the youngsters of this generation turned their faces east to the "hard boppers" and drew inspiration from Rollins, Coltrane, et al. Personifying the new stirring in the west were the young acolytes who turned to Coleman's music. Ornette was waiting for them.

"New altoist Ornet Coleman may do an album (very, very avant garde) for Contemporary Records . . ."

I ran the item in *Down Beat*, Feb. 20, 1958, at the outset of a year that was to mark Coleman's breakthrough. Behind those 15 words and the misspelled first name hides a story as gratifying as any of the happier tales of jazz.

Bass players, like guitarists, are a breed prone to seek out one another, to compare notes on their craft and to play together. Here's an illustration: During one brief period in 1958 both the Modern Jazz Quartet and the Oscar Peterson Trio happened to be in Los Angeles at the same time. Ray Brown was staying at Hollywood's Knickerbocker hotel and before you could say *soundpost* Percy Heath, Leroy Vinnegar and Don Payne were jamming in Ray's room in one of the wildest bass sessions in history. It continued all afternoon and its spirit was caught on still film by singer Don Nelson. To the bass players there was nothing unusual about the get-together. It just figured.

When Don Payne found himself living near Red Mitchell that year in Hollywood it also figured they would see much of one another. Mitchell, a musician of incurable esthetic curiosity and apparently ceaseless development as an artist, was quite conversant with the new directions being sought by younger jazzmen. For a time, in fact, he led a short-lived quartet that featured James Clay's tenor sax and flute.

One day in Payne's apartment Mitchell heard a Coleman original. He was quite impressed and told Ornette, who was present together with Don Cherry, Billy Higgins and pianist Walter Norris, that he should take the music to Lester Koenig, owner of Contemporary Records. Ornette agreed.

Coleman's first visit to Contemporary is not without a touch of comedy.

"He came in alone one day when I was very busy," Koenig recalled. "I asked him to come back in a few days. When he returned the following Friday, he said he had some music he wanted to sell and mentioned Red Mitchell had suggested he come see me.

"I took him to the piano and asked him to play the tunes. Ornette then said he couldn't *play* the piano.

"Then I asked him, 'How did you hope to play your tunes for me if you can't play piano?'

"So he took out his plastic alto and began to play."

Koenig liked the tunes, but, said he, "I liked the way he played the alto, too."

He spoke to Coleman about recording and when Ornette told him he'd been playing with Cherry, Norris, Payne, and Higgins, Koenig arranged for the entire group to play an audition.

Payne remembers that audition. "Red Mitchell sat with Les through the whole thing," he said. "The group played a few charts of Ornette's and next thing we knew we had an album date."

Ironically, as Koenig noted, "Ornette had no intention of recording when he came to see me. He needed some money and came in to sell me some tunes."

Coleman recorded two LPs for Contemporary, *Something Else! The Music of Ornette Coleman* (C3551) and *Tomorrow is the Question* (M 3569) and after he moved to New York, switched to Atlantic Records, his present affiliation. Koenig was extremely sorry to lose him and makes no bones about it.

"We just couldn't support him here in Los Angeles," he said. "There was no place for the group to work and when Ornette and Don got the chance to go back east, they had to take it.

"When Ornette was going through a period of development and experiment here, we stood by him and gave him encouragement and money when he needed it. At least we helped all we could in that period."

I first heard Ornette play when Don Payne brought a test pressing of *Something Else!* to the *Down Beat* office. My first impression was one of complete shock. But I felt the power and experienced a curious sense of elation at the absolute lack of inhibition in his playing. Key words and phrases flitted through my head, rather than fully formed thoughts. "Vitality . . . furious passion . . . what was *that?* . . . the guy's crazy . . . where is he? . . . what the hell is he doing? . . . power . . . force . . . freedom."

After that baptism of Ornette's fire, I couldn't wait to hear him play in person. One night Payne told me he was coming to sit in at an open session after hours in a beer-and-coffee joint called Terry Lester's Jazz Cellar. Coleman had been dropping in occasionally possibly because of the frequent presence of another sax man, Joe Maini, an unabashed admirer of Ornette.

As Payne and I sat at a table by the wall, Ornette joined the four or five other musicians on the section of floor space that constituted the "bandstand." He held his fire until other horn men

Continued on Page 58

OUT OF MY HEAD

BY GEORGE CRATER

It's hard to believe, but with this issue, it's been a little over a year since I've been back with *Down Beat*. Despite such handicaps as Ira Gitler, Nat Hentoff, Ornette Coleman, the disappearance of Zoot Finster, the high-cost of getting juiced-out, and Cyd Charisse's failure to marry me, it hasn't been *that* bad a year. After all, I *could've* been Alan Freed's public relations counselor . . .

Looking over old columns and thinking back over the year, many thoughts, memories, questions, chuckles, and tears come to mind . . . (For best effect, may I suggest you adjust your equipment to the R.I.A.A. curve and play a large, stringed version of Gus Kahn and E. Van Alstyne's *Memories.*)

Like for instance, I was thinking:

1. *Will* Dan Terry come back?
2. Dec. 8 is Sol Yaged's birthday.
3. I know about Erroll Garner, but has *Martha Glaser* ever taken a piano lesson?
4. One of the funniest inscriptions to be found on any restroom wall is the one at Junior's: "To Junior, Best Regards—Eleanor Roosevelt . . ."
5. One of the funniest *restroom walls* to be found is the one at Junior's!
6. The last taste Junior bought me was on V-J Day.
7. The way I figure it, between Dinah Washington and Tommy Manville you could start a helluva silver tray business.
8. Is *anybody* interested in reading Vincent Lopez's life story?
9. Just what was it that *Nina Never Knew?*
10. I've got only 4,657 autographed 8x10 glossy photographs of Tony Graye left.
11. I wish some bearded bandleader would overthrow José Melis . . .
12. I'd like to *Man-Tan* Phil Harris, give him three bucks, throw him on the beach at Biloxi, and *then* hear him sing *That's What I Like About the South* . . .
13. Do I really *care* if Dan Terry comes back?
14. I'm willing to trade my entire collection of Clyde Lombardi bowed bass solos for a single record by Bubbles Becker and his Orchestra.
15. If Cannonball or Dave Brubeck will write me, I'll be very happy to send them Ira Gitler's home address in a plain, unmarked envelope.

Well summer's back. *Summer* . . . poison ivy, accidental drownings, boiled-over radiators, sun stroke, and jazz festivals. I dig summer, though, for a few reasons.

For one thing, chicks look groovier in the summer, *all* chicks. For some reason, July makes *nowhere* chicks look groovy and groovy chicks *something else!* Another thing that grooves me about warm weather is the fact that I can hang up hatcheck people in clubs all around the city. I sorta feel I'm making up for the whole year they hyped me a quarter for a coat I wanted to hold on my lap in the first place.

Unfortunately, the warm weather can't straighten the restroom attendant scene. Fall, winter, spring, and summer, that cat (or chick) is on the scene with the faucets wailing, whisk broom ready, towel-on-arm, and a shelf full of Wildroot Cream Oil that nobody ever uses.

Then we have the beach scene. Since my chest looks like an escalator step (*bullies kick sand in my face every year*) and I can't swim, I just sorta sit on the beach in shades, sweater, and slacks (under a beach umbrella with a cooler of beer) and dig chicks. The thing that always breaks me up about that scene is: Do the same thing during the *winter* and *away* from a beach and you're called a Peeping Tom. That's a drag.

But anyway, summer's back in all its glory. Who knows? Maybe I'll find myself an empty lot and start a jazz festival . . .

Since most of my work is done either at the pad, Junior's, Charlie's, or at some club, I seldom get down to the *Down Beat* office. Spending one afternoon down there not too long ago proved to me how lucky I am. If I was forced to work from the office, aside from getting absolutely nothing done, I'm sure I'd snap within two days. In a matter of hours, on that infamous day, I received the following telephone questions:

1. How tall is Nat King Cole?
2. Where can I get a subscription to *Cashbox?*
3. Wasn't Larry Elgart one of the original *Four Brothers?*
4. Where can I get in touch with Susan Foster who sang in *The Phantom Of The Opera?* ("She sang like an angel . . .")
5. Was there a bandleader named Julian Woodworth 20 years ago at the Governor Clinton Hotel? ("I think he played piano . . .")
6. What's the name of the artist and label that recorded *I'll See You In My Dreams?*
7. We plan to do an article on Gerry Mulligan. Can you tell me what company she records for?
8. May I please speak to Nat Hentoff?

I think I'll go to the beach . . .

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

CLASSICS

Copland's Copland

[M] AARON COPLAND: *Appalachian Spring* and suite from the opera *The Tender Land* — RCA Victor LM-2401.
Personnel: Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Copland.
Rating: ★★★★

Like Stravinsky and other composers of strong artistic feelings and sound commercial sense, Copland has recently been trying his hand at conducting. In these two works, at least, he proves quite successful. Obviously no one can contest the fact that these are definitive readings.

Appalachian Spring, written as a ballet score for Martha Graham in the early 1940s, is one of Copland's most frequently played works. It has been treated to several fine recordings, notably by Howard Mitchell for Westminster and Eugene Ormany for Columbia. But the suite from the opera, *The Tender Land,* which dates from the early '50s, makes its disc debut herewith.

What effect the complete opera would make, one can only guess, but the excerpts Copland presents suffer from sameness, and it must be added, a surprising lack of vitality. This music, for all its pastoral charm, has too little to say and takes altogether too long to say it.

Performances and recorded sound are top-notch. (D.H.)

Budapest Quartet

[S] MOZART Clarinet Quintet, K. 581; *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik,* K. 525 — Columbia MS-6127.
Personnel: Budapest Quartet (Josef Roisman and Alexander Schneider, violins; Boris Kroyt, viola, and Mischa Schneider, cello); Julius Levine, double bass, and David Oppenheim, clarinet.
Rating: ★★★

David Oppenheim, a television producer by trade, also is a clarinetist of impressive talents, though this performance of the quintet is a bit too stiff to compete with the very best.

The Budapest's version of the famous Mozart serenade is of more interest, since it is one of the few recordings available of the music in its original form: for string quartet and double bass. The suave tones associated with the Budapest quartet are always in evidence, and while some of the sunnier aspects of this score do not shine through, the total effect is charming.

First-class stereo, and a lifelike string tone. (D.H.)

Andrew Imbrie

[M] ANDREW IMBRIE String Quartets No. 2 (1953) and No. 3 (1957)—Contemporary Records (Composers Series) C-6003.
Personnel: California String Quartet (Felix Khuner and David Schneider, violins; Detlev Olshausen, viola, and Detlev Anders, cello) in No. 2, and Walden String Quartet (Bernard Goodman and Homer Schmitt, violins; John Garvey, viola, and Robert Swenson, cello) in No. 3.
Rating: ★★★

Among the dozens of valid ways of classifying composers, this one is useful: there are composers who aim chiefly to please others, and those who aim chiefly to please themselves (or, at least, so intimate a circle that it amounts to the same thing). It is apparent from the two quartets recorded here that Imbrie is of the latter persuasion. Both works are standoffish, coolly academic, and expertly crafted along uncompromisingly economical lines. There is more rhythmic and structural strength than harmonic or melodic interest.

Repeated hearings of these works adds to one's respect for their craft, but increases liking for them hardly at all. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Gene Ammons

[M] THE TWISTER — Prestige LP 7176: *The Twister; Four; Pennies from Heaven; Cattin'.*
Personnel: Ammons, tenor saxophone; Idrees Sulieman, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Mal Waldron, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Art Taylor, drums.
Rating: ★★★

It really doesn't matter that this album is a reissue. It gives one the opportunity to hear again several musicians in their formative years. What does matter is that we are given an example of Gene Ammons as a spiritual influence in jazz.

With the exception of *Pennies,* which is excellent, the album is a routinely good record date. Its greatest elements of satisfaction come on those occasions when Ammons is blowing. It is not his solos (actually several of the men come closer to being jazz musicians than he), so much as his musical presence that elevates the group into a cooking unit. When he falls out, so does much of the spirit.

The selection of Sulieman for this date places the trumpeter in an uncomfortable and unfair position. His crisp, technically inspired approach is at odds with the more funky personal emoting of the rest of the group. His solos on *Twister* and *Four* are especially piercing. As he moves rapidly over his horn, goes spiraling upward or cascading down, he is impressive as a technician but, in this environment, cold and without feeling.

Those who hold to the belief that Charlie Parker was the only well from which Sonny Stitt drew inspiration need hear only this album to realize the great debt the popular Stitt owes to an almost obscure Ammons.

On this LP Gene Ammons swings constantly. He uses many of the acknowledged Ammons clichés, but there is great feeling portrayed here. The ad lib chorus that opens *Pennies* sets a high level of pure soul, and the medium-tempo solo that follows continues the mood; the group is an inspired extention of this performance.

A few minor hindrances: Chambers seems to have a rattling bass. It is most noticable on *Cattin'.* Art Taylor leaps in ready to pounce on Ammons with a roll about two choruses before the end of the tenor solo on *Pennies.* McLean apparently has reed trouble, which seems to inhibit him.

This is a warm session—not red hot. It is appetizing if you have a taste for mixed music: both so-so and good. (B.G.)

Basso-Valdambrini Quintet

[M] THE BASSO-VALDAMBRINI QUINTET—Verve MG V-20009: *Come Out, Come Out Wherever You Are; Fan-Tan; I Don't Wanna Be Kissed; Parlami D'Amore Mariu; Everything Happens to Me; Lo Struzzo Oscar; Lotar; Like Someone in Love; C'Est Si Bon; Gone with the Wind;* Ballad Medley (*I Can't Get Started, Lover Man*); *Chet to Chet.*
Personnel: Gianni Basso, tenor saxophone; Oscar Valdambrini, trumpet; Renato Sellani, piano; Gianni Azzalini, bass; Gianni Cazzola, drums.
Rating: ★★★

If you want to have some fun with your friends, put this one on the turntable and let them try to guess who's who. Chances are the names of Stan Getz and Chet Baker will be mentioned over and over. But this group's home base is Milan, Italy; it's musical base is the mid-1950s, U.S.A.

Even though all the members are highly derivative, the group has a lightness that comes as a waft of cool air in this era of the open hearth furnace. Basso has captured Getz' mid-'50 conception almost exactly (he quotes some phrases of Getz verbatim); the only area in which he falls short of the Getz mark is in command of the instrument. Although he plays cleanly and well technically, he hasn't the facility of Getz. But then, who has?

Co-leader Valdambrini is not only deeply rooted in Baker but has some Conte Condoli overtones as well. The rhythm section is not up to the horns in derivative expression; it tends to be a bit stiff, especially drummer Cazzola.

Much of the ensemble work is Mulliganesque — lots of polyphonic passages contrasted to straight unison. Minor seconds abound, as they used to in the old quartet days. And those endings! Straight out of the Mulligan song book.

But imitative or not, the horn men play

quite well, and hardly any of the unrelaxed air that fouls up so much of European jazz efforts is evident in their work. In fact, Basso sounds like he's playing stretched out on an airfoam mattress.

All in all, a good album for blindfold tests, reminiscence, and not a few kicks.

(D. DeM.)

Duke Ellington

Ⓜ BLUES IN ORBIT—Columbia CL 1445: *Three J's Blues; Smada; Pie Eye's Blues; Sweet and Pungent; C Jam Blues; In a Mellotone; Blues in Blueprint; The Swingers Get the Blues Too; The Swingers' Jump; Blues in Orbit; Villes Ville Is the Place, Man.*

Personnel: Duke Ellington, piano; Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonzalves, tenor saxophone; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Ray Nance, trumpet; Booty Wood, Matthew Gee Jr., trombones; Harry Carney, baritone and bass clarinet; Ray Nance, violin; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Jimmy Wood, bass; unidentified drummer.

Rating: ★★½

The two tunes of this LP that do finally get up and go someplace are fairly simply constructed blues featuring Hamilton on tenor, *Three J's Blues* and *Pie Eye's Blues.* Whether the gutty, raucous tone and rhythm 'n' blues phrases Hamilton emits can be construed as jazz is a fine point that will not be belabored in the effort to salvage this album from utter mediocrity.

Ray Nance is a fine musician and I choose to believe that this was one of "those days" for him on trumpet. He seems to be fighting the horn all the way and has trouble constructing even the simplest ideas.

The name of the drummer is not listed. He exhibits many of the bad habits of Jimmy Johnson. What is apparently an attempt to push or boot the group, big band style, results in bad timing, intrusion and occasionally a droning rock-and-roll beat. Often I get the impression that the group is ignoring the drums and playing from rote.

Should anyone need a new tune with which to learn the Madison, *Villes Ville* is highly recommended. It's perfect for the dance.

How unfortunate that these award winners (suggesting supremacy) could not have gone into the studio with good, fresh arrangements, after a good night's rest, and recorded a more accurate representation of their talent. (B.G.)

Walt Gifford

Ⓜ WALT GIFFORD'S NEW YORKERS—Delmar DL-206: *I Can't Believe that You're in Love with Me; Louisiana; Struttin' with Some Barbesue; It All Depends on You; California, Here I Come; Fidgety Feet; That's Aplenty; At the Jazz Band Ball.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-6: Johnny Windhurst, trumpet; Ed Hubble, trombone; Bob Mitchell, clarinet; Dick Carey, piano; Gifford, drums; unidentified guitar. Tracks 7 and 8: Jim Baby, cornet, replaces Windhurst; Pete Hewitt replaces Carey; John Field, bass, added. Track 9: Ollie Taylor replaces Mitchell; Larry Eanet, valve trombone, replaces Hubble; George Wein replaces Carey.

Rating: ★★★

A good deal of this album's rating is for the excellent work of Windhurst. His warm, singing solos are beautiful examples of lyrical invention, and he can also whip the ensemble choruses into a stomping drive state, as he does on *Jazz Band.* His wistful, Bix-like work on both verse and chorus of *Louisiana* is easily the high point of the LP. Windhurst is about the only major voice to come out of the Boston-Storyville brand of college-boy traditionalism.

The rhythm section on those tracks without bass tends to be stiff and metronomic, and even the takes with Field added are not exceptional examples of drive and guts. The anonymous guitarist on the first six tracks sounds slightly familiar and probably is a well known bistro operator in New York.

Drummer Gifford's work is in good taste but lacks the spark of imagination necessary to give color to any group; his fours (why must so many up-tempo traditional performances include that drum break at the end?) reflect this lack of imagination, at least as heard on this effort.

Mitchell's clarinet work is generally very good. His best track is *Depends,* in which he displays a warm and relaxed low register. The other clarinetist, Taylor, is fiery but woefully out of tune. The other men on the album contribute adequate if not especially stimulating solos and ensemble work.

Recommended for the fine playing of Windhurst. (D.DeM.)

Dizzy Gillespie

Ⓜ THE GREATEST TRUMPET OF THEM ALL—Verve MG V 8352: *Blues After Dark; Sea Breeze; Out of the Past; Shabozz; Reminiscing; A Night at Tony's; Smoke Signals; Just by Myself.*

Personnel: Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Gigi Gryce, alto saxophone; Benny Golson, tenor saxophone; Henry Coker, trombone; Pee Wee Moore, baritone saxophone; Ray Bryant, piano and celeste; Tommy Bryant, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

When all the chips are down and historians begin weeding out the men from the boys in jazz, perhaps Dizzy Gillespie *will* emerge the greatest trumpeter of them all. Yet how can one say to the man of this potential, "You have wasted an excellent album title"?

It is inconceivable to me that a giant such as Gillespie could ever record a *bad* tune; yet this album has its weak moments.

The charts by Gryce and Golson somehow fail to inspire a creative response from Gillespie; consequently, technique and restraint are the two major contributions from him. *Smoke Signals* is the one tune on which he seems to want to fly, and he does so magnificently. However, the introduction is embarrassingly similar to the intro to *Cherokee* which Gryce wrote for Clifford Brown.

Reminiscing is a haunting tune, presenting excellent voicing and accompaniment to a straightforward, truthful Gillespie and a sensitive Golson who has moved up the register of his horn to interpret this one.

For those who are acquainted with the prowess of Gillespie, this album may come

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 (vocal), *Abbey Is Blue* (Riverside 12-308)
Lester Young, *Going for Myself* (Verve MG V 8298)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Helen Humes (vocal) (Contemporary M-3571)
Freddie Redd, music from *The Connection* (Blue Note 4027)
Various Artists, *One World Jazz* (Columbia WS 314)

★ ★ ★ ★

Nat Adderley, *Work Song* (Riverside RLP 12-318)
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* (Hifijazz 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)
Various Artists (reissue) *Singing the Blues* (RCA-Camden CAL 588)
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)

THELONIOUS MONK

THELONIOUS MONK at **The Blackhawk** — Thelonious at his surging, driving, creative best in a "live" session recorded at the famed San Francisco nightclub. It's Monk's quartet plus guest Harold Land and Joe Gordon in a swinging meeting of East and West that includes the newest Monk composition, **Worry Later,** and a brilliant version of the great **'Round Midnight.** (RLP 12-323; also Stereo 1171)

THE SOUL SOCIETY

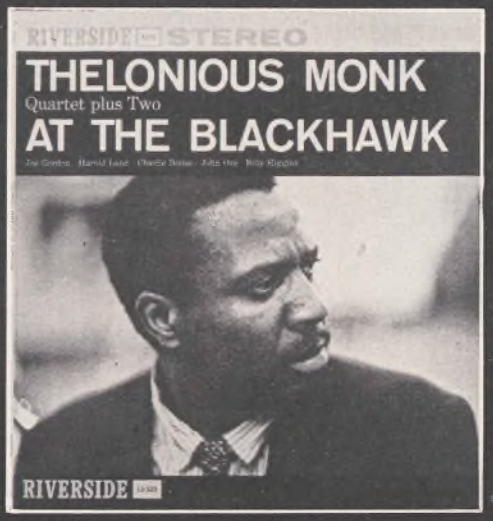
THE SOUL SOCIETY: SAM JONES (and friends) — Here's an exciting and moving experience in "soul" music that musicians have been raving about since the day it was recorded! Featuring Cannonball Adderley's sensational bassist, Sam Jones, playing bass and remarkable, low-down **cello,** and backed with enthusiasm and affection by top talent like Nat Adderley, Bobby Timmons, Blue Mitchell, Jimmy Heath, etc. (RLP 12-324; also Stereo 1172)

CLAY & NEWMAN

The Sound of the Wide Open Spaces: CLAY & NEWMAN — Two rousing tenor sax men from Texas team up for a really unusual bash! DAVID "FATHEAD" NEWMAN (featured with Ray Charles) and sensational newcomer JAMES CLAY, backed by a notable rhythm section (Wynton Kelly, Sam Jones, Art Taylor), in the first of a series of "Cannonball Adderley Presentation" albums — spotlighting Adderley's choices for near-future stardom.

(RLP 12-327; also Stereo 1178)

3 new big ones on RIVERSIDE!



as an emotional and musical disappointment; yet it is a good record, easy to listen to, to relax by, and to enjoy in quiet moments. (B.G.)

Woody Herman

Ⓜ WOODY HERMAN'S BIG NEW HERD AT THE MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL—Atlantic 1328: *Four Brothers; Like Some Blues, Man, Like; Skoobeedoobee; Monterey Apple Tree; Skylark; The Magpie.*

Personnel: Woody Herman, clarinet and alto; Zoot Sims, Bill Perkins, Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Don Lanphere, alto and tenor saxophones; Med Flory, baritone saxophone; Al Porcino, Conte Candoli, Ray Linn, Frank Huggins, trumpets; Bill Chase, Urbie Green, Sy Zentner and Bill Smiley, trombones; Vic Feldman, piano or vibraharp; Charlie Byrd, guitar; Monty Budwig, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

What a rewarding album! There are no moments of ecstatic abandonment; but apparently a swinging good time was had by all at Monterey and it is all recorded here. There is such a high overall level of performance that a tune-by-tune critique would just be cumbersome. Old standby *Apple Honey,* all dressed up in her new title *Monterey Apple Tree,* does deserve special note. It is a gigantically building tune which, when it reaches its climax, pitches one heart first into motion and excitement.

Like Some Blues bothers me. It begins genuinely enough; but after Feldman's solo and with the introduction of a Sweets Edison-type Candoli, I begin to feel the Magnificent Steal approaching and the tune finally bogs down under its own weight. Duke *and* Count are just too heavy.

Urbie Green's interpretation of *Skylark* calls our attention once again to his great command of his horn, especially with the ballad.

Stan Getz was not there, but the disciples of The Sound were, and they were talking that Getz talk. The reed section speaks like a gathering of Getz boosters.

Monterey must have been a gas. This group certainly has the pots on. (B.G.)

Newport Youth Band

Ⓜ THE NEWPORT YOUTH BAND under the direction of MARSHALL BROWN at the NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL — Coral CRL 57306: *Tiny's Blues; Cinnamon Kisses; Power Glide; Blues Inside Out; Copley Square; Solid Blue; The Most Minor; Down for Double; She's Funny That Way; Lemon Drop.*

Personnel: Bill Vacarro, Nat Pavone, Charlie Miller, Harry Hall, Alan Rubin, trumpets; Benny Jacobs-El, Chip Hoehler, Astley Fennell, Jay Shanman, trombones; Andy Marsala, Larry Morton, altos; Mike Citron, tenors; Ronnie Cuber, baritone; Jerry Friedman, guitar; Mike Abene, piano; Herb Mickman, Ed Gomez, bass; Larry Rosen, drums; Marshall Brown, leader. Only four trumpets play on each number; Gomez subs for Mickman on certain numbers.

Rating: ★★★½

In jazz, when youth must be served, Marshall Brown is at the velvet rope as *maitre de.* While the Newport Youth Band should be judged on its intrinsic merit, the entire project must be taken into account. Much time and love went into the formation of the band. Brown is a man of great enthusiasm; this is communicated to the band. Along with the fire, this well-rehearsed crew has a good sense of dynamics.

The spirit of the band is oriented along the lines of Basie, old and new, and Basie-influenced modern. Brown's *Solid Blue* and *Copley Square* are effective; the former, a Basie vintage 1950s thing and the latter in a Shorty Rogers vein. His *Cinnamon Kisses* is a bagatelle, however.

Ernie Wilkins' *Power Glide* and *Blues Inside Out* are naturally related to the Basie feel too, though *Blues* is more a frame for the soloists than anything else.

Brown transcribed *Tiny's Blues* from the original Chubby Jackson recording, *Down for Double* from the old Basie and *Lemon Drop* from Woody Herman's version.

The two numbers that vary the main area of reference are solo vehicles. Trumpeter Rubin renders a lyrical treatment of *She's Funny That Way* and altoist Marsala interprets John La Porta's soft-voiced lament *The Most Minor* very sensitively.

Throughout the album, solo results are mixed. Marsala has been listening to Phil Woods. He is the most consistent soloist, but on *Lemon Drop* he is mechanical. Citron has guts but tends towards the cliché and a tone that is not fully developed. The promise is there, however. Pianist Abene is more than competent throughout and drummer Rosen displays intelligence along with drive. The trombonists are both fine. Hoehler solos only on *Solid Blue* but Jacobs-El is spotted several times and displays a warm, uninhibited style which, despite some flaws, should be the envy of many a more experienced player. Cuber's baritone solo on *Tiny's Blues* will gas you. His "break" at the beginning of the solo shows a wonderful sense of time. I didn't care for Hall's trumpet solos. He sounds like a lead man playing jazz. On *Copley Square,* he almost makes it but his pucka-puck attack gets in the way and prevents him from really swinging. This is more obvious on *Power Glide.*

The faults I have named are minor for the most part. The one track of the swingers that doesn't come off is *Lemon Drop.* It is taken too fast to begin with and yet succeeds in finishing faster. Other than this and the trifling *Kisses,* this LP is a credit to Brown and the boys (ages 14 to 18). The excitement of the afternoon at Newport is present in these grooves. (I.G.)

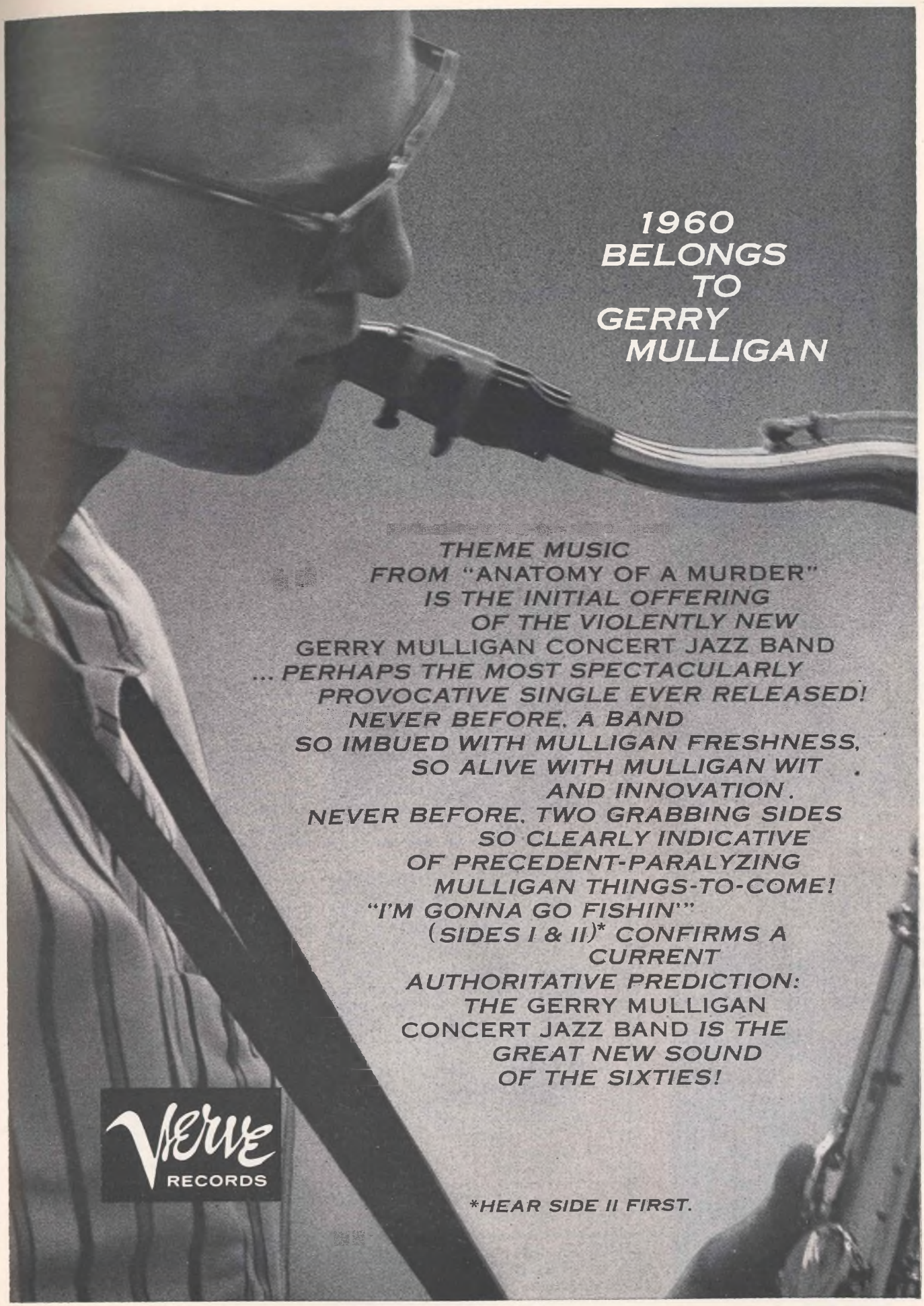
Tony Ortega

Ⓜ JAZZ FOR YOUNG MODERNS—Bethlehem BCP-79: *Just One of Those Things; Bat Man's Blues; These Foolish Things; Tune for Mona; No Fi; Four to Four; I Can't Get Started; Cinderella's Curfew; I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance with You; Patting.*

Personnel: Ortega, alto, tenor saxophones, flute, clarinet. Tracks 1-5: Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Ray Starling, trumpet, mellophone; John Hafer, tenor saxophone; Jay Cameron, baritone saxophone; Ed Thigpen, drums; Bob Timmons, piano; unlisted bass. Tracks 6-10: Dick Wetmore, violin; Art Farmer, trumpet; Hafer, bass clarinet; Jim Buffington, French horn; R. Tricarico, bassoon; Abdul A. Malik, bass.

Rating: ★½

Ortega comes on in his liner notes and his playing like a man terribly hungry for status and acceptance. In the notes he lists many names full of prestige with whom he's worked. This lack of restraint carries over into his playing; he spews forth his whole bag of tricks on the first track. His tone is Parker-ish, but this surface quality is about all that he seems to have gleaned from Bird aside from a few cliches. Most of what he plays, you've heard before. His flute, clarinet, and tenor work are less exhibitionistic than his alto but seemingly more from lack of familiarity with the in-


1960
BELONGS
TO
GERRY
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THEME MUSIC
FROM "ANATOMY OF A MURDER"
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GERRY MULLIGAN CONCERT JAZZ BAND
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NEVER BEFORE, TWO GRABBING SIDES
SO CLEARLY INDICATIVE
OF PRECEDENT-PARALYZING
MULLIGAN THINGS-TO-COME!
"I'M GONNA GO FISHIN'"
(SIDES I & II)* CONFIRMS A
CURRENT
AUTHORITATIVE PREDICTION:
THE GERRY MULLIGAN
CONCERT JAZZ BAND IS THE
GREAT NEW SOUND
OF THE SIXTIES!
VERVE
RECORDS
*HEAR SIDE II FIRST.

struments than any difference in conception.

The A Side of the record is concerned with what he calls "straightforward" jazz, while the B Side is made up of "chamber-music-style" jazz. Neither achieves its purpose. Nat Pierce's scores for the A Side are hardly his best, but they're much more valid than the watery writing of Bob Zieff on the reverse. Besides being pretentious and hacked, Zieff's arrangements are empty-sounding—no bottom and no guts.

About the only saving grace of the venture is Farmer's solos, but he is given comparatively little space since Ortega takes so much blowing room for himself.

(D.DeM.)

Sonny Stitt

Ⓜ BURNIN'—Argo LP 661: *Ko-Ko; A Minor Sax; Lover Man; Reed and a Half; How High the Moon; I'll Tell You Later; Look for the Silver Lining; Easy Living; It's Hipper Than That.*

Personnel: Stitt, alto, tenor saxophones; Barry Harris, piano; William Austin, bass; Frank Gant, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

This LP gives good insight into one of the most provocative altoists around—Sonny Stitt. Branded for years as a Charlie Parker imitator, Stitt in this release proves at least to me that the allegation against him is unjust and untrue. True, he is working within a concept generally attributed to Bird. But the resemblance is a surface one.

For one thing, Parker never played as many notes as Stitt, played much less complexly, and was more of a line maker. But what I think gives this illusion of imitation is that many alto men took on two facets of the Parker style: his tone and his on-top-of-the-beat way of playing. These, especially the anticipation, are what lead some to falsely label Stitt an imitator. It's as if Parker designed a basic house that found wide acceptance, and then Stitt moved in but has furnished it to suit his own tastes. Thus, though he didn't design or build the house, it, nonetheless, is his own—it reflects *his* personality much more than the originator's.

All the alto tracks—he plays tenor only on *Living*—are full of fire and brimstone.

He achieves great intensity by pushing and pulling the listener with a tension-release device in which he plays a series of 16th notes or 16th-note triplets, usually in a generally ascending order, until he finally hits and holds the main note of the phrase. Sometimes he reverses the process, but either way he injects much life into his playing. The only drawback to this is that it can become too scalar, as it does on *Reed*.

Harris contributes some flowing work but sounds tired compared with the volcanic Stitt; I found it difficult to focus attention on the piano spots. He didn't seem to have much interest. Gant and Austin add much to the happenings, however. Austin's bass is underneath everything, pushing and kicking. He has a nice solo also on *Sax*. Gant is effervescent without being distracting, sometimes a difficult feat to pull off.

The one fault of the album as a whole is the triteness of the material; most of the tunes have been done to death. For instance, *Ko-Ko* is *Cherokee; Reed* is *I Got Rhythm; Hipper* uses the half-step changes heard so often on *Rosetta,* and the standards are hardly fresh material. But all in all, this is a happily swinging session with Stitt in excellent form, at his most sparkling. (D. DeM.)

Various Artists

Ⓜ KINGS OF CLASSIC JAZZ—Riverside RLP 12-131: *See See Rider* (Ma Rainey-Louis Armstrong); *Stockyard Strut* (Freddie Keppard); *Oriental Man* (Johnny Dodds); *Bimbo* (King Oliver-Clarence Williams); *Maple Leaf Rag* (New Orleans Rhythm Kings); *Lazy Daddy #2* (The Wolverines); *Mamamita* (Jelly Roll Morton); *Loveless Love* (James P. Johnson); *Yancey Limited* (Jimmy Yancey); *Weary Blues* (Kid Ory); *Dallas Blues* (George Lewis); *Song of the Medina* (Sidney Bechet).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The records of the twenties represented here (tracks 1-8) were culled from the archives of labels such as Paramount, QRS and Gennett. Unfortunately, these labels didn't record the best jazz available in Chicago at the time. There were exceptions of course, e.g. the Oliver band's Gennett releases; but generally these companies' records did not come up to the level of OKeh, Victor and Columbia during the 1920s. Their releases have come to be of importance to passionate traditional collectors only.

The work of Armstrong, Dodds, Bix, Oliver, and Morton heard here is not representative of their best work, by a long shot. One cannot say whether Keppard is fairly represented or not, since so little of his playing was recorded. The exception to this general impression is the NORK track which is typical of this group's playing and contains the lovely singing clarinet of Leon Rappola. The J. P. Johnson track was taken from a QRS piano roll and shows Johnson had developed his clear, sometimes-ornate strut style as early as 1921.

The other tracks are from the revival era of the 40's and 50's, except the Yancey, which was from a Solo Art session of 1939. The Lewis track finds George at his best, playing passionate and poignant blues. *Medina* is one of Bechet's exotic compositions, of which he was so fond. Yancey's Solo Art sides were his best, and any reissue from these sessions is always welcome. The Ory track is surprisingly badly recorded for the time it was made (1947).

The drawback to such releases as this one is that if an interested person is exposed to inferior early jazz, he may be repelled and never find the great rewards of that era. (D.DeM.)

Various Artists

Ⓜ MODERN JAZZ FESTIVAL—Harmony 7196: *Give Me the Simple Life,* Joe Puma Sextet; Joe Puma, guitar; Steve Lacy, soprano sax; Herbie Mann, tenor sax; Tom Stewart, tenor horn; Whitey Mitchell, bass; Herb Wasserman, drums.

Stormy Weather, Randy Weston Trio: Randy Weston, piano; Ahmed Abdul-Malik, bass; Willie Jones, drums.

Big George, Paul Quinichette Sextet: Paul Quinichette, tenor sax; Gene Roland, trumpet; Nat Pierce, piano; Doyle Salathiel, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

I Cover the Waterfront, Zoot Sims Quartet: Zoot Sims, alto sax; John Williams, piano; Bill Anthony, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

Buried Gold, Sims-Brookmeyer Quintet: Zoot Sims, tenor sax; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; John Williams, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

A Shoulder to Cry On, Tony Scott Quartet:

Tony Scott, clarinet; Bill Evans, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

At Home with the Blues, Tony Scott Quintet: Scott, baritone sax; add Jimmy Knepper, trombone.

We Can Talk It Over, The Jazz Modes: Charlie Rouse, tenor sax; Julius Watkins, French horn; Gildo Mahones, piano; Martin Rivera, bass; Ron Jefferson, drums.

Humoresque, Flamingo: Mat Mathews, accordion.

Rating: ★★★

Considering that this appears to be a collection of leftovers from sessions for the defunct Dawn label in 1956 and 1957, it assays fairly high.

Sims is the standout—in his best light and airy form on *Buried Gold* and creating a lyrical gem on *I Cover the Waterfront*. Weston's *Stormy Weather* builds slowly and effectively while Quinichette's *Big George* is a free and easy swinger with a surprisingly good Roland solo and satisfying spots by Pettiford, Pierce and Quinichette. Scott splits his space between some bumptious baritone playing on *At Home with the Blues* and a plaintive ballad on clarinet. Both of Mathews' entries are very short, suave mood pieces. Only the Puma and Jazz Modes pieces are less than adequate.

The composer credit on *Buried Gold*, incidentally, goes to F. Knox. This is a man to dig. (J.S.W.)

Phil Woods-Gene Quill

Ⓜ PHIL TALKS WITH QUILL—Epic LN 3521: *Doxie I; A Night in Tunisia; Hymn for Kim; Dear Old Stockholm; Scrapple from the Apple; Doxie II.*

Personnel: Woods and Quill, alto saxes; Bob Corwin, piano; Sonny Dallas, bass; Nick Stabulas, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

Of the three albums issued by this short-lived, two-alto group of a few years ago, this is the best. Made in 1957, it catches Woods and Quill in a typical, hard-driving set. What raises it above the average is the spirit. Everyone obviously felt like blowing. Most of the material is composed of familiar modern jazz "standards" with which they were comfortable. *Hymn for Kim* is a Woods original.

The rhythm section is modeled after the Miles Davis section of that time: Red Garland, Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones. When Corwin solos, however, he is his own man.

Both altoists come out of Charlie Parker but have their own personalities. Woods has a more flowing style than Quill but it is not without its own cutting edge. Quill's jagged hotness can grab at your vitals but he is not as consistent as Phil. On *Scrapple*, the pace has him gasping a little, but he finishes strongly.

I usually don't care to go into liner notes but this unsigned set is so lacking that I must set some things straight. First, they state: "Whether or not you are already familiar with the work of Gene and Phil, you will be able—given a certain basic sensibility—to tell one man's solos from the other's most of the time." Later, they say, in referring to *Doxie I:* "It would take a skilled ear to tell Phil from Quill here."

Whoever wrote these notes lacks all these attributes because nowhere are any soloists identified. They are merely referred to as "the first alto", "alto the second", etc. Assuming some of you will be buying the album, here are the solo credits. *Doxie I & II* — Woods first; *Tunisia*,

Scrapple—Quill first; *Dear Old Stockholm* and *Hymn for Kim*—only Woods before piano solo, then Quill.

In stating that Stan Getz "supplied the raw material for *Dear Old Stockholm*," the notes also err. He was the first jazzman to record it, but it is really an old Swedish folk song titled *Varmeland Du Skona*. (If you dig old flicks on TV, you can hear Conrad Veidt play it on the piano for Joan Crawford in *A Woman's Face*.) The interludes used by Phil and Quill, described as "Getz's rhythm," really stem from the Miles Davis arrangement of the tune. (I.G.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Oscar Peterson

M THE OSCAR PETERSON TRIO AT JATP—Verve MG V-8368: *Tenderly; C Jam Blues; Seven Come Eleven; Sweet Georgia Brown; Cheek to Cheek; Cotton Tail.*

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Ray Brown, bass. Track 6 add Roy Eldridge, Charlie Shavers, trumpets; Lester Young, Flip Phillips, tenor saxophones; Benny Carter, alto saxophone; Buddy Rich, drums.

Rating: ★★

This is Peterson of the bear-meets-piano days in the early 1950s. There were still strong echoes of George Shearing and Nat Cole in his playing: the ending of *C Jam* is right out of Shearing. Quotes from other tunes and displays of JATP exhibitionism, heavy-handed but beautifully executed, abound throughout the album.

Only on *Cheek* do things calm down a bit. On this track, some of the restraint and calm of present-day Peterson glimmer forth; only here does Peterson whisper as well as shout.

Cotton Tail is certainly a strange item for this LP since Peterson plays only a short intro; the rest is taken up with generally tasteless solos by the horn men and a crowd-rousing drum display by Rich.

Kessel's showcase, *Seven*, is taken at such a racehorse tempo that very little of worth comes out. The guitarist's short solos on the other tracks are more logical and satisfying. Brown, of course, is his usual self—strong and unshakeable. But on the whole, this is a very disappointing effort. (D.DeM.)

DANCE

Si Zentner

S SUDDENLY IT'S SWING—Liberty D-LST 7139: *I've Found a New Baby; Dream of You; If I Love Again; Swingin' on Somethin'; Camptown Races; Just Awearyin' for You; When a Gypsy Makes His Violin Cry; High Spirits; Estrellita; Shufflin' Blues; I'm Glad There Is You; Like Home.*

Rating: ★★★★

This is, of course, a slick product, but it's a good one as well. Since the reason for the LP is to provide music for dancing, it has to be judged on that: there's the ★★★★ rating right off. As a jazz LP it wouldn't rate that at all. However, there are some good jazz bits here and there, none of them of any overwhelming importance but all of them nice.

The soloists, for instance, know what they're about and contribute sensible statements. The band swings in the good old Dorsey style and in fact sounds a bit more than somewhat like TD in spots because of the leader's trombone.

There've been a lot of dance band LPs lately by studio groups. This one is not exactly in that category since the Zentner band is a working band (how much of this personnel is of the permanent variety I don't know). However, it is one of the very best dance LPs to come along in some time, and in stereo it's particularly good, with a fine, broad sound. (R.J.G.)

NEW JAZZ RELEASES

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

Lorez Alexandria with Ramsey Lewis Trio, *Early in the Morning* (Argo M and S 663)

Bonnemere with Don Redman Orchestra, *The Sound of Memory* (Roost M 2241)

Cab Calloway and His Orchestra, *Hi De Hi De Ho* (RCA Victor M LPM 2021, S LSP 2021)

Buck Clarke Quintet, *Cool Hands* (Offbeat M OJ 3003)

Frank D'Rone with Billy May Orchestra, *After the Ball* (Mercury M and S SR 60246)

Stan Kenton and His Orchestra, *Standards in Silhouette* (Capitol M T 1394, S ST 1394)

Ellis Larkins, *Penthouse Hideaway* (Decca M DL 8947, S DL 78947)

Ray Martin Orchestra, *Life Is Just a Bed of Neuroses* (RCA Victor M LPM 2214, S LSP 2214)

Mabel Mercer, *Merely Marvelous* (Atlantic M and S 1322)

J. R. Monterose, *The Message* (Jaro M JAM 5004)

Newport Youth Band, *Dance Tonight* (Coral M CRL 57350, S 757350)

Kid Ory, *Dance with Kid Ory or Just Listen* (Verve M MG V 1022, S MG VS 6125)

Melvin Rhyne's organ with Blue Mitchell and Johnny Griffin, *Organizin'* (Jazzland M JLP 16, S 916)

George Shearing Quintet and Orchestra, *White Satin* (Capitol M T 1334, S ST 1334)

Zoot Sims-Al Cohn, *East Coast Sounds* (Jazzland M JLP 11)

Dakota Staton, *Dakota Staton Sings Ballads and Blues* (Capitol M T 1387, S ST 1387)

Kokomo Wellington, *The Sophisticate of the Piano Whispering Jazz* (King M 704) ds

TAPES

Hi-fi stereo bugs can probably all, be fitted into one of two categories: those fascinated by the electronics of sound reproduction (this kind of sound nut reaches his extreme when he gives up listening to records and just watches the music on an oscilloscope); and the person who seeks a constantly closer approach to live sound through electronic and mechanical means.

For the latter, stereo tape is *it*.

Stereo records, for all their closer approximation of live sound and other advantages over monophonic records, wear much more quickly than the mono records. Just one of the advantages of tape is its virtual immunity to wear. Then there is the purer separation of the two channels.

Finally, if you're one of those unfortunates who go through life worrying about whether the turntable is running slow (particular on piano and vibraharp passages), modern tape machines offer a soothing reassurance of steadiness.

For the jazz lover who wants his sound reproduction as close to perfect as possible, there has been a happy development in comparatively recent times: the formation of United Stereo Tapes. This firm, a subsidiary of Ampex, releases on tape material released by other labels on disc. In a sense, it operates like a present-day motion picture distributor: it distributes what others produce. The tapes are issued under the label name of the originating disc company.

United Stereo Tapes are heavy in jazz. They do not release *all* jazz. What they do, in effect, is issue the cream of those labels with whom they have contractual arrangements.

For example, one of the best trio records of the past year, *Jo Jones Plus Two*, is available now through the firm as Vanguard tape VTC 1604. This tape features some of the best solo piano by Ray Bryant available on LP, backed by the remarkably deft and superbly tasteful brush work of Jo Jones. As a disc, this package has become a favorite with many musicians, particularly for the group's powerful but subtle *Satin Doll* and Bryant's tune *Cubano Chant*.

United has also started issuing the new series of *Oscar Peterson Plays . . .* packages from Verve. Tape VSTC-230 is *Oscar Peterson Plays the George Gershwin Songbook*. While nothing now available on disc or tape properly represents the way the new Peterson trio sounds (the *Swinning Brass with the*

Oscar Peterson Trio, which United will issue in the near future on tape, comes nearest) there are particular tracks in the series that come close to proper projection of the group. On the Gershwin tape, the best are *It Ain't Necessarily So,* which builds powerfully and reveals the group's beautiful sense of controlled dynamics, and *Love Is Here to Stay.*

One of the best-written albums of the last year, Art Farmer's *Brass Shout,* is available as United Artists tape UATC-2204. Benny Golson's gorgeous Gil Evans-rooted writing for brass and rhythm is the tape's outstanding feature, but there is some top-drawer Farmer solo work, as well as contributions from Lee Morgan, Ernie Royal, Jimmy Cleveland, Curtis Fuller, and Julius Watkins.

Also out is Verve tape VSTC-211—Dizzy Gillespie's *Have Trumpet, Will Excite.* This package contains some of Dizzy's most brilliant recent playing on record. From the flying, skipping imaginativeness of *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* through the put-on wit of *My Man* and the lazy swing of *Moonglow* (which has some fine flute work from Les Spann) to the lovely lyricism of *There Is No Greater Love,* this is mel-

low, mature Diz that time only improves, like a fine vintage of wine. Junior Mance plays so well on the set that had Diz not been in such top form, Junior would have overshadowed him.

Also available from among recent highly-rated albums are the Count Basie band in *Chairman of the Board* (Roulette Birdland RTC-510); the Modern Jazz Quartet's superb performance of music from John Lewis's sound track for the film *Odds Against Tomorrow* (United Artists UATC 2205); and Lambert-Hendricks-Ross with Zoot Sims in *The Swingers* (World Pacific WPTC-1008).

All of these are four-track stereo tapes —that is, you play two tracks going one way, then flop over the reels, play two more going the other way, so that there is no rewinding at the end.

Henceforth, *Down Beat* will keep readers informed of four-track jazz tapes as they are issued. db

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Yusef Lateef

"Dizzy's still progressing."

By LEONARD FEATHER

It had long been at the back of my mind to conduct, when the right opportunity arose, a miscellaneous-instrument *Blindfold Test*. The perfect subject presented himself when, after many years in Detroit, Yusef Lateef moved to Manhattan.

Originally on the scene as a tenor saxophonist with a few name and near-name bands in the late 1940s (Lucky Millinder, Hot Lips Page, Dizzy Gillespie), Lateef spent most of the 1950s leading his own combo, studying at Wayne university, and taking up flute and oboe. Once in a while he would visit New York to record an album, and it was on one of these LPs that I first heard the use in his group of such less-than-everyday musical media as the argol, the rabat, the earth-board and the 7-Up bottle.

All the records on his *Blindfold Test*, then, featured at least one instrument that is (or was until recently) rare in jazz. He was given no information other than this fact about the records selected.

The Records

1. Gus Mancuso. *Brother Aintz* (Fantasy). Mancusco, baritone horn, composer; Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Vince Guaraldi, piano.

The trombone sounded like Bobby Brookmeyer; the tenor sax sounded a bit like Zoot Sims or Al Cohn. I didn't recognize the pianist. They seemed to have a lot of fire and drive. The composition was like a two-part fugue; it wasn't very daring, in fact it was quite simple. I'd say three stars.

2. Moondog. *Tap Dance and Oo Debut* (Prestige). Moondog, oo and trimbas; Ray Malone, tap dance; tempos in 5/4 and 7/4.

I didn't recognize the group. On the first track the instrumentation sounded like—uh—claves, shakers?—and conga drums, and the tempo sounded like 5/4. The second track sounded 6/8, and the melody was carried by the chimes.

The rhythms were interesting, especially the 5/4; this meter can be exploited more in jazz. It's been done now by some groups, such as Max Roach's.

The conga drummer's conception of 5/4 and of 6/8 was very interesting. He created an intensity of pulsations that was very appealing, emotionally. It's hard to rate this—there's no basis for comparison.

3. Herbie Mann. *Todos Locos* (from *Flautista*, Verve). Mann, E flat flute, flute, composer.

I didn't recognize this group either. The instrumentation sounded like a timbale, conga drum, and toward the end it sounded definitely like a flute—I'm in doubt about the beginning, because the timbre—the tone—has me in doubt as to whether it was a flute or not.

Vibraphones—I think I heard a cowbell—the rhythms were quite exciting and pulsating. Let's see, four stars for the rhythmical concept and about 3½ stars for the composition—the melodic line. It seems as though the rhythm is more potent than the melodic composition.

4. Steve Lacey. *Bye-Ya* (from *Reflections*, New Jazz). Lacey, soprano saxophone; Mal Waldron, piano; Thelonious Monk, composer.

I don't know the tune—I don't know who the pianist was, but if it wasn't Monk, he sounded like he was influenced by Monk . . . It could have been Randy Weston.

I didn't recognize the alto saxophonist, but I'd like to say that he had a very good conception of this kind of composition, and he had good control of his instrument . . . He had good control of the freak registers of the instrument also.

It was a very interesting composition —I would give it four stars.

5. Don Elliott. *Savanna* (from *Jamaica Jazz*, ABC-Paramount). Elliott, marimba; Gil Evans, arranger.

Well, I don't know this group at all —that sounded like a marimba, and the background sounded like about three brass—two trumpets and a trombone and a baritone saxophone and an alto saxophone. The writing was interesting —I'd say about 3½ stars.

6. Jean Thielemans. *Fundamental Frequency* (from *Man Bites Harmonica*, Riverside). Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Kenny Drew, piano; Art Taylor, drums; Wilbur Ware, bass.

That's Toots Thielemans on harmonica, Pepper Adams on baritone saxophone . . . I didn't recognize the pianist and the drummer . . . The bass player was very good.

I have no objection to the harmonica in jazz—at least the way he plays it, it has very good potential. I'd say 3½ stars.

7. Dizzy Gillespie. *Night in Tunisia* (from *Afro*, Verve). Gilberto Valdes, flute.

That was Dizzy Gillespie—*Night in Tunisia*. It seemed to be in 6/8, and the channel seemed to be in 3/4 . . . It was very hard to play.

This version of it is a step farther than the other ones he's made of it—it's more intricate and interesting and daring. I liked the way the Afro-Cuban rhythms were used . . . the flute in relation to what the trumpet was playing seemed to be polytonal—seemed to be in another key. Sounded like a jazz flute player.

In my opinion Dizzy's a great trumpet player—great dexterity and ideas . . . He's presented something fresh and daring each time I've heard him; he's still progressing. Four stars.

8. Feather-Hyman Orchestra. *Tweeter* (from *Hi Fi Suites*, M-G-M). Dick Hyman, piano, ar-

ranger; Jerome Richardson, piccolo; Frank Wess, tenor saxophone; Thad Jones, trumpet.

It sounded like a piccolo and a flute at times—gee, I don't know if that was a split tone or two instruments.

The orchestration was unique to feature a piccolo—if it was a piccolo—I didn't recognize the group . . . The tenor saxophone solo was a good solo—it reminded me of Frank Wess. The trumpet wasn't exciting. I guess maybe he didn't get a chance to stretch out . . . the piano player had a commendable technique. Three-and-a-half stars.

9. Harry Lookofsky. *Moose the Mooche* (from *Stringsville*, Atlantic). Lookofsky, tenor violin, viola solos; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Hank Jones, arranger; Charlie Parker, composer.

The tune was *Moose the Mooche*. The theme sounded like it might have been played on violin, and then again it might have been a cello in high register—and then again it sounded like it might be a violin *and* a cello. It was a very good cello player—he swung a great deal—terrific—a very unusual record. It sounded like Brookmeyer on valve trombone.

This was very stimulating because I've never heard anything like this played on a cello—the only person who comes to my mind is Oscar Pettiford. I don't know who it was, but it swung.

It was a very tasty arrangement. The musicians were superbly professional.

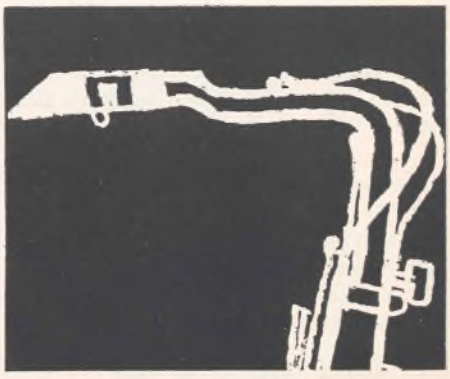
I'll give this five stars.

Afterthoughts by Lateef

If people are sincere, I think they should experiment with unusual instruments. I started using them in Detroit, to get rid of the monotony—this was one of the initial thoughts. After all, basically, music is just sound, in my opinion, any sounds of definite pitch.

That's why I incorporated unusual instruments: to give people more variety of sounds, to achieve more contrasts within a given composition.

I think the records you played are proof that a very wide range of instruments can be employed effectively. It can and it should be done.



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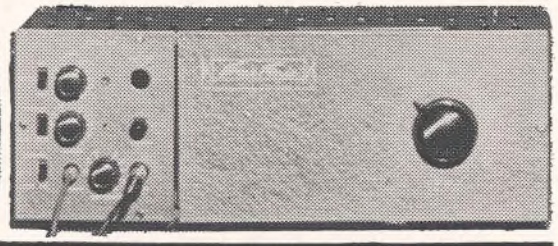

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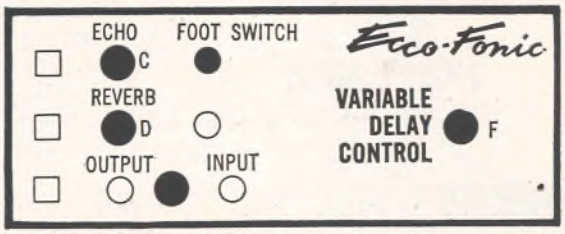

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caught in the Act

JACK TEAGARDEN-EDDIE HIGGINS
London House, Chicago

Personnel: Teagarden Sextet: Teagarden, trombone; Don Goldie, trumpet; Henry Cuesta, clarinet; Don Ewell, piano; Stan Puls, bass; Ronnie Greb, drums. Higgins Trio: Higgins, piano; Jim Atlas, bass; Marshall Thompson, drums.

It's all too easy to take Jack Teagarden for granted. You run the risk of forgetting just how much he has contributed to jazz and just how masterful a trombonist he is.

Like other giants (Coleman Hawkins, Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson), Teagarden has refused to become dated or insulated to modern developments in jazz. His harmonic sense has kept abreast of the times. In fact, he was playing some chord changes that mark modern jazz long *before* they became the thing to play.

Besides musical validity, Teagarden's present group has a commercial appeal that probably will draw new fans to jazz. The relaxed on-stand manner of the men—especially Teagarden—is refreshing after the clowning of Louis Armstrong and the Dukes of Dixieland and the deadpan poses of some of the modernists.

Not the least asset of the group is Jack's warm, twangy quality on vocals. On the night caught, he stuck more or less to tunes identified with him, such as *Stars Fell on Alabama* and *Up a Lazy River.*

Goldie's trumpet is a strange mixture of Charlie Teagarden, Dizzy Gillespie, fast vibrato, and earthiness. The relationship between the 30-year old musician and Jack is close to being a mutual admiration society of a father-and-son leaning. Several times during the evening, Goldie played solos which, if blown on trombone, would have sounded like Teagarden. He has taken on Teagarden's generous use of lip trills and habit of dipping down into low register for a sixth.

The other outstanding soloist in the group is pianist Ewell—one of the few remaining masters of stride piano. All his work was marked by fire and an ability to get some wonderful stomp things going.

Clarinetist Cuesta, while not as inventive a soloist as Teagarden, Goldie, or Ewell, nevertheless played well.

But the group is generally satisfying. It is not strictly a staunch traditional band, yet is far from being a modern group. There are touches of each, as well as a strong dose of mainstream.

Of equal interest at London House was the Eddie Higgins Trio. The leader's piano is generally in the funk school but is tempered by a large quantity of taste. His ballad playing on *Laura* was beautifully conceived; his hard drive on *Autumn Leaves* platter-rattling.

Drummer Thompson reflects Higgin's combination of drive and taste, but the man who impressed me most in the Higgins group was the remarkable bassist Atlas. His bow work, both in solo and in ensemble, was not only technically well-executed but added much to the group's impact. Atlas, who used to be with the Jimmy Giuffre Trio, is deserving of much more recognition than he has. Come to think of it, the whole Higgins group is deserving of such recognition. —*Don DeMicheal*

Jazz, during the 1920s, was conceived of, in the popular view, as consisting of dance and show tunes, some of which were ballads, others rhythmic novelty songs.

Outside of the United States, there were few musicians interested in our popular music. In fact, not many serious European musicians had the opportunity of hearing U. S. dance numbers, unless they happened to visit our shores. World communications 30 and 40 years ago hardly compared to those today.

In Moscow then, there was one unusual man, who was interested in the works of U. S. popular composers. His name was Joseph Schillinger, a noted scientist (electrical engineer), who had turned musicologist.

Schillinger organized and directed an orchestra to play what has been termed the first jazz concert ever given in Russia. The date was April 28, 1927, and the place Moscow's State Academic Choir hall. The event opened with a scholarly lecture by Schillinger on *The Jazz Band and Music of the Future.*

The Russian jazz orchestra that played the concert was made up of four reeds, three violins, two trumpets, a trombone, banjo, drums, bass horn, and piano.

Schillinger's selections for the program included the works of 13 U. S. composers. Among the numbers performed were George Gershwin's *Fascinating Rhythm;* Irving Berlin's *Charleston;* Gus Kahn and Walter Donaldson's *Yes, Sir, That's My Baby;* A. Taylor's *Lonesome and Sorry;* Donaldson's *After I Say I'm Sorry,* and L. Katzman's *Hymn to the Sun,* plus 12 other popular U. S. tunes.

During the next November, Schillinger came to this country by invitation of a committee headed by philosopher John Dewey. Schillinger had invented a mathematical system of composing music and felt there was more opportunity to put his theories into practice by teaching his system to the younger U. S. composers.

Among his first students was Gershwin, whose *Porgy and Bess* was composed while he studied the Schillinger System of Musical Composition. Gershwin studied with the Russian theorist for 4½ years. Oscar Levant wrote in *A Smattering of Ignorance,* "There was considerable evidence of George's studies in the rhythmic patterns, the planning of such episodes as the fugal background for the crap game scene, and in some of the choral passages of *Porgy.*"

Bandleader Paul Whiteman has said that Gershwin told him many times of the delight he took in the new release he felt in orchestrating *Porgy and Bess* by Schillinger's mathematical variations.

Schillinger lived in New York City, where he taught in the music department of New York university until his death in 1943. He found an enthusiastic following among musicians of stage, screen, and radio. His system worked best where freshness, quantity, and speed of composition were required.

His techniques and procedures were studied and used by Glenn Miller (who wrote *Moonlight Serenade* by the system), Benny Goodman, Stan Kenton, Lennie Hayton, Paul Lavalle, Leith Stevens, Vernon Duke, and others.

After Schillinger's death, his two major works were published. They are *The Schillinger System of Musical Composition* and *The Mathematical Basis of the Arts,* both of which are known the world over. Where formerly only a limited group of outstanding composers knew the system, it is now available to a large audience. db

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

In the Twenty Questions column I wrote some months ago, I asked readers whether they agreed with readers of a French magazine that Negroes have more natural talent for jazz than white musicians.

Contrary to my expectations, among the votes from overseas there were almost twice as many nos as yesses. Among the many thoughtful answers were the following:

"This is the same kind of thinking that says only Italians can sing grand opera, only Frenchmen make good lovers, only Latins can kill bulls" (Ed Sachs, Chicago).

"The readers of the French magazine want to state that Negro children are born with additional faculties . . . A great jazz musician must have superior technical knowledge, a good background, and he must swing, no matter the color; these requirements are fulfilled by both Negro and white musicians" (Carlos Ruiz, Buenos Aires, Argentina).

"Scratch the surface of a man who says Negroes are musical by nature, and you find a man who says all Negroes are dirty by nature, all slum life notwithstanding. Franz Boas long ago disproved this racial filth" (Leo Haber, Brooklyn).

"This feeling is similar to the plantation owner's concept of the slave as a happy savage born with rhythm and music in his feet" (Kenneth L. Freed, Harvard university).

"Well, I'm a Negro, but my favorite horn man is Stan Getz" (Richard Dixon, Bloomington, Ill).

Among the pro-French respondents were Thomas Jones of Alliance, Ohio, who observed, "Negroes being a downtrodden and exploited race naturally can express this much better."

Earle Irons of Syracuse, N. Y., said, "Jazz is their music; wouldn't Hungarian music come naturally to Hungarians?"

And Bill Kluger of Milwaukee commented, "Negro musicians are less inhibited and spend more time studying."

By and large, the feeling about this whole sensitive area seems to be that the matter is one of cultural heritage and environment rather than skin color. "Blame any contrary notions on Panassie," suggested George Malcolm-Smith. And perhaps the most cogent summation of all was submitted by Thomas L. Lawkins of Chicago:

"Well, dad, if in the playing of jazz, Negro musicians have more natural talent than white musicians, you could expect to train a Nigerian or Senegalese musician who knew nothing of the pathways of jazz to the point where he is ready to play with Basie or Ellington with less effort than you could train a white boy from any of the 48 original states who knew. Would you like to try?

"However, the soul-searing background of a degrading past laid over a harsh deprivation of happy African homes coupled with present-day denial of full participation in the mainstream of U. S. life has forced upon the U. S. Negro a sad and certainly unique experience. Any man who searches his soul frequently will become better acquainted with his inner self and finds it necessary to communicate with other men on this deeper level. If the man is a musician, he communicates through music. The great bulk of the white audience does not want to have its soul aroused. Therefore, it condemns jazz as savage, and impious, and primitive.

"The bulk of the Negro audience, thus far frankly acknowledging themselves as outsiders-all, are more encouraging to the musicians who voice the poignancy of their feelings. It makes little difference to the individual jazz fans that I've contacted whether the musician playing so movingly is white or colored. The playing of jazz, then, compared racially—as it never should be—is at this time a matter of background, environment, personality, and, chiefly, audience." db

Continued from Page 35

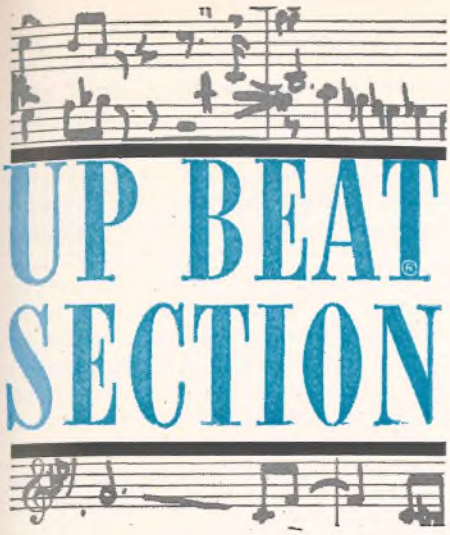
had had their say, then he blasted loose with the fiercest, weirdest, most abandoned utterance I had heard in over 15 years of listening to jazz. It was almost literally stunning. As Maini beamed a satanic approval, Coleman carried, through chorus after chorus of the tune being played, a message so intensely personal and emotionally raw as to be rather frightening. Here was naked emotional power, all right; here was something that defied clinical analysis. Here was an originality never before experienced in jazz.

Apparently others felt as I. Payne invited Percy Heath and Connie Kay to the after hours session at the Cellar. They came, heard Coleman, and a few nights later brought John Lewis to hear him, too.

Lewis' excitement over Coleman resolved into determination to help the bearded revolutionist whose humble and completely unassuming manner was at such variance with his alto playing. The leader of the MJQ arranged for Coleman and Cherry to attend the annual School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass., that summer. That was the second beginning.

In the fall of 1958 I urged Jimmy Lyons, general manager of the Monterey Jazz festival, to get Coleman and Cherry on the program. It was too late; Lyons had already filled the bill. The following year, however, they made it. Critical reaction to their performance may be found in the journals.

Since the beginning of this "Ornette Coleman controversy" I have bowed to its predictability but have been rather bored by it. And I'm sure Coleman by now must be bored stiff with all the hullabaloo. Ornette is heart and soul an artist following the star of his own musical and esthetic convictions. Let him just put pen to paper. Let him blow his little plastic saxophone. db



THE JUDGES WERE GASSED

He soloed first with the big band (San Diego Junior college had two big bands) and then with the San Diego Junior College Quintet, and both times he knocked out the judges.

So Herman Riley, a teenage tenor saxophonist from San Diego, was voted the "most outstanding soloist" at the pre-festival contest for college groups sponsored by the Monterey Peninsula college music department (Monterey, Calif.) in conjunction with the Monterey Jazz festival.

A total 15 groups from all parts of the state participated in the Memorial day contest. Nine big bands were entered, three large combos, and four small combos. Elimination heats occupied the day, and starting at 7 p.m. the Armory at MPC began to fill with the first of a huge crowd of people that came from as far away as Los Angeles.

When the playing was over, the Los Angeles Valley college dance band had nosed out the San Diego Junior college dance band for first place (with the San Mateo college band, last year's winner, in third place). The large combo award was won for the second time by the nine-piece Segurson—Granelli Band led by Howie Segurson and Jerry Granelli from San Francisco State college, and the small combo category went to San Diego Junior College Quintet (which also featured Herman Riley).

A long list of individual musicians won honorable mention; but Riley was so outstanding, in the opinion of the judges, that a special category was created for him. Other individual citations were Leilani Merritt, bass, Mel Lees, drums, L.A. Valley college band; Jim Wilson, bass trombone, San Mateo; Herbert Price, trombone, San Diego Junior college; Dan Acenas, trumpet, San Diego; Jerry Granelli, drums, San Francisco; Len Lasher, bass, San Mateo; Gus Gustafson, piano and arranger, San Francisco, and Maurice Stewart, piano, San Diego.

At the close of the evening contest, a rhythm section played for 14 soloists who took three choruses each on the blues and then traded eights in a round robin solo contest won by Riley.

The three winners of the contest will appear at the Monterey Jazz festival this September. Judges were Jimmy Lyons, general manager of the Monterey Jazz festival; Grover Sales, Jr., business manager of *Jazz, A Quarterly of American Music,* and Rhys O'Brien and Norm Tompach, professional jazz musicians from the U.S. Army Band. Dr. Bruce Hubbard, head of the music department at the Monterey Peninsula college, was the emcee and handled the organizing of the event.

MINOR LEAGUE DANCE BANDS

All last winter a group of musically minded youngsters rose to attend a 7:30 a.m. dance-band rehearsal at their high school. It was the only time of day available for this extracurricular activity in the busy schedule of Walt Whitman high school at South Huntington, N. Y., on Long Island.

This was the band, ably directed by Clem DeRosa, that gave the most professional presentation at a recent dance-band clinic sponsored by Long Island's West Hempstead high school under the supervision of Walter E. Matthews, school district director of music.

Johnny Warrington, a freelance arranger who used to furnish arrangements for Tommy Dorsey, Lionel Hampton, and Vincent Lopez, has conducted 14 of these dance-band clinics during the last year in Oklahoma, Texas, Iowa, and New York. Some of these clinics have lasted several days and covered as many as 25 bands at one two-day session. The one on Long Island involved six bands selected from 40 school dance groups active in the area. In his speech opening the clinic, Warrington said he would evaluate each band for intonation, tempo control, technical ability, phrasing, and ensemble co-ordination. Each band director received a filled-out form with these points rated after they played a set of three numbers, including Warrington's arrangement of *Basin Street Blues,* which all the participating bands were required to play. Warrington also pointed out each band's strong and weak characteristics on the rating sheet.

Bands that performed were from Carey high school (Charles Hubbard, director); West Islip (Robert Cleveland, director); Carle Place (Eugene Timpano, director); East Meadow (Herbert Deutsch, director); South Huntington (DeRosa, director), and Malverne (Robert Berger, director).

The DeRosa band has been evolving for almost four years. DeRosa started the group in 1957 as the Swinging Subteens, the only elementary-school dance band in the country at that time. The next year, the band, known as the South Huntington Junior High Dance Band, made an LP and presented a program entitled *The Evolution of Jazz* in the school auditorium.

DeRosa, once a music teacher in the lower grades, has advanced along with the band and is now teaching music to high school students. For one of their selections they played *Salute to the Big Bands,* which opened with a fanfare followed by the themes of Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, and Stan Kenton.

After the six bands had finished performing, an all-clinic dance band took the stand. This group had been organized by the six band directors and included the best instrumentalists from each participating group.

Warrington, who furnishes arrangements for the school band series section in the catalogs of several publishers, gave the all-star group three arrangements to sight-read. The arrangements were of several televison themes.

The band first played the score through cold, and then Warrington worked with each section with suggestions and corrections, finally having the entire band run through it again with a ready-for-presentation version.

One of the TV show numbers, *Alfred Hitchcock Presents,* was a difficult and complicated arrangement; the two others were *M Squad* and *Skater's Boogie,* an adaptation of the *Skater's Waltz.*

Warrington said at the end of the clinic that from his experiences during the last year, he believes 25 percent of high school dance bands are good, 50 percent mediocre, and 25 percent subpar. He classed the bands at the West Hampstead clinic as being 75 percent good, and the all-clinic band, he said, "was made up of the best sight-readers I've ever seen in a high school group."

SAFRANSKI JOINS CAMP FACULTY

Eddie Safranski, ex-Stan Kenton bassist, has been added to the faculty of the National Dance Band Camp at Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind., Aug. 7-20.

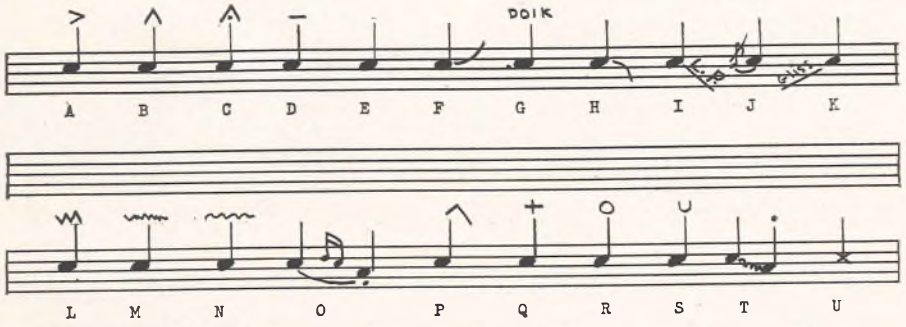
Other Kentonites on the faculty for the two week period—besides Kenton himself — will be drummer Shelly Manne, flutist Buddy Collette, and arrangers Johnny Richards and Russ Garcia. Faculty members include such well-known clinicians as Matt Betton, Bud

Doty, Clem De Rosa, Ray Santisi, and Buddy Baker.

Sal Salvador, prominent east coast jazz guitarist, has been added to the faculty of the National Dance Band camp. Salvador will take two weeks off from his big new band to teach youngsters at the camp.

The camp, in its second year, will have more than 200 students each week, as well as a group of band directors for the second week attending a special workshop. An entire 17-piece band, accompanied by its band director, from Olney high school in Philadelphia, Pa., will attend the camp as a unit.

CLINICIAN'S CORNER



Many musicians, both young and old, have been exasperated by the lack of a more standard and easily understood method of musical notation and marking. This has been an especially perplexing problem for the high school dance band director.

In August, the bull will be taken firmly by the horns at the National Dance Band Camp at Bloomington, Ind. One of the items on the agenda of the Band Directors Workshop to be held at the camp is a discussion of the notation-marking bugaboo. Leading teachers, clinicians, and arrangers will meet to discuss the problem and start working toward some sort of standardization. Included in this group of highly interested and qualified people are Dr. Gene Hall, Michigan State university; Matt Betton, assistant musical director of the camp; Art Dedrick, Kendor Music; Bud Doty, well-known clinician; Johnny Richards and Russ Garcia, widely respected arrangers.

Doty is interested in the more exact description and interpretation of the different dynamic markings. He wants the acceptance of firm basic dynamic levels. He proposes five of these levels: pianissimo, piano, mezzo forte, forte, fortissimo. Though these are the standard dynamic levels, he believes the use of some dynamic level meter will diminish differences in interpretation of just what is soft and what is loud. He also puts emphasis on the young musician's retaining a full tone at the extreme levels. For instance, he says that pianissimo should be "the softest fully-supported, big sound that the musician can play. It is not a soft, *small* sound . . ." Doty believes that fortissimo should be "the loudest tone that the musician is capable of producing *without the loss of support and quality* . . . without 'blasting' . . ."

An indication of the direction that the seminar will be working toward is Matt Betton's chart of dance band markings. Betton intends to propose for the consideration of the roundtable the markings illustrated below: A—Sudden accent, hold full value. B—Accent note, hold half of value. C—An accented, short staccato (same as B played as an eighth note.) D—Soft tongue, hold full value.

E—Short staccato, played as an eighth note. F—Play note, trumpets pull valves ¼ to ½ down and push note up about a third in pitch; saxes slowly open keys for same effect; trombones use slide for same effect.

G—Same as F. H—Play note, trumpets pull valves ¼ to ½ down and pull pitch down from 1 to 5 steps; trombones use slide for effect; saxes gliss either chromatically or step-wise. I—Long pull extending the effect of H.

J—As in all music. K—Long glissando, usually played by trumpets with valves depressed ¼ to ½ and beginning about an octave below final note. L—Shake, usually played by trumpets by shaking the instrument horizontally in a rapid fashion; saxes get same effect with a trill (usually one step higher.) M—Lip trill, usually played by brass instruments with trill being executed to one step higher.

W—Wide lip trill—same as M except slower and using a wider interval in trill. O—Play note. Raise pitch then drop into following note. (Brass players usually rely on the lip to execute this phrase; reed players usually finger the pattern.) P—Same as O. Q—Brass instruments: hand, hat, or plunger over bell; reeds: players may stifle tone with tongue on back of reed.

R—Brass: hand, hat, or plunger away from bell; reeds: remove tongue from reed. S—Usually same as J. T—Sound first note, connect to second note with chromatic notes in between. U—Finger note but do not play it. Sometimes played very lightly by letting the tongue meter the air (or touch the reed) resulting in only half a sound. May also be executed on trumpets by using half valves.

Thus it can be seen from these initial thoughts on standardization, the band directors workshop will have plenty of meaty and challenging ideas to discuss. Some system universally acceptable may come from it. db

PAMELA

Scored for just vibes, bass, and guitar, *Pamela,* by Berklee student Gary McFarland, effectively demonstrates the use of ¾ time in jazz writing. The main theme, written in a contrapuntal style, is contrasted by ad lib jazz solos before returning to a statement of the original theme.

The form is A, B, C, A, D for ensemble sections and A, B, C, A for solo choruses. Harmonically, the main characteristics are a series of II minor 7-V 7's in an interesting key relationship and the use of constant major structures, which lend a highly mobile feeling to the harmonic motion.

Pamela has been recorded on Berklee Records *Jazz in the Classroom* LP, Vol. IV and may be ordered directly from the Berklee School of Music.

McFarland, originally from San Francisco, was one of the winners of the 1959 *Down Beat* Hall of Fame scholarship awards and began his studies at Berklee in September, 1959.

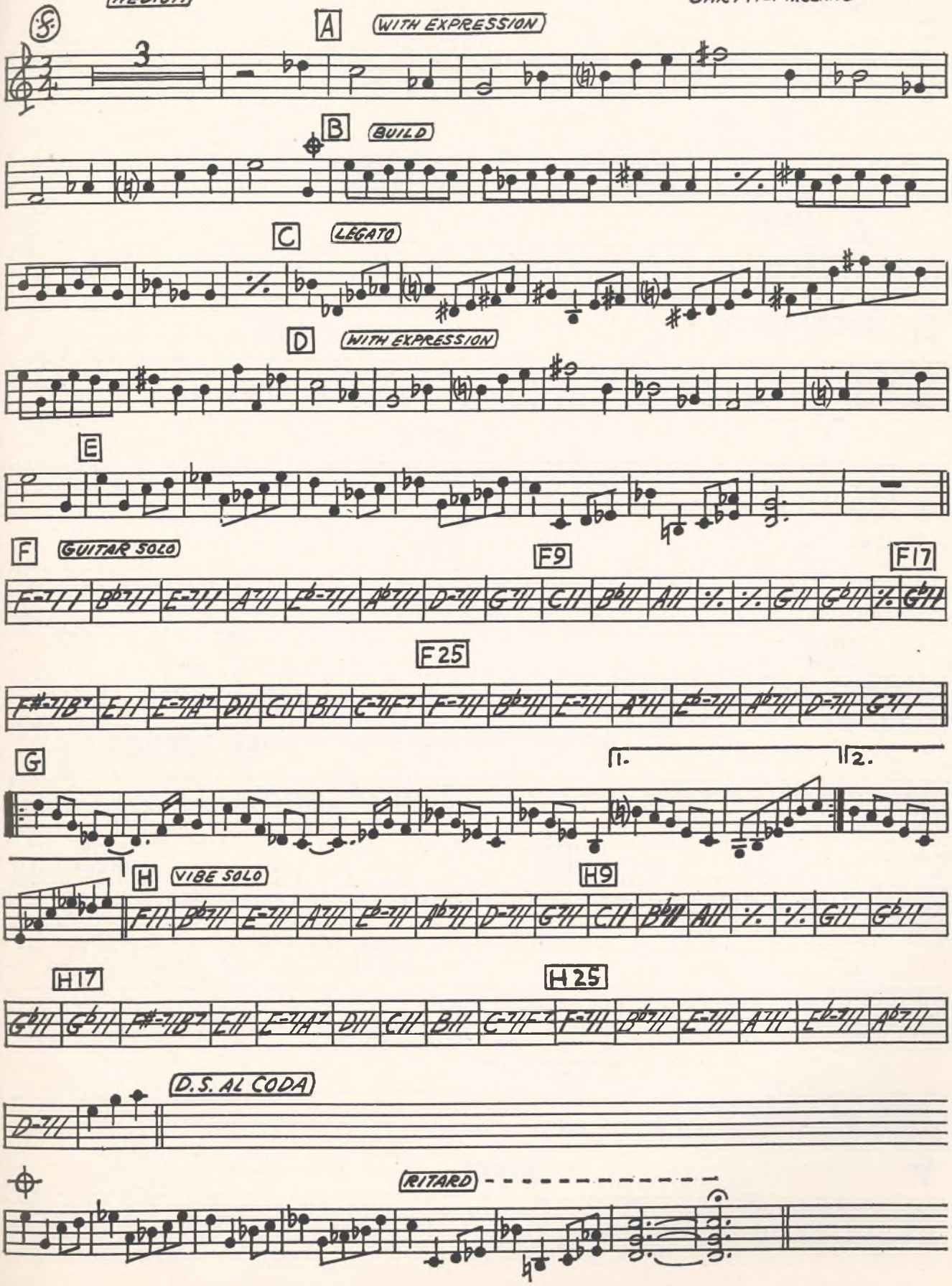
He since has written for the Kenny Dorham Quintet and the Herb Pomeroy Orchestra. His future professional activities will include playing vibes with the intermission trio at Storyville, Cape Cod, this summer as well as various arranging assignments.

VIBES

PAMELA

ARRANGED + COMPOSED BY
GARY McFARLAND

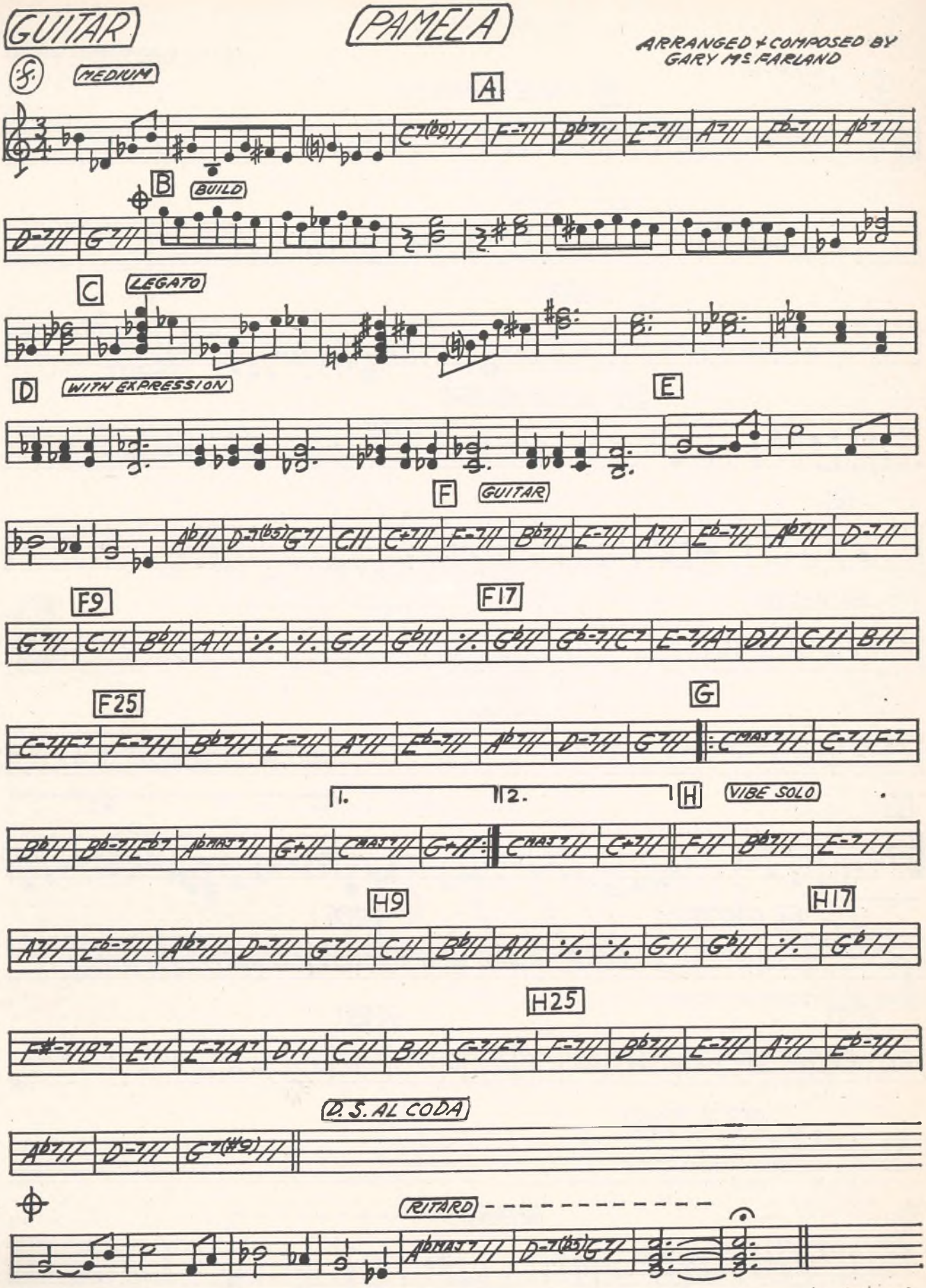
MEDIUM



GUITAR

PAMELA

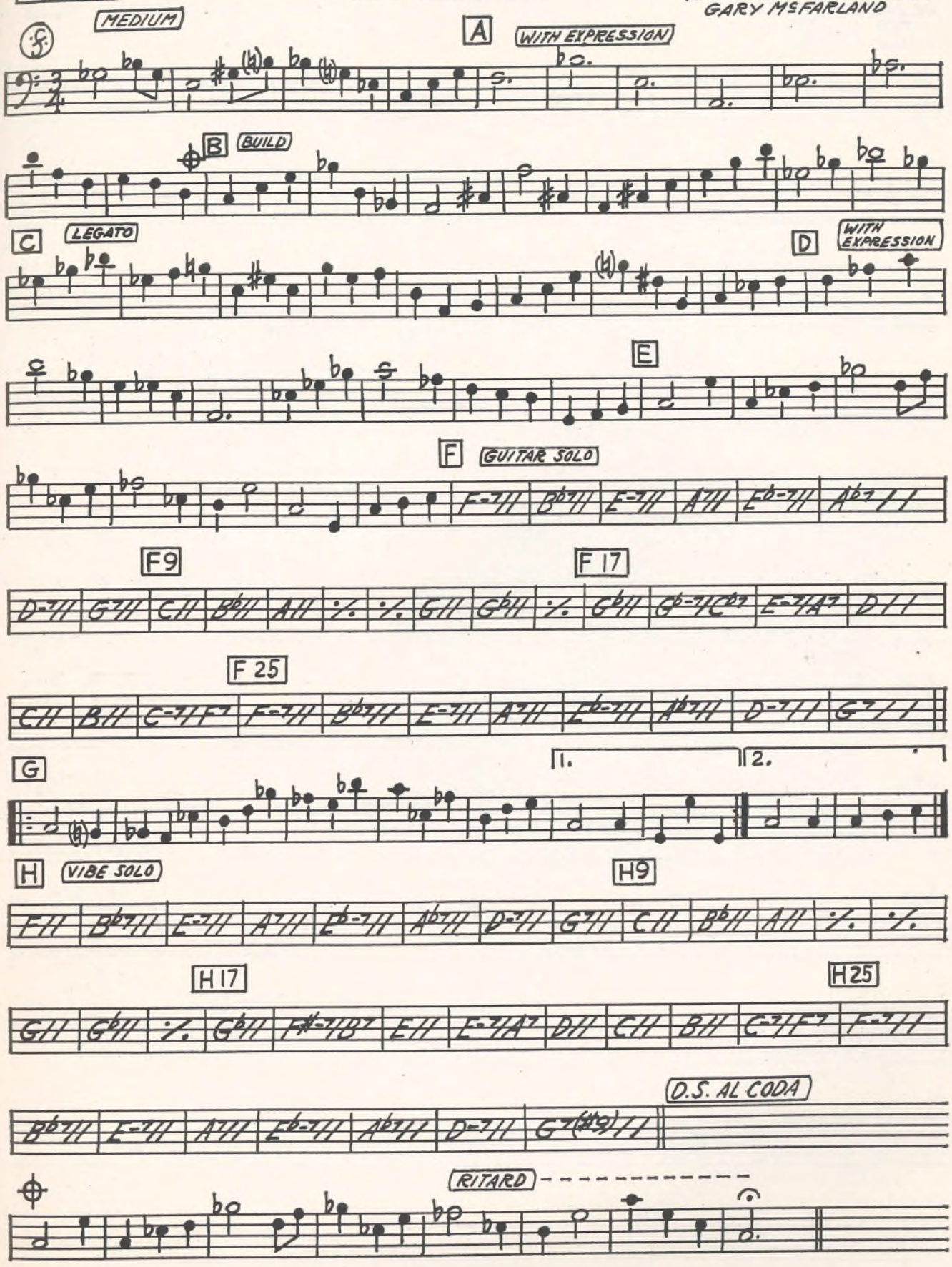
ARRANGED & COMPOSED BY
GARY McFARLAND



BASS

PAMELA

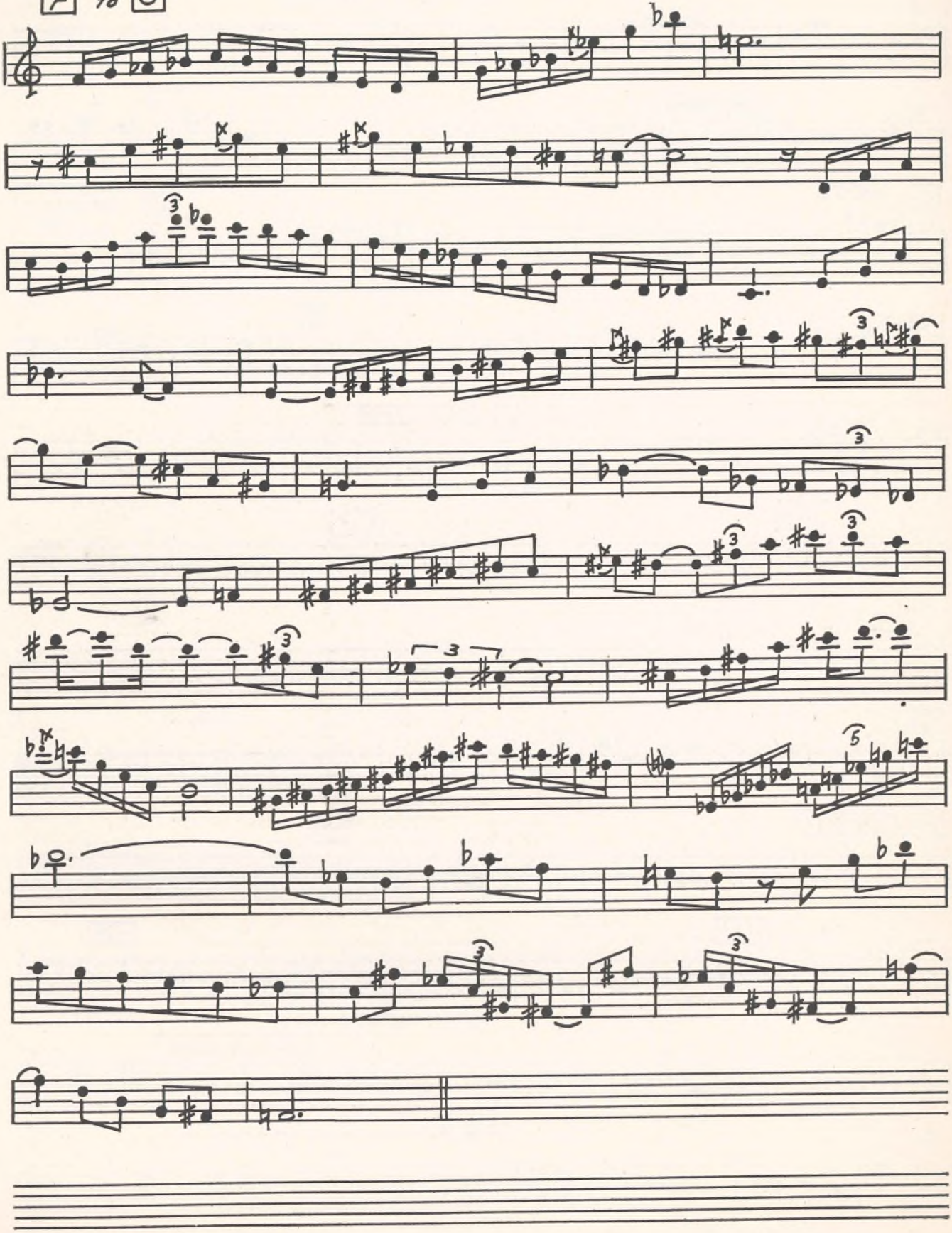
ARRANGED & COMPOSED BY
GARY McFARLAND



PAMELA

TRANSCRIBED COPY OF
AD LIB GUITAR SOLO
F TO G

AS PLAYED BY GABOR SZABO ON
BERKLEE RECORDS
JAZZ IN THE CLASSROOM, VOL. II



DOWN BEAT SCHOLARSHIPS

As part of its policy of furthering jazz among schools and school musicians, *Down Beat* has announced its 1960 scholarships to the National Band Camp at Bloomington, Ind. Virtually all of the recipients won their awards while participating in the many high school dance-band festivals (contests) sponsored by *Down Beat* throughout the school year.

Assisting *Down Beat* in this project are several music firms similarly interested in the proper development of the school musician.

The donors to this *Down Beat* scholarship fund include the Selmer Co. of Elkhart, Ind.; Conn of Elkhart; Wurlitzer of DeKalb, Ill.; the Guitar Manufacturers association; Fender Sales Co. of Santa Ana, Calif.; General Artists Corp. of Chicago, and Willard Alexander of New York City.

The recipients of the scholarships donated by these companies will be announced in a later issue. Meanwhile here is a partial list of the 1960 *Down Beat* scholarship winners:

Baker, Dan (director) Columbus, Ohio.

Bateman, Bill (bass) Camden, Ark.

Briggs, Bill (director) Texarkana, Texas.

Cheskiewicz, Michael (alto saxophone) Philadelphia.

Farrell, John (alto saxophone) Phillips, Texas.

Fitzgerald, Sandra (trumpet) Caldwell, Texas.

Gillespie, James (alto saxophone) Niles, Ill.

Latto, Lowell (leader-tenor saxophone) Columbus, Ohio.

Mustachio, Tom (piano) Fairmont, W. Va.

Mutchler, Ralph (arranger) Evanston, Ill.

Rahn, Rick (bass) Deerfield, Ill.

Roe, Jerry (bass) Snyder, Texas.

Scodwell, Tony Jr. (trumpet) Beloit, Wis.

Sheftel, Ed (trumpet) Highland Park, Ill.

Sitterly, Donald (piano) Decatur, Ill.

Townsend, Sidney (bass) Columbus, Ohio.

Otwell, Marshall (piano) Maumee, Ohio.

Nathan, Bing (piano) Highland Park, Ill.

Scungio, Vincent (trumpet) Indiana, Pa.

Parente, Frank Jr. (tenor saxophone) Logansport, Ind.

Diers, Nelson R. (trumpet) Cincinnati, Ohio.

Parker, Gene (alto saxophone) Maumee, Ohio.

THE INNER EAR

BY BILL MATHIEU

How is it that a bunch of musicians who have never seen each other before can begin to improvise, say, a blues together, and create a piece of listenable music? What holds them all together?

The answer to this question will be found in many areas, but probably the most important binding factor is the "changes" of the tune they decide to play. What mysterious quality do these changes — whatever they are — have?

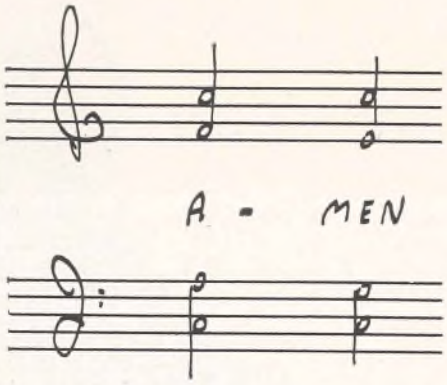
The changes of a tune can best be described as the harmonic progression or the harmonic pattern. But this definition begs the question, and we are faced with the even more staggering question, "What is *harmony?*"

Most music exists on two layers. On the top layer, there is the melody—something a single wind instrument can

play. A melody can be whistled. It is a strand of one-at-a-time up-and-down notes that generally makes good sense all by itself.

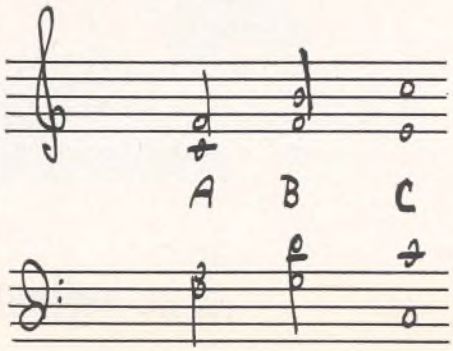
On the bottom layer is the harmony. This requires several wind instruments playing simultaneously to express—or a piano or an organ playing several notes at once, in blocks. You can't sing harmony by yourself. (If you could, your fortune would be made!) Harmony is the thickened understructure that supports the melody. Alone, it is usually dull and incomplete.

Conjure up in your mind the "Amen" sung by the choir in church. It consists of two chords and looks something like this on paper:



We'll never get closer than that to pure harmony.

Slightly more complicated is the sequence of three chords generally associated with the end of a phrase of classical music:



These three chords — familiar to everyone exposed to classical music— stand in a certain relationship to one another. The important thing to keep in mind is that these chords (and most others) are of two basic types. One type of chord (B above) is not complete in itself. This kind of chord, which we'll call Type I, requires other chords (A and C above, which we'll call Type II) to round them off, to give them a sense of repose, to *resolve* them. These restless Type I chords give music much of its forward motion.

Jazz harmony can be thought of simply as long strings of these two types of chords put together in such a way as to create constantly shifting patterns. The patterns go forward in tension-and-resolution, tension-and-resolution. This "sit-down, get-up" quality is the basic work of harmony.

Below is an example of the most standard of all jazz standards, *I Got Rhythm*. The passages that surge forward harmonically are marked Type I; those that sit down harmonically are marked Type II (see bottom of page).

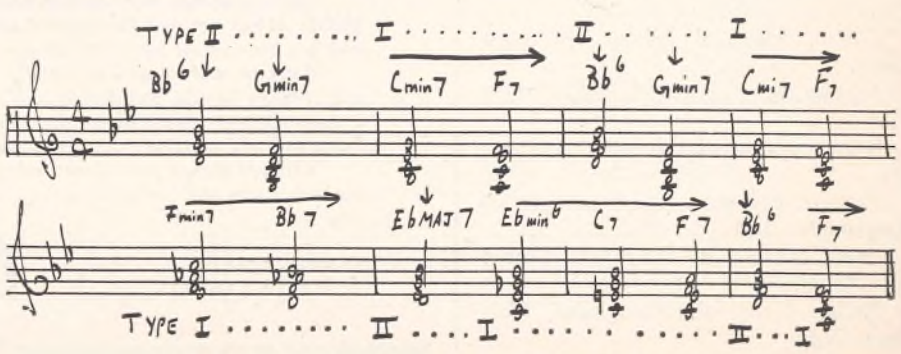
One must remember, however, that chords (as well as every other "element" in music) often derive their basic color not from their *inherent* characteristics, but from their context within the musical phrase. A chord becomes meaningful not only because of *what it is* but also because of *where it's used.*

The chord progression printed below is very much a part of every jazz musician's language. He knows not only *I Got Rhythm* in this way, but also dozens of other harmonic patterns for dozens of other tunes. This is not, however, as difficult as it sounds, because most standard melodies are supported by conventional chord patterns that even the casually trained ear can pick up with a little practice.

But what good is it to know the changes? What does the improviser do once he knows them?

Next month I'll try to talk about how melodies can be built over these pre-learned chordal patterns.

(Incidentally, your mail is appreciated. If there are any specific questions you would like discussed, drop me a card in care of Down Beat.)



MINGUS

Continued from Page 30

whole lot to do with it because I know what I used to be.

"Writing came natural. I heard things in my head—then I'd find it on the piano. Jazz to me was Duke and church but I thought all music was one . . . jazz, symphony. That's the bag I was working out of then. In fact, I think I'm getting back to that again. In a way Bird did it. It was just that his beat was so tremendous."

Although I already had my own opinion of what kind of musician Charlie Mingus is, I was interested to see what he thought of Cannonball's "surrealist" evaluation. I wasn't prepared for the reaction. "Cannonball don't know nothing—may I say this right now—and he's a rock 'n' roll musician, No. 1."

The obvious bitterness stems from an incident in which Mingus says the Adderley brothers came to him, one Monday night at Birdland, and wanted to record *Better Git It in Your Soul*. "I told them I had done it for Columbia and would they wait until it came out."

He feels that Adderley had pianist Bobby Timmons write *This Here* as a copy. "I don't think it could be sincere. He did it because it was the thing and the time to do it, he thought. I'm not going to do it anymore because of that. It's wrong. It's wrong for that reason. I was doing it at the Bohemia years ago, and hadn't even recorded it. It was right because I felt it. I'm very serious when I do a Gospel piece. When I say 'Amen', man, I'll be saying *'Amen'*. I won't be joking."

I brought up the Atlantic *Blues and Roots* album which recently came out. "Do you know how long that was on the shelf?" Mingus scoffed. "Two or three years. Atlantic put it out because my Columbia had come out. They had that before I ever had the Columbia done."

"A lot of rock 'n roll is passing for jazz today and people are not aware of it," continued Charlie, now in high gear. "Cannonball's group (referring to *This Here*) don't even play free in three. They're not free in the form. They don't swing it. It's a stiff ¾, ta-ta-ta, ta-ta-ta! Ours swings. It's not ¾. It's played the same as ¼. It's 6 against 4. In church they don't play in ¾; they play in ⅝ against 4. Even in Africa . . . Everybody knows that the African rhythms were not in ¾ but in ⅝ against 4. Dig the way we clap our hands on the record (*Better Git It in Your Soul*)."

For the first time since he left the Red Norvo Trio and settled in New York in 1951, Mingus is feeling a relative kind of security. The year 1960 has been a year of new success for him. He said his first Columbia album (*Mingus Ah Um*) has sold more than 90,000 copies. (No one at Columbia returned my call to corroborate this.)

Since January, his group, currently composed of Ted Curson, trumpet, Eric Dolphy, alto sax, and Dannie Richmond, drums, has been at the Showplace on W. 4th St. in Greenwich Village. This is an unusual run for a jazz group, unless you happen to be Eddie Condon and own your own club. Although Mingus had appeared at the Five Spot, Half Note, and Showplace at various times in the past three years, jobs have not come rolling up to him.

"I'm telling you, it's a bitch to be out of work, knowing you have something to say. I had to book my own group."

It seems that many agencies wouldn't touch Mingus with a bass clarinet. He had gotten a reputation as a strong boy who is as likely to punch you as shake your hand. Mingus feels this was an unfair view and grossly exaggerated.

"I only had three fights since I've been in New York. One was when I took my band on the road for the first time. One of the guys in the band was late for the job. He was a junky and when I got mad at him he pulled a knife on me. I only hit him because he had the knife. I didn't want to hit because I loved the cat. He's my friend today. He knows I was right. But that's when my reputation spread.

"The second fight was at Music Barn in Lenox, Mass., about five years ago. A Texas cop kind of cat—he had a hat on like a cop—made some racial remarks. Pettiford tried to pull me away and I did come away but he kept following me and I was afraid, so I popped him down. I think like hate, this cat . . . I'm scared and I hate him because he's wrong. But I don't hit that hard. It's just like I think 'em out. I say 'Blam!' and my fist follows. I'd say he should be out and he goes out and people say, 'He hits hard!' But I don't know if I hit hard or not. I think it's hypnotism.

"The other fight was when two cats jumped Max Roach from behind. I put them out and that's when my reputation actually started. I liked it because I was still a coward. As a kid I learned to hit to keep from being hit. Now I've learned not to hit. I'll hold the other's fist and say 'Wait a minute'. I guess I'm not afraid anymore."

If Mingus is not fighting with his hands anymore, he is still very actively involved in fighting for his rights as a musician. "Because of my reputation, supposedly, no booking office would

handle me. I found out recently that one agency wanted me but the cat in the office who was supposed to book me kept telling the head of the agency, 'I don't like that guy, there's something about him . . .

"I think I know what he didn't like about me.

"He knew that if I ever made it, he was the kind of person I would help to get rid of. He was caught stealing money from one guy's band. The leader was getting $2,000 and didn't know it. The agent was booking him for $1,750. The way the leader found out was that the club owner got mad at the office and told him. He had been losing $250 every week. The best thing the office could do was fire those cats but it didn't get the musician back his money."

The enmity between Mingus and Max Roach is ended now. Due to squabbles over shares in a joint-venture record company (Debut) of several years back, they hadn't been too friendly. Out of a renewed friendship has come an active protest against what Mingus feels is insulting to himself and other musicians on the part of festival bookers. (Newport, he claims, holds him too cheaply.)

"I've always been a protest cat," remembers Charlie. "In high school I was on the basketball team but the coach did something I didn't dig and the next day, he looked up and saw me practicing with the football team."

Mingus, a fantastically gifted bassist (after Callender, he studied for five years with H. Rheinschagen, formerly principal bassist of the New York Philharmonic), is equally important as a group leader. His stature as a composer is growing and, I believe, will become more and more important as time goes on.

Mingus flatly states, "Once you achieve technical facility, you're either a musician or you're not. You're either a creative person or a stenographer."

His ideas, in and out of music, show that Charlie Mingus is not ready to take dictation. db

AD LIB

Continued from Page 14

Miller. From 1 to 5 a.m., the **Nat Pierce** jazz combo played for more dancing with **Georgie Auld,** tenor saxophone; **Milt Hinton,** bass; **Don Lamond,** drums, and Pierce on piano . . . Promotor **Phil Schapiro** has been directing and producing jazz concerts in the suburban New York area under the sponsorship of the local Kiwanis clubs. Late last month **Pee Wee Russell,** clarinet; **Marty Napoleon,** piano; **Mickey Sheen,** drums; **John Letman,** trumpet; **Johnny Windhurst's** Riverboat Four, and vocalist **Morgana King** entertained under the sponsorship of the Kiwanis at Long Beach, N. Y. Next week **Peanuts Hucko,** clarinet; **Dick Wellstood,** piano; **Sonny Igoe,** drums, and vocalist **Maria Marshall** will be among those giving a concert under the auspices of the Toms River, N. J., Kiwanis club.

Turk Murphy's jazz band played for a party in the Sherry Netherland hotel to give a send-off to the **Nicholas Darvas** book *How I Made $2,000,000 in the Stock Market.* Darvas is a professional dancer . . . **Bernie Nierow** was featured on piano when **Paul Whiteman** presented a week-long all-Gershwin program at the **St. John Terrell** Music Circus in Lambertville, N. J.

Former **Charlie Barnet** vocalist **Helen Carr** is seriously ill in Roosevelt hospital. Blood is needed and any contributions will be appreciated by the family . . . Singer **Nancy Wilson** has signed with the Music Corp. of America . . . **Mercer Ellington** has been preparing some arrangements for vocalist **Della Reese** . . . England's **Jack Hylton,** a former bandleader, is negotiating with **Miriam Makeba to** star in his London production of *King Kong* this fall.

The **Harry James** Band is booked for a South American tour Oct. 16 to Nov. 18 . . . **George Shearing's** Sextet will visit Australia, New Zealand and Honolulu this coming September and October . . . **Johnny Dankworth** plans to bring his new English band to the United States for a tour in October. They may appear in a combined concert with the Pittsburgh Symphony.

Composer-trombonist **William Russo** has written a new work especially for the **Louis Topper** Saxophone Quartet to feature in their appearances with the **Edwin Franko Goldman** concert band this month in Central park . . . Ex-bandleader **Artie Shaw,** who recently underwent ear surgery, has decided to move back to the U.S. after living in Spain for six years. He has bought a house in Lakeville, Conn. . . . The U.S. embassy in Mexico City plans to help stimulate interest in American jazz south of the border. There will be weekly showings of documentary films on the lives of top American jazzmen in the embassy. A documentary on the life of **Kid Ory** has already been shown. Plans are under way for a jazz festival in Mexico City later this summer . . . **Shirley Clarke,** an experimental film maker, is planning to make a motion picture version of *The Connection* with money provided by United Artists . . . Several night club sequences in the movie *Butterfield 8* were filmed at the Embers.

Gerald Lascelles, an English jazz critic and a cousin of **Queen Elizabeth,** had his car stolen at St. Leonards-on-the-Sea, England, by a couple of bank robbers. They rode to the bank, fired two shots into the counter, and escaped in Lascelles' car. It was later found abandoned—with $5,040 on the back seat . . . **Dom Cerulli,** former *Down Beat* staffer, and now RCA Victor record publicity man, became a father last month. His wife **Dolores** gave birth to a son, named **Mark Alfred** . . . **Martha Glaser** lost her mother, **Mrs. Pearl Farkus,** in New York . . . **John McLellan,** Boston jazz critic and radio-TV personality, rates a cover story in *On the Air,* a weekly program announcement magazine published by WHDH, Inc.

IN PERSON

African Room—DUKE OF IRON.
Apollo Theater—THERMAN RUTH gospel show, July 8-15.
Birdland—COUNT BASIE Band, TOSHIKO-MARIANO Quartet, until July 20. BUDDY RICH Sextet, HORACE SILVER Quintet, July 21-Aug. 3.
Central Plaza—TONY PARENTI, GENE SEDRIC, and others, Friday and Saturday nights.
Condon's—EDDIE CONDON Band with BUCK CLAYTON.
Copacabana—PAUL ANKA, until July 15.
Count Basie's — SIR CHARLES THOMPSON playing organ.
Embers — JONAH JONES Quartet, YUGENE SMITH Trio, until July 31.
Five Spot — ORNETTE COLEMAN Quartet, JIMMY GIUFFRE Trio, until July 15.
Gondolier—MAE BARNES Trio.
Half Note — LENNIE TRISTANO with LEE KONITZ and WARNE MARSH, until July 26.
Hickory House—MARIAN McPARTLAND Trio.
Imperiale's Royal—TOOTS THIELEMAN Trio.
Jazz Gallery — THELONIOUS MONK Quartet, JOE TURNER, until July 18. THELONIOUS MONK Quartet, GIGI GRYCE Quintet, July 19-26.
Jilly's—MORGANA KING.
Metropole (Upstairs)—GENE KRUPA Quartet, until July 10. TURK MURPHY Frisco Jazz Band, July 11-Aug. 1.
Roosevelt Hotel—LEO REISMAN Orchestra.
Roseland Dance City—DON GASSER Orchestra, until July 12.
Roundtable—CLYDE McCOY Dixieland Band, TYREE GLENN Quartet, until July 30.
Jimmy Ryan's—WILBUR DePARIS Band.
Showplace—CHARLIE MINGUS Quintet.
Village Vanguard—GERRY MULLIGAN concert jazz band, until July 17. MILES DAVIS, Aug. 2-14.

BOSTON

The quartet of saxophonist **Charlie Mariano** and pianist **Toshiko** opened the Keyboard lounge in Mattapoisett. **Dizzy Gillespie's** group was billed early in June with pianist **Ray Bryant's Trio** and singer **Dinah Washington** set for midsummer dates . . . Summer-Storyville at Harwich on Cape Cod, booked weeklong engagements for **Sarah Vaughan** (July 3-10), followed by folk singer **Odetta** (July 11-17) and **Benny Goodman's** 10-piece band (July 21-31).

Goodman has augmented his smaller group with such luminaries as tenor saxophonist **Flip Phillips,** trombonist **Bill Harris,** and vibist **Red Norvo** . . . Australian vocalist **Diana Trask** headlined Blinstrubs for a week. A twin bill of **Della Reese** and **Jackie Miles** followed, and a late June engagement was filled by singer **Johnny Mathis.**

The 16-piece band of **Frank St. Peter** settles in at the Golden Vanity coffee house in town on Sunday and Monday evenings. Band personnel is leader and altoist St. Peter; **Ron Ackerman, Eddie Russo, Jack Parkhurst, Jack Stevens, Ed Xiques,** reeds; **Roger Barrett, Dan Nolan, Al Ware, John Gardner,** trumpets; **Bill Legan, John Lewis, Charles Connors,** trombones; **Ron Markowitz,** bass, and **Skip Tosi,** drums. The vocalist is **Flo Hawkins,** and arrangements are by St. Peter, **Jaki Byard, Dover Crawford, Mark Levine,** and **Roger Barrett.**

Northeastern university's prom date was handled by the **Rollins Griffith** Band. Trumpeter **Al Bacon** replaced **Al Bryant** with the group . . . The **Ahmed Abdul-Malik** Trio and the **Olatunji** troupe of Nigerian drummers, singers, and dancers were presented in a concert at Lexington high school. All proceeds were donated to the Combined Emergency Appeal, which includes the Committee to Defend Martin Luther King Jr. and the student defense committee of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference . . . Pianist **Erroll Garner** played two consecutive evening concerts at Castle Hill in Ipswich . . . Trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson's** Band appeared at the Hotel Bradford.

MONTREAL

The Montreal Jazz Society, headed by **John Cordell,** holds regular Tuesday meetings at the Lutece café with trumpeter **Herbie Spanier,** pianist **Keith White,** bassist **Stan Zadak,** and drummer **Pierre Beleuse** . . . **Wally Aspell** is currently singing emcee at the Vaudreuil Inn outside Montreal . . . **Annie Cordy** is currently at the Faisan Bleu. . .

German jazz clarinetist **Rolf Kuhn** played a weekend at the Little Vienna restaurant in May . . . **Victor Borge** came into town for a one-nighter May 30 at the St. Denis theater. Trouble was the show was laden with a full concert portion and a full comedy portion . . . The Hit-Makers of 1960, a rhythm and blues show, came into the St. Denis on June 9th, headlined by **Ray Charles, Ray Bryant,** and **Ruth Brown** . . .

Felicia Sanders appeared for a week at the Salle Bonaventure in the Queen Elizabeth hotel starting July 11 . . . **Louis Armstrong's** All Stars, including **Barney Bigard, Trummy Young, Velma Middleton, Mort Herbert, Denny Barcelona,** and **Billy Kyle,** played June 5 at the Forum.

PHILADELPHIA

Louis Armstrong, in his week at the nearby Lambertville (N.J.) Music Circus, noted that two "local" musicians are in his group, pianist Billy Kyle, from Philadelphia, and bassman Mort Herbert, from Somerville, N.J. Satch also played dates recently at the El Rancho Club in Chester and at the Drexelbrook Music Festival, which also featured **Woody Herman** . . . The Red Hill Inn, a perfect big-band room acoustically since it moved to its new location, featured two large groups in a row—**Maynard Ferguson,** then **Gerry Mulligan.** It was Gerry's second date at the Red Hill with his new band.

Philly's downtown jazz rooms went on a vocal kick, Pep's featuring **Dinah Washington,** followed by **Lenny Welch** and drummer **Charlie Persip. Dakota Staton** appeared at the Showboat . . . **Jimmy Heath** (Percy's brother) was featured with a group at the new Off Beat Room . . . Organist **Jimmy Smith,** a Philadelphia product, played a week at the Germantown tavern . . . **Count Basie** was booked at what must have been his most unusual gig—a date at Connie Mack stadium at which he was to share the spotlight with Vice President **Richard Nixon** and a Phillies-Los Angeles Dodgers baseball game. The date was booked by the "Let's Go to Bat for Dick" club.

Johnny Coates Jr., ex-**Charlie Ventura** pianist now attending Rutgers University in New Jersey, is playing this summer with a jazz group aboard the Netherlands government liner, *Groote Beer.* The combo, which also features two others from Rutgers and three men from Princeton, will play three weeks at the Storyville Club in Frankfurt, Germany, a week at a club in Cologne, and a week at the Blue Note in Paris . . . The Dukes of Dixieland played at Princeton's annual *P-Rade,* opening of a week of fun festivities for alumni of the University.

CLEVELAND

The summer season is providing a boost to the jazz picture in Cleveland. Musicarnival, a summer tent theater, is presenting a series of Sunday concerts by well-known artists. Slated so far are **Chris Connor,** July 10; **Erroll Garner,** July 24; and **Andre Previn,** Aug. 21. The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet is also signed to appear, but no definite date has been set as yet.

Cleveland Summer Orchestra Pops Concerts will feature two jazz groups again this year. Local pianist **Joe Howard** will guest on Gershwin night, June 29, and the **George Shearing** Quintet will be featured July 21.

A concert-dance took over Public Hall the night of May 29, with the **Ray Charles** orchestra and the **Ray Bryant** Trio receiving top billing . . . Recent appearances have been made at the Algiers by **Bill Doggett, Brook-Benton,** and **James Moody.** Dakota Staton is scheduled for a future date at the club . . . The Three Sounds come to **Fats Heard's** Jazz Room June 20 for one week . . . **Hugh Thompson** just completed two weeks at the Ce-Fair Lounge . . . the **Bill Gidney** Trio has been featured recently at the Poodle Lounge with **Bobby Brack, Bill Robinson,** and the **Erwin Michael** All-Stars sitting in for Thursday night concerts.

CHICAGO

There are probably more sessions per square mile in Chicago than any other city in the country. The French Poodle takes first prize for sheer quantity—a 21-hour session every day! The lineup so far includes the **Richard Abrams** Trio starting at 7:30 a.m., **Chris Anderson's** trio in the afternoon, and the **John Young** group in the dark hours. Tenorman **Sandy Mosse** is added to Young's trio on weekends.

Things are grooving at Argo Records. **Milt Buckner** was in town to record a new album, as was the phenomenal triple-threat saxman **Roland Kirk**—three horns at a time, that is. And basist **Richard Evans** just cut his second album for the firm.

Primitive blues artist **Muddy Waters** was a late signer for the Sunday afternoon program at Newport . . . **Johnny Griffin** was in New York recently for some recording work . . . The new **Buddy Rich** group was impressive during its Blue Note stand. **Mike Mariani,** young vibraharpist with the group, is definitely star material . . . **Dave Brubeck** and **George Shearing** are scheduled to play a benefit concert July 23 for the Junior Auxiliary of the University of Chicago Cancer Research foundation. The concert will be held in a mall of a shopping center!

Still another club has switched to a jazz policy; the Hucksters, formerly a key club, now has **Jack Maheu** (ex-Dukes of Dixieland and **Pee Wee Hunt** clarinetist) and his swing-oriented group on hand.

The Cloister ended its Sunday sessions last month . . . Another club announcing a shift of policy is the Cafe Continental, which up to now has featured two bands, one led by pianist **Art Hodes,** the other by trumpeter **Bob Scobey.** Henceforth the Continental will use only Scobey's band. Scobey, incidentally, has acquired a fine traditional clarinet player, **Bill Napier,** who until recently was playing with **Kid Ory. George Zack's** band is playing the Continental on Monday, Scobey's off-night . . . The Charleston Chasers are playing Monday nights at Catfish Row at Dearborn and Elm. The leader is **Ted Butterman** and the group features a leather-lung trombone player from Denmark, **Peter Nygaard** . . .

For years, traditional jazz lovers with a folklore bent have been looking for boogie-woogie pianist **Romeo Nelson.** Nelson has long been one of the semi-legendary figures of jazz, a will o' the wisp whom few people could actually claim to have heard. Recently someone walked into Seymour's Loop Jazz Record shop and asked proprietor **Bob Koester,** "Is Romeo Nelson anybody?" Koester, ardent traditional fan, thought he was kidding, but soon found he wasn't and that he had actually encountered Nelson. A few phone calls later, Nelson was tracked to earth—living on Chicago's west side in musical obscurity. But Nelson failed to live up to the tradition of forgotten jazzmen. Instead of being impoverished and tubercular, he turned out to be happy, healthy, and the owner of three apartment buildings.

Andy Anderson's rehearsal band recently played another concert at the Hines Veteran's Administration Hospital . . . The fine Northwestern University lab band, led by arranger **Ralph Mutchler,** (who won the arranger award at the recent Collegiate Jazz Festival at Notre Dame), played a *Jazz in the Sand* concert on the beach in Evanston. Student response was good. The concert was completely open-air, without even a band shell. "One thing," said Mutchler, "the sound was *pure.*"

IN PERSON

Blue Note—ART FARMER-BENNY GOLSON Jazztet and NINA SIMONE, until July 18; GERRY MULLIGAN, July 21-Aug. 1; AHMAD JAMAL, Aug. 4-15.
Cloister—The HI-LO'S.
French Poodle — RICHARD ABRAMS Trio, CHRIS ANDERSON Trio, JOHN YOUNG Trio, SANDY MOSSE added weekends.
Hucksters—JACK MAHEU Quartet.
Jazz Ltd.—BILL REINHARDT group.
Mister Kelly's—RUTH OLAY, until July 17. KEN and MITZIE WELCH, July 18-Aug. 7.
London House—JACK TEAGARDEN, until July 10. OSCAR PETERSON Trio, July 12-Aug. 7.
Sutherland—MILES DAVIS, July 20-Aug. 7.

LOS ANGELES

After playing only one weekend at Avalon's Casino ballroom on Catalina Island, **Terry Gibbs** tore up his contract with managers **George Greif** and **Sid Garris** and walked out on a season of regular work with the big band on the island. Despite extreme divergence of ideas on how the band should be run, Gibbs says the split was amicable. Drummer-leader **Ed Grady** and orchestra were set to replace the vibist there.

Duke Ellington's new vocalist, **Milt Grayson,** who joined the band during its stand at Las Vegas' Riviera hotel this spring, recorded his first Columbia

sides with Duke and the men. Meanwhile, **Norman Granz** recorded another album comprising Ellington sidemen. During Granz' recent sojourn in South America, he recorded a Latin jazz LP with a Buenos Aires pianist and guitarist.

The **Oscar Peterson** Trio hits the South American trail August 25 for a concert series to follow the current Australian tour . . . And **Ella Fitzgerald** starts her own annual fall trip about the nation with a Sept. 24 concert in Philadelphia, Pa. . . . The introduction of tenorist **Dexter Gordon** to the American theater may occur this summer when playwright-poet **Carl Thayler's** new play, *Against the Dying of the Light*, opens a west coast break-in run at Monterey's **John Steinbeck** Theater. Gordon has a lead role . . . **Andre Previn** and his lyricist wife, **Dory Langdon,** brought their publishing firm, Andor Music, under the wing of **Jimmy McHugh's** parent firm, Jimmy McHugh Music Co. . . . Arranger-trombonist **J. Hill (Les Brown,** etc.) returned from a European jaunt and commenced work on new charts for the **Chuck Marlowe** big rehearsal band. Marlowe's eight-piece dance group keeps busy on the casual route (*Down Beat,* July 7) . . . **Don Payne,** bassist with **Tony Bennett,** returned from an African trip (*Down Beat,* July 7) with a bride, **Patricia Ann,** Southern Rhodesia actress. Payne also works with **Herbie Mann** during Bennett lay-off periods.

NITERY NOTES: **Rose** and **Al Dietsch** grabbed the **George Lewis** band for a stand at their Beverly Cavern immediately upon Lewis' return from Europe last month . . . **Howard Rumsey** introduced a radically new band policy at the Lighthouse for the summer months. From now on, says he, there is to be no steady resident group, but two name jazzmen will be slotted into the band for fortnightly periods. This, he says, is to give the beach-bent customers a greater variety of names through the hot months . . . **Howard Lucraft** debuted a series of Monday jazz nights at the Ash Grove coffee-and-beer house. **Shelly Manne** and His Men led off. The bashes begin at 6 p. m. and the tariff is $2.50 for dinner, one bar drink, and a free jazz LP. What, no green stamps? . . . **Pete Jolly** and **Ralph Pena** brought an evening modern jazz policy into The Losers on Sunset . . . **Art De Pew,** trumpeter who is a regular with the **Lawrence Welk** band, found a blowing place for his big band Monday nights at **Maine Morris'** Kismet club in West Los Angeles. It's a "jazz dance band", playing De Pew's charts, and features the tenor of **Joe Spang,** among other top sidemen . . . Pianist-vocalist **Jackie**

F.I.B.

(Festival Information Bulletin)

Volume 1 No. 3

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.

F.I.B. is revised every two weeks by the Down Beat staff from information received from all the jazz festivals throughout the world.

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WHERE TO GO

WEST

Jocko and drummer **Joe Peters** are dug in at Costa Mesa's Sportsman until October . . . And Long Beach has come alive with jazz again four nights a week. San Francisco tenorist **Vince Wallace** is at The Cascades backed by **Clyde Conrad,** drums, **Pat Lido,** piano, and **Eddie Loring,** bass. Across the street at the El Sombrero the **Ray McGinnis** Trio supports altoist **Lennie Neihaus,** tenorist **Bill Perkins,** altoist **Herb Geller,** and trombonist **Frank Rosolino,** who rotate each week. Both Belmont Shore clubs feature Sunday sessions from 4 p.m. to 11 p.m.

New jazz jock on KBLA's late-late slot (3 a.m. - 5 a.m.) is **Hank De Vega,** who follows Bob Cook's *Nite-Beat* every morning except Sunday.

IN PERSON

Ben Pollack's—RAY BAUDUC and the Dixielanders, weekends.
Beverly Cavern—GEORGE LEWIS band, opened June 23.
Casino Ballroom (Avalon)—ED GRADY orchestra.
Cloister—RAY CHARLES, opens July 27.
Cosmo Alley—BURNS and CARLIN with DICK HAZARD, piano.
Dragonwyck (Pasadena) — CHARLIE LLOYD Quartet, weekends.
Drift Inn (Malibu) — BUD SHANK Quartet, weekends.
El Sombrero (Belmont Shore, L.B.)—RAY McGINNIS Trio with guests Herb Geller, alto, Bill Perkins, tenor, Frank Rosolino, trombone alternating.
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.
Kismet Club (W.L.A.)—ART DE PEW big band, Mondays.
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 Troubadour (Santa Monica & Rodeo)—BILLY HIGGINS Quintet, weekends.
Renaissance—PAUL HORN Quintet, Fridays and Saturdays; BILLY HIGGINS Three, Wednesdays and Thursdays; BESSIE GRIFFIN and the Gospel Pearls, Sundays.
Sanbah (E. Hollywood)—JACKIE CAIN and ROY KRAL; MARK MURPHY, opens July 13 for three weeks. Jam sessions Tuesday nights.
Sportsman (Costa Mesa)—JACKIE JOCKO, piano-vocals; JOE PETERS, drums, nightly except Sundays until October.
Sundown—TERRY GIBBS big band, Tuesdays.
The Bit—LES McCANN, piano; LEROY VINNEGAR, bass; RON JEFFERSON, drums, nightly.
The Cascades (Belmont Shore, L.B.) — VINCE WALLACE, tenor; CLYDE CONRAD Trio.
The Losers — PETE JOLLY, piano; RALPH PENA, bass; UKIE SHARON, piano.
Troubador (La Cienega)—RAPHMAT JAMAL Quartet, nightly except Mondays; BILL PICKINS Trio, Mondays.
Wonderbowl (Downey)—GENE BOLEN and his Jazz Band, nightly.
Zebra Lounge (Central and Manchester)—DEXTER GORDON Sextet.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena)—ROSY McHARGUE band, nightly.

SAN FRANCISCO

Mabel Mercer will probably go into Outside-at-the-Inside in Palo Alto later this summer . . . The **Four Freshmen** and **Si Zentner** (with the **Chris Ibanez** Trio) laid a bomb in Oakland June 12 for a low box office of only $1100 . . . **Duke Ellington** did an Oakland concert with Japanese child pianist **Jennie Tue**

and it was a total flop. No promotion and little advertising, except on KJAZ . . . Pianist **Al Haig** in town playing in a Latin band at the Sheraton Palace . . . **Shelly Manne's** quintet did only so-so at the Black Hawk in early June while the **Horace Silver** Quintet, in its first local appearance, broke even **Cannonball Adderley's** mark at the Jazz Workshop . . .

Clyde Pound, local pianist formerly with **Virgil Gonsalves** and **Bob Scobey,** is off to join the Dukes of Dixieland . . . **Mahalia Jackson** is booked for a concert series this fall . . . **Erroll Garner** is set for a return concert here in February under the sponsorship of **Sol Hurok** . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** will play the Masonic Temple in October and **Andre Previn** will play the Opera House and the Berkeley Community theater the same month . . .

John Lewis in town briefly on a vacation . . . The Limelighters have signed with RCA Victor . . . **Lennie McBrowne** has replaced **Lawrence Marable** in the new Montgomery Brothers Quintet, which made its debut at the Jazz Workshop in Mid-June . . . Singer **Faith Winthrop** back again with a gig in Tiberon . . . **Tommy Kahn** shifted from XII Adler to the Bordella and **Johnny Marabuto** replaced him at the former spot . . **Joe Albany** has returned to Los Angeles. db

Music News from Coast to Coast

DOWN BEAT

10 Years Ago

On the Cover: Ray McKinley . . . Headline: Kenton's Back—with a Dance Band . . . Norman Granz will film a JATP short at Gjon Mili's Hollywood studio . . . Billy Eckstine is vacationing after his recent collapse in Philadelphia . . . Television producers prepare to fight the AFM's 5 percent royalty on TV films . . . Columbia is grooming Rosemary Clooney, late of the Tony Pastor Band, to replace Dinah Shore, who wants out when her contract ends . . . Anita O'Day, on her feeling for singing: "I don't want to follow others. I want to create my own styling, my own music. Even though there are just so many notes and so many ways to play them, I feel we still have a long way to go before all those ways will be discovered and exploited." . . . Frank Sinatra took Joe Bushkin, piano; Morey Feld, drums, and Johnny Smith, guitar, with him to Europe for a July 4th show for occupation troops . . . Guy Lombardo is discussing an album with Decca that will lampoon bop . . . Ted Hallock writes from Portland, Ore., that Sammy Davis Jr. could be the hottest item in show business with the right material and bookings.

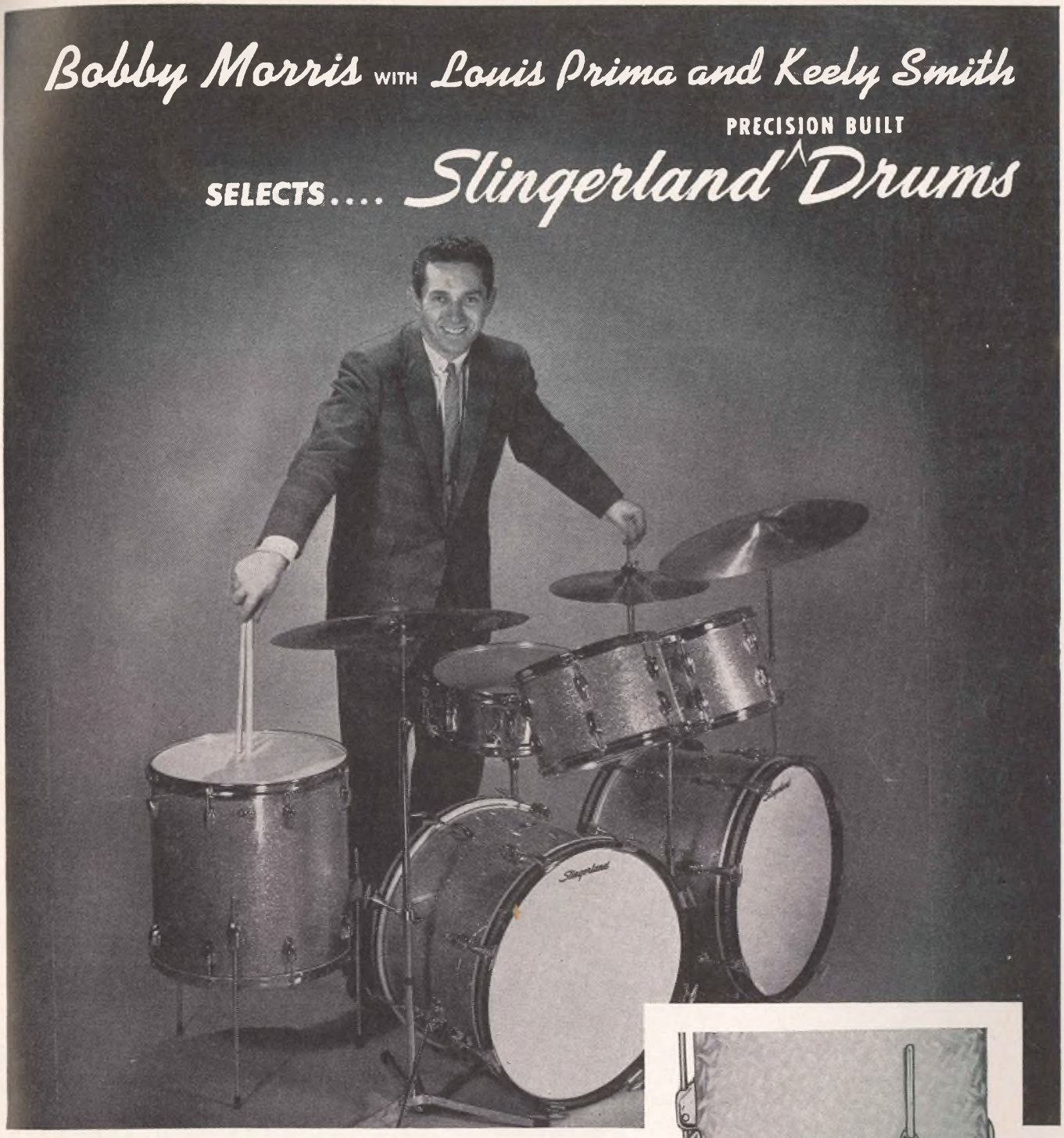
25 Years Ago

Headline: Ray Noble Rates .4 Above Wayne King . . . Jules Stein, head of MCA, may bring Jack Hylton and his band from London for a Chicago nightspot booking if English citizenship laws do not queer deal . . . Benny Goodman will make a road tour through the west this summer after finishing his record dates for Victor (Bunny Berigan will be on trumpet to augment the band for recording). Goodman will record Fletcher Henderson's arrangements of *Blue Skies; Dear Old Southland,* and a couple of pops . . . Marshall W. Stearns, president of the Yale Hot Club, writes that Duke Ellington's "jungle style" and "wah-wah" effects are in the horse-and-buggy class. He goes on to say that today's jitterbug thinks twice before buying an Ellington record, yet if asked will say that Duke is one of the famous bands of all time . . . John Hammond writes that the Dorsey Bros. have missed a golden opportunity—they could have had a band with both musicianship *and* simple guts . . . Irving Berlin has come up with a great score for the new Astaire-Rogers movie, *Top Hat* with such tunes as *Cheek to Cheek; Isn't This a Lovely Day; Piccolino.*

Bobby Morris WITH Louis Prima and Keely Smith

PRECISION BUILT

SELECTS.... Slingerland Drums



Bobby Morris with Louis Prima and Keely Smith

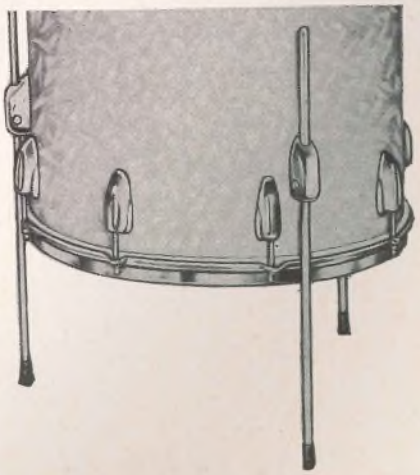
Consistency is a byword along with performance, taste and versatility that has made Louis Prima and Keely Smith the hottest nitery package in the Country.

Bobby Morris maintains a hard-driving, "swingin'" pulsation for this fine unit along with an amazing capacity of technique and showmanship.

Bob is thoroughly delighted with the generous amount of power, delicate sensitivity and crispness his SLINGERLAND DRUMS provide. Note too—the new ALL Chrome #145 snare drums combined with the Sparkling Pink Pearl Tom Toms and bass drums—an outfit designed for Bobby Morris with highest standards in quality and workmanship that automatically comes with any SLINGERLAND drum or accessory.

Look to Slingerland for the most in:

- **Most expressive design**
- **Magnificent construction**
- **Dependable tonal performance**
- **Stellar beauty**



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These beautiful new legs CAN'T SLIP. Just push the button to adjust. Release the button and the legs stay at that height. The die cast housing is polished to a high lustre and triple-chrome plated.

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Five Guitars play thrilling accompaniment to the joyous, soaring singing of the Four Freshmen. It's the freshest patter on a platter . . . sound that's light and lively, bright or bouncy, smooth or lusty as the mood shifts, and the guitars carry the voices up and away. And take you along!

Five Guitars provide the rich, vibrant, perfectly balanced tonal quality that blends so perfectly with the close harmony of Freshmen singing. It's a unique blend of voices and guitars . . . fresh, imaginative, modern . . . delightfully intricate and exciting to hear.

Five Guitars provide the fast, low action and instant response to changing mood and tempo that match Freshmen musical ideas and brilliant, progressive vocalizing.

Five Gibson Guitars blending with the Four Freshmen voices in this Capitol recording delight you with the kind of music that continues to bring fame to the Four Freshmen and preference to Gibsons.

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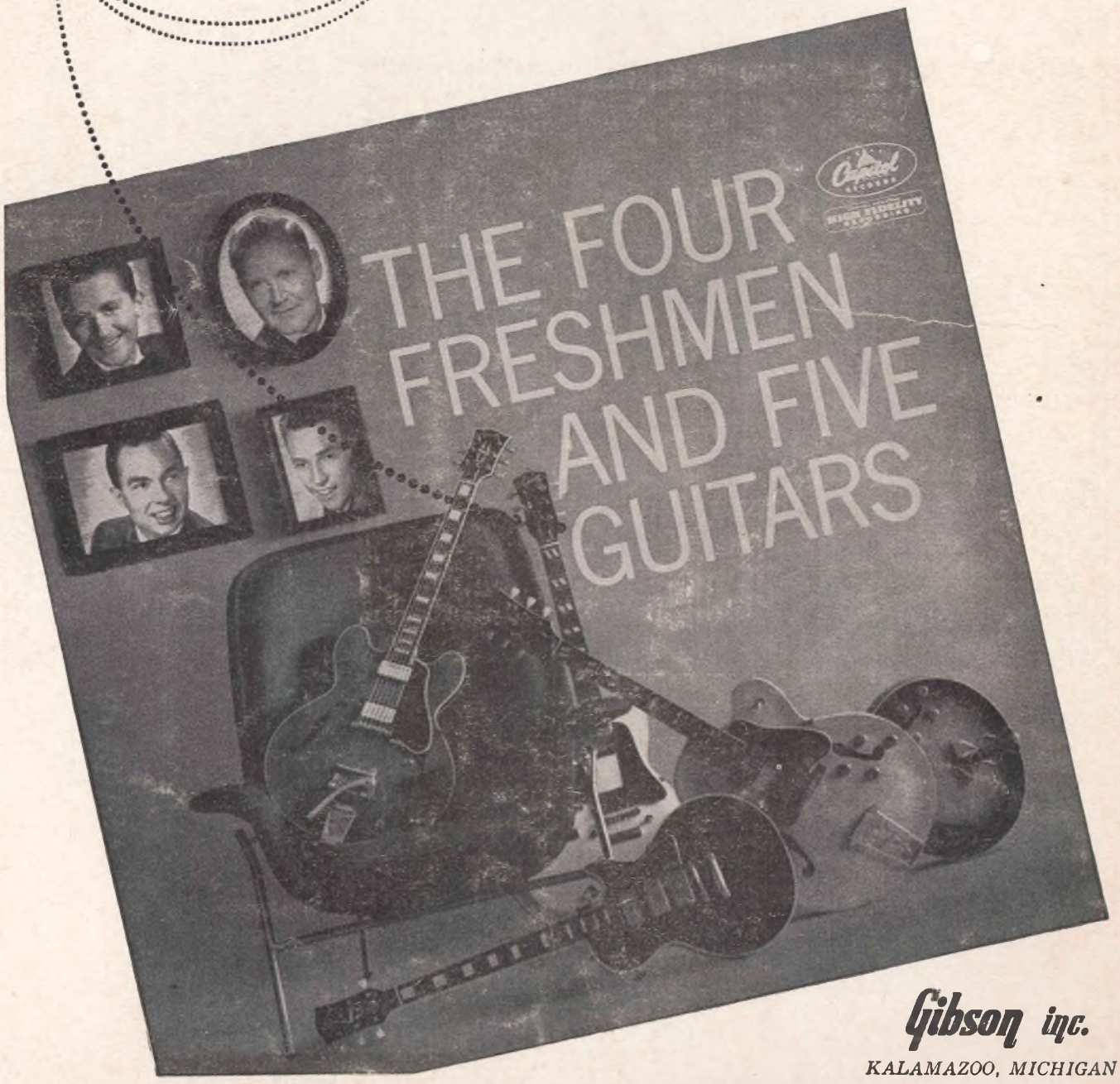

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