

August 8, 1956

July 11

Fourth Annual
Jazz Critics Poll

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Newport Festival:
The Full Story

(See Page 16)

DOWN BEAT

RECORDS
HIGH-FIDELITY
INSTRUMENTS
FILMLAND UP BEAT
RADIO • TV

Articles By:

Leonard Feather
Ralph J. Gleason

Nat Hentoff
Mike Levin
Barry Ulanov

35
CENTS

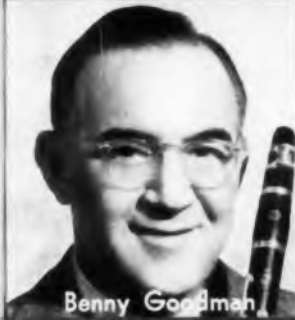
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Jazz
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Issue



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Johnson

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4 My Fair Lady, Percy Faith Orchestra, Esch.

5 Mendelssohn, Violin, Teha, Franz Liszt, N. Y. Philharmonic, Mitropoulos

6 I Love Michelangelo, Orch. played by Rose, Esch.

7 Jazz: Re Dave Brubeck in Love, The Duke

8 Levan, Esch.

9 works—Blue: Core An American

9 Saturday Dance bands—Jazz, Sammy Davis Jr.

10 Beethoven, Symphony in C Major, Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy

11 Music Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra, Ken Javin

12 Ambassador European countries, Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars

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
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Chords And Discords

Ray of Hope . . .

Dayton, Ohio.

To the Editor:

Could it be that Morey Feld is going to be a deciding factor in the bands coming back? I'd like to think in a small way he will. He has a very optimistic attitude about the situation and he transmits this feeling to other people. I know, because I met him last night. He's very enthusiastic about his new Glenn Miller orchestra with Ray McKinley, which he plays with.

I'll have to agree with him. This is easily the greatest all-round dance band in the last 10 years. For such a new band, they sound wonderful. The old arrangements are in very capable hands, the guys play like they are really enjoying themselves. The blend, section work, solos, showmanship, are of the highest order. And, McKinley, well could you ask for a better choice for a leader?

And the important thing is that Le Sourdsville park's Stardust Gardens

was packed with people, who really got their kicks from this band, according to Morey. It's been something like that every place they've played in their first two weeks. Ray is out to please the people. Requests were played from the book of the original band, the air force band, the McKinley band, and the Bradley-McKinley outfit and you should hear their version of rock 'n' roll. I honestly believe that if any band makes it, this one will. It just can't miss.

Randall Taylor

Guilty? . . .

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Nat Hentoff was found guilty in a recent *Down Beat* (June 13) of confusing Bach (whom he's always seemed to admire) with Mitchell-Ruff (whose music he dismisses as "ice cream sundaes"). He defended himself in the next issue by saying, "I feel . . . that it is possible to listen intelligently without recognizing the tune." . . . And so it is.

Now, I'm not saying that Mr. Hentoff talks through his hat or anything, but I wish that anyone who takes his opinions seriously would consider the following question carefully:

Is it really possible for anyone (let alone a trained critic) to listen intel-

ligently to music and still confuse the authentic and the fake, the original and the imitation the "Bach per se," and the "quasi-Bach"?

No, it is not. Many composers have written more or less "in the style of" Bach, but since 1750 no one has composed anything that could really be confused by an intelligent listener with genuine Bach—and that goes for Mendelssohn as well as for Mitchell-Ruff and Brubeck.

Despite all of Mr. Hentoff's words, I don't yet know the reason for his avowed aversion to Mitchell-Ruff and to the ice cream sundaes. What's more, I don't even care—I'm a steak-and-Teagarden man myself. But he's said a pretty nasty thing about Bach, and I think he ought to apologize.

Nancy Harris

Graf Spree . . .

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor:

Refer to Richie Messina's letter in the July 11 *Down Beat*: Bob Graf has played in and around St. Louis since he left Woody Herman. He has played at many of the Pop Hops that used to be so much of the jazz scene here . . .

Jerry Curry
St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor:

Bob Graf . . . is currently playing here in St. Louis and has been for several years, except for some side trips with Ralph Marterie and a few jobs at Rumsey's. He has been featured in concerts sponsored by the Washington university jazz club and in *A Study in Jazz*, which I and Dr. John Randolph, noted jazz researcher, promoted at Westminster college in Fulton.

Bob Koester

To the Editor:

Bob Graf . . . is sometimes giggin' but always swingin' in and around St. Louis. I was privileged to hear him and his group several months ago in a small spot called the Turf lounge.

Here is a major jazz voice which should be made available to everyone via records . . .

Virgil Mathews

(Ed. Note: Thanks to readers Curry, Koester, Mathews, and the many others who wrote to let us know Graf's whereabouts.)

Warno? . . .

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor:

I happened to read the letter from Richie Messina in the July 11 issue of *Down Beat*.

It seems that the similarity in names between Warno and myself is quite an issue. At least it is with me. I imagine that Warno has had the same question asked of him many times. The answer is that we are not related.

Arno Marsh

That Lucky Old Sol . . .

San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editor:

Just read your July 11 *Down Beat*, and enjoyed the article on Fantasy Records. Have just two comments though:

1—Sol (or Max) Weiss broke the family's long-standing bachelor tradition by marrying (me!) May 7 of this year. Max is shattered. (What about those traditions?)

2—We are getting a phonograph or else! (What about all those records?)

Mrs. Sol S. Weiss

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Down Beat

DOWN BEAT

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On the Cover

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Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK

ON STAGE: Dick Shawn is likely to land the lead in **Li'l Abner**. Lehman Engel will be music director. The show is due here Oct. 22 after stands in Washington and Boston . . . **Shangri-La** closed losing the key to immortality after 21 performances . . . **Ethel Merman's** vehicle, **Happy Hunting**, may import French singer **Georges Guetary** for the male lead. Score will be by **Matt Dubey** and **Harold Karr** with **Abe Burrows** directing.

ENTERTAINMENT-IN-THE-ROUND: **Marlene Pavla**, who recorded her first album for Savoy, has joined the **Dorsey Brothers** . . . **Harry Belafonte** broke the 39-year-old **Lewisohn** stadium record by attracting more than 25,000 for a concert . . . Scot pianist **Joe Saye**, awaiting release of his **EmArcy** set, *Scotch on the Rocks*, has played several nights at **Birdland**. The **Crew-Cuts** probably will travel to **Johannesburg**, South Africa, next March or April to perform at that city's 70th anniversary . . . **Vincent Lopez** is celebrating his 16th year at the **Taft** . . . **Felicia Sanders** is at the **Bon Soir** . . . **Maxine Sullivan** will be at the **Village Vanguard** all summer . . . **Lonnie Donegan** returns to England the end of this month because of previous commitments . . . **Frankie Laine** is likely to play **Britain** for 21 dates starting at the end of September . . . **Wildwood**, N. J., with several active clubs is on a summer rock and roll kick . . . **Eydie Gorme** makes her big league **Copa** debut July 25 . . . **Sammy Davis Jr.** opens there Nov. 29.

JAZZ: **Dizzy Gillespie's** band at press time was due for a five-week South American tour under the auspices of the state department. There may be one change in the band that played the near east . . . On doctor's advice, **Art Tatum** has canceled four months of bookings. He probably will make the **Hollywood Bowl** jazz night Aug. 15, however . . . **Pete Brown** is out of the hospital and is working at **Club Monte Carlo** on Route 46 in New Jersey . . . **Horace Silver** will record an album for **Columbia** with **Hank Mobley**, **Doug Watkins**, **Joe Gordon**, and **Kenny Clarke**. He'll then sign with another label. **Kenny Drew** is now the pianist with **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers** with **Donald Byrd**, **Ira Sullivan**, and **Wilbur Ware**. The new **Messengers** already have cut a **Columbia** date . . . **Thelonious Monk** is rehearsing with altoist **Ernie Henry** . . . **Ruby Braff** cut a **Columbia** LP with **Don Elliott**, **Coleman Hawkins**, **Nat Pierce**, **Buzzy Drotin**, **Lawrence Brown** and **Eddie Jones** . . . **Bobby Jaspar** opened at **Cafe Bohemia** with **Curly Russell**, **Barry Galbraith**, and drummer **Don Michaels** . . . The **Louis Armstrong All-Stars** may journey again to the **Gold Coast** in February to play at an **Independence** celebration . . . **Accordionist Leon Sash** is in his **New York** debut at the **Bohemia** until July 26 opposite **Mitchell Ruff**. **Roy Eldridge** will be at that club Aug. 3-19 . . . **Miles Davis** will return Aug. 31 for four weeks.

Kenny Clarke reportedly may be going to **France** for an extended stay . . . **Vinnie Burke** recorded for **ABC-Paramount** with **Eddie Costa**, **Joe Puma**, and **Jimmy Campbell** . . . **Maurice Waller** is out after a hitch in the marines. **Fats'** son did some piano playing while in the service . . . **Herbie Mann's** new group includes **Joe Puma**, **Washington** bassist **Billy Taylor**, and drummer **Camille Morin** . . . **Louis Armstrong's Mack the Knife** was high on the **Swedish** hit parade for three months . . . **Victor** recorded the **Friedrich Gulda** unit an afternoon and evening at **Birdland** . . . **Johnny Richards** is cutting his first big band album for **Bethlehem** on the coast this month with many **Stan Kenton** men to be used. He'll probably start rehearsing a traveling band in the east in September with **Shaw Artists** booking . . . **Norman Granz** released **You're the Top** from **Anita O'Day's** LP as a single. The first **American-recorded Angel jazz** sides will have **Bobby Jaspar** with a small combo and **Andre Persiani** with a big band. **Bill Savory** will a&r and then travel to Europe where he'll cut **Putte Wickman** and **Reinhold Svensson** in **Sweden** . . . **Sal Salvador** goes into **Birdland** Sept. 3 . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** recorded **April in Paris** with the **Count Basie** band, plus **Every Day** and **Salty Lips** in duet with **Joe Williams**, all for a **Metronome** all-star date . . . **Musicians' sessions** are held at the **Club 125** on 125th St. **Tuesdays** . . . **Dawn** will issue **Lucky Thompson** and **Sidney Bechet** LPs cut in **France** for **Vogue** . . . **Charlie Mingus** has switched to the **Gale** office from **Willard Alexander** . . . Two noted jazzmen were for-

(Turn to Page 34)

unbelievable response



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Counterpoint

By Nat Hentoff

Notes Between Sets: The shock of Clifford Brown's death will be a long time wearing in. Aside from the creative force of what he had to say and was about to say musically, there was Brownie himself, a man as innocent as any I've known . . . And of Billy Shaw, Norman Granz summed it up: "He was one of the very few heads of agencies who genuinely understood and liked jazz."

Billy was responsible for several important bands and groupings in jazz. He was also the key man in making possible the middle and near east tour by John (Dizzy) Gillespie's band.

A warm, energetic man who loved his work, Billy also loved the pleasures of conversation. The last time I saw him was outside Birdland in New York on Gillespie's opening night. It was 3 a.m., and Billy was describing in graphic detail Dizzy's appearance before the President in Washington. Charlie Shavers came up the street, and waved to Billy, "Hi, Daddy Loquacious." . . . The last time I saw Brownie we were comparing baby pictures. He was quicker on the draw with his photos than even other first-time fathers.

Add Jazz Clubs: Clearfield, Pa., population 10,000, has the Contemporary Jazz society, formed in part by Ronald Corrio who broadcasts jazz on a local radio station. The society eventually hopes to import live combos . . . Corrio is at P. O. Box 35, Phillipsburg, Pa. . . Eloise Sloan has inaugurated Jazz Unlimited for the Brooklyn and New York area where no jazz club has existed for years. "We want our members," says Eloise, "to bring in people who do not understand jazz but would like to—sort of jazz converting. If we can't play music, we want to contribute our support at least to it . . . I might add that in our small group can be counted an elevator operator, a commercial artist, a potential disc jockey, servicemen, musicians, and a credit authorizer for a Fifth Ave. fashion store—me. Our prime requisite is that our members have a genuine interest in jazz and are over 18." Miss Sloan and Jazz Unlimited are at 1063A Sterling Place, Brooklyn 13, N. Y.

Since 1950, a flourishing group, the Vancouver Jazz society, has provided a model of jazz club activity under the knowledgeable direction of Robert N. Smith, executive director of the Vancouver Boys' Clubs association. The club now uses a 2,400-capacity auditorium, averages 14 programs a year of all styles of jazz, and twice a year operates a 17-piece band with all arrangements written by local musicians and paid for by the society.

Smith writes: "Once a year we do an 'Aid the Symphony Fund.' First it was a regular concert, the next time the big band, and last year, an experimental jazz group, and woodwind quintet with the climax being several numbers written to integrate the classical group one by one. The final number included all the musicians blowing compatibly. "This year the university helped us with the booking of the MJQ. The membership costs \$4 yearly or 50 cents a session, but the card entitles a member to reserved seating and 10 percent discount at record stores, a voice in the general business of the society, etc.

"With the money raised, we have set up a scholarship with the University of British Columbia music department, donated jazz books to their library, and since 1952 toured the city's 15 high schools with a one-hour thumbnail history of jazz for the music students, plus a one-hour live program on stage involving trumpet, trombone, saxophone, clarinet plus three rhythm, outlining musically the history of jazz with various illustrations of beat, improvisation, etc. This concert is open to the whole school."

As a result of this high school work, the University of British Columbia asked Smith to do a 16-lecture course on the history and evolution of jazz which already has been renewed for a third season. The local union No. 145, has been co-operative throughout all these projects. Vancouver's society started in 1950 with 18 members, so fledgling organizations can take heart.

Running Changes on the Voice: I'm a long-time collector of the spoken word on record, being convinced that there is more music than most of us realize in language even when it is not sung. Listen for example, to Dylan Thomas' "bawdy, beautiful work," *Under Milk Wood*, recorded at New York's YMHA with the poet and an enthusiastic cast. Another version of this play on Argo (distributed by Westminster) is a BBC production with better sound balance and smoother acting but the one with Thomas is more alive because of his rich and roaring presence and the participating beat of an audience (Caedmon two 12" LPs TC 2005).

Protocol

Newport, R. I.—After addressing the drenched, wind-swept Newport Festival audience, Sen. Theodore Francis Green came off the stage hunched over and chilled.

A large man stood by the stand holding an even larger umbrella.

"Say," said Festival producer George Wein to the large man, "could we use that umbrella for the Senator over there?"

"Sorry," said the man, "I'm waiting for Basie."

NYC Festival Inks Big Names

New York—The First Annual New York Jazz Festival at Randall's Island Aug. 24 and 25 has already contracted for Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Erroll Garner, Gerry Mulligan, Billie Holiday, Lester Young, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Gene Krupa, Don Elliott, Anita O'Day, Billy Taylor, and the Jazz Messengers.

Some 18 more units or single performers are expected to be added, since the promoters aim to present 15 acts a night. In addition to the concerts proper, there'll be "twilight jazz" each evening from 7 to 8:30 and an art exhibit of painting, sculpture, and photography related to the jazz idiom.

Ticket scale will range from \$2 to \$4.50, and the tickets will be sold from 38 points from New Haven to Philadelphia. Among New York sources for tickets will be Sam Goody, The Colony Record Shop, and Cafe Bohemia. Although the stadium could seat many more, the expected capacity is 25,000 to afford maximum comfort in seating and viewing. Among the masters-of-ceremonies will be Art Ford and Al Collins.

MJQ Slated On JATP Tour

New York—The Modern Jazz quartet will make its first tour with Jazz at the Philharmonic this fall. The Norman Granz production starts at Carnegie hall Sept. 15 and winds up in San Francisco on Oct. 15.

As presently envisioned, the concert will open with a half-hour of blowing by Roy Eldridge, Flip Phillips, Illinois Jacquet, Jo Jones, Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, and Herb Ellis. The MJQ will follow for 15 minutes, after which the quartet will provide the rhythm section for Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Stitt, and possibly Stan Getz.

After intermission, Gene Krupa will start the second half with a trio or quartet. The Oscar Peterson trio then will play a set and Ella Fitzgerald will close the concert. JATP will make a four-week European trip starting in Stockholm at the beginning of February. The personnel will be changed somewhat for the European tour.

NBC Slates Weekday Morning Radio Show With Dance Bands

New York—Name dance bands again will have an opportunity to prove they can come back if NBC should fulfill its intention to create a new two-hour show for morning radio audiences. If it proceeds on course, the show, tentatively titled *NBC Bandstand*, is to debut on July 30 from 10 a.m. till noon (EDT) and run Mondays through Fridays. There is a possibility, too, of a half-hour simulcast of the show on the NBC television network.

At deadline, the plans for live radio showcasing of big bands faced the formality of being reviewed for approval by the executive committee of the network's radio affiliates. The success of *Monitor*, which reportedly increased NBC radio weekend revenue by 278 per cent, is expected to encourage approval.

Among the name orchestras being considered for the program are those of the Dorsey brothers, Benny Goodman, Guy Lombardo, Les Brown, Freddy Martin, Sammy Kaye, Xavier Cugat, Harry James, Ray Anthony, and Louis Armstrong. Each would appear on a separate program.

According to outline, the featured band would be complemented on the show by a permanent well-known emcee and by guest performers from films, records and the Broadway stage. The show would originate from a prominent location in New York.

Should the program usurp the ratings from morning disc jockeys, it could reopen a once-important avenue of radio programming and, of course, would deal the long-ailing dance band business a fresh hypodermic.

Brubeck Accused In \$1,562,000 Suit

Hollywood — Dave Brubeck, now playing an engagement at Zardi's here, has been named in a \$1,562,000 damage suit filed by Milestone Productions, Inc., and television producer Louis Gartner.

Charging breach of contract, the suit accuses the pianist of renegeing on a promise made to Gartner in 1954 to do a series of TV films for Milestone Productions.

It is alleged that Brubeck first postponed work on the films and then repudiated the agreement altogether and instead recorded for CBS and Columbia Records.

Firm Sends Discs For Demonstration

Hollywood—The newest merchandising device in the record industry is the policy of Good Time Jazz-Contemporary Records to ship demonstration platters to all dealers for use by potential customers in the store only.

If the customer wishes to buy the album he's sampled in the store's audio booth, he is sold a disc from the shelves that is factory sealed in polyethylene with an enclosed printed guarantee of perfect condition.

Brown, Powell Die In Wreck

Chicago—The rapidly rising trumpet player, Clifford Brown, 24, was killed in an auto wreck on June 26 while en route to an engagement at the Blue Note here. Also killed in the crash were Richard Powell, 23, and his wife, Nancy. Brown was half the leadership of the Max Roach-Clifford Brown quintet, and Powell was the group's pianist.

The accident occurred when the car, driven by Powell's wife, skidded on a wet stretch of pavement on the Pennsylvania Turnpike and overturned on an 18-foot embankment.

At the time of his death, Brown was becoming recognized as one of the most exciting contemporary trumpet players by jazz musicians and fans alike. Prior to his association with Roach and the quintet, he had worked with drummer Art Blakey. He had attended Maryland university on a music scholarship, and there he played as a member of the school band at jazz concerts.

Brown is survived by his widow, LaRue, and a 4-month-old son. Richie Powell was the brother of pianist Bud Powell.

Nat Cole Signs Huge Vegas Pact

Hollywood—In what is reputed to be one of the biggest night club deals in history, Nat Cole has signed a three-year pact for personal appearances at Las Vegas' Sands hotel for the eye-popping amount of a half-million dollars. Piloting the deal with Sands producer Jack Entratter were Cole's personal manager, Carlos Gastel, and Henry Miller, west coast v.p. of General Artists Corp.

Cole's pact will go into effect next year and run through 1959, with the pianist-singer reportedly slated for 10 weeks a year at the Sands.

Sinatra Theater Date

New York—For the first time in many years, Frank Sinatra will play a New York theater date. He'll be starred in a reunion with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra at the New York Paramount starting Aug. 14 for one week. The on-stage show is in conjunction with Sinatra's first independently produced film, *Johnny Concho*, which will be shown at the same time.

Caught In The Act

Friedrich Gulda: Birdland, New York

For the first time in the history of jazz and classical music, a world-recognized virtuoso from the latter domain has played a jazz club with a jazz combo as a jazz musician with a book of his own jazz works.

Gulda, 26, made his Carnegie hall debut six years ago. For his Birdland opening a few blocks south of that hall, Gulda had selected, with the help of John Hammond, altoist Phil Woods, trumpeter Idrees Sulieman, trombonist Jimmy Cleveland, tenor Seldon Powell, bassist Aaron Bell, and drummer Nick Stabulas. Their collective empathy was remarkable in view of the brief rehearsal time.

The sets were a combination of Gulda originals and "heads" of standards. Gulda's specific works will be reviewed in detail when the Victor recording of the band at Birdland is released shortly. In general, his pieces are melodically attractive though not often strikingly distinguished and, as he told the *New Yorker*, "follow the line of natural counterpoint."

Their accent, then, is on linear play as in the conversation between Woods and Powell in *Vienna Discussion* and the frequent utilization of multiple-lines-in-the-front-line in most of the other works. These pieces are unpretentious (although *Teheran* closes on a rather post-card-exoticism note); they build logically with a flowing sense of line and with enough looseness so that the frequent open spaces for improvisation by all fall naturally into place. Gulda also has a welcome feel for dynamics.

The front line was excellent. Woods was particularly impressive in terms of conception and beat with the hard-swinging, full-toned Powell not far behind. Cleveland, often eloquent, was sometimes too concerned with quantitative rapid-fire bursts of notes that were impressive technically but weren't always conducive to direct expression of emotion. Sulieman, a veteran modernist, rarely has sounded so surgically, inventively good, but his tone still requires more fullness. Bell swung hard with a round sound while Stabulas sometimes pressing a little too hard, nonetheless kept the beat steady and strong and accented effectively.

Pianist Gulda was a partial disappointment. Probably possessing more technical resources than any modern jazz pianist, he was somewhat over-reticent in his use of that skill. On most of the nights under review, Gulda displayed very little left hand, an omission which was especially odd in view of the multilinear proclivities in his writing.

As for his solos in general, he sounded like a thoroughly competent but not really individual jazz pianist who had consolidated much of the modern jazz idiom into a fluent, fairly relaxed professional's style that is certainly to his credit since he has had so relatively little time to pay his jazz dues. But he now is far from a major jazz soloist, lacking not only an individual voice but also lacking—many times—the ability to communicate emotion freely. Thus far, for many sound



Friedrich Gulda

reasons involved in the newness of his descent on the American jazz scene, Gulda is sometimes colder in effect than he may feel, and rarely does he dig in and wail.

It is however, to his credit that he has entered the jazz field on its own terms, disdaining the application of the pyrotechnical technique he has in reserve. Whatever his current faults as a jazz pianist, Gulda at least knows, feels, and respects the language and avoids pastiche and tasteless jazz-classical "fusion."

—nat

Matt Dennis: Saddle & Sirloin, Hollywood

For better or for worse, some performers set styles for themselves ultimately establishing them as Institutions. This doesn't necessarily imply that because they've been around for a time, they've grown hoary in their specialties, but rather that their unique positions link them with the rump of immortality. Because of the complete individuality of such a performer's personality and act, there's nothing else quite acceptably like it in the music business.

In the supper club sphere of show business, Matt Dennis has become such an institution. Coupled with his astonishing songwriting creativity is his flair for mature cocktail lounge artistry. He's relaxed; his charm is sincere, unobtrusive; he seems to enjoy what he's doing and has that requisite ageless quality.

Matt's stint at the Mocambo prior to moving nearby to the Saddle & Sirloin was, because of the nature of the joint, more of an exhibition and triumphal return (with fanfare) to the coast than the kind of intime presentation with which he seems more comfortable.

Fittingly his sets at the S&S are liberally sprinkled with such Dennis songs as *Will You Still Be Mine?* *Let's Get Away from It All*, or *Angel Eyes*, delivered in what may best be described as his romantic voice—not the greatest, to be sure, but so easy on the ear.

No piano virtuoso, the verve with which he plays, the honest swing in his style, largely compensate for this.

Backed by Ray Leatherwood, bass, and Richie Frost, drums, he romps through *Thou Swell*, *Devil and the Deep Blue Sea* and a bright *Mountain*

Greenery and then changes the mood with his own wistful *Everything Happens to Me* and the perennial *Funny Valentine*.

Many measures have been played since Matt's Tommy Dorsey days, and Dennis has emerged as one of the top supper-cocktail performers with a subtle brand of schmaltz to sell. The customers, recognizing a good thing, are buying.

—tyouan

Terry Gibbs Quartet: Modern Jazz Room, Chicago

That faction which spurns the neatly carved and cerebrally seasoned entrees of jazz for the kind that is slightly rawish, caloric, and with "insides," ate up the offerings of Terry Gibbs during his week-long stand at the new MJ room. Not to continue the metaphor, such a gassed crowd practically assures the group a return date of longer tenure.

Gibbs is a flashy fellow on his instruments and an uncommon showman for a jazz musician, the latter attribute deriving not so much from stage ken as from a kinetic personality supported by a store of energy.

Even his subdued ballad numbers, such as *You Don't Know What Love Is*, are charged with a potential that threatens to break loose at any moment. Alternating among vibes, piano, and perspiration cloth, Terry's personal demonstration is a frenzied exhibition that somehow manages to be compelling and to stay within the bounds of good taste. His music is neither beyond the reach of the lay listener nor played down to him.

Gibbs' irrepressibility is strikingly foiled by the sobriety of his group but particularly by the brilliant Terry Pollard, who plays Terry G's selfsame instruments with comparative serenity and a quieter kind of eloquence.

Both Terry G. and Terry P. perform with such authority that their four-hand sessions on piano and vibes become worthy tours de force instead of mere pieces of stage business. They're handily assisted by the competent rhythms of drummer Jerry Segal and bassist Herman Wright.

The new jazz showcase, incidentally, seems to have caught on but the management should give some vitamins to the house piano or get a new one.

—les

Hollywood Rolling With Another One

Hollywood—With *Rock Around the Clock*, Columbia Studio's rock-and-roll opus starring Bill Haley, still out-grossing many more distinguished films, another such movie is in the works at Sunset Productions for American International Pictures release.

This one will be titled *Rock, Rattle, Rock*. Music personalities signed at this writing include Fats Domino, Carl (Blue Suede Shoes) Perkins, and Joe Turner but the actual leads are still to be set.

Producer James H. Nicholson said, "We know that rock-and-roll music has become the subject of plenty of controversy, and we plan to show both sides of the argument."

'Lady Sings The Blues' Is Tough, Revealing Story

Lady Sings the Blues (Doubleday, \$3.75, 250 pp.) is Billie Holiday's autobiography. And she tries to get the reader on her side of the mirror so don't expect a three-dimensional view of the subject. The book was written with William Dufty, assistant to the editor of the *New York Post*, an astute, determinedly un sentimental political expert, among other specialties, who has been responsible for several of the *Post's* more biting editorials on civil rights.

The book's prose is certainly lucid and candid and opens with characteristic toughness: "Mom and pop were just a couple of kids when they got married. He was 18, she was 16, and I was 3."

THE FIRST PART details Billie's rough, traumatic early life in Baltimore. Seldom in the book does she talk about her singing. She recalls doing errands when very young for a madam in return for being allowed to listen to Louis Armstrong and Bessie Smith records on the madam's victrola: "... The meaning used to change, depending on how I felt. Sometimes the record would make me so sad I'd cry up a storm. Other times the damn record would make me so happy I'd forget about how much hard-earned money the session in the parlor was costing me.

"I always wanted Bessie's big sound and Pops' feeling. Young kids always ask me what my style is derived from and how it evolved and all that. What can I tell them? If you find a tune, and it's got something to do with you, you don't have to evolve anything. You just feel it, and when you sing it, other people can feel something, too."

Billie tells of her early career in Harlem, John Hammond's assistance in getting her on records, the development of her friendship with Lester Young, how she really got her nickname, and anecdotes like the session in which Lester cut Chu Berry and the story of a 14-hour, in-a-bus crap game at the end of a Basie tour.

She talks of some of her broken loves; of her vital relationship with her mother, who was as lonely as she; of the Jim Crow that battered her in New York as well as Baltimore and that killed her father, guitarist Clarence Holiday, because no white Dallas hospital would admit him in time to treat his pneumonia.

THERE ARE harrowing sections on Jim Crow within the music business. There were the days and nights Artie Shaw and men in his band fought for Billie's rights on the road, but when the Blue room of the Hotel Edison booked Shaw, "Nobody was in a position to push a hotel chain, a broadcasting network, and the talent agency around... Finally, when they cut me off the air completely, I said to hell with it. I just fired myself. I told Artie he should have told me when the big wheels cracked down on him. 'Down South, I can dig this kind of stuff, but I can't take it in New York.'"

And there was the bitterly ludicrous date in Detroit with Count Basie's band



Billie Holiday

when Billie was ordered to put on dark grease paint ("somebody might think I was white if the light didn't hit me just right.")

Much of the book is concerned with Billie and dope. "You can't blame anybody but yourself... If you think dope is for kicks and for thrills, 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."

So far as narcotics are concerned, Billie is not self-pitying, but she does make several valid complaints, including a plea that America adopt the British system of treating addicts as "sick people" under medical care.

THERE ARE SEVERAL other areas covered in the book, including the fact that "I made over 200 sides between 1933 and 1944, but I don't get a cent of royalties on any of them. They paid me 25, 50, or a top of 75 bucks a side, and I was glad to get it. But the only royalties I get are on my records made after I signed with Decca."

Some persons in the music business say there are inaccuracies in the book. Anyone who feels that he or she is injured is invited to write in here. From what I have been able to check, it appears unlikely, for one thing, that Barney Josephson, always anti-Jim Crow, could have been reluctant, as Billie says he was, to hire a pianist because she was "too dark." Nor was it Billie who first convinced Josephson to hear Hazel Scott. He had listened to her before. And Leonard Feather says the East

Philly Nesuhi?

Newport, R. I.—Best trade joke of the whole Festival came when the secretary of a noted jazz booker reported her conversation with him a few days previous.

"Nesuhi called," she told him.

"Nesuhi who?"

"You know, Ahmet's brother."

"Ahmet who?"

"Nesuhi and Ahmet Ertegun."

"So why didn't you say so in the first place?"

Bechet Swap For Whittle Reported

London—According to the British musical press, there is a strong possibility that Sidney Bechet, an American citizen though long resident in France, may play Britain in September in exchange for an American visit by English modern tenor Tommy Whittle.

Under present plans, Bechet would play two London concerts and 15 other British dates along with the French band of clarinetist Andre Reweliotty. Whittle's band would appear in Paris in exchange for Reweliotty while Whittle himself would come to America as a soloist with a name band in exchange for Bechet.

'High Fidelity Suite' LP Due For Release In Fall

New York—*High Fidelity Suite* is the title of a unique LP album due for release in the fall on MGM Records. It will comprise 10 instrumentals composed by Leonard Feather, with Dick Hyman as pianist, arranger, and collaborator on some of the tunes. All the titles are derived from technical terms used in hi-fi.

The personnel includes Joe Newman, trumpet; Jerome Richardson, alto, flute, and piccolo; Frank Wess, flute and tenor; Romeo Penque, baritone; Benny Powell, trombone; Hyman, piano and organ; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Osie Johnson, drums, and Don Elliott, vibes.

Berlin incident Billie mentions happened exactly the other way around.

Billie has hard things to say about Sarah Vaughan and Ethel Waters which they may deny. She is very warm, incidentally, in lauding Lena Horne, Bob Hope, Orson Welles, and Clark Gable.

Some critics already have written that the book is too sensationalized, that it will harm the music business. I don't believe it. It's always better to have a subject such as narcotics talked about in the open, and Billie hardly glorifies it. And the sections alone on Jim Crow in the music business make the book valuable for widespread reading.

But most important is the fact that we have an assessment of Holiday by Holiday. It's not a full portrait, but it will help those who want to understand how her music became what it is—the most hurt and hurting singing in jazz.

—nat

He's Garner

The Piano Has 88 Keys, And Erroll Uses All Of Them

By Ralph J. Gleason

"Always have the melody going some kind of a way . . . There's no jazz piano player can ever really play jazz unless he tried (sic) to get the imitation of a band."

—Jelly Roll Morton (1885-1941)

In his declining years, Jelly Roll Morton, the granddaddy of jazz piano players, used to complain that he couldn't find any youngsters who really played the piano.

He never heard Erroll Louis Garner, the elfin pianist from Pittsburgh, whose cascading chords, lilting rhythm, romantic melodies and all out free-wheeling swing have made him one of the major influences on jazz pianists in the past decade.

GARNER IS THE PERSONIFICATION of Morton's idea of a pianist. In case that sounds odd to you, consider Morton's two basic rules for playing the piano (1) "Always keep the melody going some kind of a way." Garner is undoubtedly one of the most melodic of modern pianists, and he himself says, "I don't play nothing you can't hear the melody in. If I didn't play melody I figure I might as well write tunes."

And (2): "There's no jazz piano player can ever really play jazz unless he tried to get the imitation of a band." Garner says "There's those 88 keys! The guy who made it must have had *something* in mind. I've always felt a piano was to be as full as possible. If I had 13 fingers I'd be trying more. Always trying to get a band sound . . . that's what I'm still working for. For a horn, if you want to hear a horn, there's Teddy Wilson and for two horns, Bud Powell. But I'm trying to develop a bigger, fuller sound all the time."

And the parallel between Morton and Garner extends further than an agreement on those basic premises of consideration of the instrument. Both men were originals, following no one's style, with an individual, highly personal sound that was instantly recognizable and just as instantly impressive.

TO BE SURE, Morton, in the days before jazz was heard on the air and before it was a major part of the record business, was not heard the length and breadth of the land as Garner has been. But his compositions and his piano style were influential enough so in later years there was some justice, if considerable hyperbole, in his statement, "Kansas City style, New Orleans style, hell, it's all Jelly Roll style!"

It would be hard to pick out 10 jazz pianists today in whose work Garner would not be justified in similarly calling attention to his own influence.

But the most important thing about Garner is that in a jazz era where almost without exception, musicians are desperately trying to prove something in deadly seriousness, he has proved with ease that unquestionably jazz is a way of playing music that can be pleasing to the general public. "I can play *Mairzy Doots* and make you like it," he has said, and all you have to do is to watch an audience when Erroll is playing to realize how true this is.

"**IF I'M NOT JAZZ**, what am I?" Erroll replies to those critics who feel he is not of the mainstream of the music. "Some people have the idea that there's no such thing as pretty jazz. But there is." And here, we are reminded of another quotation from Morton: "Jazz music is to be played sweet, soft, plenty rhythm, when you have your plenty rhythm with a plenty swing it becomes beautiful." (Ever hear a better description of Garner?)

"I know one thing I can really do," Erroll says with the confidence of certain knowledge. "I can swing! Whatever I play, whatever tempo, you can pat your foot to it. I'm not Tatum and I'm not Bud Powell, I'm just playing something that appeals to my ear and I hope to the public's, too. Years ago, some of the guys would say to me, 'why don't you change your style, pick up on bop with all your stuff it would be crazy.' But I couldn't do that, I feel what I'm playing. Now I see elderly people and kids and all types coming into the club and getting pleasure from my music, and I'm glad I didn't do it any other way."



Erroll Garner

It is one of the inescapable facts of modern jazz that Garner is one of the most widely heard pianists we have. His records—which have appeared on at least 36 labels so far—have sold uncouped thousands. His *Caravan* LP on Columbia, according to voluble Martha Glaser, his personal manager, has sold over 100,000 and one record store in New York claims to have sold some 8,000 copies of it. And the odd part about it is that even his early recordings, done before high fidelity and even badly recorded for those times, still sell and still sound enough like legal-tender Garner to be pleasing after more than a decade.

ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING aspects of Garner's story is the fact that he cannot read music. He actually can't. His solos of his own compositions have to be transcribed by some one else so they can be copyrighted. But his inability to read has had little to do with his development of his style, Erroll says.

"It has allowed me to expand more, given me a chance to be freer, to be influenced by no pattern but my own. You see, when I couldn't play with a rhythm section because I couldn't read, so I had to have my own drums and bass in my left hand. I didn't care, I knew they would go my way then and no split decisions! In that sense it helped develop my style. But more people *still* insist I can read. 'Don't pull that on me, Erroll,' they say, 'you GOT to be able to read,' you know what I mean?"

In his own way Garner is as authentic a chronicler of the current scene as a newspaper or a photographer. Different clubs have different sounds, different cities have different sounds, different nights and different audiences have individual sounds and Erroll puts them all into his playing. "The harmony I just hear or feel as my own. Things I see every day and hear I combine into my music. The sound is the way I adjust myself to living in that city at that time. Cities have different sounds and there are different things I feel good about because I can hear them. I got a wide expansion of hearing, please believe me!"

"**BUT I DON'T WANT TO** change and learn to read. I found it that way—I was born with it, and I've gone too far now to learn to read and I don't want to anyway. I want to get bigger, fuller all the time. I'm still developing my style."

"Who are my favorite piano players? Well, I like the way I play, you know, and I've got several I like to listen to. Tatum, Powell, Wilson, I like to hear them, all of them. But I don't get carried away. You know what I mean? Not to the point where I go home and want to play like them. Most of the new piano players are only playing Bud Powell like most of the tenors play Lester. But I'm working for a

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It's Basie And The MJQ Again

Town Beat's fourth annual international jazz critics poll is completed and again has been marked by several startling results.

Although Count Basie's orchestra and the Modern Jazz quartet swept decisively to their third straight victories in the big band and combo divisions, such eye-opening changes as these took place in the individual categories:

● Stan Getz was deposed as top tenor saxist, after three straight wins, by Lester Young.

● After watching Buddy DeFranco win twice and then Tony Scott step in for a 1955 victory, Benny Goodman captured the clarinet post for the first time.

● Gerry Mulligan was replaced on baritone sax by Harry Carney.

● Tal Farlow took over the top guitar spot from Jimmy Raney.

● The veteran Jo Jones won his first critics plaque with a stirring win over Art Blakey on drums, in the poll's closest contest.

● Dizzy Gillespie broke last year's tie with Miles Davis to take the trumpet spot by himself.

The rest of the winners were hold-overs from 1955. J.J. Johnson won easily on trombone; Benny Carter's margin was a very slim one over Sonny Stitt, Lee Konitz, and Johnny Hodges on alto; Art Tatum nosed out Bud Powell for piano honors; Oscar Pettiford repeated as bassist; so did Milt Jackson on vibes; Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald again were top jazz singers.

In the new star department, the biggest surprise came in the tenor sax division, where, it seems, everybody had a different favorite and the almost-unknown Bobby Jaspar of Belgium sneaked in over a whole host of contenders with the lowest point total of any winner in the entire poll.

Two Count Basie sidemen were chosen as new stars—trumpeter Thad Jones and trombonist Benny Powell. Phil Woods was named to the alto sax position in a close race with Julian (Cannonball) Adderly. Jimmy Giuffre, last year's new star clarinetist, became the first man to win the poll on two different instruments when he took the baritone sax chair this year.

Buddy Collette, of Chico Hamilton's quintet, won as new clarinetist, with his leader joining him as new star drummer. West coaster Hampton Hawes was named on piano, Paul Chambers, bass, and Dick Garcia, guitar, to complete the new star rhythm section.

Terry Pollard, who plays piano with the Terry Gibbs' quartet and also engages in vibes battles with the leader, displayed enough ability on the latter instrument to win the plaudits of five critics and first place.

New star singers this year are Joe Turner (who has been around for only about 25 years) and Barbara Lea.

Complete results and tabulations fol-

low. Each full vote from a critic counts 10 points. If a critic lists two musicians on an instrument, each gets 5 points. If he lists three, each gets 3 points.

Big Band	
Count Basie	223
Duke Ellington	43
Dizzy Gillespie	13
Neal Hefti	10
Stan Kenton	10

Combo	
Modern Jazz Quartet	145
Louis Armstrong All-Stars	30
The Jazz Messengers	15
Max Roach and Clifford Brown	15
Wilbur DeParis	10
Friedrich Gulda Austrian All-Stars	10
Chico Hamilton Quintet	10
Charlie Mingus' Jazz Workshop	10
Gerry Mulligan Sextet	10
Oscar Peterson Trio	10
Salt City Five	10
Lennie Tristano	10
J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding	5

Trumpet	
Dizzy Gillespie	98
Ruby Braff	50
Miles Davis	48
Louis Armstrong	45
Roy Eldridge	23
Buck Clayton	15
Thad Jones	10
Joe Wilder	10

Trombone	
J.J. Johnson	110
Bob Brookmeyer	40
Jack Teagarden	30
Vic Dickenson	25
Benny Green	20
Trummy Young	20
Urbie Green	15
Jimmy Cleveland	10
Tyree Glenn	10
Bill Harris	10

Alto Sax	
Benny Carter	65
Sonny Stitt	60
Lee Konitz	55
Johnny Hodges	45
Paul Desmond	10
John LaPorta	10
Bud Shank	10
Bruce Turner	10
Herb Geller	5

Tenor Sax	
Lester Young	103
Stan Getz	78
Coleman Hawkins	43
Zoot Sims	30
Lucky Thompson	13
Ban Webster	10
Sonny Rollins	5

Baritone Sax	
Harry Carney	125
Gerry Mulligan	110

Serge Chaloff	20
Leo Parker	10
Lars Gullin	5

Clarinet	
Benny Goodman	80
Tony Scott	75
Edmond Hall	30
Jimmy Giuffre	20
John LaPorta	15
Barney Bigard	10
Jimmy Hamilton	10
George Lewis	10
Sam Most	10

Piano	
Art Tatum	90
Bud Powell	70
Erroll Garner	50
Earl Hines	20
John Lewis	20
Count Basie	10
Thelonious Monk	10
Lennie Tristano	10
George Wallington	10
Teddy Wilson	10

Bass	
Oscar Pettiford	115
Charlie Mingus	60
Milt Hinton	25
Ray Brown	25
Red Mitchell	15
Trigger Alpert	10
Wendell Marshall	10
Walter Page	10
Whitely Mitchell	5

Guitar	
Tal Farlow	85
Freddie Green	70
Jimmy Raney	60
Barney Kessel	50
Floyd Smith	10
Johnny Smith	10

Drums	
Jo Jones	65
Art Blakey	63
Max Roach	43
Kenny Clarke	33
Osie Johnson	25
Buddy Rich	20
Shelly Manne	15
Gene Krupa	10
Ed Shaughnessy	10
Joe Morello	5

Vibes	
Milt Jackson	170
Lionel Hampton	50
Red Norvo	35
Teddy Charles	20
Terry Gibbs	15

Male Singer	
Louis Armstrong	105
Frank Sinatra	75
Joe Williams	55
Joe Turner	25
Big Bill Broonzy	10
Jimmy Rushing	10

Female Singer	
Ella Fitzgerald	140
Billie Holiday	65
Sarah Vaughan	20
Mahalia Jackson	15
Claire Austin	10
Rosemary Clooney	10
Carmen McRae	10
Lee Wiley	10

Trumpet—New Star	
Thad Jones	90
Joe Newman	30
Art Farmer	25
Joe Gordon	25
Donald Byrd	15
Joe Wilder	15
Emmett Berry	10
Kenny Dorham	10
Don Fagerquist	10
Don Ferrara	10
Thomas Jefferson	10
John Windhurst	10

Trombone—New Star	
Benny Powell	38
Bob Brookmeyer	30
Eddie Bert	20
Britt Woodman	20
Frank Rehak	18
Henderson Chambers	10
Willie Dennis	10
Bob Enevoldsen	10
Carl Fontana	10
Bill Hughes	10
Sam Hurt	10
Rex Peer	10
Sonny Russo	3

Alto Sax—New Star	
Phil Woods	80
Julian (Cannonball) Adderly	60
Frank Morgan	20
Lennie Niehaus	20
Frank Gordon	20
Ernie Henry	10
Sonny Stitt	10

Tenor Sax—New Star	
Bobby Jaspar	25
Charlie Rouse	20
Buddy Collette	15
J. R. Monterose	15
Seldon Powell	15
Al Cohn	10
Karl Dravo	10
Frank Foster	10
Frank Gordon	10
Bill Holman	10
Al Klink	10
Guy Lafitte	10
Sam Margolis	10
Warne Marsh	10
Billy Mitchell	10
Hank Mobley	10
Sandy Mossé	10
Richie Kamuca	10
Sonny Rollins	10
Lucky Thompson	10

Baritone Sax—New Star	
Jimmy Giuffrè	40
Cecil Payne	30
Sol Schlinger	20
Michel DeVilliers	10
Lars Gullin	10
Bill Hood	10
Gil Melle	10

Clarinet—New Star	
Buddy Collette	30
Al Cohn	10
Pete Fountain	10

Peanuts Hucko	10
Henry MacKenzie	10
Jack Maheu	10
Maurice Meunier	10
Tony Scott	10
Putte Wickman	10

Piano—New Star	
Hampton Hawes	60
Hank Jones	30
Phineas Newborn	25
Bernard Peiffer	25
Ray Bryant	20
Lou Levy	20
Sir Charles Thompson	20
Herbie Nichols	15
Willie Anderson	10
Dick Carey	10
Bengt Hallberg	10
Bill Rubenstein	10
Martial Solal	10
Al Waslohn	10
Red Garland	5
Rene Urtrager	5
Mal Waldron	5

Bass—New Star	
Paul Chambers	85
Leroy Vinnegar	50
George Duvivier	30
Vinnie Burke	10
Bill Crow	10
Ed Jones	10
Ahmed Abdul-Malik	10
Red Mitchell	10
Tommy Potter	10
Whitay Mitchell	5
Wilbur Ware	5
Doug Watkins	5

Guitar—New Star	
Dick Garcia	60
Jim Hall	30
Herb Ellis	20
Everett Barksdale	10
Skeeter Best	10
Sal Salvador	10
Rene Thomas	10
Perry Lopez	5
Joe Puma	5

Drums—New Star	
Chico Hamilton	50
Connie Kay	40
Sonny Payne	25
Gus Johnson	20
Philly Joe Jones	20
Ed Thigpen	20
Will Bradley Jr.	10
Bobby Donaldson	10
Chuck Flores	10
Roy Haynes	10
Elvin Jones	10
Charles Parsip	10
Eddie Phylfe	10
Mel Lewis	5
Chuck Thompson	5
Sam Woodyard	5

Vibes—New Star	
Terry Pollard	50
Larry Bunker	20
Don Elliott	20
Sadi	20
Eddie Costa	10
Victor Feldman	10
Terry Gibbs	10
Bill Grah	10
Milt Jackson	10
Joe Roland	10

Male Singer—New Star	
Joe Turner	30
Jackie Paris	20

Chet Baker	10
Johnny Holliday	10
Brother Joe May	10
Mel Torme	10
Bobby Troup	10
Jimmy Watson	10
Joe Williams	10

Female Singer—New Star	
Barbara Lea	30
Beverly Kenney	25
Lurlean Hunter	20
Mahalia Jackson	20
Helen Merrill	20
Claire Austin	10
Toni Harper	10
Anita O'Day	10
Lucy Read	10
Jeri Southern	10
Lynn Taylor	10
Caterina Valente	10
Morgana King	5

The Ballots

WHITNEY BALLIETT
(Jazz Reviewer, *Saturday Review of Literature*)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Modern Jazz quartet.

Trumpet—Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis (Joe Wilder) . . . Trombone—J. J. Johnson, Vic Dickenson (No choice) . . . Alto Sax—No choice (Phil Woods) . . . Tenor Sax—Coleman Hawkins, Stan Getz, Lucky Thompson (Jack Montrose) . . . Baritone sax—Harry Carney, Gerry Mulligan (Jimmy Giuffrè) . . . Clarinet—Tony Scott (No choice) . . . Piano—Art Tatum, John Lewis (Hank Jones) . . . Bass—Oscar Pettiford, Charlie Mingus (Leroy Vinnegar) . . . Guitar—Barney Kessel, Tal Farlow (Jim Hall) . . . Drums—Jo Jones, Shelly Manne (Chico Hamilton) . . . Vibes—Red Norvo, Milt Jackson (No choice).

Male singer—Louis Armstrong, Joe Turner (No choice) . . . Female singer—Ella Fitzgerald (No choice).

Jazz critics—no more than any other critics, of course—are two-faced: while they sigh with the labors of condemnation and praise, they revel in their notoriety and beneficence. And when, in particular, the annual tomfoolery of critics' polls comes along, their egos warm like sherry wine. Here they can parade their abstruseness about old retreats who haven't blown an honest, creative note in 10 years, or unveil as geniuses striplings who may recall, but haven't heard, Jelly Roll Morton. It is hard, pleasant work to be eccentric.

As a result, the above choices quite naturally seem to me rather obvious. At times in the past year, the noise about various new jazz musicians has been almost palpable. Recollected in tranquility, however, one finds that most of these men are still tadpoles, and that the relatively few musicians worth putting down as "new stars" are, in the main, in or near their 30s, and have had the necessarily varied musical experience it takes to understand jazz.

The rest of my selections also seem to me to be plain. Some are established modernists; some are great swingmen; how individually, in the central traditions of jazz. They are the men who can make your chins tremble, and all have planted themselves, no matter your nape prickle.

JOACHIM E. BERENDT

(*Garman Jazz Critic and Author*)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—
Modern Jazz quartet.
Trumpet — Dizzy Gillespie (Thad Jones) . . . Trombone—J. J. Johnson (Bob Brookmeyer) . . . Alto sax—Sonny Stitt (Julian Adderly) . . . Tenor sax—Stan Getz (Hank Mobley) . . . Baritone sax — Serge Chaloff (Jimmy Giuffre) . . . Clarinet—Benny Goodman (No choice) . . . Piano—Erroll Garner (Hampton Hawes) . . . Bass—Charlie Mingus (George Duvi-
viev) . . . Guitar—Jimmy Raney (No choice) . . . Drums—Art Blakey (Chico Hamilton) . . . Vibes—Milt Jackson (Bill Grah).

Male singer—Louis Armstrong (No choice) . . . Female singer—Billie Holiday (Caterina Valente).

Basie and the MJQ are so far ahead that it seems more interesting to find out who is second. I guess Duke or Woody among the big bands, Art's Messengers, Gerry's sextet, or Chico Hamilton's quintet among combos. Dizzy and Thad are my trumpet choices because they fit into Barry Ulanov's variations on Gertrude Stein's "a rose is a rose is a rose." The alto decisions, still, are difficult. Sonny Stitt is one of the most underrated musicians today. Of course, he comes from Bird, but coming from Bird is right. Cannonball was chosen not only as an alto player but also as the most vital new personality in jazz. Chaloff, still, and again, is Bird on baritone. And clarinet and swing style, seem synonymous to me—hence Goodman. I'd like to be happy, hence Garner. Hampton Hawes was chosen on behalf of his swing and his fluent style of improvisation. But Herbie Nichols' vital jazz abstractions, too, are important—or at least seem important to me.

I again took Bill Grah as new vibes player. He was the sensation of this year's German jazz festival. It is a pity that there are no jazz records of Caterina Valente (except one with Chet Baker in Germany). You should hear her sing jazz!

MIKE BUTCHER

(*Reviewer, The New Musical Express, England*)

Band—Count Basie, Duke Ellington . . . Combo—Modern Jazz quartet.
Trumpet—Miles Davis (Art Farmer, Thad Jones) . . . Trombone—J. J. Johnson, Bob Brookmeyer (Frank Rehak) . . . Alto sax—Benny Carter (Frank Morgan) . . . Tenor sax—Lester Young, Sonny Rollins (Buddy Collette, Bobby Jasper) . . . Baritone sax—Gerry Mulligan, Lars Gullin (Sol Schlinger) . . . Clarinet—Benny Goodman (Buddy Collette) . . . Piano—Art Tatum, Bud Powell (Rene Urteger, Red Garland) . . . Bass—Oscar Pettiford (Paul Chambers) . . . Guitar—Jimmy Raney (Jim Hall) . . . Drums—Max Roach, Art Blakey (Connie Kay, Mel Lewis) . . . Vibes—Milt Jackson (Victor Feldman).

Male singer—Frank Sinatra, Joe Williams (Mel Torme) . . . Female singer—Billie Holiday (Barbara Lea).

Eleven of my established choices are held over from 1955, so I'll only comment on the additions and amendments—Johnson (a fully mature soloist now), Carter (the most important living altoist), Rollins (one of today's most powerfully emotional and influential

tenorists), Goodman (fully active again, and still unrivaled at his best), Mulligan (whose sympathetic astuteness continues to develop), Powell (I felt guilty all year about omitting him before), Pettiford and Blakey (both totally impressive on their newer records), Williams (whom I hadn't heard last year), Miss Holiday (back to unrivaled form on her *Torching* LP) and Duke's reincarnated band (potentially as great as Count's).

New stars Farmer and Jones combine intelligence with feeling, Rehak blows commandingly relaxed trombone, and Morgan has spirited individuality within the Bird-inspired idiom. Collette and Jasper display exemplary musicianship on tenor and (in Buddy's case) promise on clarinet. Schlinger snorts engagingly on some of Al Cohn's Victor dates.

Urteger remains the most righteously wailing jazzman in Europe but I also enjoy the scope and feel of Red Garland with Miles. Hall sounds fine on the first Hamilton quintet LP, while Chambers patently has the makings of a great bassist. Kay and Lewis know how to shade and swing in the right environment.

Of Feldman, I'll just say that we never stop missing him in England. Torme, though not a newcomer, puts down some unprecedentedly adult, masterly vocalizing in his latest albums, and Miss Lea emotes with warm sensitivity on her Riverside LP.

BILL COSS

(*Editor, Metronome*)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Charlie Mingus.

Trumpet—Thad Jones (Don Ferrara) . . . Trombone—No choice (Willie Dennis) . . . Alto sax—John LaPorta (Ernie Henry) . . . Tenor sax—Zoot Sims (Jimmy Giuffre) . . . Baritone sax—Gerry Mulligan (Jimmy Giuffre) . . . Clarinet—Tony Scott, John LaPorta (No choice) . . . Piano—George Wallington (Phineas Newborn, Mal Waldron) . . . Bass—Charlie Mingus (Leroy Vinnegar) . . . Guitar—Tal Farlow (Dick Garcia) . . . Drums—Shelly Manne (Elvin Jones) . . . Vibes—Teddy Charles (No choice).
Male singer—Frank Sinatra (Jackie Paris) . . . Female singer—Billie Holiday (Lucy Reed).

This is my theme each year to be sympathetic with those who cast ballots—this one as inexpressive of my full feelings as are those which I usually receive. Most of the choices seem obvious to me, but I was still forced to list two ties and I could easily have added even more in several categories. Nevertheless, there are no excuses. There should be none—these are representative of my likes in jazz, the musicians who consistently play what I like to hear and, not so incidentally, a double baker's dozen of enormous real or potential worth.

STANLEY DANCE

(*Reviewer, Jazz Journal, England*)

Band—Duke Ellington . . . Combo—Louis Armstrong.

Trumpet—Louis Armstrong (Emmett Berry) . . . Trombone—Trummy Young (Britt Woodman) . . . Alto sax—Johnny Hodges (No choice) . . . Tenor sax—Coleman Hawkins (Sam Margolis) . . . Baritone sax—Harry Carney (No choice) . . . Clarinet—Barney Bigard (No choice) . . . Piano



Count Basie
A Winner's Toast

—Earl Hines (Sir Charles Thompson) . . . Bass—Milt Hinton (George Duvi-
viev) . . . Guitar—Freddie Green (No choice) . . . Drums—Jo Jones (Sam Woodyard, Sonny Payne) . . . Vibes—Lionel Hampton (No choice).

Male singer—Joe Williams (No choice) . . . Female singer—Ella Fitzgerald (No choice).

Voting in the new star division is extremely difficult for anyone domiciled outside the U. S., since one's choices tend to be anticipated by American critics with greater opportunities for forming an opinion. Thus I find that Ruby Braff, Frank Wess, Osie Johnson, Joe Williams, and Carmen McRae, for whom I would have voted, have all previously received awards in this category.

This isn't the place to argue an individual conception of what constitutes a star in jazz, but I don't think new stars appear very frequently, and especially not at a time like the present when there is so much misguided effort and confusion. A new style or phrase, in my opinion, does not automatically invalidate the preceding one, and my votes are, therefore, cast for those whose music is unmistakably jazz and not for those at present effecting a watery synthesis between jazz and straight music.

Emmett Berry, Britt Woodman, Sir Charles Thompson, and George Duvi-
viev are no newcomers, but they deserve more recognition, hence their inclusion in the new category. In voting for musicians like Hines and Hawkins, I am not just voting for past performances or potential. For instance, I recently heard Earl on a radio tape playing with such constant swing, invention, and good development as I hear from no one else today.

I hate not voting for the magnificent Basie, but the sounds of new animation from the Ellington camp are boundlessly exciting and must be saluted. Finally, having again heard Louis in person recently, and what he can do with new material, I have no doubts at all about the trumpet spot.

CHARLES DELAUNAY

(*Editor, Le Jazz Hot, France*)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Modern Jazz quartet.

Trumpet—Miles Davis (Thad Jones) . . . Trombone—J. J. Johnson (No choice) . . . Alto sax—No choice (No choice) . . . Tenor sax—Lester Young (Bobby Jasper) . . . Baritone sax—

Harry Carney (Michel DeVillers) . . . Clarinet—No choice (Maurice Meunier) . . . Piano—Art Tatum (Martial Solal) . . . Bass — Oscar Pettiford (No choice) . . . Guitar—No choice (Rene Thomas) . . . Drums—Art Blakey (No choice) . . . Vibes — Milt Jackson (Sadi).

Male singer—Louis Armstrong . . . Female singer—Sarah Vaughan (No choice).

Once again *Down Beat* is bringing us its annual hopeless problem. When I say hopeless, this applies mainly for the continental cats who never have had the opportunity to hear the new U. S. coming men. Therefore, how could we honestly fill the ballot?

Instead, I have mentioned the few American soloists, I had a chance to notice from the latest U. S. releases received on this side and several continental musicians who, in my opinion, deserve to rank among U. S. new star winners.

Such is the case of Martial Solal, who lately became an outstanding keyboard performer, as well as Belgium vibraphonist Sadi. I imagine that both Michel DeVillers as baritone sax and Bobby Jaspar, who is in America now, could compete with many of the previous new star winners.

CHARLES EMGE

(West Coast Editor, *Down Beat*)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Louis Armstrong.

Trumpet — Louis Armstrong (No choice) . . . Trombone—Jack Teagarden (No choice) . . . Alto sax—Benny Carter (No choice) . . . Tenor sax—Coleman Hawkins (No choice) . . . Baritone sax—Harry Carney (No choice) . . . Clarinet—Benny Goodman (No choice) . . . Piano—Art Tatum (No choice) . . . Bass — Oscar Pettiford (No choice) . . . Guitar—Barney Kessel (No choice) . . . Drums—Gene Krupa (No choice) . . . Vibes—Lionel Hampton (No choice).

Male singer—Louis Armstrong (No choice) . . . Female singer—Lee Wiley (No choice).

I'm sticking with the old-timers of proved stature this time around and skipping the new star categories because few of our new stars of former years have shaped up as comparable with the bona fide, all-time greats I have selected on the basis of what each has done to contribute to the over-all structure of music. All of my old-timers are not only active, but close to the top in their own fields with careers behind them that range to 25 years and more. How many of today's modern-sound kids will be around 25 years hence? Think it over.

LEONARD FEATHER

(Long-time *Jazz Critic* and Contributor to *Down Beat*)

Band—Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Duke Ellington . . . Combo — Chico Hamilton.

Trumpet — Dizzy Gillespie (Thad Jones) . . . Trombone—Jimmy Cleveland (Frank Rehak, Benny Powell) . . . Alto sax—Benny Carter, Herb Geller (No choice) . . . Tenor sax—Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins (No choice) . . . Baritone sax—Harry Carney, Gerry Mulligan (No choice) . . . Clarinet—No choice (No choice) . . . Piano—Art Tatum, Bud Powell (Ber-

nard Peiffer) . . . Bass—Oscar Pettiford, Red Mitchell (Paul Chambers, Whitey Mitchell) . . . Guitar—Tal Farlow (Dick Garcia) . . . Drums—No choice (No choice) . . . Vibes—Milt Jackson, Terry Gibbs (Terry Pollard).

Male singer — Joe Williams (No choice) . . . Female singer—No choice (Helen Merrill).

My selections do not include any of the nine musicians who interested me most during the last year (five instrumentalists and four arrangers), since none happened to fall into any of the categories included in the poll; so this space makes a convenient opportunity to offer them the salute they deserve.

First there is the amazing Jimmy Smith, who revolutionized the jazz approach to the Hammond organ. His style on up-tempo performances bore about as much resemblance to that of previous organists as did that of Charlie Christian to earlier guitarists or Blanton to previous bassists.

Second, a similar triumph was achieved by Frank Wess, whose work on flute was one of the most compelling sounds on the eastern seaboard during most of the year. He would have been my main choice on flute; the new star vote would have been split between Buddy Collette, the incredibly versatile west coaster, and Jerome Richardson, a no less protean east coaster. They and several others have expanded the territory of the flute, during the last year, to an area far more significant, and more densely populated, than that of the vibraphone.

The fifth instrumentalist is Mat Mathews, whose accordion ideas were fresh, vital, and original. Finally there were at least four arrangers whose great work during the last year must be acknowledged: Manny Albam, Billy Byers, Quincy Jones, and Ernie Wilkins.

RALPH GLEASON

(*San Francisco Chronicle* and *Down Beat*)

Band—Duke Ellington . . . Combo—Modern Jazz quartet.

Trumpet—Dizzy Gillespie (Joe Newman) . . . Trombone—Bill Harris (Britt Woodman) . . . Alto sax—Sonny Stitt (Phil Woods) . . . Tenor sax—Stan Getz (Richie Kamuca) . . . Baritone sax—Harry Carney (No choice) . . . Clarinet—Jimmy Hamilton (No choice) . . . Piano — Erroll Garner (Hampton Hawes) . . . Bass—Oscar Pettiford (Paul Chambers) . . . Guitar—Tal Farlow (Skeeter Best) . . . Drums—Buddy Rich (Chuck Flores) . . . Vibes—Milt Jackson (No choice).

Male singer—Frank Sinatra (Joe Turner) . . . Female singer—Rosemary Clooney (Jeri Southern).

Despite the magnificence of the Basie band, it is Duke this year because of the utterly unbelievable quality of musicianship, performance, and unity on every level that this band always has been able to display on occasion and now seems to do as routine. This is not to detract from Basie, though the current band has seemed less satisfying to me than it's predecessor. But Duke is just too much.

The MJQ continues to dominate the combo field as far as I am concerned, and the hard-swinging groups seem to be traveling another path and one that, for all their excitement, I am not sure I wish to travel with them.

There never has seemed to be any question about Dizzy, and his work on the Clef Modern Jazz septet LP alone is enough to prove it to my mind. He is as surely the master of his generation, as Louis was of his. I continue to be impressed by Joe Newman above all other new men for the warmth of his playing, his curving lines which blend so beautifully with Basie.

Sonny Stitt is certainly the best of the alto men now that Bird has flown; he proves it with every record he makes; he is so consistent. Of the others, Phil Woods seems the most noteworthy from this perspective, though Gene Quill and sometimes Charlie Mariano show quite strongly. Who else is there but Getz? And of the others, I pass by such excellent swingers as Seldon Powell and Hank Mobley because they have not yet, for me, moved on to a level of their own, while Kamuca in the last year has developed an individual sound of distinction.

Harry Carney remains for me the ultimate voice on his instrument; though I wish there were a separate category in which Gerry Mulligan could be placed for his unique contribution to jazz. I have heard no new star on baritone. For clarinet a most difficult instrument these days, Jimmy Hamilton seems the best all-around choice. No one has really brought this instrument past Benny Goodman, but you cannot vote for him these days. My blind devotion to Erroll Garner is because he never has failed to bring me pleasure whenever I heard him in person and on records, and Hampton Hawes is a unique pianist destined, I hope, for great things. Kenny Drew, were he more active, might well be a new star on his own, and Dave McKenna deserves at least honorable mention.

You have your choice between Ray Brown and Oscar Pettiford, and it's a pity we haven't had more chance to hear some of the interesting things Charlie Mingus has been doing. Buddy Rich remains the ultimate drummer, but Chuck Flores has matured so much in the last two years that he has become the most satisfying of small group percussionists. In singers it's Sinatra by a country mile, and how about Joe Turner? There should be a place also for King Pleasure. I am in love with the Clooney-Ellington album and with most of her radio and television work, and Jeri Southern is only now being recognized for the great singer she is.

The Oscar Peterson trio should get a special award for group excellence; Manny Albam and Ernie Wilkins for arranging; Nelson Riddle for good taste, and the Hi-Los for their singing.

JOHN HAMMOND

(Noted *Jazz Authority*)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Friedrich Gulda Austrian All-Stars. Trumpet—Ruby Braff (Joe Gordon) . . . Trombone—Vic Dickenson (Rex Peer) . . . Alto sax—Bruce Turner (Phil Woods) . . . Tenor sax—Lester Young (Karl Dravo) . . . Baritone sax—Gerry Mulligan (No choice) . . . Clarinet—Edmond Hall (No choice) . . . Piano—Count Basie (Ray Bryant, Willie Anderson) . . . Bass—Walter Page (No choice) . . . Guitar—Freddie Green (No choice) . . . Drums—Jo

Jones (Ed Thigpen) . . . Vibes—Red Nervo (Terry Pollard).

Male singer—Joe Turner (Brother Joe May) . . . Female singer—Ella Fitzgerald (Mahalia Jackson).

No comments.

NAT HENTOFF

(Associate Editor, *Down Beat*)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Modern Jazz quartet.

Trumpet—Roy Eldridge, Miles Davis (Donald Byrd, Joe Wilder) . . . Trombone—J. J. Johnson, Urbie Green (Benny Powell, Frank Rehak, Sonny Russo) . . . Alto sax—No choice (Phil Woods) . . . Tenor sax—Lester Young, Stan Getz, Coleman Hawkins (J. R. Monterose, Seldon Powell) . . . Baritone sax—Gerry Mulligan, Harry Carney (Sol Schlinger) . . . Clarinet—Tony Scott (Al Cohn) . . . Piano—Art Tatum, John Lewis (Hank Jones) . . . Bass—Oscar Pettiford, Charlie Mingus, Red Mitchell (Paul Chambers) . . . Guitar—Jimmy Raney, Freddie Green (Luck Garcia, Perry Lopez) . . . Drums—Jo Jones, Max Roach (Connie Kay, Chuck Thompson) . . . Vibes—Milt Jackson (Eddie Costa).

Male singer—Louis Armstrong (No choice) . . . Female singer—Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald (Morgana King, Beverly Kenney).

I continue to leave the top alto position blank because I'm still waiting for someone who combines the emotional strength of Stitt, the lyricism of Desmond, and the searching conception of Kontz.

I also would like to vote for best writer of originals (John Lewis); best new star writer of originals (Phil Sunkel); best original work of the year on records (*Fontessa* by John Lewis); best arranger (Quincy Jones, Ernie Wilkins, Gerry Mulligan); best flutist (Herbie Mann, Frank Wess); most adventurously successful modern jazz record (Teddy Charles tentet, Atlantic); best mainstream jazz LP (*Jazz '56 Giants*: Young, Eldridge, Dickenson, etc.—Norgran); best contribution to jazz by TV (CBS' *Look Up and Live*, produced by the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.); most important international jazz activity of the year (the Dizzy Gillespie band trip through the near and middle east under the auspices of the state department); most vital book on jazz published in English (Andre Hodeir's *Jazz: Evolution and Essence*, Grove Press).

Unanswered Questions of the Year: When is the Institute of Jazz Studies going to become more active? What can be done about the continuing serious problem of narcotics in and out of jazz? When will jazz club owners in general begin to give more attention to obtaining optimum acoustics and pianos in their rooms?

Most hopeful trends of the year: The growth in numbers and quality of such jazz clubs as John McLellan's Teenage Jazz club in Boston; the Jazz Association of Miami; the Northwest Jazz workshop; Leon Bailey's WDBC, Escanaba, Mich., club; Vancouver Jazz society, etc. Also hopeful is the further opening of the college and concert circuits to jazz musicians.

Least hopeful trend of the year: The operating fallacy of several record

companies that jazz can be mass-produced. I'm not against a diminution in LPs necessarily, but I am for much more care in their planning.

ANDRE HODEIR

(Jazz Critic, *Le Jazz Hot*, France)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—No choice.

Trumpet—Miles Davis (No choice) . . . Trombone—J. J. Johnson (No choice) . . . Alto sax—Lee Konitz (No choice) . . . Tenor sax—No choice (Bobby Jaspar) . . . Baritone sax—No choice (No choice) . . . Clarinet—No choice (No choice) . . . Piano—Bud Powell (Hampton Hawes, Bernard Peiffer) . . . Bass—Ray Brown (No choice) . . . Guitar—Jimmy Raney (No choice) . . . Drums—Kenny Clarke, Max Roach, Art Blakey (Gus Johnson) . . . Vibes—Milt Jackson (Sadi).

Male singer—Louis Armstrong (No choice) . . . Female singer—Sarah Vaughan (No choice).

GEORGE HOEFER

(Well-known Jazz Authority, *Down Beat* Columnist)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Salt City Five.

Trumpet—Ruby Braff (Joe Newman) . . . Trombone—Bob Brookmeyer (Benny Powell) . . . Alto sax—Lee Konitz (No choice) . . . Tenor sax—Coleman Hawkins (Frank Gordon) . . . Baritone sax—Harry Carney (No choice) . . . Clarinet—Benny Goodman (Jack Maheu) . . . Piano—Bud Powell (Bill Rubenstein) . . . Bass—Wendell Marshall (Ed Jones) . . . Guitar—Tal Farlow (No choice) . . . Drums—Osie Johnson (Will Bradley Jr.) . . . Vibes—Red Norvo (Don Elliott).

Male singer—Frank Sinatra (No choice) . . . Female singer—Ella Fitzgerald (Barbara Lea).

The sounds of jazz, both old and new, have reached me during the last year in exile on the shores of Oneida Lake, N. Y., through the efforts of our recording industry. There were a few exceptions when Basie, Kenton, Ellington, Herman, and Armstrong appeared within a 100-mile radius of Syracuse.

Both in person and on records, the Basie men seem to me to be the ruling sound. Lacking the opportunity to hear the small groups in the big town, I've listened a good deal to the Salt City Five on their frequent appearances in their home locale. The group is essentially Dixieland played a bit better musically than most of their better-known counterparts.

My selections for the individual honors reflect a wide spread of styles and eras, yet they are confined to active stars of the moment. Wherever possible a nod has been given to the younger musician because the future of jazz music is dependent on them.

Where there is a blank, I just haven't heard anyone noteworthy in the category.

MAX JONES

(*Melody Maker*, England)

Band—Count Basie, Duke Ellington . . . Combo—Louis Armstrong.

Trumpet—Louis Armstrong, Buck Clayton (Joe Newman) . . . Trombone—Trummy Young (Henderson Chambers) . . . Alto sax—Johnny Hodges (No choice) . . . Tenor sax—Ben Webster, Lester Young (Lucky Thompson)

. . . Baritone sax—Harry Carney (No choice) . . . Clarinet—Edmond Hall (No choice) . . . Piano—Earl Hines (Sir Charles Thompson) . . . Bass—Milt Hinton (George Duvivier) . . . Guitar—Freddie Green (Everett Barksdale) . . . Drums—Jo Jones (Sonny Payne) . . . Vibes—Lionel Hampton (Milt Jackson).

Male singer—Louis Armstrong (Joe Turner) . . . Female singer—Billie Holiday (Mahalia Jackson).

No comments.

ALBERT J. McCARTHY

(Editor, *Jazz Monthly*, England)

Band—Duke Ellington . . . Combo—Modern Jazz quartet.

Trumpet—Louis Armstrong (No choice) . . . Trombone—Benny Green (No choice) . . . Alto sax—Benny Carter (No choice) . . . Tenor sax—Lucky Thompson (Guy Lafitte) . . . Baritone sax—Harry Carney (No choice) . . . Clarinet—George Lewis (No choice) . . . Piano—Erroll Garner (Hampton Hawes) . . . Bass—Milt Hinton (No choice) . . . Guitar—Freddie Green (No choice) . . . Drums—Jo Jones (Bobby Donaldson) . . . Vibes—Lionel Hampton (No choice).

Male singer—Big Bill Broonzy (No choice) . . . Female singer—Billie Holiday (No choice).

A European is always at a disadvantage in a poll of this nature by having only limited opportunity to hear many musicians. For this reason, I substituted the sadly underrated Lucky Thompson for Coleman Hawkins in my final vote. I just don't know how Hawkins is playing today. The only real pain I experience is from not being able to find room for Ruby Braff.

There is no basis for comparison between Louis Armstrong and Big Bill Broonzy as singers, but I give the latter my vote because he is a great man and a great artist who never has received his fair share of recognition. I particularly enjoy the opportunity of recording my vote for Benny Green and Erroll Garner, for they are both musicians who have given me a great deal of pleasure and yet seem to escape critical esteem so often.

It is obvious from my choice that my tastes are essentially mainstream. I can think of few genuine new stars. The last few years have seen dozens of new musicians arise, most of them highly competent, but there is a terrible lack of any real individualists. The only one who comes to mind is Braff, and as long as Armstrong is playing, I just cannot find room for him. The French musician Guy Lafitte pleases me far more than any of the newer U. S. tenor men. Hampton Hawes, on the strength of his Contemporary LP, has the makings of a great stylist, and it is all the more astonishing when one considers that he is based on the coast of corruption.

Fine as the Basie band is, I think that at its best the Ellington band is a more creative force and contains more individualist soloists. If the Lunceford band were still going, I probably would have voted for it en bloc. If Buffon's famous aphorism about style is the man be true, then there must be an awful lot of neurotics amongst the modernist musicians today!

(Turn to Page 26)

Newport Festival

A Complete Summary Of The Music, Panels
That Made Up Jazz' Biggest Date Of '56

Thursday

By Nat Hentoff

CHARLIE MINGUS commanded the rain to stop on Newport's first night, but the rain was not to be moved. Neither however were the musicians or the sodden, shivering, stubbornly dedicated audience of some 2500 who huddled under umbrellas, fishermen's hoods, makeshift hats, and even one bathing cap and one shower curtain. Despite the worst climatic conditions under which any jazz festival concert has ever been held, much of the crowd remained all the way through to hear one of the most consistently rewarding musical anthologies in jazz festival history.

Accepting the irritating challenge of cold hands, chilled horns and soaking air, the musicians, for the most part, blew with blistering heat. The concert began as the Basie band played *The Star Spangled Banner* and counter-attacked the elements with *Jumpin at the Woodside*. Louis L. Lorillard, head of the festival, then introduced 88-year-old Sen. Theodore Francis Green of Rhode Island, who spoke on the theme that there are no boundary lines to appreciation of music of quality whether classical or jazz, dry or wet.

Willis Conover, the excellent Washington disc jockey and jazz expert-in-residence for the Voice of America, took over as annotator for the rest of the evening. Willis, as usual, was lucid, concise, functional and one occasion he matched Eddie Condon at his own sword-play ("We mixed it with water for you tonight, Eddie.")

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET (John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, Connie Kay) played a warm, flowingly integrated set that included, among other numbers, *Ralph's New Blues*, the "improvised fugue" *Versailles*, and two more recent additions to the book, both by Lewis. These latter two were an intriguing *God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen* and *Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West* (soon to be heard on a Bill Perkins LP with Lewis on piano).

Percy Heath remained on stand and was joined by the tasteful young drummer Ed Thigpen to accompany Toshiko Akiyoshi. Toshiko, wearing a many-colored kimono, has played better in the past than she did this evening, but she was fully worth hearing. Breaking hard and swiftly into *It Could Happen To You*, during which she changed tempo into a quasi-rhapsodic, rather over-frilly second half, Toshiko went on to *Just One of Those Things*. Here, as in all her numbers, she cut through with the strong, sometimes fierce beat, that is one of her identifying assets. At Conover's invitation, Toshiko made a brief, modest and wholly charming speech concerning her nine-year apprenticeship in jazz, and ended her set with a blues.

Sarah Vaughan arrived, precision-

backed by Roy Haynes, Joe Benjamin and Jimmy Jones. Sarah, in finger-snapping spirits despite the rain swung through a rather long and self-warming set that included *Lover Man*, *On the Outside Looking at the Inside*, *I'm Glad There Is You*, *Sometimes I'm Happy*, *Over the Rainbow*, *Perdido*, and *Tenderly*.

EDDIE CONDON, a Captain Ahab who had swallowed the White Horse Whale, conducted a bristling, swinging, thoroughly enjoyable Dixieland set. With Cliff Leeman, Gene Schroeder, and Jack Lesberg in the rhythm section, the front line was driven by Wild Bill Davison. Lou McGarity had one of his best nights in recent memory on trombone, as he blew with longhanded ease and a big, building sound. Peanuts Hucko was efficient on clarinet, while Bud Freeman was as resourceful a booting improviser as ever.

Their set included such rain-cleavers as *At The Jazz Band Ball*, *Struttin' with Some Barbecue*, *Squeeze Me*, and *Big Butter and Egg Man* (the last dedicated to Louis Lorillard). Captain Condon restricted his activities to semaphore-waving at the members of his fleet and casting cheering asides to the audience: ("Sit up, comb your hair, and drink your beer . . . We're moving in to the inner pool . . . I forgot to bring my seaside casuals . . . If the weather clears up we're flying in Elvis Presley.")

Charlie Mingus' Jazz Workshop followed Condon for one of the major musical experiences of the evening. With Mingus were altoist Ernie Henry, returning to active jazz after some time away; the incisive pianist Mal Waldron; and two musicians new to the major leagues but likely to stay a long time — trumpeter Bill Hardman of Cleveland and New York drummer Al Dreaives.

Hardman swings with surety, and his conception, from a brief hearing, appears individual and capable of important development. Dreaives is a good, imaginative drummer, equipped to cope with the multiple demands of being part of a Mingus rhythm-section-in-depth. Al also doubles well on tambourines, for example. With Mingus striding to the microphone and declaring "First of all, I want it to stop raining right now," the set began with sharp, wailing impact via a Mingus original, *Tonight at Noon*. A longer, equally absorbing work, "a jazz tone poem," *Tourist in Manhattan*, provided the rest of Mingus' contribution and it was the kind of intensely personal, unusually colored (even unto whistles and cries), and compellingly communicative piece that made extraneous considerations like sinking shoes and rain in the face fade. Mingus is reaching an increasingly maturer stage in his development as a writer-collective improviser, and his own unmistakable voice is rising in authority.

JUTTA HIPP, sensibly and attractively attired in slacks, red wind-breaker,

and swinging pigtails, came on stand with her regular drummer, Ed Thigpen, and Eddie Jones of the Basie band. With Thigpen and especially Jones laying down a beat broad and strong enough for several pianists to walk on, Jutta played the best I've heard here since she arrived in America. Her blues was basic authentically felt and projected, and personal in the sense that lies beneath stylistic jackets and marks the musician who has large capacity for emotional directness. Her *Always*, taken up, was also impressive, though not as much so as the blues. Jutta, as she said afterwards, is still finding herself, still absorbing crossing influences, and eventually, she should make her own valuable way.

The Aquashow-in-Rhythm ended as Admiral Basie and his men roared across the non-existent horizon. The Basie band, which often sounds somewhat cramped in most jazz rooms, found the open spaces just about big enough to contain their blazing power and zest for blowing. The band, which had begun to sound somewhat sloppy at Birdland recently, was invigorated and invigorating at Newport, belting out flares like *Bleep Blop Blues*. Ernie Wilkin's *Basie's Loaded*, Frank Foster's *Shiny Stockings*, and Johnny Mandel's *Straight Life* and the inevitable *April in Paris*. Newman, Foster, Wess, Powell, and company were in sturdy shape, and Thad Jones played more than usual, and blew very well.

ALSO SHOUTING and undampened was Joe Williams, who rocked the audience which was brought to sustained cheers by the entire Basie set with *Every Day*, *Jump for Joy*, and *All Right, Okay, You Win*. The listeners filed out to dry and to start sketching the tales they'll tell their friends about how this night, everything, including the wind and the rain, was wailing.

Throughout the concert the public address system held up well, and its clear, clean, far-spreading functioning is a credit to Michael Wynne-Wilson of Faircast Sound, which has also done the sound for the Boston Arts Festival.

In summary: a night after which the dampness quickly disappears but much of the music stays a long, warm time.

Friday

By Jack Tracy

TOO MUCH LOUIS, not enough Ella, and a different Dave marked the second night at Newport.

Although this was the evening following the great downpour, and though the crowd of some 8,000 came wrapped timorously in foul weather gear, the only reign to fall was that of King Louis Armstrong.

He demonstrated with finality that it takes more than rolling eyes, handkerchief on head and chops, and the same old Paramount theater act to warrant using an hour's time at an American festival of jazz.

SURE, LOUIS FLASHED the majestic tone and ingrained feeling that has made him an undeniable great in jazz, but he did so seldom, and only while playing the same old tunes and fronting the same indifferent band he's been working with for too long.

Armstrong made his appearance at Newport seem commonplace . . . just

another job . . . and this coming from a man so universally regarded as a legend was an insult to an audience that was there to hear the best from everyone.

Buck Clayton and Coleman Hawkins, fronting a group that comprised J. J. Johnson, trombone; Dick Katz piano; Benny Moten, bass, and Gus Johnson, drums, provided a driving opening set. Hawk kicked off *In a Mellotone* in his rolling, deep-voiced, urbane style. Clayton followed with a controlled and poignant solo, after which Dick Katz showed why he is becoming such a respected jazzman with a walking, clean-ly-funky contribution.

AN UNTITLED, romping blues tied it up. Coleman received the first concerted applause of the evening for his bit, following by middle register Clayton and a J. J. excursion that picked up Buck's last five notes and drove firmly forward.

J. J. and Kai Winding's combo came up next, with Katz again on piano, Bill Crow on bass, and Rudy Collins, drums. The leaders' decision to break up the band at the end of July, ending their fairly profitable association for the last year-plus, is a wise one, for despite the large abilities they possess as trombonists, the horns just aren't flexible enough to sustain interest over a long stretch.

Kai sounded excellent on *Thou Swell*, they ran through a routine *Lover, Come Back to Me*, then switched to the new instruments they have developed—the tromboniums—for *True Blue Trombonium*. The horn is a cross between the trombone and the euphonium, and even if the overheard remark—"If they really work on the horns, they'll get them to sound just like trombones"—sounds cruel, it is reasonably true. The horns are a gimmick.

Both Kai and J. J. sparkled solowise on *NWPT*, Johnson's annotated tribute to the festival, then it was time for the Dave Brubeck quartet.

PAUL DESMOND walked onstand with a camera, took a picture of the mob of photographers shooting them, and then Brubeck surprisingly announced that the quartet had come to play all new material—there would be no *Trolley Song*. First on tap was *In Your Own Sweet Way*, a medium-tempo ballad which drew out the best quality of the group—it plays like a group. The fact that Brubeck, Desmond, bassist Norman Bates, and drummer Joe Dodge eat meals together, laugh together, and talk together is no accident. Their personal unity is reflected in the music.

Two-Part Contention followed, a challenging, interweaving effort much more complex than earlier Brubeck experiments in counterpoint. Desmond was superb here, and provided one of the evening's real highlights.

The Duke segued into *Take the "A" Train*, and the set wound up with *I'm in a Dancing Mood*, as Dave played in half-time against Joe Dodge's 4/4.

ELLA FITZGERALD, garbed in silver mink stole and lavender gown, came back after intermission to provide the only mass hypnotism of the evening as she soared unimpeccably through nine tunes, beginning and ending with ballads *Little Boy Blue* and *Tenderly*, and interspersing swingers like *Just One of Those Things*, *Roll 'Em Pete*, and *Air Mail Special*.

Backed by pianist Tommy Flanagan, bassist Benny Moten, and drummer Gus Johnson, Ella could have continued forever as she scatted, swung, and mesmerized an audience that had been waiting too long to stand up and cheer a peerless performance.

She easily got the biggest hand of the evening, making it one case where the largest applause came in direct proportion to the greatest amount of talent expended. Even a foul-up on the verse to *Just One of Those Things* didn't throw Ella off-stride; she simply improvised the final line and strode neatly into the chorus.

ARMSTRONG, backed by Trummy Young, trombone; Ed Hall, clarinet; Billy Kyle, piano; Dale Jones, bass, and Barrett Deems, drums, wrapped it up, but the hour he played seemed like two.

His *Sleepy Time Down South* theme was followed by the inevitable *Indiana* and *The Gypsy*. Ed Hall provided the chief spark on *Indiana*, with Louis running into some difficulty on his solo which he barely worked himself out of.

The sound system conked out during *Ole Miss*, on which Armstrong played his only charging solo of the night, then came in rapid succession *Tin Roof Blues*, *The Bucket's Got a Hole in It*, *Perdido*, *You Made Me Love You*, *Whispering*, *Mack the Knife*, *Stomping at the Savoy*, two tunes by Velma Middleton, and *Sleepy Time* again.

They all only pointed out that aside from Louis and Ed Hall, there is little of musical interest left in the band. Trummy has become a tasteless battering ram; Billy Kyle, who was one of the unsung founders of the modern school of pianists, doesn't care anymore; Deems is heavily unswinging; Long is not of Armstrong caliber.

Summary: A good concert till Louis came on. Had there been a Basie to wind it up with shocking force, it would have compared favorably with opening night.

Saturday

By Leonard Feather

THE FINAL NIGHT of the 1956 American Jazz Festival will not soon be forgotten by those who were smart enough to stay until the end (unfortunately many didn't).

George Wein estimated the paid admissions at 7,000, about the same as the preceding night. The concert got under way promptly at 8:30, with Father Norman O'Connor as its eloquent and consistently well-informed commentator. His only fault was a tendency to logorrhea that, if curbed, could have saved 10 minutes in a very tight schedule.

The Duke Ellington orchestra opened the show with a short-lived, short-handed set from which four band members were absent. Cat's growls, Butter's bone, and Procope's clarinet did a colorful job of redecoration on the walls of the lived-in *Black And Tan Fantasy*; Willie Cook was competent on *Tea for Two*. Our dissatisfaction with this early glimpse of Ellingtonia would have been fast mitigated had we known of the spectacular fashion in which the evening was to end.

THE BUD SHANK QUARTET, a sort of *Reader's Digest* version of west

coast jazz, opened with some medium-tempo blues using Miles Davis' *Walkin'* as a framework. Bud wailed confidently on alto. Claude Williamson showed taste and dexterity while Don Prell and Chuck Flores backed them up capably. *Nature Boy*, a flute solo, was the kind of performance from which one expects to find the echo chamber conspicuous by its absence on an in-person performance, yet Bud's fertile flute achieved the same mood and indeed even seemed to benefit from the lack of reverberation.

The set closed with what Bud described as a new three-part composition by Claude Williamson. In effect this seemed more like three originals loosely strung together, the second of which was just plain blues and the third *I Got Rhythm*, but pragmatically it served its purpose, with Bud superb on flute and quite relaxed, though occasionally faulty on intonation, in his alto work.

The Jo Jones trio followed; or at least, so it may have seemed to many in the audience for whom Jo's performance was the hit of the set. Formally this was Teddy Wilson's threesome, and Teddy played just the tunes expected of him in just the comfortable, clean style that has expressed his own equable personality for lo these 23 years. Al Lucas played a wailing ad lib solo but, surprisingly, received a bigger hand for another solo on which he simply walked.

As for Jo, his subtlety and finesse, though hard to interpret in words, were best described by Columbia's Irving Townsend, who commented: "How many other drummers can take a solo with their eyebrows?" Whether he was tap dancing with the sticks or doing that old soft shoe with the brushes, Jo invariably incorporated enough of a sense of humor in his solos to eliminate any danger of percussive monotony.

I Got Rhythm was taken a little too fast, though this at least made the funky half-time ending even more effective by contrast. Teddy and Jo got a huge hand, which led to a swinging *Birth of the Blues* encore.

JIMMY GIUFFRE FOLLOWED with three numbers of which one, the up-tempoed *East of the Sun* on tenor, was expendable; his phrases were short and the ideas never seemed to flow or build. But Jimmy again showed the validity of his modern Pee Wee Russell approach to jazz clarinet in the other two numbers, one a groovy blues and the other an item that could best have been announced as *My Funky Valentins*. I don't think he ever got beyond E above the break on the horn; everything else was achieved in chalumeau register. His use of this self-imposed limitation was an achievement not unlike mowing a lawn with an electric shaver.

The lawn thus mown, Anita O'Day took over the grass court to win an exciting mixed doubles match with her rhythm section 4-6, 6-3, 6-0. Al Lucas was her partner, with pianist Don Ritter and drummer John Poole across the net. Perhaps this contest could have been avoided had there been a rehearsal (surely it would be a desirable procedure for the entire concert to be rehearsed in toto on the afternoon of each show). Anita did very well considering these difficulties, starting with a number whose lyrics seemed to reflect the

success with which she has lately renovated her own career (*pick yourself up, dust yourself off, and start all over again . . .*)

Surprisingly, there were touches of Carmen McRae, moments of Betty Roche, and distinct tones of Billie Holiday in Anita's work, though her own personality and style were by no means lost. Of Anita's nine numbers, the pulsating *Honeysuckle Rose* came off best, despite an awkward false start. She swung consistently, faltered on intonation now and then, but in general made a good impression, and, incidentally, looked delightful in a loose-fitting sweater for which Father O'Connor seemed to apologize unduly.

AFTER THE INTERMISSION the Friedrich Gulda septet appeared, with the maestro in spirited form and his combo a little below optimum capabilities. The ensembles were occasionally sloppy and there seemed to be a sense of rush possibly partly in our own mind since it was getting late and so much was still to be heard. Phil Woods was fine on *Cool Hill*. *Teheran* was a repeat from the Gulda group's appearance during the forum and concert that same afternoon, at which, in the opinion of some observers, it had acquitted itself more creditably.

It was not until 11:15 that the Chico Hamilton group finally got onstage to start with what, as Father O'Connor aptly remarked, was a timely title: *Sleep*. Luckily Chico's quintet acted like a rhythmic benzedrine on the crowd. Buddy Collette's *A Nice Day* had gentle solos by the composer on clarinet, Jim Hall's guitar, and Fred Katz's theme, with Hall passages that evoked Charlie Christian. *Blue Sands*, though very long, kept the audience with it as Buddy's flute and Chico's mallets sustained a mood of tension from a soft opening through a magnificently climactic build-up.

By 11:45, when the Ellington band got back in the saddle after a three-hour wait in the stables, the inevitable law of diminishing audiences had set in. Duke got under way with something new, written specially for a Newport premiere—a policy that should be followed by all artists appearing at a major event of this kind, but only pursued by Ellington and Brubeck during this particular festival. The new work, in three parts bearing the tentative titles *Festival Junction*, *Blues To Be There*, and *Newport Up*, had no immediate thematic impact but provided a framework for solos by almost everyone, starting with Jimmy Hamilton and reaching a boppish ending after some exciting fours by Gonsalves, Hamilton, and Clark Terry.

In between there were many unmistakably and gloriously Dukish sounds, especially in the slow second movement, with Duke's piano, the trombones' passage, Procope's clarinet, Nance's plunger work, and the unique reed section.

HARRY CARNEY was heard in a grandiloquent reworking of *Sophisticated Lady*. Jimmy Grissom came out and sang one old pop song, a small price to pay for the music that preceded and followed him. Next Duke announced a product of "our 1938 vintage," *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue* which were to be linked, he added, by some Paul Gonsalves improvisation.

The number got through its first three or four minutes uneventfully.

Then it happened . . .

Here and there in the reduced but still multitudinous crowd a couple got up and started jitterbugging. Within two minutes the whole of Freebody Park was transformed as if struck by a thunderbolt. Photographers rushed madly to the scene of each gathering knot of onlookers while Gonsalves, Duke, and the whole band, inspired by the reaction they had stirred, put their all into their work. Hundreds of spectators climbed on their chairs to see the action; the band built the magnificent arrangement to its perennial peak, and the crowd, spent, sat limply wondering what could possibly follow this.

The amazing fact was that possibly for the first time, great jazz had produced this aura of wild enthusiasm, not rock 'n' roll nor a honking tenor man taking off his shirt. And, perhaps even more amazing, this particular arrangement was written in a year when many members of this audience were born—1938—and had remained basically unchanged.

Once aboard the victory train with the crowd behind him, Duke couldn't stop. Introducing his alto star with eloquent simplicity ("I'm sure if you've heard of the saxophone you've heard of Johnny Hodges") he led into *I've Got It Bad and Jeep's Blues*, the latter a sampling of vintage, unadulterated Rabbit stew at its tastiest.

AFTER RAY NANCE'S inimitable vocal and dance on *Tulip or Turnip* it had gotten to be 12:50; George Wein appeared onstage in a raincoat for a whispered consultation, doubtless instructing Duke to close. But the audience was in no mood to be sent home and Duke went into one of the longest numbers in the book, the Sam Woodard vehicle *Skin Deep*.

It was 1 a.m. on the nose when the last echo died down from the back of the park. Duke was visibly moved by the unprecedented reaction to his set, which had lasted an hour and 15 minutes and could have gone on another hour without upsetting a single stubbler.

It had been a dramatic climax to a completely successful jazz convention; a brilliant crescendo in blue for the third movement of this year's Lorillard Symphony.

Afternoons Panels And Music

By Jack Tracy

SATURDAY AFTERNOON at Newport was marked by a combination of excellent music and provocative panel discussion at Freebody park.

Kicking off at 1:30 was Phineas Newborn and his quartet (Calvin Newborn, guitar; George Joyner, bass; George Ritchie, drums). The immensely talented young pianist from Memphis performed amazingly, including a medley of *Embraceable You* and *Stairway to the Stars* played with left hand alone. He has all the technique and jazz sixth sense needed to play at a

high level consistently, and he is not afraid to explore. His set indicated that he is going to become one of the outstanding jazzmen in its history.

The Teddy Charles Tentet, comprising Hall Overton, piano; Gigi Gryce, alto; Hal Stein, tenor; Jon Eardley, trumpet; Don Butterfield, tuba; George Barrow, baritone; Addison Farmer, bass; Barry Galbraith, guitar, and Ed Shaughnessy, drums, was welcomed by a yipping reception from Teddy's ring-side cronies, Bill Coss and Charlie Mingus, who sounded the Charles battlecry.

BOB BROOKMEYER'S *Show Time* preceded the lovely Jim Giuffre composition, *Quiet Time*, which was beautifully performed and highlighted Teddy's vibes in a solo that fairly sung. Charles has cast aside much of his earlier flashiness and has become a ranking jazzman.

Gil Evans' haunting *You Go to My Head*, Teddy's *Green Blues* and *The Emperor* (an atonal *Georgia Brown*) brought out the almost unbelievable work of Butterfield and drumming of Ed Shaughnessy, who was playing at every moment for the group instead of for himself.

Word from Bird, by Charles, closed the set, and though not very well played (a hampering wind was blowing the music about), deserves to remain a part of the group's repertoire.

A SURPRISE STARTER, pianist Mario Patron, accompanied by Shaughnessy and George Joyner, is unfortunately not yet ready for this sort of appearance. He's a youngster discovered by John Hammond in Mexico City and apparently was almost paralyzed by nervousness through most of his three tunes. On the basis of this outing, he still needs a great deal of work and exposure to some blowing jazzmen. Without the magnificent drumming of Shaughnessy behind him, the set would have been disastrous.

A panel set up to determine the future of jazz and ways in which it will travel was made up of co-moderators Nat Hentoff and Bill Coss and determinists Hall Overton, Jimmy Giuffre, Friedrich Gulda, David Broekman, Quincy Jones, and Tony Scott.

Broekman kicked it off and threw in the bone of contention that had the rest of the men snapping at him and each other for the entire session.

"Some people contend the beat in jazz is all-important," he said. "I say it isn't. . . . Jazz is limited in its expression by the drummer. . . . The future of jazz will have to lie in a multiple percussion section—tuned timbales, tuned cymbals, cow bell . . ."

TONY SCOTT winged back with the reply: "I agree that the pulse is not important—no more important than a heartbeat." During Scott's talk, Broekman angrily tried to interrupt (Scott said later that Broekman "muttered something that sounded like, 'You're talking like a McCarthy'"). Then Scott pointed to Giuffre and asked if Giuffre would term his *Tangents in Jazz*, which uses implicit rather than explicit beat, actually jazz.

Jimmy took a long time to say yes, but did so with a statement that it doesn't really matter to him what his music is called, but what it says.

Quincy Jones moved in, and with mounting feeling fired the following shots. "If we had been conducting this meeting about the future of jazz in

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PEGGY CONNELLY

Peggy Connelly (Bethlehem 12" LP) is a good, round-voiced, straight singer with a commendable lack of artifice. Only minimally a "jazz" singer, she could make it—in view of her physical progressions as well as her voice—in the better hotel rooms and New York east-side-like clubs. While not an arrestingly individual stylist, Miss Connelly has middle-of-the-road taste and projects the intent of the song lucidly. She could, however, relax more (*I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'*, for example). She has worked on the coast, incidentally, with Jerry Gray, Maynard Ferguson, and Dave Pell in addition to television and film work.

Her skilled multicolored backing is arranged and conducted by Russ Garcia and includes such assets as Charlie Mariano, Bill Holman, Russ Cheever, Jimmy Giuffre, Pete Candoli, Stu Williamson, the very able Al Hendrickson, Max Bennett, and Stan Levey. There are only a few solos although Hendrickson has quite a bit to do. Program is standards including the seldom-heard Rodgers-Hart *He Was Too Good to Me* and *Tra-va-lin' Light*. Goldblatt's cover is multiply appealing. I wonder why another take of *I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'* wasn't used.

HELEN FORREST

Voice of the Name Bands (Capitol 12" LP T704) is a welcome return to album lore by the valuable alumna of the Shaw, Goodman, and James bands. Helen sings with warmth and with the kind of "cry" in her voice that pulses through the lyrics she projects with constant understanding. She has good time, a feel for musical phrasing rare in the pop field, and the supple confidence that her many years with big bands developed.

Program is all standards, all good, from *All the Things You Are* through *More Than You Know* and *The Honorable Mr. So and So*. The apt orchestral backgrounds, some with strings, are by Billy May and Dave Cavanaugh. Aside from the fact that she possesses musicianship, another reason for Miss Forrest's quality is that she really sings. She lets the emotion out and doesn't lose feeling in the folds of overstylization. Listen to her wail on *He's Funny That Way*.

JACKIE GLEASON

On Night Winds (Capitol 12" LP W717), Andre K. Gleason varies his usual mood-music instrumentation considerably by utilizing 23 flutes, plus a more-normal complement of 12. The results are disappointing on the album's own terms. With rare exceptions, the voicing of the flutes here is remarkably uninventive with little of the range of al fresco colorations and section-within-section interplay that this many flutes could have been capable of.

The monochromatic palette isn't helped by a consistently stodgy rhythmic foundation which is heavily unvarying and makes the recording not a mood-creator but a soporific. An equally oversimple, rhythmically lapidary piano plods through the flutes from time to time. Recommended mainly for insomniacs.

BUDDY GRECO

Broadway Melodies: Songs from the Hit Shows (Kapp 12" LP KL-1033) presents the musicianly, informal Greco in a dozen songs from Broadway shows, eight of them from this season. His able accompaniment is by Al Taylor on bongo and conga drums, Bobby Gibson on drums, Johnny Ambrico on bass, and Billy Bauer and Mundell Lowe on guitars on six numbers apiece.

Greco has been on the scene for a long time and never has received the widespread attention his taste and unpretentious quality of projection deserve. He sings particularly well on ballads here but is also in context on jumpers. His piano can be more hip than it generally is here, but he was apparently told not to scare the pop disc jockeys. The program selection is fine with such tunes as *It's All Right with Me*, *All at Once You Love Her*, *All of You*, *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*, etc. Recommended.

MARTHA HAYES

A Hayes Named Martha (Jubilee 12" LP 1023) is yet another recital by a female "jazz" singer that was recorded too soon. Miss Hayes, who has worked clubs and often has accompanied herself on piano, is accompanied here by the piano of Steve Foster, drummer Ray Alexander, bassist Don Russo, and on some by the alto of Lou Fratturo. There is vastly insufficient variety of tempos in the programming, and since Miss Hayes' has minimal pulsation with a rhythm section that doesn't lift either, the result is unrelieved rhythmic dreariness.

Ironically, Ira Gitler's notes intelligently discuss the elements a jazz-based singer should have, but I fail to understand his ascribing those elements to Miss Hayes. Her phrasing is often strained, often tricked-up, almost never naturally flowing or emotionally penetrating. Her voice quality is adequate but eventually becomes rather unpleasant in view of all the other liabilities present. Program is all standards. Not at all recommended and a classic example of what's wrong with most contemporary girl "jazz" singers.

WALTER HUSTON - BILL ROBINSON - AL JOLSON - FRED ASTAIRE, etc.

Great Moments in Show Business (Epic 12" LP LN 3234) is a wonderful collection of historic but still entertaining sides made between 1929-40 by Walter Huston (the definitive *September Song*); Bill Robinson; Eddie Cantor; Cliff Edwards; Burns and Allen (a still funny skit during which Burns also sings); Clayton, Jackson, and Durante; Gene Raymond; Al Jolson; Dick Powell; Fred Astaire, and Eddie (Rochester) Anderson. The set should bring much pleasure to those of you who lived through these years but will also be of interest to young listeners as an anthology of the pre-TV glories of vaudeville and vaudevillian movies.

NELLIE LUTCHER

Our New Nellie (Liberty 12" LRP 3014) is likely to be Miss Lutchter's biggest selling album, but musically it is not recommended. With Russ Garcia in charge of the accompaniment and presumably of the arranging, Nellie is backed by three different groups of varying sizes containing excellent musicians like Red Norvo, Red Mitchell, Buddy Collette, Milt Bernhart, Dick Nash, Barney Kessel, Cappy Lewis,

Ulysses Livingston, Paul Smith, Buddy Childers, Howard Roberts, etc. The arrangements are brash when up and slick always.

Miss Lutchter possesses undeniable warmth, a compelling beat, and a voice quality that could be a pleasure to absorb. But her overstylized, distortedly mannered, unflowing phrasing leads to a succession of musical dead ends. No song is sung according to a coherent, cohesive, sensitive line. Every song is broken up into hump-backed fragments, and each becomes a gimmicked obstacle course. This will sell, but it would be interesting to hear what would happen if Nellie would just sing a set, and leave the trick deck home. Album is all standards.

NORRIE PARAMOUR

In London, in Love (Capitol 12" LP T10025) is part of the Capitol of the world international series and was recorded in London by pianist Paramour, his strings and orchestra. It's a mood album and an effective one for romantics with rich, sweeping string sound from the 28 violins, violas, and cellos blended with a harp, solo piano, rhythm, and a high soprano who floats in from time to time singing a few words or wordlessly carrying a line, and quickly disappears into the violin section. Her identity is not revealed, more's the pity.

TITO PUENTE

Cuban Carnival (Victor 12" LP LPM 1251) is one of the best albums by one of the few American-based bands that can bite into Latin American and Afro-Cuban music with sharp intensity. Eight of the 11 tracks are Puente originals and include cha-cha-chas, guaguancos, rumbas and mambos. The set is divided into three units—small, medium, large. Driving all before and with it is Tito's smoking rhythm section. In summary, this is an exciting program, not only because of the iron beat but because of the flashing colors of the characteristic orchestral voicings as well. The album is an invitation to plunge into the joie de polyrhythms.

MILLI VERNON

Introducing Milli Vernon (Storyville 12" STLP 910) is one of the most welcome LP debuts in a long time. Miss Vernon, known as Pat Cameron during her six years of paying band dues, has, as George Wein notes, "a voice that has both a bottom and a top, with the ability to sing warm sensitive low register and, when the need is there, to open up." It is this latter quality, the ability to let go and sing full, that has been so rare in the recent crop of scraping whisperers.

Milli's enveloping warmth and attractive non-coy voice quality are added to her strong sense of time, her unusual sense of dynamics, taste in phrasing, and an extended range of mood-striking abilities from a rueful *Every Time* to a hard-felt *St. James Infirmary* (can you imagine Chris Connor on this tune?). Milli is beautifully backed by Dave McKenna, Jimmy Raney, Wyatt Ruther, and on all but three, Ruby Braff. She's backed just by Raney on *My Ship*. Other numbers on this well-programmed set are *Moon Ray*, *Everything But You*, *Blue Rain*, and *I Don't Know What Kind of Blues I've Got*.

The Modern Jazz Quartet

1

Fontessa

Atlantic 1231



Ella Fitzgerald

2

Cole Porter Song Book

Verve MGV 4001-2



Stan Kenton

3

In Hi-Fi

Capitol T 724



Oscar Peterson

4

Plays Count Basie

Clef MGC 708



Chris Connor

5

Chris Connor

Atlantic 1228



The Jazz Messengers Volume 2

6

Blue Note 1508



Gene Krupa-Buddy Rich

7

Krupa and Rich

Clef MGC 684



Sarah Vaughan

8

In The Land of Hi-Fi

EmArcy 60058



Anita O'Day

9

Anita

Verve MGV-2000



Gerry Mulligan Mulligan Plays Paris Concert

10

Pacific Jazz 1210



Jazz Best-Sellers

Here are the 20 best-selling jazz record albums in the country. This bi-weekly survey is conducted among 150 retail record outlets across the country, and represents a cross-section of shops, not just those which specialize in jazz.

11 Lennie Tristano **Tristano**

Atlantic 1224

12 Chico Hamilton **In Hi-Fi**

Pacific Jazz PJ 1216

13 Max Roach and Clifford Brown **Study in Brown**

EmArcy 36057

14 Milt Jackson **Opus de Jazz**

Savoy MG 12036

15 Shelly Manne **Swinging Sounds**

Contemporary C 3516

16 Louis Armstrong **Ambassador Satch**

Columbia CL 840

17 J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding **Trombone for Two**

Columbia CL 742

18 Four Freshmen **Four Freshmen and Five Trombones**

Capitol T 683

19 Dave Brubeck **Red Hot and Cool**

Columbia 566

20 J.J. Johnson and Kai Winding **J.J. and Kai**

Bethlehem BCP 13

Jazz Reviews

DOWN BEAT

All jazz records are reviewed by Nat Hentoff except those initiated by Jack Tracy. Rating: ★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor.

Pink Anderson- The Rev. Gary Davis

John Henry; Every Day in the Week; The Ship Titanic; Greasy Greens; Wreck of the Old 97; I've Got Mine; He's in the Jailhouse Now; Blow Gabriel; Twelve Gates to the City; Samson and Delilah; Oh, Lord, Search My Heart; Get Right Church; You Got to Go Down; Keep Your Lamp Trimmed and Burning; There Was a Time That I Was Blind

Rating: ★★★★★

American Street Songs is one of the year's important records both for the powerful illumination it throws on several basic pre-jazz roots and for its proof that these currents are still alive, although not likely to be much longer. The first side, recorded in 1950 in Charlottesville, Va., is by Pink Anderson, a secular street singer of 40 years' wandering. He accompanies himself on a guitar he plays with three-finger picks. The second side, recorded in New York this year, is by the Rev. Gary Davis who earns a living singing religious songs on the streets of Harlem and in store-front churches. He also is his own guitar accompanist.

There are excellent, fully developed notes by Daniel G. Hoffman and Kenneth S. Goldstein. As Hoffman says, "Behind the minstrel songs and secular blues of Pink Anderson and the gospel songs of the Rev. Gary Davis lies a long tradition of Negro folksong. . . . Old-time street and blues singers profoundly influenced jazz, for more than a few early jazzmen began either as their accompanists or as performers in the street bands which drew upon the resources of their vocal music."

Anderson's material consists of "old ballads; blues, and minstrel, vaudeville, and popular songs which are calculated to evoke memories, share experiences, and enable his listeners to laugh at themselves and the world." The Rev. Davis' material, while religious, is also jazz—"an exciting combination of the deep religious intensity of earlier Negro spirituals, the subjective identification of the blues, the drive and movement of jazz, and the directed objective of the sermon." The voices of both men are rawly compelling and rhythmically deep. Thoroughly recommended. (Riverside 12" RLP 12-611)

Donald Byrd

Doug's Blues; El Sino; Everything Happens to Me; Hank's Tune; Hank's Other Tune

Rating: ★★★★★

The personnel consists of the Jazz Messengers as of December, 1955 (Byrd, Art Blakey, Doug Watkins, Horace Silver, Hank Mobley) with Boston trumpeter Joe Gordon, now with Dizzy Gillespie, added. Transition added a studio audience in accordance with its "live concert fidelity" credo. The result is relaxed, unhurried con-

versations lacking some of the intensity of tension-release of other Jazz Messengers recordings but largely satisfying on its own terms.

The rhythm section is full and sturdy. Note particularly the big sound, unflinching time, and functional note selection of Watkins. Mobley is competent, but the major solo kicks come from the trumpets. (Mobley is out on Track 2 while Gordon doesn't appear on 3 and 5.)

Byrd, a supple, lyrical, rather introvertish player with increasingly fresh conception, is well complemented by the more outspoken, more climbing Gordon who has more of a shout in his playing. (Dig Joe on the *Blues*.) Sound-wise, this is the best Transition so far. Packaging is tasteful with a separate booklet of notes including Nick Dean photographs and a slightly incomplete but helpful schedule of choruses. With a little more rehearsal, the performances here might have been somewhat more integrated and more incisive in places, but the set is recommended as a warm, swinging exchange among kindred spirits. (Transition 12" LP TRLP J 4)

John Dennis

Ensenada; Odyssey; Machajo; Char-treuse; Cherokee; Variations; Seven Moons; Someone to Watch Over Me

Rating: ★★★★★

Philadelphia pianist Dennis, who made an impressive debut on this label's Thad Jones-Mingus *Collaborations* LP, now has his first record as a leader. His excellent accompanists on four are Mingus and Max Roach, who also have several valuable solos. All originals are by Dennis except for *Machajo* ("a composite of the ideas of John, Max, and Mingus expressed in free lines"). Beginning with a rather fresh, attractive Latin American-touched piece, Dennis moves into a reflective, gently rhapsodic unaccompanied *Odyssey* with a touch of the blues.

The work and playing reveal an individual musical personality more concerned with emotional expression than with being fashionably stylish. As a result, he does have a style—his own—that is an unusual amalgam of modern jazz influences, his own uncluttered feeling for impressionism and a major quality of personal lyricism that unifies his influences and prevents his being an eclectic. Dennis also has a fine touch and sound of a caliber similar to Bengt Hallberg and Hank Jones. He also has good time.

Machajo, again somewhat involved in a Latin American-like ethos in part is an invigorating interplay among the three. The unaccompanied *Chartreuse* has a flowing line but is played in too cocktail a manner until the variations-proper begin—then it turns into a notable performance until the closing which is sugary again. *Cherokee* is a fleet swinger on which Dennis covers a lot of ground but fails to dig in and really say something. (Mingus and Max do.)

The solo *Variations*, a "completely unrehearsed, unplanned improvisation with only an outline in the mind of the performer," is impressively lovely, impressively well constructed, and keeps building. Its feel is akin to Ravel in part, not Gershwin as the

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notes state. Whether it is entirely jazz I doubt, although there are jazz passages, but in any case, it's certainly beautiful piano playing and improvising. This man surely plays cleanly. *Moons* is a lithely jumping trio piece. In interpretation, the solo *Someone*, like *Chartreuse*, is marred by a frilly opening and closing and a sounder middle.

If Dennis can evolve out of his still occasional overpolite mannerisms on ballads and if he can learn to shout, however quietly, he can become a major pianist. As it is, he's made a largely valuable opening LP. Recommended. (Debut 12" LP DEB-121)

Erroll Garner

Who; Sweet and Lovely; Salud Segovia; Oh, Lady Be Good; Sleep; When a Gypsy Makes His Violin Cry; Yesterdays
Rating: ★★★★★ $\frac{1}{2}$

Erroll! is largely Garner a cappella except for a subdued Candido on Track 2 and the unbilled Wyatt Reuther and Fats Heard on Track 4. From the kaleidoscopic *Who* to the sensuous *Yesterdays*, this is more of the rich but not oversweet romanticism and rhythmic polyplay of the warmly unique Garner.

Incidentals: *Salud* is dedicated to Segovia but despite its good intentions, it is a Garner self-portrait with only glancing musical allusions to its purported subject; on *Sleep*, Erroll is also heard on celeste, and on *Gypsy*, Erroll, who is a walking gypsy fiddler at heart, plunges into the strudel with throbbing relish. Recorded sound needs more middle. Recommended to all Gernerniks. (EmArcy 12" LP MG 36069)

Stan Getz

It Don't Mean a Thing; The Varsity Drag; Give Me the Simple Life; I'll Remember April; Oh, Jane Snavelly
Rating: ★★★★★

Of Thee I Sing; Serenade in Blue; Flamingo; Our Love Is Here to Stay; Nobody Else But Me; Handful of Stars; Roundup Time; Down by the Sycamore Tree; Rustic Hop
Rating: ★★★★★ $\frac{1}{2}$

The first set, *Interpretations by the Stan Getz Quintet #3*, apparently was made a couple of years ago with Bob Brookmeyer, John Williams, Bill Anthony, and Frank Isola. Getz is forceful and inventive, and Brookmeyer is an individual and sustainably imaginative as usual. Also an asset are the slashing solos of Williams. A liability is the too chunky rhythm section which could flow a good deal more, particularly in the case of Isola.

The second set is an ARS mail order LP made up of several different sessions in the last several years. On four, Getz has Lou Levy, Shelly Manne, and Leroy Vinnegar (same unit as on *Norgran West Coast Jazz*, MG N-1032); on two, Getz is backed by Jimmy Rowles, Max Roach, and Bobby Whitlock, and there is one apiece with combinations of Brookmeyer-Anthony-Williams-Isola, Fruscella-Williams-Anthony-Isola, and Brookmeyer-Williams-Bill Crow-Alan Levitt.

The ARS is the better LP since the tracks with Manne, Levy, and Vinnegar, plus those with Roach-Rowles-Whitlock and Williams-Crow-Levitt, pulsate more relaxedly, and also be-

cause there is some variety of soloists with Levy and Williams in strong, personal form; Brookmeyer excellent, and Fruscella intriguing and more cohesive than is sometimes his wont.

The ARS also has another outstanding four-page set of notes by Bill Simon with a brief, somewhat over-generalized and incomplete history of "cool" jazz and of Getz' career; unusually helpful analyses of each number, and biographical sketches of each musician. So far as I know, only the superb *Rustic Hop* has been on LP before (10" Clef MG C-143) though one or two of the others may have been singles. (Norgran 12" LP MG N-1029; American Recording Society Jazz Division 12" LP G-407)

Gillespie-Stitt-Lewis

Tour de Force; Dizzy Meets Sonny; Old Folks; What's New; How Deep Is the Ocean; Mean to Me; Blues for Bird
Rating: ★★★★★ $\frac{1}{2}$

The Modern Jazz Sextet, a recording date title only, consists of Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Stitt, Percy Heath, John Lewis, Skeeter Best, and Charlie Peerpip. The session is loose, hot, and swinging. The first two tunes take up the first side with *Tour* medium tempo and *Dizzy Meets Sonny* more of a sizzler. Next three are ballad monologs by Stitt, Lewis, and Gillespie respectively. Everybody blows on the last two. Dizzy wrote the lines for the first two and co-thought *Blues for Bird* with Stitt. The set contains some of Dizzy's most cohesively driving, intense, building trumpet in several years. Stitt is vehemently powerful straight down Bird's line. Skeeter's guitar is warm and strong.

Lewis, away from the more integrated MJQ context, improvises with force and flow. Lewis in the blues may surprise some of you who have not been listening carefully to the MJQ. Lewis' solos constantly reflect his feeling for logical development, and a disinclination for unnecessary ornamentation. The ballad medley is eloquent. The other three are a ball, but the key track is the blues. Footnote: listen to the way Lewis, apparently not too fond of fast tempos as such, takes his functional ease on *Dizzy Meets Sonny* while losing no time. Strongly recommended. (Norgran 12" LP MG N-1076)

Lars Gullin

Late Date; Gone with the Wind; Beautiful Heart; For F. J. Fans Only; Lover Man; Merlin; Late Summer
Rating: ★★★★★ $\frac{1}{2}$

On Tracks 1-3 and 4-6, baritone saxist Gullin is backed by the 16 Moretone singers, alto horn Lepe Sundwall, trombonist Curt Jarnberg, bassist George Riedel, drummer William Schiopffe, and Bengt Hallberg. Gullin is responsible for the arrangements on these five along with Gunnar Lunden-Welden, and the three originals are his. On the two pianoless instrumentals, Gullin is complemented by tenor Rolf Billberg, trombonist Richard Johanson, guitarist Rolf Berg, Riedel and Schiopffe. Both instrumental numbers are by Gullin.

The idea of utilizing a largely wordless choir quasi-instrumentally is an excellent one, but in this case, the arrangements, while charming, are more commercial than jazz. The rhythmic

subtlety and suppleness of line that Duke Ellington, for the best example, used to provide for Kay Davis-as-an-instrument is absent here, and the Moretone singers, as written for here, wouldn't be too out of place on an Eddie Fisher date.

But there is much of worth in those five sides since the choir does get an April sound, Gullin's baritone solos are good jazz, and Hallberg's piano interludes are lovely. Gullin plays his horn with more tenderness and lyricism than anyone in jazz on the instrument. Hallberg, one of the best young jazz pianists anywhere, has a quality of touch-sound and conception that is always impressive. On the flowing-lined instrumentals, Gullin is the best horn, and the general effect is fluent if not especially striking. A rather unusual set that many disc jockeys could use as a bridge into jazz. (EmArcy 12" LP MG 36059)

Hampton-Tatum-Rich

Perdido; Hallelujah; I'll Never Be the Same; How High the Moon; What Is This Thing Called Love?; More Than You Know; Makin' Whoopie
Rating: ★★★★★

A superbly relaxed and tasteful set of conversations by Lionel, Art, and Buddy. Hampton—eschewing all the tawdry noise-making he indulges in with his own band—plays here some of his best, most consistently inventive vibes in years. I would, however, have liked more Tatum solo work. Tatum is exhilarating, and seems freer in this trio context than he usually is when not by himself.

Rich is flawless. Except for the few places where assertiveness is called for, Buddy's drumming is light though firm and marvelously unobtrusive. Drummers who act as though all is lost without an overriding cymbal should listen to Buddy in several places here with care. Recorded sound is good. This is the kind of trialog that is not likely ever to lose its glow, a glow born of the many years of maturing experience collected in these three careers. As for swinging, this, gentlemen, is time. (Clef 12" LP MG C-709)

Lou Levy

Ding Dong, The Witch Is Dead; Lullaby of the Leaves; Making Whoopie; It Ain't Necessarily So; Violets for Your Furs; Get Happy; That Old Black Magic; I'll Take Romance; Nice Work If You Can Get It; Black Coffee; Cheek to Cheek

Rating: ★★★★★

Solo Scene is a tour-de-two-hands by 28-year-old Levy, long respected by musicians but less well known by the customer's than he should be. For these 12", Lou faces the ultimate challenge for a jazz pianist—sustaining a whole set without accompaniment. Fortunately, Lou has a sense of time that's as good as Greenwich and as noted before has equal power in both hands, plus an imaginative colorist's feeling for changes. He often and strongly changes tempo, has an ear for dynamics, and a large-size conception that is certainly his own. There are times (as in *Ding Dong* and *Get Happy*) when there is flamboyant emphasis on digital and inventive bravura but these roller-coaster rides are never tasteless and always invigorating although their basic musical value is debatable in

places. He dramatizes somewhat over-much at times (as in *Lullaby*), and his ballads are on occasion too romanticized and unduly ornamented (*Violets*).

Lou can be funky but with individualized ease (*Making Whoopie*); he can build percussive climaxes of rare force (*Magic*); he can create and maintain lyrical intensity (*Romance*).

At his best, he can build a deeply personal, vivid statement by re-creating a song (*Black Coffee*). What characterizes all his work here is an enormous vitality, a passion for music. What mars some of his work, even his best, is a penchant for being florid. When Levy can discipline some of his rococo thrusts, he will be one of the few major jazz piano soloists. As it is, he already has achieved much, and this LP is one of the piano experiences of the year, however overdone in places. He has wit, particularly in the denotative sense of the word. Very good recording quality. (Victor 12" LPM 1267)

Shelly Manne

Tangerine; I Cover the Waterfront; Squatty Roo; Collard Greens and Black-Eyed Peas; Stars Fell on Alabama; The Girl Friend

Rating: ★★★

Shelly Manne and His Friends (pianist Andre Previn and bassist Leroy Vinnegar) is a disappointing set. Manne and the steadily improving Vin-

negar are excellent, but Previn, who has most of the solo space, is for this ear consistently hollow in jazz imagination. Since all these tracks are long, Previn has a large number of choruses in each number, and each time he fails to sustain what is sometimes a sound enough beginning.

It is true, as annotator Barry Ulanov, states that Previn in recent years has developed a beat, but it is a beat that doesn't flow deeply enough for my criteria. But the main flaw is in the way Previn develops his solos. The ballads, for one thing, are intended as lyrical statements but are brittle in conception and rather lapidary in effect.

On the up-tempos, the heaviness of approach is even more pronounced. I fail to find any of the extended solos meaningfully fresh or even consistently good jazz as a whole. There is exuberance aplenty, but it is exuberance with mainly surface things to say; and on the up-tempos, although he tries so hard to approach funkiness, he doesn't make it. What comes out is a man who plays cleanly with excellent technique but whose jazz roots—as of here anyway—are in shallow ground.

Obviously, like all other reviews, this is a quite subjective appraisal, and as always, I would counsel you to listen to the set and make up your own minds. After all, as experienced and as good

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a listener as Ulanov thinks there's something here. I, however, cannot agree—except for Shelly and Leroy. Excellent sound. (Contemporary 12" LP C 3525)

Brew Moore
Them There Eyes; Them Old Blues; Tea for Two; Rose; I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me; Fools Rush In; Rotation; I Want a Little Girl; Fire Planets in Leo

Rating: ★★ ★★
Tenor Brew Moore is heard with bassist Max Hartstein; pianist John Marabuto; drummer Gus Gustofson (now with Woody Herman), and on three tracks, trumpeter Dick Mills, making his recording debut. He's also briefly in the background on *Girl*. Brew swings authoritatively with a muscular fullness of tone, Pres-touched phrasing and strong, cohesive conception. It is good to have him on record again with ample solo space (dig him, for example, on the swift *Eyes*, the blues, the lovely *Fools*, and the singing *Little Girl*).

Marabuto plays competent but not yet distinctive piano. Hartstein is steady, and Gustofson is fine. Mills needs growing in tone and conception though he knows what's happening. The original lines—three by Marabuto and one by Mills—are pleasant. (Programming on the envelope has *Planets* in the wrong place.) The set is recommended for breaks, warmth, taste, and guts. (Fantasy 12" LP 3-222)

Bud Powell
Conception; East of the Sun; Heart and Soul; Willow Groove; Crazy Rhythm; Willow, Weep for Me; Bean Ann the Boys; Ladybird; Stairway to the Stars

Rating: ★★ ★★ ½
Piano Interpretations, a mild title for Bud, was cut I think, about a year ago. Art Taylor keeps a strong pulse sounding, and the bassist is the firm, flowing, sympathetic George Duvivier, who has all too few and too short solos. The first side is unrelieved intensity with Bud wailing rhythmically and for my taste, making his own major sense conception-wise, however jaggedly percussive (as in the attacking *Crazy Rhythm*).

Bud's one original on the date, *Willow Groove*, is a very good one. Second side begins with a lucid, lyrical but characteristically charged *Willow, Weep*. There is an electricity in Bud that ignites excitement when he is generally cohesive and consistently involved as in this set.

Ladybird, the penultimate track, is by Tadd Dameron, not Charlie Parker as the envelope says.

Stairway is taken at ballad tempo but is no less laced with emotional sharpness than the other tracks. For my ear, this is one of Bud's better sets in the last couple of years and indicates what is finally being realized by some of those who have control over him—that Bud is in increasing control over himself, and that it is no longer necessarily true that the best of Bud is behind him. Now that he has a son, and the help of a new lawyer with compassion and understanding, Bud may be beginning a second career. I know that everybody in jazz hopes so. Recommended as more of the testament of one of the most

unusually stimulating musicians in the history of jazz. (Norgran 12" LP MG N-1077)

Sal Salvador
Frisolous Sal; Tangerine; I Cover the Waterfront; You Stepped out of a Dream; You Could Swing for That; All the Things You Are; Salaman; Handful of Stars; I Love You; I'll Remember April

Rating: ★★ ★★
Frisolous Sal, a ridiculous title for an LP of merit, represents guitarist Salvador's best work thus far on record. His integrated, swinging team consists of bassist George Roumanis, drummer Jimmy Campbell, and the remarkable Eddie Costa on piano and vibes. Writing and arrangements (often heads) are by Sal, Bill Holman, Roumanis, Costa, and Manny Albam. The original lines are loose and often quite attractive (Albam's and Sal's *Salaman*, for example), and on all tracks, there is a feeling of freedom, of improvising zest that was so damagingly absent from Sal's Capitol set.

Sal himself never has sounded as heatedly, uninhibitedly imaginative and comes on with a beat that his previously calm musical personality had often hidden. Roumanis is clearly a pro, and Campbell's drums are both refreshingly crisp and rhythmically firm. Costa, who is an increasing subject of praise among New York musicians, swings with a Ted Williams beat; his idea patterns are clear, clean, and economical, and he is becoming one of the most consistently stimulating improvisers in present-day jazz. This is a happy, blowing session that is very much recommended. (Bethlehem 12" LP BCP-59)

Jimmy Smith
The Way You Look Tonight; You Get 'Cha; Midnight Sun; Lady Be Good; The High and the Mighty; Hut Not for Me; The Preacher; Tenderly; Joy

Rating: ★★ ★ ½
Although labeled Volume 1, this set is the second LP by modern jazz organist Smith. His accompanists on this one are guitarist Thorne Schwartz and drummer Bay Perry, now in New York and for a long time a Boston percussionist. In fairness to Smith, I should point out as a preface to this review and to my previous comments on his work that I find it very difficult to listen to an electric organ, no matter who's playing it. Its sound to my ear is excruciatingly unlovely and after 12" of neon organ, it's some time before I can repair my aural wounds sufficiently to listen to anything else.

As for Smith himself, there is no denying his extraordinary drive and the swinging intensity he achieves on the organ (*Preacher*, for example). But even on up and medium tempos, there is the matter of insufficiently extended dynamics and a conception that is authentically horn-like in the modern idiom but is also often too choppy and insufficiently flowing. Smith's structuring is too frequently a piling of phrase upon phrase instead of a cohesively supple, evolving line.

His ballad treatments here I find somewhat less heavy-sugared than on BLP 1514, and considerably more jazz-worthy particularly *The High and the Mighty*. But in the others, I fail to hear

much freshness, or again, flow of individualized lines in his slow-tempo variations. *Tenderly*, for instance, has less lyricism than throbbing relentlessness. Perry keeps steady time, and Schwartz' guitar is appropriately warm and down but is also limited in its imaginative range.

All in all, Smith is being overpraised too fast as the messiah of modern jazz organ. He's good in terms of his blowing approach and beat, but he has a lot of developing to do with regard to conception and dynamics. Is there any possibility of Blue Note recording the man on a pipe organ? That's as much a plea as it is a question. I should have noted in my review of the first volume that Smith's *Bayou* and *Turquoise* are gentle, attractive works, but I still don't like the too-lush way they were played on that set. (Blue Note 12" LP 1512)

Duane Tatro

Backlash; Multiplicity; Minor Incident; Turbulence; Low Clearance; Folly; Dollar Day; Easy Terms; Outpost; Maybe Next Year; Conversation Piece

Rating: ★★½

Jazz for Moderns is the first volume of the compositions of 29-year-old Tatro, who worked with Stan Kenton when he was 16, giggered around Los Angeles, studied music at USC and in Paris (with Arthur and Madam Honnegger and Jean Fournier), played jazz dates in Europe with Rex Stewart and Roy Eldridge, and then returned to USC to work for a bachelor of music degree. The LP is made up of three different sessions from September, 1954, to April and November, 1955.

Musicians on the first date were Stu Williamson, Bob Enevoldsen, Joe Eger, on French horn, Lennie Niehaus, Bill Holman, Jimmy Giuffre, Ralph Pena, and Shelly Manne. In April, 1955, Vincent De Rosa played French horn and Bob Gordon was on baritone. In the third session Joe Maini played alto and Giuffre returned on baritone. Tatro gives a brief description of method for each work and states in his preface, "I made very few departures in form. With the exception of *Dollar Day* which is 52 bars, all the pieces use the standard 32-bar chorus. The departures from conventional writing are melodic and harmonic. For example, only *Multiplicity* has a key signature . . ."

Lester Koenig in his notes declares that these "11 maturely conceived and executed pieces, while utilizing the atonal and polyphonic techniques of 20th century composition, still retain the basic swing and feeling of jazz . . . His compositions are not intellectual exercises; they are emotional experiences." Not to this listener. Every number has the aura of an exercise being worked out. I get little impression of a need to communicate direct, irrepresible emotions anywhere in this set.

However intended, the result is largely sterile, often cold cleverness. That there is pulsation is because the players—all of whom give this expert care—are jazzmen who would pulsate probably in any material. But the pieces themselves are jazz only in a surface, mechanical sense. There are some spaces for solo improvisation, and these are well filled, but the soloists' emo-

(Turn to Page 41)

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Critics Poll

(Jumped from Page 15)

ALAN MORRISON
(New York Editor, *Ebony*)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—
Modern Jazz quartet.
Trumpet—Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis
(Thad Jones, Joe Gordon) . . .
Trombone—J.J. Johnson (Bill Hughes)
. . . Alto sax—Benny Carter (Julian
Adderly) . . . Tenor sax—Lester Young
(Sonny Rollins) . . . Baritone sax—
Harry Carney (Cecil Payne) . . . Clar-
inet—Benny Goodman (No choice) . . .
Piano—Art Tatum (Phineas Newborn)
. . . Bass—Oscar Pettiford (Paul
Chambers) . . . Guitar—Johnny Smith
(No choice) . . . Drums—Max Roach
(Philly Joe Jones) . . . Vibes—Milt
Jackson (Terry Pollard).
Male singer—Joe Williams (No
choice) . . . Female singer—Ella Fitz-
gerald (No choice).

Big band jazz, almost driven from
the scene a few years back by the
cruel economics of the music business,
has been reinvigorated by the contin-
uing success of the great Count Basie
band, which seems to mellow and
sharpen with the passing of time, and
the happy formation of the new large
Dizzy Gillespie orchestra, whose tour
of the middle east and Asia appears
to have been at least an unqualified
musical triumph.

As this is written, one hears within
the trade nothing but pessimistic spec-
ulation about the future of the Gilles-
pie group which, most agree, was fore-
doomed to early dissolution by com-
mercial pressures. To see Diz fronting
a fine, swinging big band again has
been a happy, healthy thing, reminis-
cent of 1946 when another, probably-
superior big Gillespie group thrilled
jazz lovers here and in Europe. In-
spired undoubtedly by the new band,
Diz played brilliant, thoughtful solos
consistently and retained the leader-
ship of his instrumental division.

The wonderful art of Miles Davis
has matured steadily and beautifully,
earning him co-billing with Diz as
the best in the business. The tender
disciplined talent of Thad Jones is still
too often sadly overwhelmed by the
power and might of the Basie organi-
zation but manages to shine forth lu-
minously at odd moments. Of the new
young trumpet stars, Joe Gordon, for
so long buried in tiny Boston clubs,
emerged to excite larger audiences
through his membership in the new
Gillespie band. Fluent, swinging, and
endowed with feeling, Gordon is headed
for greater things and plays like a
man who knows where he's going.

Benny Carter's magnificent musi-
cianship and exquisite taste make him
probably the best compromise candi-
date to fill the alto sax chair vacated
by the incomparable Bird, who even
in death continues to spawn acolytes.
Cannonball is a considerable distance
away from Parker's genius, but his
playing has guts and freshness. Among
the younger tenor players, I admire
Sonny Rollins for his warmth and
wealth of ideas, but one cannot ignore
the creative contributions of men like
Charlie Rouse and Hank Mobley. A
number of performers such as J.J.
Johnson, Harry Carney, Benny Good-
man, Oscar Pettiford, and Art Tatum
almost automatically rate selection.

My choice of Pres as top tenor does
not preclude respect for at least six
others. Webster, Hawkins, Zoot Sims,
Getz, and Quinichette are all superb
stylists, but Pres richly earns inaugu-
ration for his matchless artistry, fabu-
lous feeling and the monumental in-
fluence which he has exerted on the
entire field of modern American jazz.

If one could vote for a jazz star of
the year, my nomination would un-
hesitatingly be Phineas Newborn, an
absolutely phenomenal young man from
Memphis, possessed of staggering tech-
nique, impressive command of the key-
board, and musical integrity of a very
high order. Newborn's possibilities as
a jazz pianist, to this observer, are
almost limitless. Only 23 and exceed-
ingly modest, he is still growing in
stature, and greatness assuredly is not
far off.

HARRY NICOLAUSSEN

(Reviewer, *Orkester Journalen*, Sweden)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—
Jazz Messengers.

Trumpet—Dizzy Gillespie (Kenny
Dorham) . . . Trombone—J.J. Johnson
(Eddie Bert) . . . Alto sax—Sonny
Stitt (Julian Adderly) . . . Tenor sax
—Stan Getz (Al Cohn) . . . Baritone
sax—Gerry Mulligan (Cecil Payne)
. . . Clarinet—Tony Scott (Putte Wick-
man) . . . Piano—Bud Powell (Ham-
pton Hawes) . . . Bass—Oscar Pettiford
(Paul Chambers) . . . Guitar—Jimmy
Raney (Dick Garcia) . . . Drums—
Art Blakey (Roy Haynes) . . . Vibes—
Milt Jackson (Terry Gibbs).

Male singer—Frank Sinatra (Jackie
Paris) . . . Female singer—Ella Fitz-
gerald (Anita O'Day).

No comments.

GEORGE E. PITTS

(Reviewer, *Pittsburgh Courier*)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—
Max Roach-Clifford Brown.

Trumpet—Dizzy Gillespie (Donald
Byrd) . . . Trombone—Benny Green
(Sam Hurt) . . . Alto sax—Sonny Stitt
(Julian Adderly) . . . Tenor sax—Les-
ter Young (Charlie Rouse) . . . Bari-
tone sax—Leo Parker (No choice) . . .
Clarinet—Sam Most (No choice) . . .
Piano—Bud Powell (Phineas Newborn)
. . . Bass—Charlie Mingus (Paul
Chambers) . . . Guitar—Floyd Smith
(No choice) . . . Drums—Art Blakey
(Sonny Payne) . . . Vibes—Lionel
Hampton (Terry Pollard).

Male singer—Joe Williams (Jimmy
Watson) . . . Female singer—Carmen
McRae (Lurlean Hunter).

Basie's sharp, resonant, precision-
like brass section, plus outstanding ar-
rangements, give this outfit a sound
that's the greatest since the great
bands of the late '30s. Max and Clif-
ford are musicians of the highest cali-
ber: with more than ample help from
Richie Powell on piano, they sparkle,
but have a tendency to get too far out
at times.

ARRIGO POLILLO

(Critic, *Musica del Jazz*, Italy)

Band—Stan Kenton . . . Combo—
Gerry Mulligan sextet, J.J. Johnson
and Kai Winding.

Trumpet—Dizzy Gillespie (Art Far-
mer) . . . Trombone—J.J. Johnson,
Bob Brookmeyer (Carl Fontana) . . .
Alto sax—Lee Konitz (Phil Woods) . . .
Tenor sax—Stan Getz (Buddy Collette)

... Baritone sax—Gerry Mulligan (No choice) . . . Clarinet—Benny Goodman (No choice) . . . Piano—Art Tatum (Hampton Hawes, Herbie Nichols) . . . Bass—Oscar Pettiford (Red Mitchell) . . . Guitar—Jimmy Raney (No choice) . . . Drums—Art Blakey (Chico Hamilton) . . . Vibes—Milt Jackson (No choice).

Male singer—Louis Armstrong (Chet Baker) . . . Female singer—Ella Fitzgerald (Helen Merrill).

I've found this year's ballot very hard to fill, especially in the new star division. A lot of excellent newcomers are around these days, but just a few of them show traces of individuality.

Speaking of big bands, I wonder how many won't vote for Basie—as for me, I cast once again my ballot for Kenton, who is probably the only big-band leader today who doesn't blow to Joe Public. I didn't name the MJQ as the small band of the year just to make place for the great Mulligan sextet and for J.J. and Kai's wonderful little group. I would like to say anyhow that the MJQ still has all my admiration.

There's not much to say about the other choices. Some are quite obvious; others were the result of pendulous

meditation. I was especially puzzled about the name of the new pianists—lots of them are excellent and play exactly in the same (Bud Powell's) style. Also, the new star of the trumpet is hard to choose. In some cases, as in the previous polls, I decided to vote, also in the new star division, for musicians who have been around for quite a while without getting the recognition they deserve. Chico Hamilton, who is definitely ready to make the grade to the major division, belongs in this category.

PAUL SAMPSON

(Jazz Columnist, Washington Post)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Modern Jazz quartet.

Trumpet—Ruby Braff (Art Farmer) . . . Trombone—Bob Brookmeyer (No choice) . . . Alto sax—Sonny Stitt (Phil Woods) . . . Tenor sax—Stan Getz (Seldon Powell) . . . Baritone sax—Gerry Mulligan (No choice) . . . Clarinet—Tony Scott (Pete Fountain) . . . Piano—John Lewis (Lou Levy) . . . Bass—Oscar Pettiford (Leroy Vinnegar) . . . Guitar—Barney Kessel (Herb Ellis) . . . Drums—Max Roach

(Connie Kay) . . . Vibes—Milt Jackson (Larry Bunker).

Male singer—Jimmy Rushing (No choice) . . . Female singer—Ella Fitzgerald, Mahalia Jackson (No choice).

The criteria for my selections are personal. The musicians I have named communicate with me forcefully, both intellectually and emotionally. This has led to some choices that couldn't be justified on an objective scale of values—if such a thing exists for any art, especially one as subjective as music.

I have selected, for example, John Lewis over the more obvious choice of Art Tatum. I realize that Lewis has technical limitations, but he has more to say to me than Tatum. Lewis combines a first-rate musical intelligence, a melodic gift, and direct emotional communication. I think he and Gerry Mulligan are the most creative figures in jazz today.

The Modern Jazz quartet remains without peer. If there were a new star combo category, I'd vote for the Chico Hamilton quintet. Wilbur DeParis' imaginative New Orleans-styled band also is worthy of mention.

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romanticism are a constant joy to me. Pete Fountain is an expressive young New Orleans clarinetist of great promise. Lou Levy consistently has been the best musician on many LPs in which someone else was the nominal star.

Other musicians I have enjoyed greatly in the last year include Roy Eldridge, Miles Davis, Zoot Sims, Horace Silver, Louis Armstrong (of course), Jimmy Giuffre, Lester Young, and the always vital Ed Hall.

I was tempted to name as new stars talented men like Hank Jones, Duke Jordan, Harry Edison, and Lucky Thompson, who have been around for years but only now are getting the recognition they deserve.

The vocal field is sparse, and I don't see any new stars coming up to fill it out, although Beverly Kenney and Lucy Reed show a modicum of promise. Most heartening vocal event of the year was the apparent return to her former powers of Anita O'Day.

TOM SCANLON

(Reviewer, *Army Times*)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Oscar Peterson trio.

Trumpet—Ruby Braff (Don Fagerquist) . . . Trombone—Urbie Green (No choice) . . . Alto sax—Benny Carter (No choice) . . . Tenor sax—Lester Young, Ben Webster (Buddy Collette) . . . Baritone sax—No choice (No choice) . . . Clarinet—Benny Goodman (No choice) . . . Piano—Teddy Wilson (Ray Bryant) . . . Bass—Ray Brown (Vinnie Burke) . . . Guitar—Freddie Green (No choice) . . . Drums—Jo Jones (Gus Johnson) . . . Vibes—Lionel Hampton (No choice).

Male singer—Louis Armstrong (No choice) . . . Female singer—Billie Holiday (No choice).

As my selections indicate, I favor the happy honest, swinging kind of jazz. Since many musicians whose work I admire could not be included in this list, I'd like to mention a few of these here: Roy Eldridge, Billy Butterfield, Harry Edison, Buck Clayton, Ed Hall, Barney Kessel, George Van Eps, Vic Dickenson, Lou McGarity, Art Tatum, Mel Powell, Billy Taylor, Jimmy Rowles, and Don Lamond. If a miscellaneous instrument category had been included in the poll this year, Joe Mooney would get my vote.

As for the piano selection, I agree that Tatum is the greatest but I would rather listen to Teddy Wilson. Freddie Green has been my favorite guitarist for years. Solo guitarists are fine, but there is no substitute for a good straight guitar in a rhythm section. I don't think any clarinetist is in the same class with Goodman. Forced to split the tenor sax vote, Webster is more consistent but when Lester is right and playing with musicians of his own caliber, look out. Had he lived, Bob Gordon would have been my choice on baritone sax.

BILL SIMON

(*Jazz Reviewer, The Billboard*)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Wilbur DeParis.

Trumpet—Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie (Thad Jones) . . . Trombone—J.J. Johnson (Eddie Bert) . . . Alto sax—Sonny Stitt (Julian Adderly) . . . Tenor sax—Stan Getz (Charlie Rouse) . . . Baritone sax—Serge Chaloff (No choice) . . . Clarinet—Tony Scott (Henry MacKenzie) . . . Piano—Art

Tatum (Hank Jones) . . . Bass—Milt Hinton (Leroy Vinnegar) . . . Guitar—Tal Farlow (Joe Puma, Dick Garcia) . . . Drums—Max Roach, Osie Johnson (Charles Persip) . . . Vibes—Milt Jackson (Don Elliott).

Male singer—Frank Sinatra (No choice) . . . Female singer—Ella Fitzgerald (Beverly Kenney).
No comments.

GEORGE T. SIMON

(Long-time Critic and Jazz Authority)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Modern Jazz quartet.

Trumpet—Joe Wilder (Thomas Jefferson) . . . Trombone—Jack Teagarden (No choice) . . . Alto sax—Bud Shank (Lennie Niehaus) . . . Tenor sax—Zoot Sims (Al Klink) . . . Baritone sax—Gerry Mulligan (No choice) . . . Clarinet—Tony Scott (Peanuts Hucko) . . . Piano—Bud Powell (Bengt Hallberg) . . . Bass—Trigger Alpert (Bill Crow) . . . Guitar—Tal Farlow (Herb Ellis) . . . Drums—Eddie Shaughnessey (Chico Hamilton) . . . Vibes—Red Norvo (No choice).

Male singer—Frank Sinatra (Bobby Troup) . . . Female singer—Ella Fitzgerald (Lynn Taylor).
No comments.

ROBERT SYLVESTER

(Columnist, New York Daily News)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Modern Jazz quartet.

Trumpet—Louis Armstrong (John Windhurst) . . . Trombone—Tyree Glenn (Bob Brookmeyer) . . . Alto sax—Paul Desmond (Phil Woods) . . . Tenor sax—Lester Young (No choice) . . . Baritone sax—Gerry Mulligan (Lars Gullin) . . . Clarinet—Benny Goodman (No choice) . . . Piano—Errol Garner (Dick Carey) . . . Bass—Milt Hinton (Tommy Potter) . . . Guitar—Tal Farlow (Dick Garcia) . . . Drums—Buddy Rich (Eddie Phylfe) . . . Vibes—Terry Gibbs (Joe Roland).
Male singer—No choice (Joe Williams) . . . Female singer—Ella Fitzgerald (Barbara Lea).
No comments.

JACK TRACY

(Executive Editor, Down Beat)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Modern Jazz quartet, Gerry Mulligan.

Trumpet—Dizzy Gillespie (Thad Jones) . . . Trombone—Bob Brookmeyer (Benny Powell) . . . Alto sax—Lee Konitz (Phil Woods) . . . Tenor sax—Zoot Sims (Sandy Mosse) . . . Baritone sax—Gerry Mulligan (Jimmy Giuffre) . . . Clarinet—Jimmy Giuffre (Buddy Collette) . . . Piano—Art Tatum (Lou Levy) . . . Bass—Red Mitchell (Paul Chambers, Wilbur Ware) . . . Guitar—Tal Farlow (Dick Garcia) . . . Drums—Jo Jones, Joe Morello (Connie Kay) . . . Vibes—Milt Jackson (Terry Pollard).
Male singer—Frank Sinatra (Joe Turner) . . . Female singer—Ella Fitzgerald (Lurlean Hunter).

By way of brief explanation:
I voted only for persons I have had a chance to hear in person since the 1955 poll.

Zoot Sims was remarkable on every hearing, with and without the beautiful group support of the Mulligan sextet.
Sandy Mosse is a Chicagoan who is going to shock some people very soon. So is Wilbur Ware.

Giuffre is the first original clarinetist in many years.

Despite the fine crop of promising new young pianists (Eddie Costa, Hamp Hawes, Pete Jolly, Mal Waldron, etc.), Levy already has crystallized into a rounded jazzman.

Joe Morello and Jo Jones played more drums than anybody I heard in the last year.

A new star vote for Joe Turner may appear ridiculous considering the years he's been around, but he has to be included.

Bass players almost impossible to select from, what with Mingus, Pettiford, Ray Brown, and others on the scene. But Red Mitchell must be heard to be believed.

JOHN TYNAN

(Jazz Reviewer, Down Beat)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Modern Jazz quartet.

Trumpet—Dizzy Gillespie (Thad Jones) . . . Trombone—J.J. Johnson (Bob Enevoldsen) . . . Alto sax—Benny Carter (Julian Adderly) . . . Tenor sax—Stan Getz (Bill Holman) . . . Baritone sax—Harry Carney (Bill Hood) . . . Clarinet—Tony Scott (Buddy Collette) . . . Piano—Art Tatum (Hampton Hawes) . . . Bass—Oscar Pettiford (Paul Chambers) . . . Guitar—Barney Kessel (Jim Hall) . . . Drums—Kenny Clarke (Chico Hamilton) . . . Vibes—Milt Jackson (Larry Bunker).
Male singer—Louis Armstrong (Johnny Holliday) . . . Female singer—Ella Fitzgerald (Toni Harper).
No comments.

BARRY ULANOV

(Jazz Critic, Author, Down Beat Columnist)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Lennie Tristano.

Trumpet—Roy Eldridge (Thad Jones) . . . Trombone—J.J. Johnson (No choice) . . . Alto sax—Lee Konitz (Lennie Niehaus) . . . Tenor sax—Lester Young (Warne Marsh) . . . Baritone sax—No choice (Gil Melle) . . . Clarinet—John LaPorta (Tony Scott) . . . Piano—Lennie Tristano (Bernard Peiffer) . . . Bass—Charlie Mingus (Leroy Vinnegar) . . . Guitar—Barney Kessel (Sal Salvador) . . . Drums—Kenny Clarke (Ed Thigpen) . . . Vibes—Milt Jackson (No choice).
Male singer—Joe Williams (No choice) . . . Female singer—Ella Fitzgerald (Beverly Kenney).

I'm pleased, as I look over the names that have come to mind for the critics' poll, to see that some of these musicians still claim my affections without a doubt, a demur, or the shadow of a competitor. Lennie, Lee, Lester, John LaPorta, Roy, Mingus, J.J.—that's jazz as I understand it: not limited by school-ite but considerably aided by native talent and a natural predisposition to think six lines and a cadenzaful of beats ahead of other people. As for the others . . .

This was Kenny Clarke's year on drums: steady, thoughtful, musicianly. And perhaps the same description would fit Barney Kessel. Among the new stars I've voted for, some are a little shopworn, but that's my colleagues' fault, not theirs—they should have made it years ago. Or anyway last year or the year before. Thad is very close to the best trumpeter in the last decade; Lennie outswings any new alto man and most old that I have heard; Gil gets

the bite of a bassoon into his baritone and still keeps it a blowing sound; Tony Scott's subtone ballad sound haunts me; Leroy Vinnegar plays a beautiful lower-register bass; Sal Salvador gets a courtly guitar tone—amplified, yet; Warne Marsh is the philosopher of the tenor—all he needs is a circle of disciples; Ed Thigpen tunes his drums so they sing as well as swing; Beverly Kenney has a way to go, but freshness and felicitousness of phrase mark her as the real thing, a worthy companion in her classification for elegant Ella, and Bernard Peiffer is one of the best of an embarrassment of keyboard riches, a brilliant French pianistic talent we should be proud to have among us.

Most unhappy omissions: the Woody Herman band, the Modern Jazz quartet, and Jimmy Smith (the organist)—the last-named, the big boot of the year for me.

ERIK WIEDEMANN

(Jazz Reviewer, Jazz Monthly, England)

Band—Count Basie . . . Combo—Max Roach and Clifford Brown, the Jazz Messengers.

Trumpet—Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie (Thad Jones) . . . Trombone—J.J. Johnson (Benny Powell) . . . Alto sax—Johnny Hodges, Lee Konitz (No choice) . . . Tenor sax—Lester Young (Frank Foster) . . . Baritone sax—Harry Carney (No choice) . . . Clarinet—No choice (No choice) . . . Piano—Bud Powell (Herbie Nichols) . . . Bass—Ray Brown, Charlie Mingus (Paul Chambers, Doug Watkins) . . . Guitar—Barney Kessel, Jimmy Raney (No choice) . . . Drums—Art Blakey, Max Roach (Philly Joe Jones) . . . Vibes—Milt Jackson (No choice).
Male singer—No choice (No choice) . . . Female singer—No choice (No choice).

That this ballot, containing no fewer than five pre-1945 names and split votes in seven cases, should be seen as a reflection of the point of view that the actual jazz situation is a transitional one characterized by diffuseness, hesitancy, and artistic inflation. With new musicians appearing every month and innumerable LPs pouring out, yet almost nothing of importance happening musically, the emphasis is on quantity rather on quality.

Unfortunately, the work of the modern pioneers has not yet been followed by a classicism like the one in the late '30s, so it may be said that as yet modern jazz has given the best of itself in its first years, 1945-47. It is particularly regrettable that so many of today's musicians prefer to take an easy refuge in neo-classicism (return to swing) or pastiches on European music, instead of making their own contribution to the evolution of jazz.

Though none of the new stars listed seem destined to end up in the "established" personnel, they nevertheless may be considered valuable additions to the legions of jazz. In the more exclusive instrument categories, there do not seem to be any names worthy of the title New Star. Finally, no clarinetists and no vocalists are listed, as the inclusion of these categories in a jazz poll today is hardly justified by the artists they embrace.

MARTIN T. WILLIAMS

(Jazz Reviewer, The Record Changer)

Band—Dizzy Gillespie . . . Combo—

Modern Jazz quartet.

Trumpet—Buck Clayton (Joe Gordon) . . . Trombone—Vic Dickenson (No choice) . . . Alto sax—Johnny Hodges (No choice) . . . Tenor sax—Lester Young (Billy Mitchell) . . . Baritone sax—Harry Carney (Cecil Payne) . . . Clarinet—Edmond Hall (No choice) . . . Piano—Thelonious Monk (Al Waslohn) . . . Bass—Charlie Mingus (Ahmed Abdul-Malik) . . . Guitar—Freddie Green (No choice) . . . Drums—Kenny Clarke (Connie Kay) . . . Vibes—Milt Jackson (No choice).
Male singer—Joe Turner (No choice) . . . Female singer—Mahalia Jackson (No choice).

The Modern Jazz quartet seems to get better all the time, and it seems to be dropping a lot of what seemed to me the rather pretentious trappings in its work of a couple of years ago.

Mingus can be dangerously tense at times, I think, but anyone who heard him playing a contrapuntal line behind Bud Powell and maintaining the beat heard something exciting.

Mostly this is a list of people who I remember as having given me the most pleasure by their playing during the last year. However, my vote for Monk is a bit more than that. In his current work he seems to be working toward something new for him and something which may provide a way out of the cool dilemma—the business of stating melody, more or less straight, for a chorus and following it by a rather formless string of, to use Andre Hodeir's term, chorus phrases.

Hodeir believes that it is more difficult to chorus-phrase than to paraphrase melody. I think he's wrong. Effective paraphrasing of melodic line can be a far more difficult art than blowing within chords, altered or straight. Lately, in his best moments, Monk seems to be working toward a conception which involves paraphrase upon melody, and paraphrase upon paraphrase, in ever increasing complexity, departure, and contrast, building and developing, evolving its own form, using all harmonic devices as he progresses. (It is with such a conception which the best New Orleans men, excluding Armstrong and to the despair of their imitators, were working—not to mention Bach and Brahms). Monk's current work also may provide, in other of its aspects, some help out of the funky dilemma which John Mehegan discussed so excellently in the June 13 *Down Beat*.

JOHN S. WILSON
(Jazz Reviewer, High Fidelity)

Band—Neal Hefti . . . Combo—Modern Jazz quartet.

Trumpet—Ruby Braff (No choice) . . . Trombone—Jack Teagarden (Bob Brookmeyer) . . . Alto sax—Johnny Hodges (Sonny Stitt) . . . Tenor sax—No choice (No choice) . . . Baritone sax—Gerry Mulligan (No choice) . . . Clarinet—Jimmy Giuffrè (No choice) . . . Piano—Erroll Garner (No choice) . . . Bass—Oscar Pettiford (No choice) . . . Guitar—Freddie Green (No choice) . . . Drums—Ossie Johnson (No choice) . . . Vibes—Teddy Charles (No choice).

Male singer—Louis Armstrong (No choice) . . . Female singer—Claire Austin (Claire Austin).
No comments.

Barry Ulanov

WITHOUT QUESTION, I think, the most anguishing listening experiences of recent years have been provided by the vocal groups of this country.

Altogether too numerous, too ready, and disastrously unable, these assorted singers have made a collective assault on our ears matched only by the caterwaul of a hog-caller or the cacophony of a boiler factory.

What is particularly unhappy about the situation is the fact that the great mass of American record-buyers, saloon-frequenters, and dial-twisters seem to have developed an increasing tolerance for out-of-tune voicings, toneless tenors, mugwump baritones, and froggy-bottom basses, for eechy-screechy sopranos and free-wheeling altos and the assembled roars and shouts which stitch these ugly sounds into what pass for ensemble performances.

SOMEBODY somewhere must be making a fortune filing down the larynxes and pharynxes of young girl singers to give their voices just that ragged edge which brings bliss to the spines of millions of Americans.

And somebody else must be doing remarkably well as a scout, hanging around homes and schools, choir lofts and church basements, waiting to pounce on teenage boy singers at precisely that moment when their voices are changing, thence to hurry them to a recording studio to make permanent for posterity that gurgle-gargle, that broken bazooka elegance with which their Adam's apples rise and fall in search of a pitch they never find.

It's grim and getting grimmer. And no relief in sight. Or nearly none. Just one—the old reliables, the inevitable, the superb, and quite incomparable Mills Brothers.

IT TAKES AN accumulation of noises like the present one to remind the world, or at least the jazz world, of the contribution made over the years, over more than 25 years, by the Mills boys and their father. For just as the vocal groups of our time—fours and fives and threes—are too bad even to attempt to evaluate seriously, really beneath contempt, just so are the Millses too good, much too good, and as a result above adulation.

Sadly enough, the high quality of the Mills Brothers has pushed them too far beyond critical acclaim. Nobody writes about them much any more. Few stop and think about the astonishing skills they continue to polish, to turn and buff, maneuver and manipulate year after year in their work in person and in record studios.

And fewer still realize the extraordinary range of the brothers' achievement, a range bordered by the highest standards of musicianship and on at least two of them by the demands and canons of jazz as well.

HARRY, DONALD, and Herbert Mills have been jazz singers, hip ones, up-to-date ones, for at least a quarter of a century. Back in the early '30s, they sang with Don Redman's band, one of the most advanced of the day, and never lost a shade or tint of the

12th Gershwin Contest For Composers Opens

New York—The 12th annual George Gershwin Memorial contest for an orchestral work by a young American composer now is open. The age limit for applications is 30 with allowances made for time spent in the armed services. Entry blanks may be obtained by writing to the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations, 165 W. 46th St., New York City. Scores must be submitted by Aug. 31.

The winner will receive \$1,000, and his composition will be premiered by the New York Philharmonic Symphony orchestra during regular concerts next season at Carnegie hall under Dimitri Mitropoulos.

color of Don's music or a stray beat of his swinging time.

Later, alongside Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald, they made as much sense as they had in the years between with Bing Crosby, with Cab Calloway, and with Duke Ellington. What other vocal group ever had such an illustrious opening decade?

For me, however, it's not what the Millses have done with the big names, the good names, the secure names, that really counts, but rather their accomplishment alone. When you listen to the brothers working out on a standard especially one of the musical richness of Duke's *In a Mellotone* or the engaging ballad Sy Oliver used to sing with the Lunceford band, *Dream of You*, what you hear is a mess of technique and a mass of subtlety and all of it exquisitely calm and cool—cool in both senses of the word, Webster's and jazz'.

The Mills boys are cool boys; they always have been. They sing with just that restraint, with just that purity of sound, with just that delicacy of phrase and finesse of style, all of which put together mark what we call the cool jazzman.

And so it always comes out clean and clear, sweet and soft and swinging, if the material warrants; and even in a dog tune or a puppy effort, one really too puny for their large talents, you can hear the faintest of jazz overtones, feel the slightest of beats, sense the tenderest of ironies—that layer of wit which adds a sparkle to almost every one of their performances.

FOR MORE THAN a year now, the Mills Brothers have been brothers again, and a trio for the first time. The Skipper, as they call their father, has retired from the bass slot he took over when his son, John Jr., died in 1936.

Just as you might expect, they have covered the missing sound beautifully, their professional skills more than up to the change. What I am asking for in this piece is a more open recognition of those professional skills and as a necessary consequence a deeper understanding and appreciation of jazz singing as it moves outside the realm of gruff and rumble and into the kingdom of cool. For in this category, jazz long has been wanting; its singers have lagged far behind its instrumentalists, and we have been left to suffer, alone and unprotected, the horrible hollers of the yelling Yahoos.

With the happy exception of my friends from Piqua, Ohio, the Mills Brothers.

Not An Easy Man To Please



The Blindfold Test

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Urbie Hears 3 Worth 4, None For 5

By Leonard Feather

ONE OF THE few musicians to rise to prominence in recent years who can claim to be equally at home in a modern big band, a swing era neo-boj combo or a contemporary neo-boj group, is Urban Clifford Green.

The trombonist, first prominent in the Woody Herman Herd of 1950-52, has displayed his skill on innumerable record sessions on these styles as well as in CBS staff work in New York—not to mention stints with Benny Goodman in *The Benny Goodman Story* and more recently with Benny's band at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel.

The records played for Urbie covered a wide territory, from New Orleans jazz to the latest in atonality, with occasional reminders of some of the sidemen he has worked with, such as Carl Fontana, who was his teammate in Woody's band five years ago. Urbie was given no information whatever either before or during the test, about the records played.

The Records

1. **Count Basie. Magic (American Recording Society).** Bill Hughes, trombone; Marshall Royal, alto sax.

Well, I naturally think of Basie, but I don't know for sure who it is. It didn't sound quite like Basie. The arrangement and performance sounded a little sloppy for Basie—his band is so well organized these days. The solos were average, I suppose. I would say about three stars.

2. **Bob Prince. Stuffers (Columbia).** Phil Woods, alto sax.

I get Gerry Mulligan vibrations somewhere in there. I like the alto solo, but I really don't know what band it might be. The alto player reminded me of a fellow I heard in California by the name of Herb Geller. I enjoyed the writing for what it was. I'd give it four stars because it was a good attempt at whatever it was.

3. **Stan Kenton. Southern Scandal (Capitol).** Kenton, composer and arranger; Carl Fontana, trombone.

I suppose that was Stan Kenton, although if my memory is right, the solos vary slightly on the record that I remember. I thought the trombone solo was good but no better than the earlier one. I guess that's about a two-star performance as far as I can tell—there's nothing unusual about it.

4. **Paul Barbarin. First Choice (Jazztone).** Bobby Thomas, trombone; Lester Santiago, piano; John Brunius, trumpet.

I haven't the slightest idea who it was. I must confess my foot started tapping there in spite of how lousy some of it was. But I enjoyed the piano player—he was pretty good for that style.



Urbie Green

The trumpet player sounded a little bit like Wild Bill Davison, but some of the rest of the guys were so bad, I can't imagine he'd play with that bad a group. It sounded like a recent recording, because the fidelity is pretty good. I guess about two stars, because there's some good music in there, along with the bad.

5. **Benny Morton. Siphon Outing (Em-Arcy).** Morton, Bill Harris, Vic Dickenson, Claude Jones, trombones; Johnny Guarnieri, piano.

Well, I think it was Dickie Wells, and it's hard to say who the other trombone player was. It could have been Henderson Chambers, but I don't think it was Lawrence Brown. I thought I heard two different styles, and at first I wasn't sure if it was the same guy, because it was almost like a continuation of the first solo. I think there were two different guys there, though, unless it was a dual track. I don't know who the rhythm section might be, but they were pretty good. Was that Ellis Larkins on piano? I'll give it about three stars.

6. **Gene Krupa. Leave Us Leap (Verve).** Billy Byers, arranger; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Eddie Shu, tenor sax; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Dave McKenna, piano; Aaron Sachs, tenor sax.

I believe the name of that is *Leave Us Leap* by Gene Krupa's band. I played the arrangement many times when I was with Gene. I suppose that's a new recording. I think I recognize Jimmy Cleveland on trombone. It was well played. Can I hear that trumpet player again? It's hard to make anything out of him. I really don't know who that would be, but it could be

Ruby Braff. I don't suppose he would have gotten Roy for the date, would he? It's a good performance but it might have been recorded with too much bass. I'll give that four stars.

7. **Benny Goodman. One O'Clock Jump (Victor).** Vernon Brown, trombone; Jess Stacy, piano; Harry James, trumpet.

I suppose that was Benny Goodman's record. I never heard that particular record before, though I know he made one of it. Sounded like Vernon Brown on trombone, Harry James on trumpet, and I suppose either Teddy Wilson or Jess Stacy on piano.

I think this is actually better than the one we made with him. Those guys were playing *their* music, whereas the new band had a lot of fellows like Stan Getz and myself who were not playing our type of music, so we didn't really belong there. This sounds more authentic with the original players. I suppose that was Benny Goodman. I'd say four stars.

8. **Turk Murphy. Sunset Cafe Stamp (Columbia).**

That sounds more like Dixieland than that other one you played. The other was more like a ragtime band. I can't say I enjoyed this very much. The other actually had more sincerity, although these fellows may be better instrumentalists. I'll give it two stars.

9. **Eddie Bert. Me 'N' You (Jazztone).** Eddie Bert, trombone; Jerome Richardson, flute and tenor sax; Hank Jones, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Vinnie Dean, alto.

Sounds like a tune that none of the fellows knew very well. Probably recorded it and had seen it for the first time on the date. I recognize Eddie Bert, who sounded very good. It might have been Phil Woods on alto. It sounded like he didn't know the tune very well either. I think it was Hank Jones on piano. I'm not sure who the guitar player was but he was very good. I didn't care too much for the tune, but since there were some good musicians on it, I'll give it three stars.

10. **Duke Ellington. Theme for Trambean (Capitol).** Jimmy Hamilton, composer and arranger; Britt Woodman, trombone.

Well, I think it was Duke Ellington's orchestra, although I'm not sure. I thought it was Lawrence Brown at first, but I soon realized it wasn't. There was something about the sound and interpretation at the beginning that sounded like Brown. I can't say I enjoyed this at all. If it was Duke, I'm surprised at him for making a record in such bad taste. The band sounded good, but I'm sure the trombone player doesn't have to do all that baloney to be appreciated. I'd say about two stars.

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Feather's Nest

By Leonard Feather

TO MANY OF HIS friends, Billy Shaw was just a disembodied voice on the telephone. It was a mirror of his gregarious and friendly nature that Billy liked nothing better than to sit at that big desk schmoozing about music, about his plans and projects and successes and failures, while on three other lines long-distance callers waited for him with waning patience.

My first memories of Billy go back to his days at Consolidated in the mid-'30s, when he raved to me about the Charlie Barnet band.

ALL THE WAY from Charlie Barnet through Charlie Parker, Billy's relationship with his artists, even when they involved the most violent disagreements, always wound up sooner or later with a reconciliation, because Billy Shaw was a guy at whom it was hard to stay angry, with whom it was so delightful to be friendly.

Through the years of his various office affiliations, and from 1949 when he branched out on his own, Billy showed in many subtle ways that the ex-trumpeter was still strong in his blood.

He was always enough of a musician at heart to believe in people like Dizzy, Bird, and the Eckstine band, to want to sell them when the other agents never cared.

THE LAST TIME I talked to him, he was full of excited reports of plans for the Gillespie band. As always the voice would subdue once in a while as he would offer: "Hey, you want an exclusive? Listen, don't quote me on this, but I heard that . . ." and you'd be filled in on the latest interoffice scuttlebutt.

Billy was that rare bird the agent you can argue with and disbelieve without ever losing your admiration for him as a businessman and your liking for him as a human being. It is a melancholy thought that the line over which so many pleasantly ambling conversations flowed has been disconnected forever.

The way of the pioneer is very hard. When he happens to have the personality of a prankster rather than that of a pioneer it becomes doubly difficult.

There can be little doubt in the minds of most of us that Dizzy Gillespie is a pioneer. To most of us he is not only the greatest living trumpet player but also a founder of the land on which most modern jazz has been built.

While he was exploring his way to this new land, the rocks began to hit him, flung from the hands of the oldest and moldiest inhabitants. Vilification spewed from the mouths of those very same since-reformed reactionaries who today are falling over one another to secure his services, or those of his imitators.

That some of that rancor has persisted and, coupled with a degree of hauteur and condescension, has not yet ceased to hurt him, became evident when his band returned in May from its precedent-setting tour under the aegis of the U. S. state department.

THE TROUBLE BEGAN the very day the band landed home in New York,

for on that same day another famous trumpeter played his first engagement in the African Gold Coast. The next day the New York Times, dedicated for the moment to all the news that was fit to slant, ran the Gillespie news under a head that read: *Gillespie Tour Loses \$92,000*, in a secondary position under a main story that stated: *100,000 in Africa Cheer Satchmo*. The facts (most of which were pointed out when Walter Winchell corrected the Times three days later) were that the \$92,000 figure was the total expense of the tour, from which the total grosses had not yet been deducted; that Dizzy had undertaken the trip at a modest fee; that his interracial band had been invaluable in tacitly countering anti-American propaganda, and that the entire tour, according to cables from ambassadors and from United States information service sources to the American National Theater association was a success.

A few days later the country's foremost weekly newsmagazine, true to form, and despite the efforts of a highly placed pro-Gillespieite on its staff, ran a long story about the Gold Coast but nary a word about Dizzy's homecoming.

When a diplomat told Prof. Marshall Stearns that Gillespie's visit had been more valuable than a dozen tanks it was not newsworthy; but when a southern senator, having heard the band play at the White House Press Correspondents' dinner in Washington, stood up and raved that this was "pure noise, just horns blaring and a lot of tom-toms," and went on to attack the state department for sending the band overseas, this story made a national wire service and was printed all over the country.

EVEN THE MUSICAL PRESS was not blameless. A colloquy concerning Diz and Satchmo was removed from a story I sent to London *Melody Maker*, and for the record, I'd like to append it below:

L. F.: "Did you run into any trouble as a result of the anti-bop statements by Louis Armstrong?" D. G.: "No, as a matter of fact, I don't believe people take his statements seriously anymore. He may be gaining as an entertainer, but he's losing a lot of good will among musicians and among the hipper fans when he talks that way."

What all this adds up to is that the lay press and much of the general public must still be educated to accept the fact that Louis' status as a beloved personality, and his constant quips about "bop slop," etc., do not *ipso facto* make him more spaceworthy or more authentic than Diz, who happens to have 10 instead of 30 years of legend behind him, and who has never made remarks comparable with Louis' recent riposte to a question about jazz as folk music: "Man, seems to be like all music is folk music. I ain't never heard no hoss sing a song!"

AS LONG AS DIZZY eschews this type of wit, and as long as an effort is to be made to have his music taken more seriously, it seems to me that one good psychological maneuver would be a change in his official name. Most of us nowadays think of Mr. Cole as Nat, though a few years ago he was known exclusively as King Cole. If the same kind of campaign for a gradual shift in emphasis could be conducted in the case of John Gillespie, I suspect the eventual effect could be invaluable.

Why Fidelity?

By Michael Levin

IT IS MY CONTENTION that there are almost no high fidelity jazz records made today.

Barring a few efforts such as some of those made by Vanguard, it is my further argument that some of the "lowest" in fidelity is issued by some of those who are highest in their explanatory remarks about the fidelity to be found on their records.

To support my very strong feelings on this matter, a further definition of what "high fidelity" means to me is necessary.

There is a large and well-heeled group in this country to whom the name in recorded music is the piercing bleat of a siren and the rumble of a cannon, well recorded.

TOO OFTEN THEY sound like they'd been recorded in a well.

The fundamental object of a recording, in the case of jazz, is to present a piece of music as you would hear it in a club or a dance hall.

However for the siren-cannon clique, the fundamental object seems to be to present the extreme low and high frequency limits with as appalling a degree of clarity as possible, and forget the musical balance.

I contend that "high fidelity" is not the clear reproduction of extreme bass and treble but the presentation of a well-balanced, well-integrated sound with the kind of depth-perspective you expect to hear in a live hall.

Depth perspective does *not* mean sections run through echo chambers until they sound like Frankenstein played in an empty baroque cathedral. It does mean the ability to hear the sections as units while they are so playing and as members of the whole when they are thus occupied.

IF YOU ACCEPT this definition of high fidelity and with it in mind, listen to a good many jazz LPs, you will find truly ferocious havoc wrought in the name of "hi-fi." Rather it is "shang-hi," for where, oh where, has the balance gone!

A good many recordings feature big solid bass thumping and shrill, incisive cutting brass. I grant you you can hear both ends—but they don't sound that way in the hall. The only bass player I ever worked with on a big band date who sounded in the studio the way a lot of these records do after pre-emphasizing the bass is George Duviol. I actually had to tell him to play softer on one date; he was drowning the brass.

No band in a hall, even with the dubious assistance of an amplified bass has the kind of huge mushy sound too many records feature. Nor did even the Kenton band in its screamingest days have the kind of brass sound that can be heard on every other jazz LP these days.

In the meantime, where is the middle? Where is the big fat middle register that adds warmth, character, and body to the sound of any ensemble, any soloist for that matter?

HIGHS AND LOWS are fine, but most music is still made in the middle, if you'll pardon the cliché, and the middle is taking a beating these days

in music just as it is in everything else.

If you read last issue's column, you may have run across my bleatings about what Victor did to the Benny Goodman shellacs when they reissued them. Much the same complaint holds true about many new LPs made right now with original sessions.

There is a further problem: most LPs are recorded for wide range equipment. Which is fine but most equipment in the home isn't wide range. And when it starts out wide range, badly balanced needles, imperfectly matched output tubes, and many other variables soon narrow its response.

Now a record balanced for wide range response reproduced on an unmatched system, truly sounds as if the music was filtered through a kazoo.

THE ANSWER IS NOT to degrade the tonal response. Nor is it to make two kinds of masters because with very few exceptions it would be highly un-

economic and the non-hi-fi master would be difficult to sell anyway, with the con job the public has been given.

The only answer lies in the original recording session. For leaders and recording directors as well as a&r men to remember that the middle range deserves a little attention, and that fidelity is as much a function of integration and over-all perspective as it is of individual clarity, whether of instrument or frequency band.

More attention to this would stop some of the intermodulation hash and intermixing that can be heard on so many records.

A truly high fidelity recording will be more a result of the great musical skill of the man running the date than it will be of the special pre-peaking Peeksill peepers at the upper end.

In other words, when it comes to peddling hi-fi, I wanna be the middle man.

ANOTHER
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(Jumped from Page 5)

bidden to play the Bohemia by a prominent midtown club owner competition . . . Jimmy McPartland, Red Richards, and probably Vic Dickenson will play Hamilton, Canada, July 16 . . . Andy Kirk's re-creation of the Kirk band and George Williams' redoing of Jimmy Lunceford are due on Victor in January. Larry Clinton also did an LP with vocals by Helen Ward . . . Wood came of Clifford Brown's death at the beginning of a Helen Merrill date at EmArcy with several of Brownie's friends on the session. The date was canceled . . . Aaron Bell has a Catskills gig for the summer . . . Annie Ross has signed with Pye-Nixa in England (Mercury here) and will record both jazz and pops . . . Bowden Square in Southampton is running Monday night jazz concerts . . . Lester Young will not be on this season's JATP tour . . . Dave Brubeck at Basin Street Aug. 10-28 . . . Louis Armstrong started the Music Barn season very strongly.

RECORDS, RADIO, AND TV: Perry Como cut several sides for Victor with small band, jazz-flavored backing including Jimmy Maxwell and Boonie Richman . . . Coral signed Frank Parker . . . New signings: Betty Hutton, the DeCastro Sisters (Victor); Betty Wells (ABC-Paramount); Laverne Smith, George Girard (Vik) . . . The Glenn Miller band headed by Ray McKinley won't record until January and then probably for Victor . . . Arthur Godfrey's Wednesday television replacement will be Frankie Laine, starting Aug. 1. Duke Ellington will be on the first show . . . Leonard Bernstein will talk about musical comedy and Bach on Omnibus next season . . . Dinah Shore and Frank Sinatra may combine in a Frankie and Johnny TV spectacular in the fall.

Chicago

JAZZ, CHICAGO-STYLE: Billie Holiday is back in town indefinitely at the 204 club on E. 58th St. Her husband is part owner of the room . . . Dick Marx and Johnny Frigo have split up for six weeks while Marx accompanies Dorothy Collins in her Las Vegas engagement. Frigo continues to work Mondays and Tuesdays at the Cloister inn with Bob We Dyck spelling Marx for the nonce . . . Muggsy Spanier, who recently gave a pair of Sunday afternoon concerts at Easy Street, currently is headlining at the swanky Palmer House in a revue entitled Dixieland Jamboree, which also features Helen Forrest . . . Connie Boswell and Art Hodes are at the Blue Note for a fortnight. Stan Kenton follows Aug. 8 for a week.

The Gate of Horn has installed twilight jazz during the weeknight cocktail hours by the Fred Kaz trio. Blues singer Big Bill Broonzy headlines the regular show in the late evening . . . Don Elliott is at the Modern Jazz room, the Australian Jazz quintet following on Aug. 1 . . . Leigh Travis and the Billy Wallace trio continue to hold forth nightly at Easy Street . . . The combo called Sun-Ra is at Roberts

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B/B/56

Show lounge two Sundays a month . . . **Billy Taylor** is back at the London House through Aug. 8, when **Teddy Wilson** returns.

ADDED NOTES: **Harry Belafonte** returns to the Palmer House Aug. 16 for four weeks, with **Dorothy Dandridge** set for the month of September and the yearly eighth-week revue following . . . **Al Morgan** is back at the Steak House with a canary billed only as **Linda** featured . . . **Louis Armstrong** answers a **Chez Paree** call in November . . . Disc jockey **Jim Lounsbury**'s 14-piece band is playing club dates in the Chicago area, booked through Associated Booking Corp. **Penny Smith**, Jim's wife, is the band vocalist . . . **On the Town** is the current production at the Music Theater in Highland Park, **Pal Joey** opening on Aug. 6, and **King and I** rounding out the season on Aug. 20. The level of production to date has been high.

Hollywood

JAZZ SCENE: **Richie Kamuca** is subbing at the Lighthouse for **Bob Cooper** who's vacationing in Hawaii with June . . . **Pete Jolly** switched to ABC on a 90-day agreement pending a contract . . . Fiddler **Paul Nero** has opened a new record store in Malibu . . . Former **Woody Herman** drummer **Will Bradley Jr.** hit town with the **Gaylords** r&b group.

NITERY NOTES: West coasters have an opportunity to hear **Chet Baker**'s sidemen, **Phil Urso**, tenor, and **Harvey Leonard**, piano, during current stand at Jazz City where "Jazz International" is a weekly Tuesday night extra . . . For those who dig swinging organ, the **Louis Rivera** trio with **Jerry Visor**, tenor, and **Pluke Maderas**, drums, is blowing at the Backstage . . . The vigorous trumpet of **Teddy Buckner** sets the pace nightly at the two-beat 400 club . . . Several club-in town are dickering for the **Hampton Hawes** trio on its return from road trip . . . With so many local musicians and fans putting down Zardi's for its "hustling, inhospitable atmosphere" toward customers, it's surprising the management hasn't heard the word around town. The **Dave Brubeck** quartet and **Buddy DeFranco** quintet with **Howard Roberts** share the stand now.

ADDED NOTES: The **Helen Mirich** quartet featuring **Les Thompson**, harmonica is at the Starlite . . . Baritonist **Bill Hood** is blowing with the swinging trio at the El Rancho strip joint . . . Cornetist **Jake Porter** is now heading the band at Glendale's Mel-o-Dee with tenor man **Bumps Myers** still in the line-up . . . **Lillian Roth** is booked for the Statler Terrace room Aug. 30 with an act that's replete with all the glamor you can handle . . . Now heading east on one-niters, the **Johnny (Seat) Davis** re-formed band features **Tony Papa** with arrangements by **Phil Broyles**.

WAXED NOTES: **Billie Holiday** cut a great new album with **Wynton Kelly** on piano and **Lary Marable**, drums, and **Red Callender**, bass, on **Jazz: West** . . . **Johnny Graas** cut a new one for Decca with **Jack Montrose**, on tenor, **Gerry Wiggins**, piano; **Larry Bunker**, drums, and **Buddy Clark**, bass . . . The much-discussed **Chet Baker-Caterina Valente** Decca disk is due for imminent

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CB 8/8

release . . . His recent stint locally spurred sales of Stan Getz' newest Norgran "Interpretations" album as well as the "Diz & Getz" platter now on the shelves . . . Barney Kessel, "the busiest guitar man in town" can chalk up another tasteful job for his work on Contemporary's new Claire Austin album.

DOTTED NOTES: Mike Pacheco is seeking a combination Easy Morales-Bud Shank flutist to blow with the bongoi-ist's new Afro-Cuban quintet which just cut an album for Tampa and has another upcoming for the new Latin label, Tropicana . . . Walter Norris has replaced pianist Lou Levy with Shorty Rogers' Giants . . . Lew Jacobson, one-time drummer in England with Harry Gold's Pieces of Eight and Howard Lucraft's ork, now is domiciled here . . . Tenorman Sam Firmature, recently with the Westlake quintet, has formed his own combo which he may take into the Haig, Joe Burnett, trumpet, and a wailing drummer Frank Butler, are featured.

AIR & TELENOTES: Nightly at 9, dig Sleepy Stein, KFOX. . . For Sunday jazz diet, Don Clark spins 'em on KPOP at 6:30 p.m. . . . Most un-mechanical robots in the world are Red Rowe's Rowe-Bots rhythm sectioners featuring Merv Strober, drums and vibes, on KNXT daily at 9 p.m.

—John Tynan

San Francisco

Vergil Gonzalves' quintet is booked for the summer at Lake Tahoe in Nevada . . . Singer Faith Winthrop signed with MCA and is off to Hollywood . . . Drummer Bobby Rose is leading a group at Sunday afternoon sessions at the Black Hawk . . . The Axidentals are booked into the new Facks' . . . Bob Scobey's new club, Storyville, is off to a flying start with the Scobey band, Lizzie Miles, and Ralph Sutton. Scobey signed an exclusive contract with RCA Victor. Exclusive, that is, except for the two LPs he owes Good Time Jazz and a batch that Down Home has in the can . . .

Tenor player Jerry Coker is rehearsing a 10-piece group . . . Andre Previn's trio included drummer Gene Gammage and bassist Bob Bates for his Black Hawk run.

Guitarist Eddie Duran now is featured with the house band on Bill Weaver's KCBS' show . . . The Gateway singers, awaiting their first Decca release, cut an LP for that company in June . . . Cal Tjader's new group, which debuted at the Palace Corner, includes Luis Kant, conga drum; Jesse Cooley, drums; Bruce Paulson, piano, and Jerry Goode, bass . . . Blues singer Jesse Fuller now is playing weekends at Ernie & Julie's . . . George Lewis cut a 12-inch LP for Cavalier, playing tunes never before recorded by his band.

—Ralph J. Gleason

Boston

The Stable, home of Herb Pomeroy's big band and splinter jazz groups from it, burned in a two-alarm fire. Operations moved to the Hotel Buckminster in Kenmore square while the rebuilding goes on. The reopening is scheduled in the fall . . . Pianist Bernard Peiffer played a week at Storyville. The club shuttered for the week of the festival at Newport, R. I. . . . Louis Armstrong played one-nighters at Boston's Cadet armory; Mallett's Bay Pavilion in Burlington, Vt., and the Palace ballroom at Old Orchard, Maine, while in the area for the Newport festival . . . Count Basie got the concert series at the Crane estate in Ipswich off to a swinging start . . . Ella Fitzgerald reopened the Bowery at Salisbury beach with a week-long stay. Johnnie Ray followed Teresa Brewer into the Frolics at Salisbury beach.

Billy Butterfield brought his band into the Starlight ballroom at Lynnfield. Sonny Gale followed for four days . . . The Four Voices followed the Four Esquires into Blinstrub's before the huge club closed for extensive re-decoration . . . Rudy Vallee high-hoed a week at the Bradford roof . . . Sabby Lewis and his band are swinging at the Showtime . . . Al Vega and the trio, featuring bassist Joe DeWeese, are romping at the 1-2-3.

Miami

Georgia Gibbs sparked 4th of July fireworks at the Eden Roc's Cafe Pompeii. Ginny Simms took over July 6 . . . Maestro Freddy Calo is back at the helm in the Sans Souci's Blue Sails room after a tonsillectomy. Pianist-songwriter Eddie Snyder pilots the cocktail hour . . . Charlie Spivak was to move into Miami Springs Villas July 21, starting a new name-band policy . . . Singer Lucy Reed vibrates nightly at the Black Magic room . . . Ray Eberle is at the Balmoral . . . The DeCastro Sisters headlined the Fontainebleau's La Ronde room the week of the 4th.

Pianist-singer Jo Thompson was to open at the Gold Key July 13 . . . Martha Raye was scheduled to open the summer season at the Beachcomber July 20 . . . The versatile George Fields trio, with George Cricker and Jimmy Waugh, is heard nightly at the Ocean Ranch hotel. In the Ranch lounge there, pianist Al Arter makes with boogie . . . Saxophonist Bobby Dukoff now is making his home in Miami.

—June Garrett



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The Hot Box

By George Hoefler

SIDNEY BECHET, he of the singing soprano saxophone, has hit the record stalls on still another label. His debut on the Good Time Jazz banner is in the form of a 12" LP named *Sidney Bechet-King of the Soprano Saxophone*. Most of the sides were waxed in September, 1954, at the French Vogue studios, while trumpeter Jonah Jones was in Paris.

Jonah, who has now become a sort of house musician at the Embers in New York, gets off some nice solos on this date, thereby earning feature billing under Bechet, a noteworthy accomplishment. Sidney apparently enjoyed listening to him play.

You hear Sidney and Jonah interpret *Crazy Rhythm, Lonesome Road, Somebody Stole My Gal, When You Wore a Tulip, Squeeze Me, Chinatown, My Chinatown*, and then you have Sidney pretty much alone on *Roses of Picardy, Wabash Blues, Some Sweet Day*, and finally a Bechet original entitled *Sidewalks of Paris*. There are also involved some French musicians, including Andre Rewelliotty and Claude Luter, the clarinetists, and pianist Andre Persi- any.

THE LATTER IS permitted solos on *When You Wore A Tulip, Squeeze Me*, and *Chinatown*. The performances of these French jazzmen does not distract the listener from either Sidney or Jonah, who play well together. Bechet can be heard filling in nicely behind Jones, and vice versa.

For the most part, this set presents a rather mellowed and lyrical Bechet. Several of the tunes, such as *Roses of Picardy*, are of the seldom-heard variety, and this addition of them is welcome. Sidney renders his own composition *Sidewalks* in a typical Bechet slow blues style.

The album cover features a recent photo of Bechet taken by Jean-Pierre Leloir. It is artistically expressive and captures some of the quiet emotional power that goes into Sidney's playing.

BECHET IS TIMELESS. Twelve years ago record collectors were going around saying he was 60 years old, an idea that caused him once to answer a question from Ernest Borneman regarding the source of his peculiar vibrato as follows, "It is caused by senility, my boy."

Sidney is today 59. He was born May 14, 1897, and to prove it there is a photo on the back of this album taken the year Louis Armstrong was born showing "little Sidney" in a dress with ribbons in his hair.

Les Koenig and Dave Stuart are probably wise to add Bechet to Kid Ory on the Good Time Jazz catalog, as the timeless quality of the Watters-Murphy-Scobey school is still problematical.

Yma In Latin America

Hollywood—Yma Sumac leaves for the Dominican Republic July 29, where she will play her first Latin American engagement since 1951. She is set for 75 one-niters in Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, Argentina, Colombia and her homeland, Peru. The tour will last six weeks.

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By Hal Holly

FILMS IN REVIEW: *The King and I* (Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner, Rita Moreno). Twentieth Century-Fox has brought to the screen via CinemaScope, another notable Rodgers & Hammerstein stage success. As a film production, it is certainly everything that skill and craftsmanship could make it, and it retains as much of its original theater value as is possible in any film process.

Like the play, the screen version is based on the Margaret Landon book, *Anna and the King of Siam*, the experiences of an English governess in the palace of an Oriental monarch who wanted his children, by numerous wives, to acquire an understanding of western culture he himself never was quite able to achieve. Despite their differences, Anna and the unpredictable king develop a close, though not a romantic, relationship. They quarrel over his treatment of one of his lesser wives, and Anna packs up to go home, but as the king, suddenly stricken, lies on his death bed, she brings him the comforting knowledge that she will stay and carry on her work with his children.

Musically, *The King and I*, with all its delightful moments, falls a bit short of the film versions of such other Rodgers & Hammerstein works as *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel*. This is partially because its songs (*Whistle a Happy Tune; Hello, Young Lovers; Getting to Know You; We Kiss in a Shadow*, et al) are not quite up to the marks set by R. & H. in other productions. It is also because the singing itself is not outstanding.

Original-cast-man Brynner gained his fame in his role as the king more for his sterling performance as an actor than for his vocal ability. Marni Nixon, who did most—not quite all—of the vocals for Miss Kerr as Anna, has a charming, ingratiating voice, but the over-all result is more important as an extraordinary example of voice matching. Well worthy of note, however, is the excellent orchestral setting provided by music director Alfred Newman and the orchestrators who worked on the score, Edward Powell, Gus Levene, Bernard Mayers, and Robert Russell Bennett.

ON AND OFF THE BEAT: This column has been getting a surprising amount of mail recently with queries concerning vocals in the two pictures the ever-enduring Glenn Miller and his band made back around 1942 or '43 *Sun Valley Serenade* and *Orchestra Wives*. A letter from Augie Fileccia of New York solved the mystery for us. It seems soundtrack albums have been released and, as usual, the listing of music credits is very limited. Herewith some notes that may answer the queries of many correspondents: The ghost singer for Lynn Bari in *Orchestra Wives* was Pat Friday. Ray Eberle was the male vocalist with band in both pictures. The girl singer with the Modernaires in *Orchestra Wives* was Marion Hutton; girl singer with the Mods in *Sun Valley Serenade* was Paula Kelly, still with the unit in the same capacity.

Capitol Records is really rolling in the soundtrack album field these days. In addition to *Oklahoma!*, *Carousel*, and *The King and I*, and up-coming *High-Society* (Bing Crosby, Louis Armstrong, Frank Sinatra, Grace Kelly), Cap also has snagged a soundtrack album deal for 20th-Fox's *Buddy DeSylva* biofilm, *Best Things in Life Are Free*, with Gordon MacRae, Dan Dailey, Ernest Borgnine, and Sheree North (latter's vocals by Eileen Barton).

Warner Brothers will reissue *Romance on the High Seas*, the 1947 film that made a star of Doris Day. The title will be changed to *It's Magic*, after the Jule Styne-Sammy Cahn song . . . Also in reissue is *Fantasia*, the Walt Disney film of the '40s that featured Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra and introduced stereophonic sound . . . Drummer Jackie Mills has been signed by choreographer Jack Cole to put beat in his dance sequences for MGM's forthcoming screen version of Cole Porter's *Silk Stockings* . . . Nelson Riddle, ace arranger and recording bandleader rarely seen by his public, will be visual as headliner of a Universal-International musical short also featuring Kay Brown, Matt Dennis, and the Lancers.

Drummer Frank DiVito turns actor with straight role in *U-I's Love Crazy* (Sal Mineo, et al), in which Buddy

By Jack Mabley

ON HIS MIDNIGHT PROGRAM, Steve Allen did, and probably still does, sit down at the piano and play reasonably good music. He also engages good jazz artists.

But when you switch to Class A network time, apparently there is a law that forbids honest or intelligent playing.



Mabley

Allen announced he was going to play, with help from Skitch Henderson's band, his song *Picnic* on his Sunday evening show. I was disappointed when he started banging the piano in a style more suited to Liberace than Allen. Henderson's backing was strictly from *The Hit Parade* library, and most of the three-minute time was turned over to a pedestrian vocal production on the song by Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme.

The history of commercial television is filled with cases of performers who were immensely popular in easygoing morning or late evening programs, who switched to Class A time and fell right on their keesters.

THE NBC MOGULS MUST HAVE done a lot of history reading and soul searching before they picked Allen to combat Ed Sullivan for control of the 8-to-9 p.m. Sunday audience. Allen looks like a good bet to make the grade, especially since the Trendex came in on the second show with Allen whomping Sullivan by a score of 20 to 14. (It must be a terrible blow to NBC and CBS that the remaining 66 per cent of the potential audience was either watching a feature film on ABC or traveling or just didn't give a hoot about either Allen or Sullivan).

Allen retained a lot of the flavor of his successful midnight show—the desk for interviews, the capable Gorme-Lawrence singing combination, and announcer Gene Rayburn, who startles with his ability to do screwball comedy one minute and give a good sales pitch the next.

I QUARREL WITH ALLEN goofing up the music the way he did on the second show and doubt that it was his idea. It is a fallacy to think that music must be at the boob level at 8 p.m. Sullivan seems to have proved that. The last time I saw him he had Dave Brubeck doing a couple of pieces in Brubeck's own style, and he consistently hires good music talent and lets them perform their own way.

Allen went through some skits; the Gorme-Lawrence team did a comic number called *I Sing Flat* which must have sounded funny when it was being planned but which turned out rather like the title; Andy Griffith talked hill-billy talk, and Imogene Coca did a couple of variations on material she has been using since the days when a 10-inch screen was called giant.

But most the customers turned out to see Elvis Presley. If Allen had been on Sullivan's show instead of Allen's I have a feeling the ratings would have been reversed. Elvis has a huge curiosity value now. He bit a girl reporter, the papers said the other day, and the public will respond to things like that.

HIS PERFORMANCE WAS incredibly bad, and I don't think the fad for Elvis Presley is going to last much longer than the fad for swallowing goldfish. A lot of persons are going to turn on a television set to see what he looks and sounds like, but once having heard him run through *I Want You, I Need You, I Love You*, many of these customers will go to considerable lengths to avoid the experience again.

Elvis will be left with the hard core of Screaming Mimis who create these overnight idols and then grow up and get married and have babies and start buying Sinatra records.

DeFranco will appear briefly doing a music spot . . . 20th-Fox chief Buddy Adler still is dickering at this typing for leads for *Solo*, his jazz opus, with Dan Dailey now prominently mentioned. As we have noted previously, Oscar Peterson and Erroll Garner, if available are in line for soundtrack solo stints, but the cast will have to be lined up and starting date set before the musicians are signed. And that's the *Solo* story as of now.

Perspectives

By Ralph J. Gleason

I DOUBT THAT many musicians consider this, but when they put something down in writing on the back of an album liner or in an article or a book, what they say is taken as gospel truth by thousands of kids who admire them.

This entails a responsibility that I must say I do not always find acknowledged. There are two recent—and flagrant—examples of this which are important enough to bring to your attention.

The first is Billie Holiday in her autobiography, *Lady Sings the Blues*, which has just been published. Throughout the book she makes a plea for the legal sale of narcotics. When she says this, she is on somewhat firm ground, but then she carries the point further to state:

"IMAGINE IF THE government chased sick people with diabetes, put a tax on insulin and drove it into the black market, told doctors they couldn't treat them (sick people), and then caught them, prosecuted them for not paying their taxes and then sent them to jail . . . Yet we do practically the same thing every day in the week to sick people hooked on drugs."

This is a very bad and possibly dangerous reasoning as well. There is no medical basis for believing that withdrawal or lack of drugs will cause an addict to die. Insulin keeps diabetics alive. Miss Holiday may speak as an addict, but I speak as a diabetic, and I know. The two are simply not comparable, and both she and her publishers would have been wiser to edit this out.

The obvious connotation is that drugs are necessary to addicts. They are not. If an addict were to be sent to a country where drugs were unobtainable, he or she would be better off.

THE OTHER CASE is not concerned with such tragic material at all and may look trivial by comparison, but it is still a question of keeping the facts straight.

Dave Brubeck has written the liner notes to a Fantasy 12" LP of reissues of sides done by the octet. In it he refers to the octet's first off-campus concert—March 6, 1949. He says, "A reporter from a prominent trade paper submitted a story on this concert, but it was considered too insignificant an event to print."

Brubeck, surprisingly for one so conscious of publicity, must have forgotten that *Down Beat* printed a story on Page 13 of the April 22, 1949, issue concerning this concert under the heading "Frisco Hears Jazz Workshop."

Brubeck goes on to say, "Probably the first mention of Paul Desmond, Dick Collins, or me in any trade paper came after Barry's (Ulanov) visit in 1949."

AGAIN HE OVERLOOKS the fact that *Down Beat*, beginning with the June 3 issue and continuing intermittently throughout the rest of 1949 in the column "Swingin' the Golden Gate" and in other stories, continuously mentioned the doings of the Brubeck group and in January, of 1950, before the

Read Wins First Round In Fight To Stay In AFM

By Charles Emge

Hollywood—Despite their fully expected setback at the AFM's recent convention (*Down Beat*, July 25), Local 47's anti-Petrillo insurgents, completely unchastened and seemingly with strong rank and file support, continued to fight vigorously against what they regard as the legally unsound dictatorial powers of the Federation's hard-bitten little leader.

As predicted, insurgent leader Cecil F. Read, whose one-year expulsion was unanimously upheld at the convention, took the first court action—and with it the first round in this battle. He was granted a temporary injunction by Los Angeles superior court setting aside the AFM expulsion and restoring all of his membership rights. The court set July 13 for a hearing at which time AFM attorneys were to "show cause" why the injunction should not be made permanent.

In a separate action, Read has filed a court suit challenging the legality of his expulsion. The outcome of the request for a permanent injunction pending trial of the latter suit will not affect it directly. He and his supporters were optimistic, however, as the injunction contends that without it he will be deprived of means of livelihood during what can be a long, drawn-out court battle.

Read has made no effort to again assume the office of Local 47 president, to which former president John te Groen was restored by Petrillo and the action of the convention.

The course of events here lead many observers to the conclusion that Petrillo is now almost certain to move, under powers granted him by the AFM's constitution and bylaws (Article 1, Section 1) and broadened by the action of the convention, to "take over" Local 47 and place it under the administration of a self-appointed trustee. But even Petrillo was expected to move cautiously as such a step is sure to bring immediate court challenge from the Read faction.

As it now stands, the anti-Petrillo forces are still in full control of the local, holding full control of both the Local 47 board and that of the Musicians club, incorporated body that holds title to the Local 47 building and property.

Even though Petrillo-supporters te Groen, Paul, and Hennon continue to hold office, they are virtually powerless, especially since another action of the meeting mentioned above took away from te Groen the president's power to appoint his assistants (business agents, in other locals).

readers of any other paper saw the name of Brubeck in print *Down Beat* ran a lengthy, two-part analysis of jazz written by Brubeck, illustrated with a picture of him, plus an introduction.

Down Beat quite thoroughly acquainted its readers with Brubeck's activities in his early days, even though it may not have done so in the manner to which he subsequently became accustomed.

Benny Carter Gets Post With Local 47

Hollywood—Benny Carter has been elected chairman of Local 47's arrangers co-ordinating committee, one of several groups within the union representing musicians in various branches of the profession.

The committees originated many years ago but later were discontinued. Recently they were reactivated by Local 47's new administration. Other committees and their chiefs include:

Casuals — Ivan Scott (leaders), Larry Breen (sidemen); Latin groups — Tony Terran; cafes and ballrooms — Virgil Evans; symphony — George Kast; free-lance studio — Ray Monhennick.

Pianist Chevallier Wins Kenton Award

New York — French pianist-writer Christian Chevallier, currently here for several months that will include club appearances and recording dates for Angel, has won a Stan Kenton composers' contest. The contest was held in Europe in connection with the recent Kenton tour of the continent.

Angel's *French Toast* (60009) contains several Chevallier scores, and the label has just released a Chevallier big band session, *Formidable*. His arrangements for these two dates were those he submitted for the contest judging. Bill Savory, Angel's a&r head, at press time was preparing another big band session by Chevallier the first recording by him to utilize all American jazzmen.

Erroll Garner

(Jumped from Page 10)

fuller sound on the piano. Still working on it, too. It's all up to me."

And all over the world, in the many lands where jazz has now taken root, and where there is always an Erroll Garner pianist, you now have warning that this man, one of the greatest talents in the history of jazz, one of its warmest personalities, and one of its most influential stylists, is still working, still developing, still growing as a musician.

"I just want to develop what the good Lord gave me," Erroll says. It's a most admirable ambition.

Band Routes

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EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS: b—ballroom; h—hotel; nc—night club; cl—cocktail lounge; r—restaurant; t—theater; cc—country club; rh—roadhouse; pc—private club; NYC—New York City; ABC—Associated Booking Corp. (Joe Glaser), 745 Fifth Ave., NYC; AP—Alisbrook-Pumphrey, Richmond, Va.; AT—Abe Turchen, 307 W. 57th St., NYC; GAC—General Artists Corp., RKO Bldg., NYC; JKA—Jack Kurtze Agency, 214 N. Canon Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.; McC—McCenkey Artists, 1780 Broadway, NYC; MCA—Music Corp. of America, 590 Madison Ave., NYC; GG—Gale-Sale Agency, 48 W. 48th St., NYC; OI—Orchestras, Inc., c/o Bill Black, 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.; RMA—Reg Marshall Agency, 6671 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.; SAC—Shaw Artists Corp., 565 Fifth Ave., NYC; UA—Universal Attractions, 2 Park Ave., NYC; WA—Willard Alexander, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC; WMA—William Morris Agency, 1740 Broadway, NYC; NOS—National Orchestra Service, 1611 City National Bank Building, Omaha, Neb.

Albert, Abner (Statler) Buffalo, N. Y., h
Alexander, Tommy (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Anthony, Ray (On Tour—West Coast) GAC
Autry, Bill (All Baba) Oakland, Calif., b
Back, Will (Broadmore) Colorado Springs, Colo., h
Bair, Buddy (Dutch Mill) Lake Delavan, Wis., b
Barlow, Dick (Drake) Chicago, h
Barnet, Charlie (Avalon Casino) Catalina, Calif., 7/2-9/2, b
Barron, Blue (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA
Bartley, Ronnie (Frontier Days) Cheyenne, Wyo., 7/23-29, nc
Basie, Count (Birdland) 8/16-30, nc
Beecher, Little John (On Tour—Texas, New Mexico) NOS
Bellco, Dan (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Benske, Tex (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA
Borr, Mischa (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, h
Boyd, Eddie (On Tour—South) SAC
Brown, Les (Blue Note) Chicago, 8/15-21, nc
Byers, Verne (On Tour—Texas) NOS
Butterfield, Billy (On Tour—East Coast) MCA
Cabot, Chuck (Pleasure Pier) Galveston, Texas, 7/27-8/9, b
Calame, Bob (On Tour—Colorado, Wyoming) NOS
Carlyle, Russ (On Tour—South, Midwest) OI
Carlyle, Frankie (On Tour—Far West) GAC
Cayler, Joy (On Tour—Japan, Korea) GAC
Christian, Bobby (Oh Henry) Willow Springs, Ill., in 8/22, b
Clayton, Del (On Tour—Midwest) NOS
Commanders, (On Tour—Canada, Midwest) WA
Cummins, Bernie (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
Cross, Bob (Statler) Dallas, Texas, h
Cugat, Xavier (On Tour—West Coast) MCA
Davis, Johnny (Casino) Etampes, France, nc
Day, Richard (Harrish's State Line) Nevada, 7/16-8/18, nc
De Hania, Al (Seaside Park) Virginia Beach, Va., out 9/3/56, r
Duke, Johnny (Town Club) Corpus Christie, Texas, pc
Dunham, Sonny (On Tour—East) GAC
Eberle, Ray (On Tour—South) MCA
Ellington, Duke (Blue Note) Chicago, 8/22-9/2, nc
Elgart, Les (On Tour—East Coast) MCA
Engro, Johnny (Elmo) Billings, Mont., nc
Ennis, Dave (Alpine Village) Cleveland, Ohio, nc
Faith, Larry (New Horizon) Pittsburgh, Pa., nc
Fay, Ralph (Paisades Park) Paisades, N. J., 5/4-10, b
Featherstone, Jimmy (On Tour—Midwest) OI
Ferguson, Danny (Iroquois Gardens) Louisville, Ky., b
Fields, Shep (Shamrock Hilton) Houston, Texas, h
Fisk, Charlie (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA
Fitzpatrick, Eddis (Mapes) Reno, Nev., b
Flanagan, Ralph (On Tour—Midwest, East) GAC
Poster, Chuck (Peabody) Memphis, Tenn., 8/20-9/29, h
Galante, Al (Lakeside Park) Denver, Colo., b
Glasser, Don (Schaffer Lake) Monteville, Ind., out 7/26, b; (Iroquois Gardens) Louisville, Ky., in 7/27, b
Harris, Ken (Town Club) Corpus Christie, Texas, 8/14-9/3, pc
Herman, Woody (New Lagoon) Salt Lake City, Utah, 8/27-28, nc
Howard, Eddy (Elitch's Gardens) Denver, Colo., 8/1-9/3, b
Hummel, Roger (Ciro's) Columbus, Ohio, nc
James, Barry (On Tour—West Coast) MCA
Jerome, Henry (Edison) NYC, h
Jones, Spike (On Tour—Midwest) MCA
Kaye, Sammy (Steel Pier) Atlantic City, N. J., 8/10-16, b; (Surf Beach Club) Virginia Beach, Va., 8/18-24, nc

Kenton, Stan (Blue Note) Chicago, 8/8-12, nc; (Lakeside Park) Denver, Colo., 8/21-26, b
Kling, Wayne (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA
La Salle, Dick (Back Stage) Phoenix, Ariz., nc
Lane, Eddie (Roosevelt) NYC, h
Lewis, Ted (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, 7/2-8/4, h
Long, Johnny (Surf Beach Club) Virginia Beach, 8/3-11, nc
Love, Preston (On Tour—Midwest) NOS
Lund, Parker (Berkeley) Ashbury Park, N. J., h
Luria, Dick (Pin Wheel) Cleveland, Ohio, h
McGrane Don (Radison) Minneapolis, Minn., h
McIntyre, Hal (On Tour—Texas) GAC
Maltby, Richard (On Tour—East) ABC
Marler, Ralph (Steel Pier) Atlantic City, N. J., 8/3-9, nc; (Moonlite Gardens) Cincinnati, Ohio, 8/24-30, b
Masters, Frankie (Conrad Hilton) Chicago, h
May, Billy (Moonlite Gardens) Cincinnati, Ohio, 7/27-8/3, b; (Aragon) Chicago, 8/12-19, b
Mercer, Jerry (Cavalier) Virginia Beach, Va., 8/17-23, h
McKinley, Ray (On Tour—Midwest, East, Canada, New England) WA
Mooney, Art (Moonlite Gardens) Cincinnati, Ohio, 8/17-23, b; (Aragon) Chicago, 7/15-8/15, b
Moreno, Buddy (On Tour—Chicago Territory) OI
Morrow, Buddy (On Tour—East) GAC
Munro, Hal (Milford) Chicago, h
Neighbors, Paul (Cavalier Beach) Virginia Beach, Va., 8/10-16, nc; (Aragon) Chicago, 8/24-9/9, b
Pastor, Tony (Peabody) Memphis, Tenn., 8/13-19, h
Pearl, Ray (Peabody) Memphis, Tenn., 7/30-8/13, h
Peener, Leo (On Tour—Texas) GAC
Phillips, Teddy (On Tour—Texas) MCA
Price, Lloyd (Zanzibar) Buffalo, N. Y., 8/7-13, nc; (Farmdel's) Dayton, Ohio, 8/16-19, nc; (Carrs Beach) Annapolis, Md., 8/24-26, b
Purcell, Tommy (On Tour—New York State) MCA
Ranch, Harry (Golden Nugget) Las Vegas, Nev., out 9/5, nc
Rank, George (Melody Mill) North Riverside, Ill., out 8/4, h
Reed, Tommy (Muehlebach) Kansas City, Mo., h
Reichman, Joe (Muehlebach) Kansas City, Mo., 7/20-8/15, h
Rudy, Ernie (On Tour—East) GAC
Sands, Carl (On Henry) Willow Springs, Ill., out 8/4, b
Sauter-Finegan (On Tour—East, Midwest) WA
Sedlar, Jimmy (Tin Pan Alley) NYC, nc
Sonn, Larry (On Tour—East) GAC
Spivak, Charlie (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA
Still, Jack (Pleasure Beach) Bridgeport, Conn., out 9/2, b
Sudy, Joseph (Pierre) NYC, h
Thornhill, Claude (On Tour—Canada) WA
Towles, Nat (On Tour—South) NOS
Tucker, Tommy (On Tour—South) WA
Watkins, Sammy (Statler) Detroit, Mich., h
Weems, Ted (Roosevelt) New Orleans, La., 8/16-9/12, h
Welk, Lawrence (Aragon) Ocean Park, Calif., b

Combos

Alderly, Julian ("Cannonball") (Peacock Alley) St. Louis, Mo., out 9/5, cl; (Blue Note) Philadelphia, Pa., 8/27-9/4, nc
Albert, Bob (Tony Pastor's) NYC, nc
Alfred, Chuz (Terrace) East St. Louis, Ill., cl
Allen, Henry ("Red") (Metropole) NYC, cl
Armstrong, Louis (Sands) Las Vegas, Nev., out 8/3, h; (Harrish) Edgewood, Nev., 8/7-9/2, nc
August, Jan (Park Sheraton) NYC, h

Austin, Sid (Smalls Paradise) NYC, out 7/30, nc; (Carrs Beach) Annapolis, Md., 8/3-6, b; (El Rancho) Chester, Pa., 8/8-12, nc; (Weeks) Atlantic City, N. J., 8/17-23, cl
Australian Jazz Quintet (Modern Jazz House) Chicago, 8/1-12, cl; (Cotton Club) Cleveland, Ohio, 8/13-19, nc
Bell, Freddy (Riverside) Reno, Nev., out 8/1, h
Blockbusters (Surf) Wildwood, N. J., out 8/26, nc
Blue Chips (Colonial) Toronto, Canada, out 7/31, nc; (Platinum) East St. Louis, Ill., 8/1-13, cl
Bredice, Louis (Adolphus) Dallas, Texas, h
Brown, Charles (Gleason's) Cleveland, Ohio, out 7/29, cl
Bruback, Dave (Zard's) Hollywood, Calif., out 7/29, nc; (Basin Street) NYC, 8/1-28, nc
Buckner, Milt (Harlem) Atlantic City, N. J., nc
Cladiero, Ray (Pepperill Air Force Base) St. Johns, Newfoundland, out 8/9, pc
Campbell, Choker (On Tour—West Coast) SAC
Cell Block Seven (On Tour—West Coast) SAC
Charles, Ray (On Tour—South, West Coast) SAC
Clark, Billy (Farmdel's) Dayton, Ohio, 7-28, nc
Cole, Cozy (Metropole) NYC, cl
Condon, Eddie (Condon's) NYC, nc
Cully, Frank (Brass Ball) London, Canada, out 7/28, nc; (Oyster Barrel) Quebec City, Canada, 8/13-19, nc
Davis, Bill (Smalls Paradise) NYC, out 7/29, nc
Davis, Eddie (Weeks) Atlantic City, N. J., out 8/2, cl
Dee, Johnny (Rainbow) New Brunswick, N. J., cl
Doggart, Bill (On Tour—East) SAC
Dominos (Harrish) Edgewood, Nev., 7/30-8/12, nc; (Fack's) San Francisco, Calif., 8/15-27, nc
Duke, Billy (Golden) Reno, Nev., out 8/16, h
Dukes of Dixieland (Preview) Chicago, cl
Elliott, Don (Basin Street) NYC, 8/10-25, nc
Four Freshman (Lakeside Park) Denver, Colo., 8/7-12, b
Garner, Erroll (Cotton Club) Cleveland, Ohio, 8/6-12, nc; (Esquire) Trenton, N. J., 8/23-26, nc
Gaylords (Haclanda) Fresno, Calif., out 8/8, cl; (Thunderbird) Las Vegas, Nev., 8/16-30, h
Getz, Stan (Black Hawk) San Francisco, Calif., out 8/5, nc
Gibbs, Terry (Esquire) Trenton, N. J., 8/2-6, cl
Hamilton, Chico (Blue Note) Philadelphia, Pa., out 8/11, nc
Hawes, Hampton (Rouge) River Rouge, Mich., out 7/23, cl; (Blue Note) Chicago, 7/24-8/5, nc
Hawkins, Erskine (Lyric) Hanover, Pa., 7/29-8/6, nc; (Herman's) Atlantic City, N. J., 8/10-28, cl
Herman, Lenny (Sahara) Las Vegas, Nev., out 9/17, h
Heywood, Eddie (Composer) NYC, 8/1-16, nc
Holmes, Alan (De Soto) Savannah, Ga., h
Hunt, Pee Wee (Sands) Las Vegas, Nev., out 9/5, h
Hunter, Ivory Joe (On Tour—Midwest, South) GG
Jackson, Bull Moose (Palms) Hallandale, Fla., 8/6-12, nc
Jaquet, Illinois (Rock and Roll) Pittsburgh, Pa., 8/13-19, nc
Jordan, Louis (Mocambo) Hollywood, Calif., out 8/12, nc
Krupp, Gene (Steel Pier) Atlantic City, N. J., 8/17-23, b
La King, Rosa (New Palm Gardens) Still Valley, N. J., out 8/12, rh; (Rainbow) York, Pa., 8/20-9/1, r
Lee, Jackie (Charlie Johnson's) Wildwood, N. J., out 9/8, rh
Little Walkin' Willie (Herman's) Atlantic City, N. J., out 8/16, cl; (Brass Ball) London, Canada, 8/13-25, nc
Loeb, Joe (Weeks) Atlantic City, N. J., 8/3-9, cl
McLaurer, Sarah (Baby Grand) Wilmington, Del., out 7/29, nc; (Apollo) NYC, 8/1-6, 4; (Carrs Beach) Annapolis, Md., 8/10-12, b; (Mandy's) Buffalo, N. Y., 8/14-19, nc
Manne, Shelly (Black Hawk) San Francisco, Calif., 8/21-9/3, nc
Mason, Vivian (Hutton's) Hollywood, Calif., cl
Mingus, Charles (Blue Note) Philadelphia, Pa., 8/6-12, nc
Modern Jazz Quartet (Basin Street) NYC, out 7/29, nc
Monte, Mark (Pizax) NYC, h
Morgan, Al (Steak House) Chicago, r
Morris, Joe (Palms) Hallandale, Fla., out 7/29, nc
Murphy Rose, Slam Stewart (Palace) Edgewood, Nev., out 9/2, nc
Newborn, Phineas (Crawford's) Pittsburgh, Pa., out 8/13, cl
Facesters (Brown Derby) Toronto, Canada,

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out 8/15, ne; (Brass Rail) Toronto, Canada, 8/13-26, ne
Peterson, Oscar (Basin Street) NYC, out 7/29, ne
Powell, Bud (Hedland) NYC, out 8/12, ne
Pryorok, Rad (Sparrow's Beach) Annapolis, Md., out 7/30, b; (Esquire) Wildwood, N. J., 8/3-9, ne
Rosen, Buddy (Hoffman Beach House) Point Pleasant, N. J., out 8/3, h
Rogers, Shorty (On Tour—West Coast) MCA House-Watkins (Bohemia) NYC, out 8/1, ne; (Crawford's) Pittsburgh, Pa., 8/14-26, cl
Roth, Don (Athletic Club) Dallas, Texas, 1st Nat'l City Five (On Tour—East Coast) MCA
Scott, Tony (Brass Rail) Chicago, out 8/6, cl
Shank, Bud (Cotton Club) Cleveland, Ohio, ne; (Continental) Norfolk, Va., 8/8-13, ne; (Patio) Washington, D. C., 8/13-19, cl; (Modern Jazz Room) 8/29-9/13, cl
Shearing, George (Embers) NYC, 8/6-30, ne
Smith, Dizzy (Lobby) Juarez, Mexico, r
Smith, Jimmy (Hurricane) Pittsburgh, Pa., out 7/23, ne
Smith, Somethin' (Shawnee Country Club) Quebec, Canada, 8/6-12, ne
Stitt, Sonny (Basin Street) NYC, out 7/29, ne
Taylor, Billy (London House) Chicago, Ill., out 8/5, r; (Theatrical) Cleveland, Ohio, 8/6-18, cl
Three Sparks (Antlers) Colorado Springs, Colo., out 7/30, h; (El Cortez) Las Vegas, Nev., in 8/9, h
Twin Tunes (Surf) Wildwood, N. J., cl
Tyronis (Heachomber) Wildwood, N. J., 8/1-9/3, cl
Wilson, Teddy (Embers) NYC, out 8/5, ne; (London House) Chicago, Ill., 8/8-9/8, r
Winding, Kai (Bohemia) NYC, 8/3-15, ne
Yared, Sol (Metropole) NYC, cl

Jazz Reviews

(Jumped from Page 25)

tions all too quickly become smothered again in the chromium context.

For all the varying devices there is an unremitting, depressing sameness about the LP as a whole. There are, it should be said, beginnings of some value here, however fragmentized and imperfectly projected emotionally (as in *Minor Incident*). Tatro does have talent, but he needs to write much more out of his emotions. The cover ironically is all too apposite to the music. Excellent sound. (Contemporary 12" LP (3514))

Shaw Artists Corp. Stays In Business

New York—Lee Shaw, widow of Billy Shaw, who died June 23 (see *Feather's Nest*, this issue), has announced that the Shaw Artists Corp. will continue in business following the same principles and policies it has in the past.

She reported that several offers for the sale of the firm have been rejected and that Milton Shaw will succeed his father as president of the corporation. Jack Archer moves up as general manager and co-ordinator.

Warne Marsh Opens At Haig With New Five

Hollywood—After months of seeking the right sidemen, tenor man Warne Marsh has organized his quintet with which he opened at the Haig July 10.

With Marsh are pianist Ronnie Ball, who returned to the coast after the Winding-Johnson breakup, and Lennie Tristano's drummer, Jeff Morton, who came west with Ball. Also in the line-up are Don Overberg, young local comer on guitar, and bassist Al Cotton.

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Newport

(Jumped from Page 18)

1941, we would have had to tear up all our scores the next year, because we hadn't yet heard Charlie Parker. . . . Jazz is heart music, not head music. . . . Charlie Parker didn't care what his music looked like on paper. He was just playing. . . . Just let jazz live; it'll come automatically."

GULDA ANSWERED Broekman by saying, "The beat is not in the drummer or the rhythm section alone. A

good jazzman can swing by himself. The beat is in each man and his horn. . . . (In regard to composition of jazz) I think the structure is less important than the improvisation that fills it."

Gulda's group (see Nat Hentoff's *Caught in the Act* on Page 8 for full personnel) finished the afternoon with a set marked by the plunging trumpet of Idrees Sulieman, who is a real driver. There is no "playing safe" to his blowing—he just leaps bodily into space and somehow manages to defy the law of gravity.

Altoist Phil Woods and tenor Sel-don Powell also had interesting mes-

sages to offer, and Gulda himself could become a top level jazzman if he could work with a jazz group for the next year. His classical background gives him a full technical base of operations, and his interest in playing a lot of jazz needs only to be fulfilled.

THE PREVIOUS AFTERNOON'S panel, held in the Casino theater auditorium due to the steady rainfall, contained moderator Marshall Stearns, sociologist Bruce Cameron, George Wein, Gene Hall, director of the jazz department of North Texas State college, and poet-writer-columnist Langston Hughes. Topic: Jazz As Communication.

"Jazz is a montage of a dream deferred," said Hughes. "It is a dream yet to come. . . . The Bird was looking for that future, and the pappas and mommas to come may be here today or completely unknown right now."

Hall's chief point, that more colleges should teach jazz as a musical course, was backed by his contention that the schools could offer to jazz "the profitable ivory tower position." A definition of jazz could be sought and experiments in music could be conducted. "If we could have serious experiments, we could hasten the development of jazz," he said.

WEIN QUESTIONED the reasons of many of the listeners who go to hear the music. "Most of you here like Louis because he is an entertainer," he said, "not because he helped bring to jazz a great heritage. You must not go to hear what you want to hear in jazz. You must go to hear what the musicians want to play for you."

It is unfortunate, he added, that "the public is developing modern jazz—not the musicians. The primary concern of jazzmen today seems to be not how to play great but how do we get a sound that will sell."

Cameron offered his "great paradox of jazz." The jazzman tries to do two things at once, he said. "He tries to play a great, spontaneous solo, and at the same time stay close to the melody. He is faced with the problem of how far out can you get and still get back."

IT WAS CAMERON'S contention that the time to learn jazz is between ages 16 and 18, where the average youngster of that age is faced with the problem of conforming to society but seeks to rebel against it, and thus will grab at the paradox that jazz represents and listen interestedly to it. "Jazz' goodness lies in its being a paradox," he concluded.

The meeting then adjourned, to be taken up later at the Viking hotel in Stearns' room in a private gathering attended by some rebels who reopened the discussion in a session that should have been taped.

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