

August 8, 1957
35c

DAVE BRUBECK: What Makes Him Tick?
(Pt. 2)

down beat



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Feature*

CHICO HAMILTON & TONY CURTIS


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AN OUTRAGED REPORT FROM STEVE ALLEN . . . "The Wurlitzer Electronic Piano is really wonderful. I use it in my clubs, for parties, parties and for rehearsals. It's so easy to carry, I often take it home and so on."

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Into The Trash Heap . . .

To the Editor:

Mr. (John) Malagan's comments on Dave Brubeck leave me with an odd sense rather than a surprise. Just as I normally dislike him, he is still grasping in the dark ages of journalism by not giving credit to the man who has brought jazz out of a rut and into national acclaim.

Dave's music is fresh, alive, pulsating, and completely enjoyable, which is more than I can say about that trepid article. And you know that Brubeck and Mingus are really going places. As for this article, it is also going places—right in the trash heap where it belongs. "Steaming" Klugehaus

Thank Me, Malagan . . .

San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editor:

I have been a reader of your magazine since 1957, and I feel that John Ford has been a friend and teacher almost my love and appreciation for jazz. I, of course, have not agreed with

Caterville, Pa.

everything written in your various departments and, probably, to the fact that my taste are somewhat outside in that I like Maxine, Hines, Walker, Wilcox, Tatum, Tristram, Gennet, among others; Morton, Oliver, Armstrong, Ella, Benny, Goodman, Stan, Ellington, Lunford, Holiday, O'Day, Basie, Malagan, Parker, Hawkins, Carter, Hodges among many more.

I feel that my liking and feeling for jazz is modern, progressive or "swag waf" as long as it is clean or swinged, is founded on my liking and appreciation of the earlier styles. In short, as long as the note, the note of the maintenance are in evidence, regardless of jazz style, then I'm for it.

I have just read the article on Brubeck by John Malagan in the June 27 issue. The last paragraph is the reason for this letter, and I quote:

"Dave's music is now so totally ingrained in my thought of jazz going anywhere is possible, but since it really did not come from anywhere why should it go anywhere?"

In that paragraph there is no honesty, no integrity, no true criticism and negative completely. Mr. Malagan's authority as a critic is to be used by me. As a reader, in his complete right to like or not to like a given jazz style or even the jazzman playing the style in question. To take advantage of the confusion of the press to vent his feelings by following narrow and violent paths in other paragraphs quoted, and by the trepid use of words by the Brubeck's opinion (and the implied lack of it) by other musicians in relation to Brubeck's as well as the cover story on Time magazine, clearly shows Mr. Malagan to be a man who judges jazz artists and sincerely by the irrelevant use of a man's opinion and by the fact that said musician has been the subject of a cover story of a responsible magazine. Thank! Thank! Thank! Mr. Malagan. You, sir, are burning jazz records.

Mr. Malagan's statement that Brubeck is "swag waf" like a man, then that Brubeck is "swag waf" like a man, then finally Brubeck is "swag waf" like a man (I have never read by a jazz critic, Malagan included).

That statement is a fine example of an utterly stupid assumption. If so value as I can give to the fact that all the more what is becoming increasingly evident: that an honest, direct, sincere, dedicated jazz critic is a large diamond of more than material worth amongst the small pieces of glass who call themselves jazz critics.

Let a critic like or not like a given style or musician, let him (mistake, guess, explain, advise, compare, but also let him keep in mind the intelligence of his readers who are not necessarily or value in a critic who is smart, subtle, vicious, and who uses irreverently as a lever to drive home his point).

Brubeck is not worthy of praise. I have only one tip by him (Jazz Impressionism of the 1930's). I like it. In this because I like Garner? If so, how about the fact that I like Morton, Walker, Tristram, etc.?

This could go on and on, but may I also say that the course of thinking will take care of Brubeck's place in jazz as well as take care of Malagan's critical aim and importance as a jazz critic.

John J. Brown

The Horrible Place

York, Pa.

To the Editor:

Here is a page of a letter which will explain itself.

John J. Brown, Hershey Pa. Hallways, Hershey, Pa.

Last Saturday night was my first visit to your newly decorated ballroom. I want to congratulate you on Hershey Pa. Ballrooms as being one of the most beautiful I have ever seen or played in. I enjoyed the music of Stan Kayton very much for one exception—the horrible piano.

It is an outright insult to my musicians to have to play a piano such as the one that sits on the landstand in the ballroom.

I know that Stan Kayton was very much respected, and I am sure you heard about it from him as you did from Boyd Eastman and Claude Thornhill.

I am sure you spent thousands of dollars redecorating the ballroom, but

(Continued on Page 4)

BIG MAN ON DRUMS

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See Gretsch drums at your dealer's... sound them out for yourself... FREE Gretsch Drum Catalog shows drum sets in color... write for one.

GRETSCH

The FRED GRETSCHEM Mfg. Co., Dept. 0887
90 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

you couldn't agree a few tracks to get the piano tuned.

I don't know if you know it or not but because a piano breaks like one it doesn't always sound like one.

Please get it fixed.

Richard B. Fry

Adjectives, Adjectives . . .

San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editor:

When Leon Lee Knott got his "thumbs" taken, how "artistic" I don't know the man, but surely he doesn't carry this kind of a ship in his shoulder all the time!

The adjectives used were merely appropriate in his review (7) of *The Diamond* just recently in *Dance*. Just July 11, Emma Leonard Foster, I felt, in his review was filled by Fry and gave the harshness of Knott's criticism . . . "Because Lee Knott is so awfully capable of self-analysis on a weekly level . . ." His remarks regarding the Australian Jane Quintel's starting up a good time! I feel that that may well be a matter of personal taste, depending just what you consider "cheerful" and how much "disturbing" you prefer in your music, but "It doesn't sound like jazz to me." What kind of remark is that! Surely the present time is one of the most extraordinary periods we've seen in jazz. Would Mr. Knott please tell me (1) why it isn't as far the Hall of Fame track as Kurt Ellinghaus' *Freedom*, I thought it utterly reprehensibly unfair of I may borrow Mr. Knott's adjectives!

Diana Grayson

Gladly . . .

Leona, Mass.

To the Editor:

In the June 27 issue of *Dance* *Spot* on Page 14 under the year 1945 you forgot to mention the death of one of the greatest of all time musicians, namely Thomas (Fats) Waller.

I might add you mentioned many credits from 1924 to 1944 that were of very small importance to the man of our age as great as Fats.

Suggest you correct this oversight next month and many other Waller fans myself thank you.

Thanks!

Dick Hurkett

Honey For Nish . . .

Fair View, Texas

To the Editor:

In all the fine letters in the *Jazz* field were printed, it would take some time. But one is talking on the job of starting jazz in Texas, which is long overdue. Starting jazz in Texas will probably be as hard as convincing a man willing here that *Billie* did it. At least all Texans are naive, but you can't do it if you can't lead.

Undoubtedly this job is Nicholas Anthony Ford III, *Midway in Motion*, on radio station KXND, Texas, limited to an hour a week, Sunday 4 p.m. to midnight. Nish has walked the show through with a backing to organize jazz for Dallas and the surrounding territories. This in itself is a unique achievement.

Nish has gone all the way now. A jazz club is to form, as well as arrangements for more live jazz. I say, "Hurray for Nish Ford, we need more clubs like him."

B. C. Fowler

barry ulanov



Several times in the last 30 years, Murray Gilglick has run into Barry. He has found himself a number of striking notes and a look of shock and awing notes for some and himself and others who have wandered through the band in the past.

Several times it has looked — and sounded — as if Barry had finally achieved his majority as a leader. He seemed to have progressed to the summit of the big ones, then slowly something very close to it.

Each time the bubble has burst. Sometimes it was, as the familiar phrase goes, due to circumstances beyond Barry's control—financial, or personal problems. Sometimes it was simply insufficient, for all the talent involved, to get a symphonically sound, a solid attack, an even intonation; the performances were extremely unevenly interesting.

And then every once in a while Barry himself seemed to find things up to wouldn't or couldn't do—perhaps that a sense of humor at once brilliant and charming and lacking and through everything his band did, it was quite impossible to take him or his band or his music seriously.

THE LATEST Gilglick band appears to be free of most of those defects. One should agree to make wild predictions for it. Once again Barry gives the impression of having organized a band of remarkable proportions and one not so far from the highest rank in its actual achievement, in what it does right now and the way it goes it.

There is, then, some basis for confidence in this band. This is not entirely a "promising" note. Many of the great expectations have been and are being fulfilled. Whether or not this band comes to time in rank with 1926-27, Woody Herman, 1930-1943 Duke Ellington, and 1936-1948 Benny Goodman, it is a joy to have around either. At least a small celebration is in order this year. We have a big band of quality with an aim now.

YOU CAN'T MIND the quality—at least when you hear the band. The blowing around the corner table or straight at you across the dance floor. You can't miss it while the first 12 or 16 or 32 have of hearing it.

It has that kind of contagious excitement that all the great performances have had. The melodic notes, especially the brass, move with a heat and a boldness that spell big-band distinction. There is a "wildly" very vigorous and out of all ordinary—on the impudent; it is impossible to wear into sleep! Indeed, push through interesting conversations, demands to be heard. This is a big band.

You can't make the mistake any more than you can the Schindler's. It's the simple, successful, authentic

the transporting of young Lee Morgan, a musician with the last called Brown's kind of one on his horns and generous melodic gifts as well.

It's in the double baritone from-behind playing of Al Grey, who could, I think, blowing into a later-day Bill Harris, thoroughly of this era but with a kind of Danish sense of humor.

It's in the delicately shaded, deftly played piano solo of Wysteria Kelly.

YOU CAN'T MIND the suggestion of important music still to come in the scores of Quincy Jones and Duke Jordan and Pete Mancini, to mention just a few whose writing I heard the band pick up and swing across and up and down and around Broadway.

And you can't miss for a moment the solid conviction that this is big-band music, music that only a band and a half musician can make sense of, not merely an inflated small group, with elaborate doubling and other volume the only justifications for all the extra men on the stand. The writing makes use of the sections, not only of the size of sound they can but also of the diversity. This has to be a big band.

Just how good this big band is and will be depends on its leader.

Gilglick makes the difference between well-organized big band power and highly distinguished jazz. His aim, which you interpret for his taste, add a grace to a performance—my performance—what you think most important for the leader forward to as one does only for the most talented and unshakable of improvisers. His words, just about the right measure for his taste, add a wit to a set that one finds very satisfying after a particularly sentimental ballad or an especially long conversation in riffs. His original contributions to the band's library, all too few for my taste, add a depth to the music which only works complicated and carefully supervised by Barry can possibly match.

IT'S HARD ENOUGH to see that the band's greatest asset—Barry—is its most considerable limitation.

He is its title to greatness or its guarantee of mediocrity. Upon his energies and wisdom and depth, deep seriousness depends the band's future.

Thus far, at least, his resources have been well spent and well conserved, as needed. This may very well turn out to be the big band of this era, the big band of a big man.

No, Mann, No

New York—Mannish patrons at Jantoro, already accustomed with such blowing groups as those headed by Jay and Kai, and Paul and Gail, are venturing into their state at rumors of a possible trombone-fife team.

Urbay and Herbin, of course.



Setting new drum standards... **BRICE and LUDWIG!**

Now joining the internationally famous George Shearing group, Ludwig drummer Perry Brice is one of the finest riding "new faces" in the modern jazz world. Perry was born in New York in 1924; first studied violin, then piano. His drumming career didn't start until he was in his late teens.

After study with Aubrey Brooks of Local 802, Perry jobbed around New York. His first big break came when he joined Luis Russell's orchestra to play with Kenny Carter, Duke Ellington, Johnny Otto, and the Billy Taylor trio.

To meet the new drum standards being set by stars like Perry Brice—and to get "the sounds you want most"—make your next set LUDWIG!

For 16 pages of answers to the question, "Why do top professionals prefer Ludwig?" send for our new brochure reading No. 12! It's packed with exciting new innovations for the drummer who wants to do the "big time." For your copy, send coupon today. It's FREE!

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NEW YORK

JAZZ. The Fitzgerald started cutting a broad net of Duke Ellington's songs for New York in June. Recording Ellington in Sweden's band, with Herbie Goldstein, recording Ellington's trumpet solos to six members on many tracks . . . Ellington will record Nat Pierce and his band with Buck Clayton featured on trumpet late this summer . . . Frank's co-producer Bobby Swan split with ABC-Paramount and signed to CBS LPs and singles as a jazzman and a pop singer on the Verve label . . . Jazztronix is trying to arrange a reunion with Louis Armstrong playing with Nat Pierce's band . . . Local is getting planted. Bellevue Inn is his pop hangout, in a Roger Williams . . . Clark Chance opened at the Bitter in Whitehead, N. J. late in June, blowing off all the spot's new jazz policy . . . Jack Murphy opens the space-age supper club, Marston Street, July 7 and will stay for several weeks, and possibly several months. Club is the first traditional jazz spot to open on the post-war side . . . Jimmy Minifie played the first week of July at the Village Vanguard. The Modern Jazz Quartet followed for a three-week stay . . . Steve Nelson, E. Weaner agreed to officially open the Great South Bay Jazz Festival July 20 on Long Island. Nat Housell was also set to be commentator for the four-concert series . . . Johnny Windwood and his group, featuring Pee Wee Russell, opened Manhattan night, Grand Central at the Bedford Square in Southwington, N.J. early in July. Scheduled to follow an opening Monday were Sam Miller and his Tippecanoe Five, Max Kammerer and his group, Henry McParland and a trio . . . Don Freedman is arranging a nationwide tour by the Stan Kozzani band for the fall . . . Buddy Harkins and his group opened at the Henry Hudson Hotel here in a rooming house "concert series" Aug. 20. In between, the group does a week in Toronto, two in Detroit, one in Milwaukee, and a pair in Chicago . . . Victor will record a Lee White LP with arrangements by Bill Finegan and El Cohn. Duke Ellington got to rehearsal June 20 on Festival on July 27 and Aug. 3, respectively . . . Bob Katz secured a date to record here in the Village Ball Room on ABC-Paramount, with two dates, three cities, three outfits, Don Lammond, and guitarist Chuck Wayne, Jimmy Roney, and Kenny Barwell on the dates . . . Dave Brubeck capped his tour opening night in Lower East Side at Greenwich Village while juggling the show off to and his son had concerts to New York from San Francisco. One of the ensembles on their plane caught fire, but the ship landed without incident. Columbia will record the new Mike Davis group in July and August, after Mike comes from Atlantic City engagements . . . Sandy Weems did a week at the Cafe Bohemia early in July before heading for Festival House, Lewis, Mass., where he has a Summer-long jazz location gig . . . Embassy is re-opening around Barry Galbraith and Charlie Christian playing Ellington's tunes and the "new" group "Crest" Taylor and Jackie & Ray for ABC-Paramount in the next week, with Bill Robinson. In New York, he recorded Jim Farney with a string orchestra, with arrangements by Quincy Jones . . . Phoenix Newborn was set for a short week at the new Lower East Side club in July. Scheduled to follow Newborn were Lesney Sherington, Gene Krupa, Dave Brubeck, Stan Kenton and the Red Weather. The club opened late in June only for the summer's going up to a theater-in-the-round operation Sept. 17 . . . London music magazines report that Terry Mallegan will return to make London his permanent base of operations and only occasionally return to America in place. Terry did pop back to England before the Festival, set as for singing. Mrs. Robinson said he had commitments through November, when he would make back with the band and stay in the overseas for several months. Mallegan himself was unavailable for comment at press time.



Jack Murphy

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ENTERTAINMENT. Rex Hudson will star in CBS-TV's 30-minute weekly, spectacular, *Comanche*, Sept. 28. *Johnny Carson* and *Peter* has been slated to have *Comanche* (Continued on Page 40)



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GIBSON, INC., BALSAMINE, ILL.

music news

Down Beat August 8, 1957

Vol. 24, No. 10

U. S. A. EAST

Canadian Thunder

With his Sweet Sweet Thunder in the van at Columbia, Duke Ellington and his band looked ahead to its performance at the Stratford, Ont., Music Festival Sept. 5.

In program notes for the affair, Duke wrote: "Sometimes I suspect that if Shakespeare were alive today, he might be a jazz fan himself—he'd appreciate the combination of team spirit and individuality, of academic knowledge and humor, of all the elements that go into a great jazz performance. In the title I am attempting to parallel the signature of some of the Shakespearean characters in miniature . . . especially to the point of caricature." Before Stratford, Duke was scheduled to appear at the first jazz concert in the Stony Brook Summer Musical Festival series.

Gawwings

Thoroughly dried out after playing in a jelling downpour for some 4,000 dancers in Washington late in June, pianist Erroll Garner looked forward to his present field to play.

Garner was scheduled to appear in concert with the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra Aug. 15. With a 150-man unit to conduct the 100-piece orchestra, to be augmented by a new section and Garner's rhythm men, Contemporary was to be Nat Pierce, who has aided Garner in transcribing and orchestrating his original compositions.

In the concert Garner was to play most of his classic work out of the forthcoming *Old Folks* Columbia album with the symphony orchestra, as well as some standards and originals with his trio.

Further Festivals

The Great South Bay Jazz Festival, some 50 miles out of New York City on Long Island, went a long way toward becoming established as a major musical presentation a few weeks before the scheduled performance July 20-21.

Mike Barrows staged to record all five sessions, and planned to issue a set of up to five LPs with a brochure by Nat Hentoff, who was commentator at the affair. As promising releases had been prepared for nearly every group slated to appear.

Among the artists scheduled for the three evening and two afternoon concerts were a recreation of the Fletcher Henderson orchestra, Bob Clayton and the Kansas City Six, Jimmy Beasley, Maxine and Jimmy McFarland, Charley Morgan and His Jazz Workshop group, Annie Ross, Doc Stewart-Columbia Machine Southwind Seven, the York Lancers-Bobby Haggart Division Band, Harry Silver's Group, and Mals Munnies. Making for real appearances were several hospitalizations was scientist Maxine Sullivan.

The entire proceedings were to be



A feature of the recent Great South Bay Jazz Festival, Long Island, N. Y., was the recreation of the Fletcher Henderson band, whose name are two members of that band, Ernest Berry and Doc Stewart, with one of the festival organizers, Bob Hoberman and Fern Thomas.

held under a huge tent. Doc Stewart, music director, was also a member of the Henderson original band, which included; trumpets—Ernest Berry, Turk Jordan, and Paul Webster; trombones—Claude Jones, George Thomas, Fernando Arbello, and Benny Boyton; reeds—Edgar Sampson, Martin Rankin, Milton Johnson, Coleman Hawkins, and Raymond Henry; rhythm—Bernard Addison, guitar; Walter Johnson, drums; Rayn Africa, bass; Herb Slocum, piano.

Red Hot! Hot! Hot!

Reports of the death of the Red Hot! as a jazz room have been dissipated by Joe Bellera, owner of the Pennsylvanian, N. J., night spot. Rumors had the Red Hot! dropping jazz because of declining attendance.

But, Bellera stresses that "it would be silly to drop jazz after all we've put into it." Under the direction of the Johnny Harry Hunter, the room has attracted the modern jazz attraction and big bands for the last year.

To show he wasn't kidding, Bellera is air-conducting the jazz. After the Four Freshmen and Chico Hamilton closed in June, the room reverted to a weekend policy for the summer. Ella Fitzgerald, Charlie Ventura, drummers, will lead a concert. In the fall, promises Bellera, it will be more good modern jazz.

Go Marchin' In

So, Dillard Robinson got together Red March in Trenton, N. J., and formed the Empire City Six. Their plan: to play at Nick's in New York City. On July 2, they got their wish. Billy Strayhorn took a vacation after 14

years at Nick's, and the Empire City Six was booked for July and August.

Actually, the group is Phil Spector's band without Phil. Tony Sparo, Trenton trumpeter, got five ex-Napoleon sidemen together and booked them into the Pennsylvania in Trenton from March until July 1. Oscar Mike Konopski is then go reluctantly but hopes to get them back in September.

Ex-Napoleons with the cooperative and are members Harry DeVito, who also played with Kirby and Goodman; Kenny Davros, clarinet; Phil Fields, drums; Pete Rogers, bass; and Johnny Vance, piano.

To replace the Empire City Six, Konopski turned again to a former Napoleon sideman, drummer Lou Koppell, who, his group will include Hank D'Ambrosio on clarinet; Charlie Mottner, piano; Bill Blue, trombone (also ex-Napoleon); and Joe Florio, trumpet.

An Anniversary

National CSA, still the country's only regular live-broadcast live broadcast of jazz club sessions, celebrated both its own first anniversary and the 10th anniversary of one of the Mutual stations carrying the show, WGN in Providence, by originating from the Newport, R. I., Jazz Festival on the night of July 5.

U. S. A. MIDWEST

Russo To Form Band

Composer-trumpeter Bill Russo is making plans to form his own band. Russo, who will be on the staff at Meak in Los Angeles, Mass., in August, will depart for Los Angeles after his teaching stint at Ames. He will form the band in Los Angeles and work out of that city, concentrating on concert appearances.

The band itself, which Russo plans to debut in the fall, will perform jazz and modern works, with the emphasis on writing, rather than improvised, material. The instrumentation will include four trumpets, two trombones, four sax, one valve and one bass, five snare, percussion, bass, guitar, and four voices. Russo will incorporate many of his own music concepts into the band, including the elimination of improvised drumming, the performance of Trio-like instrumental jazz and the use of live arrangements by jazz standards, such as *Canterville for Celine* and *Wanted*.

Negotiations are under way with several recording companies, according to Russo, to begin recording the band shortly after its inception, probably in September. The band will be managed and booked by Frank Nieldo, who has been managing comedian Shorty Bell.

Teaching For The Blind

Roosevelt University in Chicago has inaugurated a special six-week course for blind piano students which enables them to teach other persons without sight how to tune and repair pianos.

The concert, offered annually during the summer term, is presented by the university in co-operation with the office of vocational rehabilitation of the U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Twelve grants of \$200 are given to qualified visually handicapped persons from throughout the country; the grant covers the transportation fee and part of travel and living expenses.

Additional information is available from the university, 480 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.

Collins Benefit A Success

The benefit concert held recently for hospitalized transplantee Len Collins raised \$4,200, thanks to the cooperation and participation of musicians in the Chicago area.

The concert, which featured groups led by Frank Jackson, George Bryant, Art Baker, Sid Dawson, Danny Alvin, Jimmy Hill, plus the Monday night Grandstand group from Jazz, Ltd., the Sally Dues, and the Dukes of Dixieland, was sponsored by John Pope and Guy Allen of the College of Physicians in Lombard. Collins has been in Cook County hospital.

U. S. A. WEST

Harry James Europe-Bound

Harry James and a 10-piece band leave on his first tour of Europe on Sept. 20. Starting off with a stand in Munich, Germany, on Oct. 1, the string of concert dates will carry the trumpet king through at least five countries—West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland. The tour will last three to four weeks.

Through the kind proposal of the band will not be definitely set until around mid-August. James, 40, of St. Louis, said the leader is seeking a time which will be profitable in the concert. Monte said that Healy had expressed a desire to make the trip if he is not occupied with his night club act at the time.

The majority of James' sidemen are working with him at the Hollywood Palladium, with the exception of Lawrence Jarry, Monte said, adding that the leader will suggest the brass section with a fourth trumpet. Also featured in the concert will be band vocalist Zita Wells.

Martin Inks Cap Paul

Recently Martin, now playing at the Ambassador hotel's Cocomo Grove in Los Angeles, has signed a long-term contract with Capitol Records to record forty single discs and albums. Sessions will be supervised by arranger Dave Greenwald.

The leader told Down Beat he is now awaiting sponsorship for a half-hour weekly television show over the NBC network. He said the format is worked out to feature a straight music show in L. Lawrence, who said that Martin talent will be added to the Martin band when, and if, a sponsor is found.

Success at NBC, however, indicated that plans for the projected show have not progressed beyond the talking stage and that, without a sponsor, the program could transfer to in London.

Shanty Eyes Orient

Shanty Rogers is mapping a tour of the Far East, with a quick dip into Ethiopia, to get under way this fall. Rogers told Down Beat he will take his Shanty group, which is to include Bill Holman. He mentioned Shanty Money as a sideman who would like him to make the trip if circumstances permit.

Committee to be headed by Rogers will include Japan, India, Afghanistan, Australia, and Ethiopia. He said this is the tentative lineup and that more countries may be added in the thirty-day later pending approval of the U. S. State Department. Rogers added that he hopes to embark on the tour in mid-September.



Columbia Records music director Marky Shadoff recently received his Down Beat award for the best instrumental Single Record of 1958 in this publication's Disc Jockey poll. Down Beat's John Ryan made the presentation, in recognition of Shadoff's recording at Monogram and Penn.

Record Academy Forms

The National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences was formed in Hollywood to function like its older brother in the motion picture field.

Nat (Kings) Cole made the introductory address at the Academy's opening meeting. Officers elected included Don Weston, president; Lee Gillette, vice-president; Song Berke, treasurer; Tom Black, secretary, all to serve with Benny Carter as members of the executive committee.

Elected to the board of governors were Cole, Joe Bradford, Russ Koppa, Stan Jones, James Leno, and Val Valentino, among others.

Record company executives headed formation of the Academy as a long-overdue step in recording annual awards and other activities in a major entertainment industry.

A similar organizational meeting was scheduled to be held in New York in the near future.

Elman Swinging Again

Billy Elman has emerged from retirement and, according to trade gossip, is "being considered" to front the Jimmy Anderson. Quoted on the report, Elman had no comment to making any but did reveal he has signed an exclusive recording contract with Liberty Records both as artist and conductor. His first record date is scheduled for the near future, he said. Elman will continue to operate his trumpet studio at the House of Lights and located in the San Francisco Valley.

Local 47 Ok's Committee

With a wary eye in James C. Peirce's direction, the membership of Local 47 has greenlighted formation of a studio committee to participate in contract talks between the Federation and heads of music and television studios.

In a compromise move the two rival factions within the local agreed on a policy of "limited trust" in Peirce in the belief that an effort will be made to get the AFM president to specify in writing the extent of influence allowed the studio committee participation in contract negotiations. The committee will, however, have at least one meeting with Peirce and the executive board before pushing for any guarantees. It is felt that such a meeting would help pave the way for the winning of assurances of self-determination from the Federation chief.

Emmy Winner To The Campus

Striving to promote KABC-TV's Emmy-winning feature, Stars of Jazz, among teenagers, Promotional Publicists is looking concert for the fall in high schools, junior colleges, and universities throughout the West.

Talbot Stone of Jazz Campus Associates, the company will feature top jazz names who have appeared on the show. Harry Kassaroff has been named "campus producer" and is supervising all booking.

Busy Jazz In Salt Lake

The Salt Lake Jazz club, formed several months ago in Salt Lake City, Utah, has effected one change in officers to provide the most current. Lyle J. Jans, the club sponsored a panel discussion, featuring disc jockeys from competing stations, considering the future of jazz. It was the first time "rival" disc jockeys participated in such an event in the Salt Lake area.

Among the panelists were John Kennedy, of the Station K, and locally advertising agency. Other studio artists: Bill Terry, Paul Treubay, and Rex Bailey, station KLLN; Bob Peterson, station KSL; Merv Singer, Capitol Records; Jim Rogers, Decca Records, and Dick LaSalle Public; Jim Rowland.

Information on the club can be obtained from Douglas Clark, 3000 W. 11th St., Salt Lake City.

Western Accordion Festival

With singing, guitarists, and bands selected from California, Arizona, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, and Utah, the 1957 Western Music Association Festival is scheduled for days 14-17 at the Hotel Salt Lake City, Utah.

Headed by the sponsoring Accordion Association of Southern California, announced that all competitors will be open to the public.

RECORDS

Marty Paich MD For Meads

Arranger-clarinet Marty Paich has been named music director for Meads Records, newly organized west coast independent. He assumed his duties July 1.

According to Paris, the new post "gives a freedom of expression which I haven't known before. It's a chance to criticize my own work without the means of pleasing everybody."

Under his new contract, Pabst's first recordings will showcase the discolors which just been featured on several recent Mel Torme albums. Also in the planning stage is an attempt by the stranger to "recreate the infelicitous classical forms with the finer interpretations of jazz" in a forthcoming Moby release.

First Pabst album released by the new label is *The Marty Pabst Trio with Ed Mitchell and Mel Lewis*.

\$3.98 For A 12-inch LP

A new "LP" LP album line, priced down to \$3.98, has been begun by Pacific Jazz. Called the *Mardi LP Series*, it will feature both new artists and the already established stars of the company.

General Manager Winky Woodward said the firm is not contemplating lowering the album price to \$2.98 throughout the entire catalog.

"There has been a long-held need in the field of jazz albums for a lower priced line," he said. "Basically, the price tag is determined by production costs. For example, if you record a solo, your costs are naturally going to be lower than for, say, an octet. But that's just one of the determining factors and does not necessarily mean that from now on all our jazz albums will list at \$3.98. Many LP Series titles will be in the market under records in a competitive price range."

The first release in the series is *Jazz Friends: Bud Perkins with Art Pepper and Eddie Reman* (PJM-181). An album by the Jazz Messengers is slated to follow shortly.

Shane LP Events

One of Chicago's late in time came resulting from RCA Victor, an extended program on a Shane LP.

William Weinberg, manager of recordings for the label's records division, admitted that some progress had been made, but that existing records "certainly have not been satisfactory. There are still many problems that have to be worked out."

Victor and the Western Corp. of Hollywood have been working on the project. Its principle, similar to other TV, would result in an LP to be used either monetarily or for stereo, depending on the playback equipment.

However, despite constant criticism, RCA spokesman warned that such a record was merely a possibility. Stereo tapes, they said, is a reality and an important part of the recording industry right now.

Intro In Tape Swap

In order to build a varied catalog for its Stereo Line, Indra Records, Inc. and its subsidiary of Aladdin Records in Los Angeles, has made a heavy deal with Chesapeake-Laxdale. In return for tapes to be released on the Stereo \$3.98 LP LP albums, Indra has leased its jazz stereo tapes to Dave Wilbert, president of Chesapeake-Laxdale. First shipments to be released on Indra's label is *The Art of Pepper*, with Art Pepper, also; *Earl Parker*, piano; Ben Taylor, bass; and Chuck Flores, drums. This album is not available on disc.

Newport Jazz Festival

For four thirteenth-anniversary days, the annual American Jazz Festival at Newport presented seven concerts and two parades to some 30,000 persons.

A new attendance record was established on the Saturday night presentation, when 12,418 persons streamed into Freebody Park.

There were the usual surprises and disappointments, but most significant was the fact that a good deal of the musical and emotional excitement stemmed from the afternoon sessions, which also featured most of the fairly limited amount of contemporary musical thought present.

The biggest response stemmed from two afternoon sessions: The Farmdale High School band, which was the hit of the entire Festival and certainly the most thrilling group ever to appear onstage (save for rousing masses) as well as musical; and the afternoon of Gospel Singing, which opened new fields to many members of the audience and brought a new emotional depth to the Festival.

Among this year's Festival memories is a pleasant one of Norman Granz' party at the Viking Hotel early Saturday morning, during which Gerry Mulligan, Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Fats Navarro, Spoot Wright, Nat Pierce, Walter Page, Cannonball Adderley and other jazzmen combined in a evening session, which was more exciting and refreshing than several staged at Freebody Park.

It was a full four days, marked by the recognition of a significant (but) more good and tasteful musical banner than ever before. In the appearance of John Gilgus's band, Don Elliott's group, Kirby Grant's trio, and several other groups, there was substantial banner as well as considerably on display. Perhaps, as one trade observer commented, jazz is coming into its own as an art form and is not taking itself so seriously now.

Thursday Night

The opening ceremony of the 4th annual Festival began with baps and commotion that was a joy to behold, but it fell off into a near-ventriloquist presentation, and ended on a note of ill-temper and confusion.

Willie Dinovici appeared at the rostrum onstage at 8:30 p.m. "You know something?" he asked, looking out over the more than 10,000 persons wedged into Freebody Park. "Earl White never would have believed it."

Louis Lussford welcomed the crowd to "the first necessary opening night in these years." Sen. Theodore F. Green (D-R.I.) spoke briefly, lauding jazz and the Festival. He drew a delighted yelp from the crowd when he denigrated the guest of honor as "Louis Sachsis Armstrong."

At 8:45, pianist Joe Barbard of the George Lewis band walked onstage and the Festival was underway. The Lewis band, with the leader on clarinet, Jack White on trumpet, Bob Thomas on trombone, Abbie (New Drug) Ferguson on bass, and Joe Watkins on drums, played a vigorous and hour-winning New Orleans set. They opened with *Swingin' Street Parade*, and also played *Tin Roof Blues*, *Royal Garden Blues*, and a rousing *Take A Flight*.

Their music was in the tradition of New Orleans, hammered home by a rigid beat, and embellished with the simple but always declarative eloquence of the notes.

PIANIST BIRBY HENDERSON opened his set of tributes to Paul Walter with *Aftering Walter*. Henderson's cast court piano style was marked by a strong and persuasive left hand, and a rolling, often hard, right hand. He also played *Knock out of Me!*, *Minstrel New*, *Blues for Fats*, and *Thompson's Blues*.

A night at New York's Metropolitan Cafe was created onstage by the Henry Red Allen group. Their set, *Street*, with Gene Ammons and El James (Johnny Moore), embodied most of the outer elements of Dixieland, although Elton Bailey's clarinet work was impressive, and Allen's bopposed trumpet, when edited, proved exciting.

Jack Teagarden joined the group for a precariously-timed *China Bay*, which is closed with a dazzling soloism. Jack sang *Back Street Blues*, and blew a handsome solo which apparently spawned Allen into a clean, precise chorus, and Bailey into one delicate and airy.

Kid Dry replaced Teagarden for a raucous *Madness Reminds*, which he sang. Teagarden teamed with Dry and F. C. Hubbard to play *Blow with Allen's group*, including *Clubs*, *Rockin' winner*, *Arnold Khan*, *Blues*, and *Chop Chop*, drums. They ended in three-part harmony on *High Society*.

Jo Jones, Wendell Marshall, and pianist Don Alway opened the second part of the program with a straightforward *Joe September to See the Light*.

THEY HILLA FITZGERALD, wearing a handsome green gown and looking far slimmer than she has been in recent years, took over the hot set. She opened with *Pete Cain's Joe Love* and followed with *I've Got It Bad*, which proved a bit out of range for her on the bottom. *Go Rudy and Don* she played like a boss, and ended with a long rhapsody, which drew a huge response from the audience. Her swing on *The One for Comfort* and *Callin' by Birdland*.

But on *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter*, she hit.

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BILL RUSSO

By Don Gold

A GLANCE at Bill Russo's collection of books indicates well-worn volumes by Cervantes, Shakespeare, Aristotle, Tolstoy, Shakespeare, and Thoreau's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*.

Russo's third floor apartment in Chicago's Lakefront is more like an intellectual's retreat than a bachelor's domain of playing books and sheet music, primarily works in progress, cluttering the room. This is characteristic of the life Russo has led and the vitality he seeks in life.

Russo has led a many-faceted life in music. He studied with Louis Trübenak in Chicago in the late 1940s. For several years he served as arranger-conductor with the Stan Kenton band. In recent years, he has worked in the jazz and classical fields, including the creation of his jazz-influenced band, The World of Aloysius. In June he completed work on his first symphony.

He has been charged with observations by jazzmen. He has been dispersed by the chemistry for his association with jazz. Furthermore, his evolution has enabled him to cope with both situations and create works of value, despite a certain amount of over-pleasant frustration.

It is this condition which makes Russo a provocative, persuasive figure in the music world. Here, in this Cross-Section, his opinions on a variety of subjects are presented, in an effort to develop insights into Russo, the man. His comments follow.

ALAN GREENBERG: "I like him . . . his flexibility. Acting in an attempt to represent materially and to make successful attempts at doing so."

ROBERTA FORD: "I guess they've said he is active. They're comfortable. I like uncertainty in clothes . . . wearing what's fun to wear."

CHARLES CHAPMAN: "Well, I've always been very fond of Chaplin. I'm beginning to feel, too, that some of the philosophical and social protest attributed to him has been read into him."

JACK THOMPSON: "I like him very much. There are times when I'm antagonistic toward Disneyland, but he's the only one I can stand. His use of words performs an important and his technical facility are excellent."

ROBERT LAMAR: "I cannot say. As a rather consciously Irish-American, I

resent her representation of Italy as a symbol. Her acting, particularly in *John*, has been unimpressive. I cannot, for the implication that beauty resides in vulgarity."

JAMES THOMPSON: "I find him enjoyable, but haven't read him in some time."

WYOMING PRAGER: "I haven't read him for years. I despise his anti-American attitude."

AMANDA FRANCES: "She's on TV, isn't she? I find her very repugnant."

FRANCO: "One of my favorite drinks. It's a sophisticated drink . . . but, there, I like it best with 1419."

JOE KOONIN: "I'm sorry to see that he's fallen back into the mainstream, which to me has value only in ultimate, not historical, terms. He has lost those qualities of imagination and daring which distinguished him before. He's lost all the best jazz vocabulary and one of my favorite improvisers."

ALAN WILSON: "His music is clarifying. However, I feel that in this day and age, with an little profaned music, it's difficult to be tolerant toward Wilder."

DEBRA-MARLENE RIVER: "They're not great!"

ALAN HUBER: "I was happy to see his book (*John*) by Zwerin and Kirchner, although I feel that the translation is not good. Probably I felt I've not been failed to derive the impressions in music. He stumbled on the problem of improvisation. Nevertheless, it's still the best book I've read in the field."

STEPHEN-BERT ATTENBERGER: "A beautiful one . . . probably the most intelligent, graceful one made."

JO-LO-YOUNG-KIM-RIVER: "I'm very impressed at mechanical things."

DEBRA MACARTHUR: "I feel that he was a dangerous man and I'm pleased that his danger has passed."

MELANIE FORD: "I enjoyed being there immensely, in that, because it was my first contact with Italy . . . A kind of representation of an ethnic heritage which I did not have. It is the only Italy I know."

WYOMING WILSON: "I appreciated his criticism. As a President, I felt here was a man with genuine background in thought. His concept of the League of Nations strikes me as being enlightened. The betrayal of his League concept and done so."



AMANDA HARRINGTON: "I loved *The Old Man and The Sea*. I despise certain aspects of Hemingway . . . especially those which extol courage without sense, without purpose."

ROBERTA FORD: "I think he is a wonderful trumpet player. Most of the attacks on him have been based on an inability to improve his playing from the material he has played."

CHAPMAN: "Sometimes I like a sign, especially when I play poker."

E. K. COLEMAN: "I don't like his clarity and I don't like to find himself in anything new. He is a writer his touch with words, however."

ROBERTA FORD: "Debra's playing of it is so beautiful. I'm overwhelmed, but I don't think it's in the top class of Beethoven's writing, and I don't think it's in the category, which are out of context. But Beethoven always illustrates affirmation of life, the making of answers to basic questions."

WYOMING WILSON: "I hate spectator sports, because the beauty of an active participation sport is so much greater. I'd like to see someone, including me, play a decent game of golf without denying a listening to it. Active participation is good for health, disposition, and brings a person into contact with nature. That's why I like to swim, ride horses, and ride a bicycle."

It was a not very hot spring.

Chico Hamilton ripped from a corner cup of beer, watched Larry Doby take a full cut at a batting practice pitch, and yanked pensively. "I've never stop to think what would have happened if Judge Robinson hadn't made it? We wouldn't have had any of this."

He gave a general wave of his hand at Minute House, standing near the batting cage, and at a visiting Cleveland delegation that included Al Smith, Larry Kramet, and other Negro ball-players.

"And that goes for him, too. Look at what Doby did years ago, when the going was really rough. He was a saint, both naturally and for the help he gave to the people who followed."

THEY SAID WAS a lot of Chicago's Cemetery park, where the White Sox were preparing to play the Cincinnati Indians in a game that ultimately turned out adversely for the home side. But Hamilton was having a ball. Not only so for a Cleveland fan, but being from Los Angeles, he wishes gets a chance to see big league teams play. Through conversations at the bar of white that is Herb Moore's fast ball:

Chico Hamilton: I Just Had To Lead

standing on some 25 feet of relay movie film ("My boy is going to fly when I shoot him down?") several faint girls at getting a beer wonder to change a 110 ball if when they're served, he jumps the wall of one well-founded singles into his camera run and told the reader. "When you see me, just reach in here," and insistence that it wouldn't suit ("it wouldn't die"), he talked about music, particularly his work.

It would seem impossible that anyone acquainted with jazz would not be now be familiar with the Hamilton quartet.

In a little more than a year on the road it has established itself as one of the best-selling small units in the field.

He has become widely established through a successful Newport festival appearance in 1954 ("I had to give up a full week of bookings to take that one night, but it was worth it," Chico says), exposure via several concert packages, and excellent bookings at such well-known spots as the London House and Berkeley, plus imposing sales of his Pacific Jazz recordings.

THE INITIAL IMPACT undoubtedly was helped by the quartet's instrumentation. Buddy Collette on flute, saxinet, and organ (later it was held by Stan Harris); Fred Katz, cello; Jim Hall, guitar (later succeeded by John Pisano); Carson Smith, bass; and Chico, drums, presented something of an innovation in sound. Never did they overplay, or use double bass as a substitute for inventiveness.

"I've never thought of expanding the size," he said. "I like the size of the group just as it is. We can play just as funky as can be, then throw around and be dainty and polite. There's no

big pretensions about it. We've just trying to play good and in tune. I don't care if people call it jazz or whatever they want to. We just want to play good music."

"Hey, how come (Billy) Pierce is throwing it out that? Oh, I do. He's making the guy say purposes I bet they don't get the double play."

"Oh, yes, so they should we expand? We can sound like a big band and like a small group. It's good this way. And with the tempo we have, with every guy a great bookman as well as a good musician, we offer a challenge to guys who want to write for us. Did you know we encourage that, by the way? Anybody who comes up to me and says he's got a score he'd like us to look at, why, we play it."

"Wasn't did you see that? So why didn't I get that with the camera?"

PROBABLY BECAUSE he is so interested in the quartet, the subject always is a prominent in the Hamilton mind.

But what made him decide to form his own group and become a leader? It is fairly well known that he was living comfortably and doing well as a sideman and sometimes studio musician. He could regard an about \$10,000 a year income without the precipitate deduction that sensitive stage leaders.

"I had to," he said. "I was a sideman for 15 years, and I worked for a lot of people, from Lionel Hampton and Leroy Young to Louis Harris and Charlie Parker. I watched them and learned a lot from them. Then I just had to do it. When you're ready to lead, you know it."

"It started when I helped organize that first quartet with Gerry (Mal) Hayes. Then about two years ago I got my own group together. That was it. I'm happy."

He looked happy. Heemed casually in green chain shirts, Ivy League sport shirt, blue sweater, and dark glasses. ("If I'd known you were going to wear a tie, I'd have dressed," he said, grinning), he was a relaxed man, relaxed in the unobtrusive way of persons who have tasted success and content.

BUT WITH SUCCESS also can come some worries about holding onto it. After the seventh living session, he turned and said, "Tell me, what do you think of critics?"

"You mean jazz critics?"

"Jazz critics."

An admittedly biased answer was given, and as Chico proceeded on a short exposition:

"Maybe I can tell you some of the objections I have to some criticism in this way."

"I talked to a group of college students the other night. They asked a lot of questions, and a lot of them were very perceptive. I told them, 'You want to know the secret of jazz. That's good. The nature of the music depends on you young people. But don't be so ready and automatically critical about some aspects and some musicians as you seem to be. Don't ever forget that a human being is producing the music. He has his troubles and difficulties, too, and don't always expect him to play perfectly—especially jazz, which isn't just giving an interpretation to something, but which requires inven-

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Newport Jazz Festival

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what appeared to be a tempo snag, and expressed her distaste by trying to bend the tempo while shaking her head and leaning to glare at the trio. Appl in Paris, began again too late for her comfort, flared better in the long run. Her breathless panted Air Mail Special drew delighted laughter at interjections of humor, but the climactic, swooping apex tone carried to the very top of Ella's register and set the piece on a note of technical brilliance.

She closed with a birthday salute to Armstrong, and incorporated him, as well as Sam Murphy, on I Can't Give You Anything But Love.

A spontaneous singing of Happy Birthday burst from the crowd at Armstrong and his group came on-stage. Throughout the theme, George Tins Dave Brock, expectation ran as high for the coming act it could almost be felt physically.

But the only fireworks were the ones which appeared in the sky at midnight while the Armstrong group onstage was clearing through a standard set of his usual program pieces. The group opened with the usual duck Indiana, and followed with a familiar Ain't Misbehavin' (during which the lights and sound died for two minutes). Now to the Armstrong program was New You Man Jazz and High Society Calypso, both from the recent movie, High Society. Neither was jazz and neither belonged at a jazz festival. Louis was quiet here and later on of several Duke Ellington pieces that were in the post-set book.

THE ONLY "MEN" featured offering of the Armstrong portion was a fine Mahogany Hall Swing, on which Louis blew his best of the evening. Billy Eckstine rapped through a lull-luller: Blue Moon, Spike Teardrop concluded a somewhat less than on time, and the group performed Mood. The final piece was the same as it was done at the 1955 Festival. Guy Williams Ed Hall retained his musical dignity with a nice Scott Gomez Blues.

Barrett Deener's sharpless, Scampin' at the Shop, was more round than jazz, and set up to Deener's usual standards. During Treasury Young's You Can Depend on Me the lights died and sound died again for two minutes.

Louis called on Velma Middleton, much to the amusement of the press, who had been told she was not on the program this year. She went through her jumping, hopping, spry-dancing bit as a blues, dancing it by doing a split which suggested a portion of her gawp and may have injured her leg.

Ella returned to the stage as a

huge birthday cake was wheeled on, and Johnny Mercer led the audience in a singing of Happy Birthday. BO Conover announced that the Festival had established a \$1,000 Louis Armstrong scholarship for a deserving candidate to the school of his choice.

Ella started to say something, but was cut off by Armstrong who announced the national anthem, and the first concert closed.

A disappointed audience, which had been promised a blowing session between Armstrong, Trogardes, and Orr, as well as an Ella-Louis set, stopped the exits.

THINK ARE MANY stories about the backstage scene following the concert. Some are that Wein and Armstrong engaged in a heated argument. Others that Louis chewed out his group, Velma Middleton (for being late coming onstage), or the world in general. At any rate, Wein denied an argument, and said "I didn't even speak to Armstrong after the concert."

Not of the program was that Joe Glasser, Louis' manager, had come to the Festival expressly to be sure Armstrong would play some different tunes because of previous criticism, and also because the proceedings were being recorded for worldwide airing on the Voice of America and commercial release on Vervo.

"We had to bring the cake on during a number," Wein said. "Maybe that got him mad, but he would have stopped the show before we could have done it any other time. Johnny Mercer walked around two hours and Ella kept her gawp on. Trogardes and Orr were waiting backstage with their horns. I don't know what happened. Joe Glasser agreed to come up here in the program book is new..."

Part of the Armstrong position was quite probably public relations at having his solutions made for him. Another part was just anger.

In the past, Louis has been disappointed musically through bad programs and an uncooperative group. This time he was disappointed as a person, in addition.

Friday Afternoon

FRANK THOMAS in a long and hot Friday afternoon the crowd that had filled the stadium at Newport rose to its feet to demand "More! More! More!" And each time it was successful in making its wishes felt: it got more, louder, and perhaps strengthening the third session of the Fourth Newport Jazz Festival.

The first eager response of the crowd was to the first group, Baby Brad's

unit, an insistently traditional band. "No psychological or psychotic music," Baby proclaimed in his opening remarks: "no figures!" And then he, Jimmy Margolin (piano), Jimmy Welsh (drum trombone), and Joe Wee Russell (clarinet) delivered, with the necessary rhythmic assists from Mel Pines, Steve Jordan, Walter Page, and Benny Green. For some of us the happiest moments were contributed to this set by that early and long-lived voice of polytonality, Mr. Russell.

Frankie Alkopski appeared with bass and drums and Japanese costume, spoke some words in his speeches, played some pieces of unmistakable jazz associations, with unmistakable modern jazz influences, notably Bud Powell.

Once again the crowd roared its approval when Kai Winding wheeled his four-trombone, three-rhythm band onto the stage, negotiated a moving up-tempo Jambo Jazz and the pocket history of jazz he scarcely recorded with this group, Frankie Passmore. Dull imitations of Trogardes, Harris, Tootie Tom and others by Carl Fontana, Wayne Andre, and Smokey, were followed by a brief but comprehensive sampling of modern trombone sounds.

Gil Gryce and Donald Byrd shared up-tempo drives and solo honors in an effective set of performances by Gil's so-called "Jazz Laboratory." Donald's hot, swinging trumpet was backed in appropriate fashion by Hank Jones on piano, Wendell Marshall on bass, and Gene Johnson on drums, as well as Gil's alto. A similar set of support made Mel Mathews' excellent improvisations, altogether unobscured, a pleasure to hear. Those who contributed to the relaxed atmosphere, and thus to Mel's and the audience's ease, were Hank again, Ernie Portale on bass, and Johnny Crowl on drums.

Ernie and Johnny, two-thirds of the Bernard Peiffer trio, were in on the second's solo demonstration—by Bernard, who now then featured M. C. Williams Conover's enthusiastic description of his technical accomplishments at the keyboard in a Fretful, Fugue, and Yip treatment of Ladybug on Bird. And now more conventional but not less startling performances of I Could Write a Book, a middle-tempo blues, and Yesterdays.

After a handsomely played, well-conducted set by the Kenmuth Quartet (Lemon on saxophone, Ted Robinson on bass and clarinet, Lee Morgan on horn, Roger Price on drums), the Cunningham Adairby guitar blew things to a 4:30 finish (well and every set of ears from the crowd for Julian's alto, Mel Adairby's cornet, and Sam Jones' bass.

—Jerry Abner

Stratton Powers is the special gift of Newport Jazz Festival audiences. Friday night's crowd of 11,000—something close to a record—came very close to setting another sort of mark, for unflagging attention and enthusiasm, starting at 8:45 and not ending, even when the concert ended at a five minutes to 1 the next morning, after a long and loud Weston session.

Bobby Haber's master juggled styles and tunes and instruments and came out ahead, in the evening's opening act. That's no small achievement when the tunes and styles to be balanced spring from such varied sources as Ellington, Monk, New Orleans, and piano-translator-also horn player Dick Cary, and when the instruments include, in addition to Haber's congas and Dink's accord, a tuba, clarinet, vibes, baritone, and drums. The crowd, properly enough, was impressed.

Carver McKas sustained the late arrival of her pianist (Ray Bryant) and drummer (Shere Wright) with a couple of standards, then turned to material more directly tailored to her color in *Splinter* and *Midnight Sun*. The George Shearing quintet, as George made more than clear in his opening commentary, made every effort to turn from the too neatly tailored vehicle to more free-wheeling transport. To the inevitable ballads were added a romp featuring the *Admirals* as guest stars and a couple of numbers featuring Armando Peraza on the bouzouki.

An altogether delightful draw dealt in which Ray Elbridge played around *Balls to Jo Jones* (available), brought a crowd and musician-pleasing set with "The All-Star" as a double take. Buddy Ray and Jo, the Stars were Coleman Hawkins, Pat Brown, Al McKibbon and Ray Bryant. Among them, they arranged several ballads, a variety of boats, and the surprising but sweet Georgia Brown on which Jo and Ray linked wit so wisely.

Come from a newly organized Round Corner collection: familiar tunes, familiar style, familiar response—except all the way.

Ray Kerkin's ten horns, four reeds, and three rhythms held most of the 11:00 in the stadium right through every moment, familiar or not so well known, of a dozen covers. That's right: 12. It was a long act, an hour long, but to the audience a fine opportunity to listen was again to *Johnny in Memphis* (same version), *Patrolman 817*, *23 N. W. Fla. Sunset Fender* and the like, and to hear Stan's present-day soloing, Leroy Williams, Bill Perkins, Ed Liddy, Sam Noto, Kent Larnen, and others, in material of their own devising or more specially written for them. Of notable aid in this long presentation through the Kenan library was the drumming of young Jerry McRae, very new to the band but very true to it and its traditions.

—Barry Scher



ELLA FITZGERALD

ELLA FITZGERALD

Saturday Afternoon

TRUMP AND DRUMMER dominated the Saturday afternoon concert.

It began somewhat impressively with the Cool Taylor quartet, with Taylor, piano Steve Lacy, soprano sax; Donald Charles, drums, and Neal Mitchell, bass. Chaired by Taylor's free-wheeling piano conception, the group weaved its way through Billy Strayhorn's *Johnny Come Lately* as entitled blues, and a Taylor-original, *Tomato Pie*. Taylor, an avant garde clarinet, and Lacy, one of the most adventurous young saxists, managed to make some of the group's efforts inspirational for the attentive audience.

Organist Jimmy Smith, with guitarist Ed McPherson and drummer Don Bailey, mounted the Taylor quartet's live-time act, included a playing, shouting version of Horace Silver's *The Preacher* and a primitive, hard-bop *The Way You Look Tonight*. Smith played with a fervor clarity that evoked enthusiastic audience responses.

Phonix Eddie Costa, backed by Ernie Perdue, bass, and Al Robinson, drums, proceeded to pick up where the energetic Smith finished by moving into a pulsating, hot pianistic, *Twelve o'Clock on Love*. His *Get Happy* moved from an intricate bass pattern to a moving exploration of the piano as a piano. It was one of the high points of the festival.

Costa, Perdue, and Robinson were joined by clarinetist Red Kahn and flautist Dick Johnson for *There'll Never Be Another You* and *PU Remember April*. Kahn played with characteristic boogie beats, but Johnson, who has had progressive moments in other contexts,

seemed unable to warm up to the occasion, probably due to a limited time on stand and a lack of rehearsal with the other men in the group.

Don Elliott brought a delightful touch of humor to an otherwise routine afternoon. Elliott, playing vibes and melophone, included several satirical quotations in his five tune act. His vocal version of *I Only Have Eyes for You*, including improvisations of Sarah Vaughan, Liberace, and Mr. Magoo, completely captivated the audience. His vices parody of the styles of Red Norvo, Bill Jackson, Jack Brackman, Lionel Hampton, and Terry Gibbs was comically humorous. Assisted ably by pianist Bill Evans, Perdue, and Robinson, he presented attractive studies of *Swingin' in the Dock*, *I Love You*, and *It Reminded Me*, as well.

Slower Jackie Paris, backed harmonically by Joe Martino, piano, Jim Hawkins, bass, and Jo Jones, drums, sang five progressively altered tunes, including a delicate *Myrtle* and a blues-tinged *Indian*. His subtle phrasing, warm tone, and projecting clarity captured the Freebody park audience.

In a program redefining, Joe Carter, best known as Doris Duke's discoverer, played three tunes, in a kind of Monty ascending manner.

The Herbie Silver quintet, with Art Farmer, trumpet; Cliff Jordan, horns; Teddy Kotick, bass, and Louis Hayes, drums, returned some credit to the program. Although Farmer and Jordan have sounded better on other occasions, pianist Silver managed to drive the group intensely. Included were an up-tempo, top-loaded *No Smiling*, *Street Scene*, and *Cool Eyes*.

The climax of the afternoon's session, and one of the major moments of the festival, occurred with the arrival of the Farmingdale, N. Y., high school dance band, The Dancers. Led by band director Marshall Brown, the 18-piece group, inspired by the remarkably youthful able of 14-year-old Andy Mariani, moved through eight tunes. Among them were *Walk, Don't Run*; *Tom Miller*; *Pepp*; *Calabria*, and a John LaPorta arrangement of *Speak Low*. The performance captured the audience and brought praise from many musicians present. The act was successful enough to inspire festival president Louis L. Lorillard to invite the band back for the Sunday night concert. However, the band was unable to do so, as the Voice of America's Ella Cosover indicated, because of previous commitments . . . to the parents of its members.

—Jed

Saturday Night

THE SATURDAY EVENING concert was a mixture of defeat, inconsistency, and partial accomplishment.

After an apathetic opening act by the Turk Murphy Dixieland group, Chris Connor presented a symphonically arranged, including *From This Mo-*

most Ga, Four Little King Girl, the lovely Hiss the Wind Was Green, and an up-tempo *Five and Dime*. Although the subjects considered material, Miss Connor's communication is impeded by certain technical items. She appeared more pleased than in previous performances and manifested an improved sense of dynamics, but could benefit from improvement in both areas.

The Dave Brubeck quartet, with Paul Desmond in fine form, opened with a piece, followed by *Three French Things*. *Fun in a Dancing Mood*, and two selections from Brubeck's *Jazz Impressions of the U.S.A. I, P. Ten Dave Younger and Sounds of the Loop*.

Flaxton Teddy Wilson, with drummer Specs Powell and bassist Milt Hinton, played a precise four-time set, before being joined by Gerry Mulligan for *Seven Georgia Reverses*. Mulligan announced his own group to the stand: Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Joe Boncompagni, bass; and Dave Bailey, drums. They played an successful six-time set, including such Mulligan sets as *Line for Love*, *My Peony Valentine*, and *Waltz in Snow*.

Billie Holiday, supported by Mel Waldron, piano; Benjamen, and Jo Jones, sang six tunes in what has become a well-remembered performance.

The Dixie Gillespie band set opened with the band playing accompaniment for an Martha Hill dance presentation. Miss Hill, utilizing two conga

drummers, three male dancers, and certain well-contained charms, offered a four-part dance based on aspects of jazz tradition. Obviously, she has studied Ferial, Jung, and Miss West, but such efforts did not make her writing particularly fresh.

Mary Lou Williams emerged from retirement to play several portions of her *Swingin' Suite* and a concluding *Caravan* with the Gillespie band. Her inspired work indicates that her return to the active jazz scene would be a most welcome one.

The band concluded the evening concert with an extended, but inconsistent, program of Gillespie music. Dixie opened with an imaginative solo on *Dixie's Blues*. *Night in Tunisia*, with Lee Morgan, soloing, followed. *Die Charred Schoolbags*, then formed a comedy team with baritone saxist *Two Was More for Horace Silver's "Dance, Ho"*. *Die* played lastly on Kenny Colman's tribute to Clifford Brown, *I Remember Clifford*. Melba Liston attempted to sing, and played trombone, on *You'll Be Sorry*. The band closed through *Haremone*, *Madison*. *Janine Connor* sang *Over the Rainbow*.

As the concluding sounds of the Gillespie band filtered through Newport, the audience fled from the park. Many of those present, were uncertain about the validity of remaining so much later in a little town, one of the few which made this evening seem so desperately long and yet so very festive in view of

some of the quality of the music presented.

—paul

Sunday Afternoon

SHARON KONIGSBERG came to Newport, and judging by the reception, came to play in a regular feature of the Jazz Festival presentations.

This compelling music at the roots of jazz drew the most sustained audience enthusiasm of any of the new acts.

Assembled on the stage at Freedom Park were the Ward Singers, The Drinkard Singers, the Hank Home Choir, and Mahalia Jackson.

The Ward Singers opened with *Praying Tonight*, then moved to a solo on *The Lord's Prayer*, beautifully executed and climaxed by the soprano with a breathtaking final phrase, *Bring Love, Sweet Charity* was rhythmically and movingly sung.

The Drinkard Singers from Newark, N. J., five girls and a boy, joined strongly in *Everbody's Tired*, *Always Yours*, *Calling a Spinner Back Home*, and *That's Enough*. The final song drew spontaneous audience handclapping response, and was thrillingly performed by a woman singing against the rest of the group.

The Ward Singers returned for a *Sanctus*, *NBC Radio* singers, *Psalm 139*, and *Charm Ward* sang *Something*.

(Continued on Page 22)



THE WARD SINGERS

Jack Vengarden and Red Allen



THE WARD SINGERS

Loisie Armstrong

'They Said I Was Too Far Out'

By Ralph Gleason

Dave Warner Brubeck, at the age of 35, is a successful man in his chosen profession, a man who has designed his life to suit his own taste and despite the rigors of a high-pressure business, manages to spend more time at home with his wife and five children than can almost anyone in a comparable position.

During the year 1954, Brubeck spent only 180 days on the road. He frequently flew back to Oakland, Calif., for a week with his family. Perhaps it was the only one or two days. And during the time, he was off the road, much of it was devoted to digging and sifting and savoring on the mountaintop in areas in the residential district of Oakland.

THE BRUBECK property was a wedding present of one bit from his father. Brubeck since has added to it until now it is more than an acre, including the peak of the hill with a half-acre view of the San Francisco bay area.

Brubeck is preoccupied with this property, he says, because he wants it to be an estate for his children. He plans to live there, near the children, and then turn it over to them.

Brubeck grew up on a 42,000-acre ranch in northern California and but for the prospectus of a College of the Pacific history teacher, would be in a ranch today as a veterinarian, his original aim in college.

He was born in 1919 in Concord, Calif., a small town inland about 80 miles from San Francisco. His father was a cattleman, buyer of head beef and manager of public markets. His mother was the daughter of a stage coach operator who ran a regular passenger and mail coach from Concord over the Mils to Oakland.

Mrs. Brubeck, however, was an unusual woman. In a society where—except for those who had struck it rich—there was little opportunity to inquire into the arts because the business of scraping out a living was too time-consuming, she managed to become a musician and even in later years, after her children were reared, returned to college and resumed studies.

THE BRUBECK family was musical. Dave's two older brothers, Harry and Howard, also became musicians. Harry, after an apprenticeship as the drummer in the Del Courtney band, went on to become the director of music for the Santa Barbara elementary school system, and Howard is now chairman of the music department at Palomar college in California.

The Brubecks moved from Concord



Brubeck with sons Mike and Harry and Postquam Wex and Ted Wex.

when they went to a ranch in Sonoma, California, mountain town, where his father had been made manager of a ranch, but Dave's memories of the Concord home are still vivid.

"I remember that house yet. It was built for strictly music. Pianos were in four different rooms there, and they were going all day long. My mother was teaching or my brothers were practicing. The first thing I heard in the morning was her teaching or them practicing. And the last thing at night. We didn't even have a radio in Concord."

Dave's mother was his first, and actually his only, teacher of any importance until he studied with Milward, and she gave Dave his first piano lesson.

"It was apparent right from the beginning," he says, "that I would be a composer. I was always improvising from the time I was 4 and 5. And I refused to study! My mother was this and taught me completely different from Howard, who is about as talented a musician as I can think of. She didn't force me to practice, and she didn't force me to play serious music, but she gave me a lot of theory, ear training, harmony. From the time I

was very small, it was impossible to make me play any of the classical pieces except when I'd sit down and play them by ear. So I developed differently from my brothers."

DESPITE THE classical music atmosphere of the Brubeck household, Dave decided to become a veterinarian when he was in high school.

"I wanted to stride right down on the ranch and never even go to college," he says, "but my mother wanted me to have some education so I decided to study veterinary medicine and come back and help my dad on the ranch."

"But it was so difficult being a pre-med, six hours four days a week in the lab, which I hated. I got passing grades, but I was completely drug the whole time. And the biology teacher knew my mind was across the lines at the music department. I'd just sit at a desk and listen to everybody practice and wouldn't be getting any attention."

"So to add at the end of the year, 'Brubeck, why don't you just go over there; that's where you belong!' And I sure thank him to this day."

Through high school and college, Brubeck was working in bands in the California mountain country. He began

appearing professionally with pianist Bob Steinor, who has been a great influence on Dave and who introduced him, via records, to jazz. Steinor and Brubeck had a top-drawer-club-jazz piano team when they were 12.

"We were gigging," explains Brubeck, "Lena Urliko and vocals. We could be hired for as little as getting us out of school to fill spots."

LATER, WHEN HIS become more prodigious on piano, he played with melody and rhythm swing bands in California.

Even after he switched in college to studying music, Brubeck says, he was a poor student.

"But I absorbed, almost through osmosis, from all my teachers, which is the real reason why you study, not for grades," Dave recalls. "I was NEVER a good student except in this way—I found that I had the ability to do something most students don't have. When I learned something, I could use it that day or that night. I found that if we were in counterpoint and the wren going over time-part inventions, well, that night my piano playing would be two lines. Or if somebody had mentioned Durian Belfrage using two hands, on the job that night I'd be using two hands."

Brubeck's experimentation with the material from the classroom on the job at night prevented the usual penalties from the men he worked with. He remembers:

"THE REACTION has gone on ever since I was a kid: 'What the hell is he doing? And it's a common expression for me. I was always experimenting on the job. Most musicians don't like that. I was always doing something where I'd just have to say to the boss man or the guitar man, 'Just stay in the key you're in, and I'll surprise you in a way.' Or I'd say to the drummer, 'Just play the best you're playing; what I'm going to do won't disturb you as long as you do what you're always used to.'

"And from the beginning, I've always tried to experiment on the known and what's going on around me. And when I started using polytonality in jazz (some people say I used it before I heard of Wilford—I think that maybe I was influenced by Wilford, Dave says with a wry smile), I always figured you weren't stopping on the other musician's line if you were experimenting something that wouldn't clash—either polyrhythmic or polytonal. That's really how the styles you could identify me with. And it started, I would say, when I was 18 years old. Fundamentally it's the style I'm using now."

WHEN DELIBERATE is criticized for not having his roots in the mainstream of jazz, it is important to remember that aside from the records he heard as a youth—Totley Wilson, Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman—he heard very little if any jazz at first and until he was in college.

"I had little opportunity to listen to much music in jazz after I moved

to Iowa," Brubeck says, "and our family didn't listen to much jazz on the radio. Occasionally I could get the Benny Goodman show on Saturday night. That's one of the things I can look back on and remember having had an opportunity to listen to."

"But as to records, I had only this one Fats Waller record, which I still have—I bought it in Kalamazoo when I was about 14. It was Heavy as the Moon Tonight and Ooze or Pinyon in a Glass. Of course, I insisted that when it was a hit, but I never saw Fats. That's another thing about being raised in the west. These people weren't available to you much."



Dave Brubeck

"I remember we had to drive cattle usually all summer, and we'd be out on the roads from, oh, 4 in the morning to 6 at night, and cars would come through on their way up into the mountains—usually."

"I used to drive about maybe Benny Goodman was going, come down the road. All day, I'd dream, as we drove the cattle, about how Goodman would have to come through the cattle—going from Stockton to Sacramento for a concert—and I wouldn't let him through unless he's let me on the band bus, and that'd be hard to be a piano on the bus, and everybody'd be jumping and somebody would get to hear me play!"

OVER IN A WHILE, when Brubeck was at the College of the Pacific in Stockton in the early '30s, he'd catch a band on a one-ster.

"At the time," Dave recalls, "if I stood in front of a band, and somebody looked up at me or somebody would stop and talk, I was so thrilled it was fantastic. Now, when I see these guys all the time, especially Duke or Stan, I always think of the time I walked out of Duke's dressing room ahead of my hair to him."

Despite the isolation from the mainstream of jazz in the early days, Brubeck branched out when attending College of the Pacific. He made frequent

trips to San Francisco, where Steinor was beginning to emerge as one of the best jazz pianists, and met in with such musicians as Jerome Richardson, Johnny Cager, Yarrow Averb, Bob Burfield, and Wilford Bruford. Then, while he was doubling from classes at COF to night jobs in Stockton joints, he worked upstate Clois Brown.

"She was a tremendous influence on me because of her left hand," he says. "She had a tremendous left hand, and she played single woggle faster than anybody. God, she could go! If she had a right hand like her left, she'd have given anybody a lot of competition."

IN 1932, Brubeck enlisted in the army. Dave says, "I went right into the army. No traveling bands. This is important. I'd never even been in L.A. until I went into the army."

When Brubeck went into the army, he enlisted in a band which was supposed to be a permanent unit and was stationed at Camp Haan near Los Angeles. His reception there, he remembers later, was the same as it had been when he first got to Stockton. The musicians put him down.

At Stockton when he first wanted to play, he went up to two musicians and announced that he was a jazz pianist. Dave recalls, "They looked around and said, 'Where you from?' I said, 'Iowa.' They just turned around again and didn't say anything. I had to walk away. Later when they found me playing at the ballrooms, they couldn't believe it. 'Aren't you the guy from Iowa?' they said."

At Camp Haan it was the same thing. Brubeck was the kid from Stockton, the epitome of coming to Stockton from Iowa.

There were several bands at the camp, and the personnel was from the Hollywood studios mainly. It was three weeks before Brubeck got to play, but when he did, he says, "I shocked everybody. This was the first thing I had that I would be accepted and allowed in the inner circle."

"I WAS IN THEN, and I was amazed. All the guys in those bands were wonderful musicians and very competent, but I was shocking everyone. I don't know of a pianist who's ever come along that has shocked the other guys like that. They just completely mugged over me then were so many new ideas."

"And, of course, they all thought I was too weird. The first time I wrote an arrangement for the band nobody would play it. So I took it to Kodak in L.A. Stan said, 'Bring it back in 30 years.' It was my first big-band arrangement, and I wouldn't be ashamed for Stan to play it today."

"I would say it produced a lot of things. It didn't have a tremendous jazz, swinging feeling, but it was very polytonal and harmonically. It was tremendously advanced, and it had a message you don't usually find in jazz."

"I wanted to be jazz for something much more serious than most people

wanted to. At an early age I thought this was a medium to express deeper emotion. Kertou said, 'What is this? A dirge? Where did you ever hear chords like this?'

Brubeck spent 18 months at Haas. He began writing small-ensemble arrangements there, and "those were very similar to how I would arrange now, and here again I wasn't accepted. Only by the Northwest quartets in the band."

WHILE AT Camp Haas, Brubeck got a weekend pass and went into Los Angeles to try to arrange to study with Arnold Schoenberg.

"We didn't get along at all," Dave says.

"He completely misapprehended that I studied with him. The first lesson was an introductory affair, and the second lesson, I had written something, and he wanted a reason for every note. I said, 'Because it sounds good,' and he said that is not an adequate reason, and we got into a huge argument in which he was screaming at me.

"And I asked him why did he think he was the man who should determine the new music, and he screamed. Therefore I know more than any man alive about music! Maybe this isn't an exact quote, but it's the essence of it."

So Brubeck parted from Schoenberg before they had more than briefly met. He says he didn't want to study with him—"I wanted to write because it sounded good, and I didn't have to know the whole history of why."

Then the army broke up the four 28-man bands at Haas. Brubeck was shipped to the infantry. He got into Normandy, France, about 28 days after D-Day and eventually was sent to the front, near Metz, as a rifle replacement. "It was just the worst possible place to be," Dave recalls, "because the Germans were really wiping them out."

AT THE LAST depot, Brubeck volunteered as a pianist during a Red Cross show, and because that was the moment when the area commandant had decided to have a band, he was selected to lead it. He missed going to the front by a matter of minutes.

Thereafter, Brubeck stayed in music until his discharge from the army. He was the leader and chief arranger for this band and wrote many originals for it. His reputation was a little better than it had been at Camp Haas or Stockton, for he was in a position to order the men to play. He says, "I had only one guy go back to the front rather than play there! He couldn't see it at all."

After the German capitulation, Brubeck led his band accompanying USO tours throughout France and Germany. In 1946, he was discharged and went directly to Mills college in Oakland to study with Milhaud.

"I had taken a couple of lessons from Milhaud before I went into the army," he says, and one of his brothers was Milhaud's assistant at that time.

"WHEN I WENT back to study



Dave and Sam Francisco (background) conductor Enriquez (left)

under Milhaud, to be honest, I was going to give up just because of all the hassles I had had, even in the army, to get the musicians to play my stuff. And I recalled even Kertou thought I was too far out. So I figured just wouldn't be the place to present the ideas I wanted to. It was too narrow. So I thought composition would be the answer.

"I turned out that Milhaud was the one who persuaded me to go back, saying I couldn't possibly give up just that it was in me and if I wanted to represent this culture, jazz was such an important part. He said it was more important to express the culture and not gain the technique. And he pointed out that every great composer had expressed his culture in which he was familiar and was completely familiar with the folk ideas and jazz was the folk ideas of America. He talked me back into it. It took a period of six months. I guess, and then I became interested in jazz again."

Brubeck's fellow students with Milhaud at that time included bassist Jack Weeks, saxophonist Dave Van Kralich, and clarinetist Bill Smith.

With Brubeck they began to write things based on jazz for the composition class. Dirk Collins there was studying with Howard Brubeck at Mills, and Paul Desmond was at San Francisco State college. The school was formed to play the pieces the Milhaud students had written as classroom exercises.

"Milhaud used these things as examples of contemporary music," Brubeck says. "Things like Paganini or Chopin or Prokofiev. So really we did a lot of things in that group—other people are just standing to do now, using other forms, the contemporary,

and so even things without rhythmic section where the horns really swing on their own."

URING THE TIME he was at Mills, Brubeck also played in and around the San Francisco area.

When he was working at the Garry Keller, a small club in the theater district, Desmond began to sit in regularly with him. Norman Bates was the leader, Francis Lynde (later with Gene Krupa) and Charlie Barnet) was the pianist, and Garry Keller was the tenor, doubling on cocktail drums.

The Garry Keller became the No. 1 spot for visiting musicians. Jack Egna, then an advance man for bands, wrote a piece about it for Down Beat, becoming the first to mention Brubeck in a national publication.

One night Benny Goodman dropped in.

"I'll never forget that night," Brubeck recalls. "I had been playing for about 10 minutes, and I wondered why Keller didn't play. So I looked over at Benny and to play with crystal standing up with the tenor around his neck—and he was just looking at the neck crystals. And I said, 'Wow,' and he said, 'No, man, no!'"

"So pretty quick, I looked right in front of me, and there's Goodman! I didn't turn away! Benny knew you always worked there, and he says 'What's matter with you, you seem a little?' And so I said, 'No, Goodman's sitting there, man,' and I tried to keep playing, and I was just panicked because here at last was Goodman. And then said, 'An what's the matter with you?' 'Why should that make you nervous?' And I said, 'If you're not nervous get up and sing, because I can't play and Keller won't play. So right away

(Continued on Page 32)

Leroy Vinnegar Turns Sour On That Man, Shelly

By John Tynan

MANNO TAKES TO FEEL EXPLOITED.

Leroy Vinnegar sure he feels he is a case in point, and currently he is in a state, hurt, and more than a little frustrated. He says he got an extra raw deal, was taken advantage of, and then got the breakdown.

This is the inside reason for his quitting the Shelly Manne group, the band with which he made a reputation as one of the best new bassists in jazz today.

Had it not been for the best-selling *My Fair Lady* jazz album by Shelly Manne and His Friends on Contemporary Records (released Aug. 17, 1955), Leroy probably still would be playing with Manne's band.

Vinnegar tells it this way:

"WHEN WE RECORDED the *Fair Lady* album, I understood that the only individual getting a royalty was Shelly. Since he was leader on the date, this was all right with me. Now, though, I discover that Andre Previn is getting a good royalty, too—and Jim out of the cold.

"Well, I went to Shelly and asked for what I considered a just settlement—a third of the album. After all, I worked like a dog on that record date, and because it's not an ordinary jazz album but a production picture, I feel I have a coming to me."

Shelly replied, according to the bassist, to the effect that Leroy should accept taking more than the 1/3 if it would pay him. Whereupon, Vinnegar said, he told his leader that if no additional settlement were forthcoming, he would leave the group. Shelly didn't stop him.

"I was done dirty, that's all," Vinnegar declares. "If I'd known that the royalty agreements before the date, I wouldn't have made the album. And now that it's become a hot-seller, these royalty payments are really adding up."

"Logically there was nothing I could do; they didn't have to pay me one cent more than the recording made called for. But I say there's a moral question involved here."

VINNEGAR, OBVIOUSLY, says he doesn't consider his statements a "blast" at

Shelly. He just wants the truth known, he says.

"Why should I tell a lie when people want to know why I left the group?" he asks. "When someone has done me wrong, I'm not about to tell a lie to cover him. All this time since we made that album, Shelly has been putting me on the back and telling everybody how great I am. That's fine, and it sounded good to me. But when it really came to showing how much he thought of me, the lead came first. Tell you something: next time I go with a group, I'm to go with where I'm appreciated."

Manne indicated that he did not wish to make any statement for the record in order not to start a "feud." He did, however, confidentially present his side of the case. Other interested parties had some points to make but refused to be quoted.

Indianapolis-born Vinnegar, 28, is normally a gentle giant. As Contemporary's Lester Koenig recently noted on an album which features the bassist, he handles his instrument as ordinary men might a violin.

There's more to it than mere power, however. Leroy's rhythmic playing is helping to mold the styles of newcomers in jazz bass. His conception is such that he has been tagged "Book of Ages" because of his wide rhythmic dependability and basic, deep-down playing that imparts a serene confidence to musicians working with him.

THIS STYLE OF playing has its roots in Leroy's early days around Indianapolis, where he worked cannals and gas stations. Though he taught himself piano, he soon switched to bass and quickly became a welcome attraction at clubs.

"At that time—before 1930—a musician could sit in anywhere in my home town," he recalls. "It wasn't like it is today: 'I won't let you play because you're not good enough.'"

"Knowing piano helped a great deal when I started on bass, even though probably I still had a lot to learn. That was the main reason why I concentrated on the low register: it was as much harder to play in high. . . . Then, playing in low seemed to be



acceptable to the guys around me. They kept telling me, 'That's the way a bass should sound, baby.' So I stuck to playing that way."

In 1932, Vinnegar left his native city for Chicago. He worked first in the rhythm section at the now-defunct Beckline and backstopped on occasion such notable as Charlie Parker and Benny Hill. Then came a stint with the Bill Russo quintet at the Blue Note, but. . . "I could never get a foothold in Chicago. Just didn't seem to be worth for guys who played the way I did."

IN AUGUST, 1954, Vinnegar migrated to Los Angeles and played his first jazz date with Barney Kessel at Jazz City. John with Art Tatum, Conte Candell, and Bob Gordon followed. Then in 1955, Stan Getz picked him for his rhythm section, using him on an album with Lionel Hampton. Of Getz, he says:

"Stan's a cat. I really enjoy playing with. He never gets in your way, and if he sets the tempo here"—Leroy snapped his fingers in tempo—"I might here."

At the end of 1955, when Manne left Shelly's *Keynes* group, the drummer chose this striking successor for his new quintet. From its opening at the Tiffany, it was apparent that Shelly's new group was breathing mightily from the contributions of Vinnegar.

Various record dates followed—with Manne and other well-known jazzmen — and that man Leroy was being backed by fans and musicians alike as the newest discovery on his instrument. His association with the Manne group lasted for a year and a half.

"IN THE TOP CONCEPT today," he considers, "most sessions are a lot better than they used to be a few years ago. They were way too weak—as mine, I mean. Trouble was, I believe, that too many players were imitating. One guy was trying to sound like Bud Powell, another like Max Roach—and so on. They just weren't together. . . . Everybody tries to be a star."

"In the last three or four years, though, there's been a lot of improvement. For one thing, Shelly's set a pattern for others to look at. He's a wonderful drummer, truly a great one."

jazz records

Records are reviewed by Don Carroll, Leonard Feather, Ralph J. Gleason, Don Gold, and Jack Tracy, and are illustrated by the artists. Ratings: ★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★★ Very Good, ★★★★★ Good, ★★★★★ Fair, ★★★★★ Poor.

Australian Jazz Quintet

AUSTRALIAN jazz groups have come to the attention of the American public in a big way through the efforts of Bill Holman's *Salute to Jazz*. In a *Contemporary Sounds* disc, *Salute to Jazz*, Holman has included a disc devoted to the Australian jazz scene.

Particularly fine tracks, such as *Billie Holiday*, *Summertime*, and *Swing with the Stars*, show the high quality of the Australian jazz scene.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is the most satisfying work the AJQ has done up with in recent releases. The Holman style is a handsome piece of writing which is given spirited interpretation.

Although Holman's tenor work is brisk and bounding on the opening and closing movements of the suite, it appeared an repeated listening that there was much to say in his music. As it is through, there is more excitement in the closing movement than I've ever heard from this generally sedate soloist.

The middle section, five beautifully integrated themes, is a perfect example of the other excellent work of the group. The total effect of this movement alone is one of pastoral beauty. The suite is another rewarding volume of Holman's continual growth as a mature writer.

The five tracks on the back side, with

the exception of the intriguing *Coltrane* (Clara), are poorly standard jazz fare.

The group should make every effort to secure Olin. He gives it a rhythmic depth it never had before. But I'm afraid Johnson can't be dragged away from his studio work. At one time, he's a valuable part of the group, particularly on the tuba. (100.)

Clara Baker

THIS GROUP ARE GOOD. *Clara Baker* has an LP of 12 songs of 1940s jazz. The group is made up of Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman.

Particularly fine tracks, such as *Billie Holiday*, *Summertime*, and *Swing with the Stars*, show the high quality of the Australian jazz scene. The group is made up of Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman.

Clara Baker

A glance at the LP jacket indicates the presence of such well-known California jazzers as Coltrane, Bascomb, Pepper, Holman, and Petticoat, but the music contained therein do not indicate that their abilities were utilized effectively.

Essentially, this is Baker's greatest achievement in music and an 11-piece group. Baker solo on each track, but

the few musicians cited above appear hardly on merely those tracks. To make matters even more frustrating, except for one additional paragraph, there is no solo identification in the liner notes, except the notes on *Imagery* to include mention of the fact that Baker played the only course in theory and harmony he ever took.

Nevertheless, there are rewarding moments here, primarily in the arrangements contributed. French pianist Christian Chastelain contributed three effectively inventive ones, *Clara*, *Blues*, and *I Love America*. French tenor, Pierre Michelot, wrote *Clara* and the arrangement for *Clara*. Jimmy Heath, Pepper's brother, arranged the three standards for the larger group. Uno started *Swinging* and *Blues*. Surrounded by the other arrangements, Uno's are not as persuasive. Holman's for the most part are well conceived. The one clearly by the Petticoats are well conceived and marked, for me, the most interesting aspect of the LP.

The convention is on a professional level, despite the lack of extended solos. Baker plays in good taste and with relatively linear imagination. Her technique is restricted to a few dynamic but succeeds in indicating some degree of emotional involvement.

It would be worthwhile to record the 11-piece group in arrangements by Chastelain and Michelot, providing solo opportunities for such able musicians as those mentioned above, particularly Pepper and Holman. The LP will four times by a side, could indicate some of the three included in this selection. (100.)

Clara Baker

THIS GROUP ARE GOOD. *Clara Baker* has an LP of 12 songs of 1940s jazz. The group is made up of Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman.

Clara Baker

Baker is a model of taste and delivery. Clayton is a trumpet of taste and delivery. This is an LP of 12.

There are a couple of moments of funk, but the most part, this is relaxed, easy-listening jazz, with the occasional, mostly, but with warm, and each blowing tightly united with force and spare construction.

By Holman's four solo vehicles, he is cool and swinging. The rhythm banding is fine throughout.

There are no unlikable moments here, or trails of diversity and experiment. But there is funk after funk of distinctive, integrated playing. There's some *long-in-the-tooth*, too. *Whisper* the low low to *Money* on *California*. This is the work of mature artists, at least, and having fun in their element. (80.)

Coleman Hawkins

COLEMAN HAWKINS' 12 recordings, *Clara Baker* has an LP of 12 songs of 1940s jazz. The group is made up of Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman, Bill Holman.

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Charlie Parker

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19. CHARLIE PARKER, Vol. 19 (see Vol. 1 for title). Right on! Charlie's music in the swing of Charlie Parker's music. Includes a disc of Charlie's early work, featuring his early bebop work, including "Miles' Blues," "Lullaby," "New York Blues," "Kudu," and "Ornette's Blues" in the book.

20. CHARLIE PARKER, Vol. 20 (see Vol. 1 for title). Right on! Charlie's music in the swing of Charlie Parker's music. Includes a disc of Charlie's early work, featuring his early bebop work, including "Miles' Blues," "Lullaby," "New York Blues," "Kudu," and "Ornette's Blues" in the book.

21. CHARLIE PARKER, Vol. 21 (see Vol. 1 for title). Right on! Charlie's music in the swing of Charlie Parker's music. Includes a disc of Charlie's early work, featuring his early bebop work, including "Miles' Blues," "Lullaby," "New York Blues," "Kudu," and "Ornette's Blues" in the book.

Down Beatly *****

This knowledge came of eight Parker albums just about eleven on the stand at Yervo. After this, we're told, we can expect an encore. The source is gone, and the available labels were unattended with some of the best taken to reproduce LPs and also to help show what Parker tried and succeeded on his way to an acceptable master.

The new, previously unissued set here is Vol. 8, Charlie Parker Plays Charlie Parker. It was out at maximum in March, 1945, about three months after Charlie died. It was Parker's first record. The effect of time and illness on Parker is manifest here. His tone is less brilliant, his flow of ideas less sparkling.

He seems to be warily hovering above in the melody line here. The broad-based lines and the melodic lines are a bit of melody in a more direct form. The starting and ending are clear to a fault. There is, however, still the subtle and the harmonic line. He avoids the obvious but doesn't go far inside as he did before. Not that this isn't an interesting set but rather it's not my Parker.

There is no denying the title top of "parade" in much of the material in the other volumes. They have been called from the Murray and Charlie and collections organized and supported by Norman Grant. Even at night strings (which included folk music) and the melody of his (Shank) to explain a very groovy (which would be watch, and also, as he said). Bird was blowing with strength, conviction, and from what seemed to be an endless fund of melody.

The contents of the other seven volumes have been reviewed in these pages already in their earlier writings. An added feature when the release collections of Bird began to

be released, whatever their previous ratings, they are now all favorites. The source of supply no longer exists, and this is what we have on hand to set the standard.

Time has not dulled away any of the excitement of the best of these sides. But it has proved one thing—what once sounded strident and often aimless now emerges as imaginatively conceived and superbly executed sounding.

Even the knowers of Dick's big-band arranging skills to hold their own to earth. When it comes symphonies company, his habits are Anderson, and his colleagues, Gillespie, Davis, Monk, and Bergain, are apt to some of their finest playing.

This is by no means all of Parker. Other collections of earlier material on other labels are needed to fill in the blank that this late package draws. These three sides are necessary, too, to fill in missing parts in the late Parker picture. The album notes (except for three on Volumes 2, 3, and 4 by M) since which are intelligent and informative) are distressingly scant or no better as to be without worth as filler on a series as important to jazz as this one.

By all means collect these records, single or in bundles. (D.G.)

Perkins/Kanzone/Pepper

1957 RECORDS—Columbia (LP, 10" 33, 481); Jay Records, 4 Page Run, all of the Pepper three Kanzone music (LP, 10" 33, 481); Jay Records (LP, 10" 33, 481); Jay Records (LP, 10" 33, 481); Jay Records (LP, 10" 33, 481).

Perkins, Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Notes (1957-58)

Perkins and Kanzone are a pair of Brothers of the Via, West Coast counterparts of Frya by way of Stan and Leo and containing elements of each in their sound and style. The Perkins side sound is lighter than that of Kanzone, more nasal, perhaps, and a bit harder. Kanzone, however, is a soft swinging sound, closer to Pops than to Gato. However, it is fascinating how similar they sound and in this LP there is an excellent opportunity for comparison.

Perkins has devised a series of techniques in which the similarity and differences of both can be appreciated. The backing is really first rate, with a fine swinging foundation by Lewis and excellent comping and solo from Hayes and Mitchell.

On four of the tracks Pepper replaces Kanzone to heighten the contrast and further after intriguing comparisons. On two sides (Tracks 7 & 8) Perkins plays bass clarinet and makes it sound very full, swinging, and valid on both the blues and the ballad.

The significance of this LP, as in most of Perkins and Kanzone's work, is tone. The arrangements, by Perkins except for those by Pepper, are all strong, economical, carefully emotional in intent. Aside from the fine passages when Kanzone and Perkins play together and then each can shine on his own, I was particularly struck by the beauty of Street and Lonely, which has a fine bass solo by Mitchell and by the wonderful blues feeling of Salsal Delight. Pepper's last contribution is a swinging solo on What Is This Thing in which he again lays claim

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RCA-Down Beat Milestones

THE GREAT Jazz/Jazz-Ragtime, Ragtime Band (1972) (RCA 66111), features 16 of the Great Ragtime Bands of the 1920's, many of them, like the Original Dixieland Jass Band, led by Jelly Roll Morton in 1917, and the Hot Five and Hot Seven of Louis Armstrong, led by Jelly Roll Morton in 1926. The other bands and solo artists include: Freddie Redd and Alvin Karpis; Sunnyland Swing Band and Alvin Karpis; Sunnyland Swing Band and Alvin Karpis; Sunnyland Swing Band and Alvin Karpis; Sunnyland Swing Band and Alvin Karpis; Sunnyland Swing Band and Alvin Karpis.

IN A WILLOWOOD-style thirteenth and sixteenth (1971) (RCA 66112), Volume 10 of the '60's Jazz Collection (RCA 66111) features 12 classic jazz tunes from 1945 to 1950. The tunes are: 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day'.

A SERIES of HISTORY packages on the Swing Era (1945-1955) (RCA 66113) features 12 classic jazz tunes from 1945 to 1950. The tunes are: 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day'.

DEEDS TO MEMORY (1970) (RCA 66114), features 12 classic jazz tunes from 1945 to 1950. The tunes are: 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day'.

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IN THE first year of the Down Beat Jazz/Vibe Jazz Milestones collection (1970), it may be in order to look back on the first five issues, and look ahead to coming packages in the series.

The first album, The Great 10, is made up of 10 tunes cut by Ella Fitzgerald's Big Band from 1945 to 1950. The tunes are: 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day'.

The second collection includes some wonderful Duke Ellington tunes from 1945 to 1950. The tunes are: 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day'.

The Complete Charlie Parker collection brings

together 16 tunes long unavailable on LP, and never before issued on LP. Volume of songs from 1945 to 1950. The songs are: 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day'.

The 10 Down Beat Jazz/Vibe Jazz Milestones collection (1970) features 10 classic jazz tunes from 1945 to 1950. The tunes are: 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day', 'A Foggy Day'.

In the future, the Down Beat Jazz/Vibe series will produce more jazz collections, including two collections of Duke Ellington, another Duke Ellington collection, a set of 10 Duke Ellington favorites of the 1950's, an Art Tatum volume, a collection by a largely cut-off from Ellington and titled Duke Ellington, another set in the vein of Ellington's 'Pastiche' to make available the long-out-of-print records so valuable to jazz collectors and historians, and a further delivery into the swing era, from a slightly different angle.

All records in the series will continue to have 10 tracks or their equivalent, and will be issued with painstaking detail to the notes and the sound.

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JAZZ
BY

Left Tree

All Musician Street, N. Y. C. 14

Newport Festival

Continued from Page 141

Rigger Then You And I in a warm and rich voice. The group also sang The Old Time Fug, How Many Times, and Great Day.

The Black Home Choir of Newark, N. J., directed by Jeff Banks, sang Paul's Letter Got Swifty, I Want You To Walk With Me, Step By Step, the Bible story of the woman who wished only to touch the hem of Jesus' robe to be made whole again, and I've Got To Meet For Jesus. Audience response again was genuine and very warm.

But it was Miss Jackson who stirred the audience deeply with her eloquence and simplicity in a presentation of 13 Gospel songs, which could have been 130 if the audience had its way.

She sang a lovely Only A Fooler Among Jesus Men The Women At The Well, John's At Home, I'm Going To Live The Life I Live About, I'm Going Home With My Lord, When The Saints Go Marching In, Keep Your Head On The Floor, At Jesus' Feet Very Much, Get Me A Crown, Never Walk Alone, The Upper Room, Love The Old Man, and Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child, showing how the last named and Sonnetaries are connected.

The concert was a personal triumph for John Hammond, who voiced his inclusion on the Newport program. Her quiet spokesman Joe Raposo, who presided beforehand to the audience in moving acceptance and emotion of the songs, declared, "This is part of our American heritage. This music is sung from the heart and the soul."

The performance was staged with dignity, and achieved a depth of feeling previously unhit at any Newport event.

Sunday Evening

Bruce Banner as John Hammond's Day with the afternoon presentation of Gospel singing, and concluded as John Hammond Night, with his commentary on the band of Count Basie.

Highlights of the evening was a re-union of Duke and drummer Jo Jones, Lester Young, and singer Jimmy Rushing. With Jo on drums and Five walking on tenor, Rushing and the Duke band had a set which was ready the most exciting and exciting of the entire evening. Rushing sang a punchy Sent For Joe Henderson, and a blues which built into two kind choruses of 16th, with Benny singing as hard as any soloist, that drew a rousing roar of approval from the 8,000 persons assembled, coupled with a demand for more. Rushing's music, however, with Five again soloing, proved almost as fabulous.

The final concert opened with the Jimmy Griffin trio's Gotta Dance,

Guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ralph Fera integrated as well with Griffin's tenor, baritone, and clarinet, that it seemed the group was bigger by at least two more members. They played Two Kind of Blues, The Fera And The Alter, and Four Brothers. It was amazing how large the trio sounded, particularly on the final tenor. And Griffin somehow achieves a true mood—wind sound from the clarinet which lent a subtle feeling of blues to his Ten Ambs.

The Great Peterson trio played a swinging 325 You And Me Man, a pretty and peppy James Spring (dedicated to the late Clifford Brown), a Got In Color, and a seriously up tempo Red Street Blues. Jo Jones, Sonny Rollins, and Ray Elridge joined the trio for Number Blues, in which Elridge walked on tenor, Wilbur Fungus Par We, on which Ray blew a beautiful, restrained solo; Autumn In New York, made shimmering by Ray's solo; and as up tempo original, opened by Ray's modern solo and tenor, and a luscious chorale from Peterson.

Sarah Vaughan closed the first half of the program with a set including If This Isn't Love, The Magnificent Is Over, All Of Me, Black Coffee, Sometimes I'm Happy, and Four Brothers. She came back to enerve with an up tempo Avanti, and a melody of Time and Tenderness, accompanied by Jimmy Jones, Ray Higgins, and Richard Davis. Sarah sang well, particularly on All Of Me, which was highlighted by an improvised chorus within the frame of the lyrics.

The remainder of the program was all Basie's. Hammond introduced the members of the band, and they opened with an Eric Wilkin's original "to see if hasn't even got a title yet." Lester Young joined the band for Fella Got And Myself, a swinging Lester Song No, and stepped through the Jimmy Rushing set. Jo Jones looked and sounded wonderful in the Basie rhythm section.

Joe Williams sang a pair of blues, then joined with Sarah Vaughan for Fella Got Tonight, a rendition which left the audience roaring "over!" for nearly two minutes. Concord aired in promoting their release. When the concert ended, there was some re-union at the broken promise.

Elton Jo Jones, Ray Elridge, Lester Young, and Jo Jones returned for a final evening of One O'Clock Blues, which had no lack of spirit but somehow failed to hit it had been the intention of anyone to bring on August to break things up a la Paul Boncompagni had not, it failed to happen. Jo Jones's charisma, counterpoint, and drive for him, were greeted with lukewarm applause.

The climax of the evening had come a few hours earlier, when Rushing and the old guard proved again that swing is the thing.



Hi-Logic

By Leonard Feather

This was the first time I had ever conducted a blindfold test. I gave a few selected people the same thing to a restricted interval and their inevitable verdicts gave me to go on.

The Hi-Lo's represent the semi-weekly trend in group singing—a trend toward emancipation from the simplicity, sometimes not far removed from burlesque humor, that has characterized so many trios and quartets.

Not surprisingly, the foursome proved to be as forthrightly responsive in reacting as in singing. To preserve some kind of order, I suggested that the four be in turns handling the bulk of the criticism but asked the other three to add any relevant additional comments each time.

Neither the Hi's (Bob Strauss, Bob Moran) nor the Lo's (Gene Peering, Clark Burroughs) were given any information before or during the test about the records played for them.



The Records

1. Gene Krupa with Billie Holiday (Capitol). The Blues Man, vocal.

Gene Peering: Just a guess, because it did sound like a Keweenaw bandstand. I think that's the new Capitol album, Krupa and Holiday. The group sings out of semi-conscious vagaries like a group we heard in San Francisco called the C Notes, but they were really just starting out, and it sounds like—I think it was the Keweenaw bandstand—being picked up another group sounding like the Five Freshmen, or something else, in many respects, except that the Five Freshmen don't sing that high. I thought it was a little bit overdone. I would rate it two stars.

Bob Moran: I'd rate it more than that—maybe five, because I think it's an interesting arrangement. I don't care for the way they sing it. It's a beautiful, touching song, and I don't think they were aware of what they were singing lyrically. I feel it was all in the execution of the notes. It's interesting to listen to but not an emotional thing, so that score should be high.

Bob Moran: I'd rate it more than that—maybe five, because I think it's an interesting arrangement. I don't care for the way they sing it. It's a beautiful, touching song, and I don't think they were aware of what they were singing lyrically. I feel it was all in the execution of the notes. It's interesting to listen to but not an emotional thing, so that score should be high.

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2. Gene Krupa with Billie Holiday (Capitol). The Blues Man, vocal.

Clark Burroughs: It's a good commercial record, but I wouldn't think of going out and buying it. I think it's done very well—it behaves what it set out to do without being really bad. I don't know who the singers are—they have a nice, bright, balladish, breath sound. I think it ought to score pretty well in balladness, but I don't think it will go to be a hit. I think the male singer up in the background is pretty bad. It's kind of out of tune. It's sort of reminiscent of the Andrews Sisters, the old things, but I think those are a little brighter and fresher sounding people.

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3. Gene Krupa with Billie Holiday (Capitol). The Blues Man, vocal.

Moran: I don't know who it is. I don't think it's any organized group, but they're doing a few basic ballad-type things. There's nothing beautiful, touching song and done beautifully or touch-

ingly. They sound like good singers who didn't rehearse it enough and didn't try to perform it and maybe didn't care about the feeling of the song, but just tried to get the notes and so it wasn't absolutely a success.

The soprano seemed so inappropriate with that song. It seems to go along with that group. I mean it's on a par with them. Is the soprano player a famous player?

Peering: It sounds like a member of the Charlie Parker band. I've never heard that sound—it's one of those weird, half-breed-type things. They sounded suspiciously like the Dave Lambert singers.

Bob Strauss: I didn't like it, and I would come right out and put this record down as a very unfortunate approach to the tone, and it kind of makes me mad.

4. Gene Krupa with Billie Holiday (Capitol). The Blues Man, vocal.

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5. Gene Krupa with Billie Holiday (Capitol). The Blues Man, vocal.

Burroughs: To begin with, it starts out with some interesting sounds, as much. Instrumentally, it has a kind of dingy-night-club flavor to it. I

thought the notes could have been a little bit more imaginative.

When it started, I wanted to like it very badly, but I feel it says in the middle because the notes are pretty good. The feeling is nice, but especially they lack imagination. I do like the way the ensemble kind of swings out at the end. It has a nice ending, walking line, and I'd give it 2 1/2, maybe four stars. I don't know who it is. It has an Ellingtonian flavor to it.

Peering: I think that there are so many of these groups now many unclassified jazz groups that it's probably going to turn out to be a queer group by itself. They really don't add anything except noise and more noise of a certain amount of really little consequence.

6. Gene Krupa with Billie Holiday (Capitol). The Blues Man, vocal.

Moran: Wonderful! I don't know who the singer is, but I love her, wherever she is. I think it's Billie Holiday on record (laughter). . . . I really enjoyed that. I wish I knew more about that sort of music. I have nothing about it, but I enjoy it when I hear it.

Clark Burroughs: It's a good commercial record, but I wouldn't think of going out and buying it. I think it's done very well—it behaves what it set out to do without being really bad. I don't know who the singers are—they have a nice, bright, balladish, breath sound. I think it ought to score pretty well in balladness, but I don't think it will go to be a hit. I think the male singer up in the background is pretty bad. It's kind of out of tune. It's sort of reminiscent of the Andrews Sisters, the old things, but I think those are a little brighter and fresher sounding people.

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7. Gene Krupa with Billie Holiday (Capitol). The Blues Man, vocal.

Burroughs: I'd give it on this particular blindfold test, might give I wouldn't even bother discussing it. I'd rate it one because there isn't anything less than that.

Clark Burroughs: It's a good commercial record, but I wouldn't think of going out and buying it. I think it's done very well—it behaves what it set out to do without being really bad. I don't know who the singers are—they have a nice, bright, balladish, breath sound. I think it ought to score pretty well in balladness, but I don't think it will go to be a hit. I think the male singer up in the background is pretty bad. It's kind of out of tune. It's sort of reminiscent of the Andrews Sisters, the old things, but I think those are a little brighter and fresher sounding people.

heard it on the radio. The background I thought was very background, and it will probably sell a pile—but not to me.

Barrymore: I object to these watered-down things. I would prefer to have a real thumper, swinging sleeves tripping out, ha-da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da... I would rather hear a group that plays in a drive and really nervously plays this than to have the sweeping strings. It sounds so mathematical and so like a device—like "this is what we must give the public because that's what the public likes."

I can't understand how anybody in that session can imagine it, but they put it out. I am sure, because of money, and it has nothing to do with music. I put it down the coast!

Frankie: I was sort of curious because I think that's a real and well-grouped band trying to do a better level of rhythm and blues music. I think it's closer to the Diamonds or the Platons, probably the Diamonds.

Direct Hit

Chicago—At a recent publicity party celebrating the arrival of the Duke of Windsor in the Preview lounge here, the discussion turned to air play of the Duke's records. Suddenly, a large champagne-like bottle fell down the ceiling and landed on the head of the young Steve Delaney. Dazed for a moment, he reached and shouted, "All right, all right, PU spin the records."

off the soundtrack

By Henry Mancini

MANY YEARS ago an unidentified filmmaker, with his fearful eyes on the silent screen, drew his line across the sightings of his victim and produced the memorable cinema of *Moore and Flowers*. And so the trusted old servant slowly went to his eternal rest, with the help of our hidden friend, hardly a day was left in the house. This combination of sight and sound was the hushed beginning of underscoring for film.

The advent of sound in pictures took our hidden friend out of the job and put him soundly next to the picture frame on the sound track. In his new home he proceeded to grow up with the music industry until today he feels himself abandoned, in some ways by a symphony orchestra. His old stand-by, *Moore and Flowers*, has been replaced by carefully tailored scores written by highly skilled composers. Our hidden friend no longer watches the screen as he no longer watches the screen for himself. To those not engaged in the craft there is a certain mystery as to how this is done. I readily admit to having been completely in the dark on the subject until after I was actually working in the field. To illustrate, we will show

how the timing sheet is literally transferred into a musical sketch, which is later orchestrated by the combination of instruments required for the scene.

In a column of this type, I feel that a great deal can be covered by answering questions from your readers. I hereby issue a call to the many readers of *Screen* and to send in your questions regarding film music. I will make every effort to answer you either in this column or personally by mail. Questions should be addressed to On the Sound Track—Mr. Henry Mancini, 2001 Columbia Ave., Chicago 16, Ill.

As we put this first column to bed, let's ask our hidden friend for another chance of *Moore and Flowers*. This time let's give him a big hand, because he sure started something!

Henry Mancini

Henry Mancini, whose return On the Soundtrack begins in this issue, is a well-known composer, arranger, conductor, and pianist. For the last five years he has been a staff composer-arranger at Universal Pictures Co., Inc., where he has contributed many film scores and compositions, including music for the films *The Glenn Miller Story* and *The Glenn Goodman Story*.

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heard in person

Al Cohen And Zoot Sims

Personnel: Cohen, tenor, clarinet, baritone; Sims, alto, clarinet, and tenor; Teddy Wilson, bass; Bill Evans (substituted by Dave McKenna), piano; Nick Fatola, drums.

Reviewed: This sets in third week of six-week stand at Cafe Bohemia, New York.

Musical Evaluation: If anyone is leading the a four-member multi-colored group, not right here. In Cohen and Sims, you'll find two mainstream baritone-tenor middle men in swing. Although most of the blowing right now is being done on two tenors, the duo is varying its group sound by pairing clarinets as by setting Cohen's solo side against Al's hard but biting baritone.

On the solo tonight, they teamed up distinct for a number called Five Fifty Five. Although they seemed less comfortable working such straight instruments, they acquitted themselves ably. Al's solo was as light and swinging as his bench on the tenor. Zoot's was rarer and as biting as his attack on tenor. They gave overtones a charge with the low, flowing background they set up while Cohen acted.

On Five & 10, Zoot blew into and Al lifted baritone. Sims has become quite fluent on alto. The late and done with me in it in a manner that was warm in itself. Cohen swings on baritone but not as clearly or consistently as on tenor.

On one original, the tenor lead was light throughout the trippy theme. Zoot picked up the final figure and held it in early, early, ending his phrases. Al's solo was smooth, but with rhythmic punch. During some four passed away at the end, they showed a tight feeling for each other's ideas.

Audience Reaction: Attentive and favorable. The two-clarinet bit particularly intrigued the audience. Response was generous after solo.

Remarks On Performance: Al's played manner and Zoot's leading energy complement each other instead. They appeared to be having a ball.

Commercial Potential: Where the group goes after this stand was not determined, but it will be heard on radio. Several firms already have bid for LPs by them.

Summary: What can you say after you say they're swinging? —Jim

Miles Davis Quintet

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Sonny Rollins, tenor; Paul Chambers, bass; Red Garland, piano; Art Taylor, drums.

Reviewed: Cafe Bohemia, New York, two sets including in second week of two-week stand.

Musical Evaluation: I first heard Davis play in person at the Newport Jazz Festival two years ago. At that time, I was amazed that any human could achieve such a distinctive and pure sound from an instrument so often thunderous. If anything, Miles has gone on making his tone purer and purer until it now is the greatest of

whisper when muted, and a subtle but somehow forceful and glowing sound on open horn.

He is ranging into exploration of dynamics as well as tone texture. On several of the originals, he built step-by-step energy, one phrase leading nearly into the next, by a gradual rise in attack, which, with Miles, is not lead but rather declarative. On other changes, he would fall away to the softest of whispers, making of his solo line a vehicle in itself and delicate as a glass.

Perhaps it is the forceful presence of Rollins in this group which is bringing out this form of energy in Miles. Rollins, in fact, is of some effect on his leader. Sonny's phrases, too, are contrasted with craftsmanship—more thoughtful and brimming with vigor, now soft and now hard but always with a certain authority before he takes his leave from his horn.

The third melodic solo in the group is Chambers, who always has sounded like a motion on record. In person, his fluidity now brings him out of the rhythmic motion, and his melodic solo is felt immediately in connection and behind the horns.

Indeed, it is flexible and strongly rhythmic in the group, and capable of solo. On Five, for example, he varied the texture of his playing. From a longish line of dominantly right-hand phrases, he worked into a building sequence of parallel chords, rhythmically contrasting to a logical climax.

In addition to standing alone as a five solo, it perfectly set off Miles, who followed with short bursts of melody before his last liquid waled sound. Taylor's often fantastic drumming was added to the dimensions of the piece set by Miles.

One final comment: Five, Five March, and Five, a traditional favorite of mine, is as familiar a song as Showboat. But never have I heard it done with such feeling and depth as by Miles, who, though muted, achieved more genuine emotional impact than many rival with the faster range of sound available on open horn.

Audience Reaction: A full house, rarely unusual for the midwest, remained remarkably quiet, and even more remarkably attentive to the group. The response was warm and sustained after each number, particularly after the solo.

Remarks On Performance: The group is most in appearance, and on the solo tonight was quite impressive. It probably best showed in its work. Miles was in a buoyant mood, striding down into the audience after his solo to chat with friends.

The lone failing of the group is in not answering later of tenors and thereby giving the audience a peg on which to focus its concentration. It might help about solo, too.

Commercial Potential: This group, you very good, could well become great. It has the talent necessary. It is booked to return to this location in July and to record for Columbia this summer.

Summary: Miles is increasing in stature as an artist. But while arriving

his playing, don't neglect the rest of the group. There is that much going on. —Jim

Baritone Festival

Concert lineup: The Duke Ellington sextet—Clark Terry, Harold Baker, Willie Cook, Cat Anderson, Ray Nance, trumpet; Britt Woodman, Quentin Jackson, John Sanders, trombone; Johnny Hodges, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsky, Alvin Grayson, reeds; Jimmy Woode, bass; Sam Woodard, drums; vocalists, piano; Otto Wilby and Jimmy Gilman, vocals. In the first of two Ellington concerts as a part of the Baritone Festival, Highland Park, El Ellington and Shakespeare come to Raleigh early in July.

The professional name of Ellington's Shakespearean Solo — Duke Street Theatre was the first since the work was debuted in Town Hall in New York City late in April.

The solo consists of 11 segments: Sonnet for Caesar; Duke Song; The Tragedy; Lady Macbeth; The Feast of the Kings; Hamlet; The Merchant for Duke Ruler; Op & Down; Op & Down; I Will Lead Them Op & Down; The Star-Crossed Lovers; Woodman and the Great Duke; My the Fox, and Clerk of Pevensie.

Ellington introduced each portion with appropriate lines relating to the content in the Shakespearean inspiration, giving some validity to that might otherwise have been a somewhat disjointed work. In fact, much of the unity of the solo depends on the Shakespearean premise, rather than on any formal relationship between material.

There is an individuality in each of the 11 segments. I was most impressed by Op & Down, during which Ellington rearranged the band's swing plan to achieve certain tonal effects. He did so by bringing together Hodges and Sanders, Carter and Terry, Hamilton and Gonsky, and arranging in a new (or rather, the) interplay between these pairs was delightful, and the execution was precise, in terms of the "rhythm" established.

Lady Mac, as Ellington now has, has "a little rapline in her soul" . . . so we have a jazz walk to her. The section, after the first, certainly was an interesting section. Agree, climaxed by a witty Terry solo. Madam and the Great Duke featured Jimmy Hamilton's clarinet and Anderson's way-over-cigar-contrabass of episode, both added effectively.

There are many necessary elements in Duke Street Theatre. Wood's last figure over two choruses and baritone by Sonnet for the Moor; the dramatic, Book-like quality of the title section; the sophisticated medium-tempo solo of My the Fox (dedicated to Antony and Cleopatra); Woodworth, the Duke; and Gonsky, Hodges, Hamilton, Anderson, played bravely.

There IS MUCH to be Duke Street Theatre. There are some fascinating insights into Shakespeare as well. Unfortunately, I felt that it was more a matter of habit, independent elements than a well-organized whole. Some of the relationships are quite charming and several are moving, but I would have perceived something less than a 10-part solo in a limited amount of time. There are too many sustaining moments, when the listener, tired by an

attractive theme, total remains characterized by the brevity of the selection.

Shah Street Theatre certainly is an ambitious project. In many ways, it is a successful one. I feel, however, that it is hampered by a desire to say too much in too little time. Ellington and Strayhorn have a good deal to say, and the band can fulfill their desires. Have they been prevented from achieving complete communication by self-imposed restrictions?

The second half of the Ellington concert was devoted to more familiar material, beginning with a driving The Funky Patch. Making some special reference to a woman in a woman. Rhythmic grand slammed through with the band. Ellington, at the piano, led the band through a history of his own work, including a Southwestern Appeal, Good Fudge, Sophisticated Lady, Caravan and other. The concert concluded with an encore performance of Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue, with Genevieve leading to a receptive audience.

Although this was not Newport '54, the usually staid audience was feverishly receptive. Musicians' Show Day invited friends and extended applause. Karl of the tux in the front. Then I wrote another day considerable applause. And during Governor Deal's visit, several days were seen frequently clapping their hands, joining the members of the band in clapping time. Ellington and "good night" in a chorus of phrases including "thank you"—gold

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

Can They Really Be Los Angeles, or did somebody put up those palm trees in an elaborate attempt to bamboozle me?

The last time I was out here, there were so many aerial delights beaming me, so many reasons for staying up after 2 a.m., that it is my firm conviction I have been misdirected, at all events, the only tangible evidence of my last visit that still remains is the sunshine.

When I was out here in January, 1954, I spent a couple of pleasant evenings at Horwood University, an exclusive music forum abiding in Jan City. Now Jan City is closed. I heard Fred Shook's quartet at the bar; the Hag is closed. Shady Wagner's group was at the Tiffany; the Tiffany is closed. The Palladium was jumping slightly to some music; now the night is washed the Palladium is closed. The Hollywood room, where Buddy Kirk was playing, Earl's where I caught Buddy DeFranco's quartet, and Earl's and the Roney, both of which housed the Morocco and others of the same caliber, all are now dedicated to the conversion of Hollywood and environs into apartment houses, either with rock and roll or with no music at all worth speaking of.

THE NORMAL REACTION of my wife is to shrug like this would be to spot a trend. Modern jazz is dying

in the City of the Angels. Divorced in coming back, and so forth.

All the superficial indications point toward such a trend. One might even find it hard here to get the slight indication that jazz has no business being added to the night clubs anyway and that we must protest it at all costs from the whiskey drinkers.

Whiskey.

Generalization is the name of the writing game. Every time we see a new jazz club we go to Jan in our city, you find that good music is happening there; whenever a handful of club close is another, you learn that this is a moribund area for the new sounds.

Frankly, I feel that there is a large amount of talent in the survival of any night club. The owner's knowledge of how to buy the right talent at the right price and the right time, the publicity, even the weather conditions, can make the difference about even right between boom and bust.

I DON'T BELIEVE the worst must be any bigger or any nearer than it was 18 months ago.

There are some affirmative signs: Chet Baker just followed George Shearing at the Rock, Lanes, Cal Taylor has opened Club in Jan, the nightclubs still jump if you can make the 15 miles to Horwood Beach, and Bruce Carter is running an intimate jazz shoppe with Morris DeFranco, Gene & Karl in the same area six nights a week.

However, the remaining activity and here seems to be at a new peak, with more clubs and more sessions than you can keep track of.

The musicians are aware of these signs. They often have decided to make his home base in California, and there is no reason to suppose that he will do less here, in terms of playing or recording returns, than to do in New York.

Bobbe Mann has spent some time out here, doing plenty of recording, but is returning east soon without having put in his local 47 card. He has a good reason for his decision. To become a member of the local you have to report every Friday to his local as an if it is a party band, and they take up your 47 card and hold it to make sure you'll be a good boy and not skip town while your 48-month waiting period is up.

WHEN BOBBE GETS back here, he'll probably conclude that Jan is fairly saturated in Manhattan. Greenwich Village now has had a dozen clubs within a few blocks of each other; the midtown area is bursting with activity at Broadway, the Gramercy and even the Waldorf.

Of course, if they all do well and a dozen other clubs jump on the jazz wagon, the market will be spread on this, and the spots will start holding up again and you'll be hearing about the term slump in New York Jan.

But if it won't move anything, you have that the temporary but second thought today means that all hope is lost for the Los Angeles. All you can say is that at the time of going to Jan, the Apple certainly seems to be the one.

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perspectives

By Ralph J. Gleason

WE SHOULD ALL be deeply grateful to Leonard Feather for his review in the last issue of *Music Monthly*. Mine's new *Biographical LP* which he rated as *****.

The reason, in case you did not read the review, is that Feather raised a vital artistic point concerning the editing of the value of a record which means it requires a highly sensitive ear to deal of another singer.



Feather is available on interesting (and occasional) occasions makes it all the more desirable that a musician should arise. Feather remains.

Now I do not know Miss Moore, and am in no position to judge whether or not she was born with that sound in her voice. I do know, however, from the evidence of my own ears, that she bears a resemblance to Billie Holiday (the singer as if she were Billie Holiday's daughter). Feather says that is something to praise.

IF WE CARE, as Feather suggests we should, then, because an artist is no longer capable of delivering an optimum performance (for whatever reason), it is therefore not only proper but desirable that another artist should fill that void in so close a manner as possible, not just, say, covering a theme which exists on the record.

Bird is dead. Is it right and proper that his every tone, inflection, phrase, and idea be repeated endlessly by other able players in it all night for an album to give Bird's style in every way so that for a moment that may be a moment, that God? You hear him on the air and think it's Bird?

Beats Smith and Ella Fitzgerald are dead, too, and we have had at least one singer who has used that style (Moore's is particularly) closely enough to have fooled me who worked with her in this regard.

There seems to be no precedent for such faithful copying being artistically worthwhile (and we are not really concerned here with whether or not Miss Moore is using Billie's best voice with the fact that Feather wrote it's okay if she is).

IF WE DRINK BIRDS' desirable in any way whatsoever, it seems to me that such a theme is artistic suicide. And for a very simple reason. The better you get at it, the more you become somebody else and the less you are yourself. If you follow Feather's advice, it's okay to have artists copying Phoenix. It's good to have El Greco's painted in Hollywood because El Greco is dead and can't paint any more.

No, it seems to me that no matter what personal pleasure the artist or the occasional listener may get from such a performance, the best it can possibly be is an imitation. It isn't even second rate, I would rather hear a bad singer who is at least individual

than a good one copying someone else. It is to be hoped, by the way, that Miss Moore achieves what she said on *Monday*. She hoped she would achieve in time — an individual sound. THAT would be worth hearing.

devil's advocate

By Mason Bergant

THE DRUMMERMAN *Shirley Wood*. Parts of the collection of *Billie and Leonard Moore* are brought to vibrant life by Shirley McKenna and E. C. Marshall on *Uptown* (Capitol, TCM 3283).

Whether or not you agree with, or recognize, the literary pretensions of James Joyce, Miss McKenna's reading of some 25 pages of the stream-of-consciousness ending of the book that will stand alone as a delineation of a woman, now earthy, now longing, now tender, . . . but over a woman. The climax she attains at the close of the reading is almost unbearably lovely. A tribute to her, and to Joyce.

In the *Beats* *Parsons* series, two recent entries are well worth noting: *The Fun-Mobility*—An Evening with the Hammerite (JCL 2012) and *William*



Shakespeare: Annotated Songs and Poems (JCL 2041). The lyrics, derived nationally by Arnold Weiss, Raymond Edward Johnson, Alexander Barclay, and Jay Jaynes, include some spoken lyrics of Sir William Gilbert (Glen Gilbert & Gilbert's Princess Ida, *Pirates of Penzance*, and *H.M.S. Puffy*) as well as some Lewis Carroll (*Father William* and *The Walrus and the Carpenter*), and *Clasp of the Fox*. The piece of resistance, however, is Jay Jaynes' reading of *William Shakespeare, annotated* (JCL 2042-2043-2044) . . . Sir John Gielgud, Pamela Brown, Arnold Moss, and Raymond E. Johnson take up variously on the Shakespeare disc. Gielgud and Miss Brown read two epigrams from *Hamlet* and *Julius Caesar*; Johnson delivers three of the "long" Hamlet soliloquies, and the other takes turn reading 11 sonnets. The readings are of highest caliber, and the collection should logically be included in secondary school and college English 111 courses.

Good news, too. The early Apollo 15 rpm recordings made by William Johnson are available on Apollo LP 474, and include in *My Upper Room* (two parts), *Nobody Knows* (*The Friendly Fire Series*), *Who Are You in the Apartment*, *Walking in Jerusalem*, and *Who's My Light*. Don't miss this collection of EARLY FUNK! Six drawings, several of the lyrics, and drumming photo works are included in an MCA-31 collection, *Music By Motor Vehicle* (*Fun American Series*, MCA-31 5555), and performed by Leonard English.

(Continued on Page 25)

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Bob Elliott's mid-Manhattan apartment is composed of a large living sleeping room, a bathroom, bath, and workroom.

Sometimes, he manages to squeeze enough hi-fi and recording equipment into this space to serve his demands and still leave him room enough to spread his multiphase when he practices.

In a corner of his living-bedroom is an Elenco Vaino SP-12 speaker enclosure, housing the big seven 12" speakers of his system.

The speaker is wired into a master control switch in the workroom, off which Bob can channel music from any of his equipment.

In the workroom, Bob has a bench-size, built-in, back-rested tape storage case, which he built himself. Across a lower shelf are strung a solidly mounted Sorens Transistorized Variable, a Philmore AM-FM tuner, and a Philmore 10-watt amp and pre-amp.

ON A STAND across the small room, and tied into the Vaino SP-12 remote speaker switcher control is a Commodore Cassette Recorder. Directly above the recorder is a Neovox hi-fi position speaker. For recording, too, Elliott has installed a Pro-Tone mike on a boom stand.

"This is really all the equipment I need right now," Bob said. "What I'm mainly interested in is superimposing

voices and instruments. That's why I've got the Commodore. It's a double-track recorder and makes multiple-track recording easy for me."

He threaded a tape into the mechanism and played a commercial single in which he sang all the parts. It sounded like a big choir.

Elliott chose his equipment slowly over a period of some five years, under guidance of the engineers at the Center Camera shop near his apartment.

"I know what I wanted to do with the equipment," he said, "and they helped me go through a process of elimination until I found the equipment to fit my wants. It had to fit also my budget."

BOB SAID HE dropped into the shop's sound lab and listened to tape records for more than a year before settling on the Commodore as most suitable to his multiple-track needs.

"I've been fooling with superimposing voices since then," he said. "It was pretty messy doing acetates in studios then. I had a Peterson tape recorder, and I really had very much the Post-Tone portable, but neither was delicate enough for superimposing."

"If I had any more equipment, it may be another amplifier and speaker, to use the Commodore as a stereo tape player."

Behind the gathering of his equipment, representing an outlay of more



Bob Elliott

than \$1,000, is Elliott's aim of breaking into the commercial field for radio and television.

NOW HE'S WORKING with the Center Camera's engineers on a remote design which will locate his Commodore and the amplifier in a portable console so he can roll it into the other room and use it with his piano or roll it out of his apartment to any location where he may want to make recordings.

"This equipment is particularly helpful with my voice console," he said. "I can sing what I think is right, then hear myself immediately. It's a big help in writing and arranging, too."

It also will help on his upcoming A&R-Paterson recording project, an album of multiple-track records in which Bob will become his own version of Al Jolson or the Four Freshmen. He's also working on being a one-man brass choir, now that he's picked up the voice problem.

"His job is practically all home work," —Bob



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Chico Hamilton

(Continued from Page 12)

national club as well as an informal family.

"I guess that's what I mean about some of the criticism of jazz music today. I'm afraid some writers aren't taking into consideration the human element that is involved. They expect us to play like some sort of machines and turn out nothing but that sort of music as if it were like an assembly line."

A BREVETED ENGINEER, was now throwing for the White Sox, with Cleveland holding a comfortable lead.

"They should have started Jim," Chico observed, again absorbed in the game and in the wild clips and flights the ball took in the short distance it traveled from pitcher's hand to catcher's glove.

"These cats don't know what's happening," he chuckled, as a Cleveland swing in Jolly Hamilton at a ball that almost hit his foot.

But that Chico is pretty hip as to what is happening is amply evidenced by his river-fronting success during his exposure in the current Soviet Union of Moscow film starring Tony Curtis and Janet Lamont on all fronts. It would not surprise a lot of close jazz scene observers if he became the next big pop-singer, both group-wise and single-wise. He's on the move. —Jack

By Hal Holby

Faces by Harvey, Sweet Smell of Success (Hart, Lancaster, Tracy, Currier, O'Connell, Hamilton, Quinn, A. Smith, Hill, Lancaster) picture, produced by James MCA, Oscar Brown and conducted by Elmer Bernstein.)

This film may well give pause to those with a predilection to devour the daily dose dished out by the reporting press's columnists. It is a story of the life of a slinky world peeper, by a correspondingly evil man, greedily, lustreously—a cartoon in which the columnist is master and the press agent his crawling lackey.

For *John Henry Faldo* (Tony Curtis), success in the big city means daily success for his disreputable column in the mass-distributed paper of J. J. Hammerer (Burt Lancaster).

BUT HUNSECKER drives a hard bargain. As payment for printing (loaned to him by Faldo, he demands the press agent week a romance between his old school, Susan (Susan Harrison), and jazz guitarist Duke (Duke Mantley Wilson). The hard tasking his job with relief. When the "friendly" approach fails, he plots a meet with another columnist, plumping a poorly signed girl shared as a bribe, insinuating that Duke is, to help us, a marijuana-smoking Communist sympathizer.

Duke and his jazz group (the "Hardcore sextet") get the "big" night spot as a result of the bribe—but the boy-girl affair continues. In desperation Hammerer orders the press agent to frame the guitarist on a narcotics rap. "I want that boy taken apart," he says.

Faldo manages to plant marijuana on Duke, and the guitarist is framed up—on rap—by a couple of sympathetic vice squadmen. Faldo returns in triumph to Hammerer's lavish apartment to report a job well done only to slip Susan in a subtle attempt.

With his gutter living virtually abandoned and looking on his bed, the columnist returns, sees Faldo in the room. Hammerer accuses him of attempted rape and tosses the p.a. to his pet criminals—the corrupt cops. Hearing on Big Brother's screen, little Susan runs off to her father, leaving the columnist alone in his tower with his spyreporter, his power, and his nervous habit.

ALL THE HAMILTON group are on camera, except John. Picasso may place a scintillating picture for Wilson. The cops have a few lines and handle their bits with aplomb.

In several sequences the gambler is seen and heard playing craps; they also furnish some of Bernstein's colorful, unimpeachable commentary, reinforced at times by his men. The film fits with the Golden Era. Duke, Currier, Faust, Hamilton, and Curtis' Gossett are seen in a brief jam session scene.

The acting is superb. Curtis and Lancaster somehow credible as the two miserable heels. The screenplay by Clifford Davis and Ernest Lehman is slick and sharp, does what it claims to do by not just caricatures depicted as honest human beings.

In Lehman's original story there was no jazz music, and the hero was a single working single instead of a

guitarist. He is to the producer's credit, therefore, that an important place was made in this film for an established modern jazz group such as Hamilton's.

ON AND OFF THE BEAT: Here are the Rodgers and Hart songs you'll hear in Columbia's *Pol Jaws*; Frank Sinatra quite naturally leads the list at the working end with *I Could Write a Book*; *Swingtime*, *Delivered*, and *Swingtime*, and *They Gotta Suffer—All* from the original stage version — accompanied by *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*; *There's a Small Voice*; *The Lady Is a Tramp*, *Sip and Wait* is a new one credited to Ella Fitzgerald, with Kim Novak drawing *Funny Valentine*.

Universal is perhaps more-lazy. With production still in progress on *Summer Love* in Hollywood to Mark Preble (Nash), the powers that be are reported mapping yet another teen opus in the same genre to roll in the fall.

West Cole has been asked to sing Johnny Green's title song for M-G-M's *Executive Decision* in consideration behind the screen credits at the film's start.

PRELUDES: A gang of the *Faldo*'s pals (imported from points south to keep *Faldo* company in the big city) recently had some facial improvements made with *Elvis*' blessing. *Faldo* picked up the complete tale for 25 sets of teeth caps and one mouth-lick.

What remains to be done for pale grey from *beat*? Who, get them going in your latest movie. Two of *Elvis*' moans and four shows have been assigned bit roles in M-G-M's *Jailhouse Rock*. Actor-singer Dean Jagger has a featured role in the same picture. *Faldo*, there ain't, really, no two live singers in this here corner.

Devil's Advocate

(Continued from Page 31)

with sensitivity and grace. The lyric *Devil's Advocate*, and the lyrics *From Charlie* are among the pieces written with Charles Mc. F. and Bachman's *Strawberry No. 7* performed orchestral. More to add to the growing recorded library of one of the most important contemporary composers in the Americas.

LARRY, BUT MARY: To the series of new contemporary works composed by the Louisville-born, Bob Linder, his witty *School for Wives* has been added. Based upon the Modern comedy *L'École des Femmes*, the opera is highlighted by some fine orchestral writing . . . modern, but tempered back a few notches by the use of a harpsichord and some passages of virtual rococo-line grace. The plot is enlivened with the aid of some glowering contrapuntal foats and trills, and the entire proceedings is opened by Rodgers, who comes forward for introducing, but expresses curiosity "to see how my play was interpreted as opera for the theatre. K." On the Louisville orchestra's relation price listed, the three-sided work, *I believe*, is available only through the orchestra at Louisville, Ohio, because it, "well worth it.

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radio and tv

By Will Jones

"Nice music," said my neighbor, Dewey Kappay, "there's going to be more new artists on TV than ever."
"That's not the way I hear it," I said.

"I know it's not," said Dewey. "You TV schematics keep chattering about the death of comedy on TV. You're so busy thinking you can't see what's happening."

"Tell me," I said, "What's happening?"

"First tell me," said Dewey. "What are they replacing the big comedians with?"

"Musicals and vaudeville," I said. "Musicals and vaudeville," parroted Dewey. "You're overlooking the line items, like a columnist should."

"What?"
"MADISON AVENUE is putting a big one," said Dewey, "and you and the rest of your colleagues have been marked into the pot."
"How so?"

"It's your own fault," said Dewey. "Let a few more come on TV, you start writing about whether or not he's funny."

"That's bad?"
"Everybody does it," said Dewey. "All you have to do is give a comic! Make me laugh! That's the attitude. It's laugh or die."

"So they're not throwing any more comics to the wolf packs that way, Comas are hard to come by."

"Then where are we going to get all these new comics you're talking about for your column?" I asked.

"None to mention," said Dewey. "Who are the funniest people in the world?"
"I wouldn't know," I said.

"Musicians," said Dewey.

"You mean funny funny," I asked, or "funny funny?"
"FUNNY funny," said Dewey. "My word, man, don't you know any comedians? They're the funniest. Look at Victor Berge."

"BUT ARE YOU TRYING to tell me," I said, "that Pat Boone and Frank Sinatra and Vic Damone and Bill Hays are all suddenly going to be regarded as brilliant new comic geniuses?"

"I thought an brilliant new comic comedian," said Dewey. "That's talking like a columnist, all right. That's probably how you'll put it when it happens."

"Then, you do think it's going to happen?"

"Not as readily as you put it," said Dewey.

"Are, then?" I asked.

"It almost happened with Perry Como," said Dewey. "They put him on the air as a singer, and then they got Goodman Ace to write the stuff he did between songs, and Como, the personality, suddenly got more attention than Como the singer."

"I wouldn't mind him a comic, though," I said.



"There's Margaret Whiting," said Dewey.

"Kind of funny," I said.
"I think she's a scream," said Dewey, "and don't forget Phil Harris and Don Ameche."

"All included cases," I said.
"That's my point," said Dewey. "These people seem to have just happened, but when they happen, they last. They don't wear out fast like comics."

"But you mentioned a plot," I said.

"SURE," SAID DEWEY. "New Madison Ave. is going to make it happen. A guy comes on the air as a singer—say it's Pat Boone—and they give him a funny line or two. He gets points, they give him more funny lines. Pretty soon it's everybody's personal discovery that Pat Boone is a funny guy. You emphasize his your hits over him. Nobody expects him to be funny, he seems that much funnier. The kids get it."

"And what if it doesn't happen?" I asked.

"He can still sing for a living," said Dewey. "He can't be called a has-been for something he was never supposed to be. He's got it made either way."

"If I had two million dollars," I said, "there ought to be loads of money made annually at work on the new fall musical shows."

"Exactly," said Dewey. "It's the thing. I hear they've even gone to start slipping some of Jack Pearl's old material to Lawrence Mark."

(Will Jones writes, after two nights, columns for the *Montreal Tribune*.)

book review

THE LIFE OF MARION by Frank Marlon. Delacorte Press, 300 pp., \$12.95.

In the novel of the *Via Pan Alley* Joseph, the author Marlon propels a fellow musician hard from an ordinary songwriter to king of the disc jockeys.

While Marlon is first seen trying to peddle a song constructed from the best parts of several top songs, he progresses to a position in a recording disc jockey in the days when record shows were live and programming was brisk and intelligent.

Marlon becomes the fall guy for the station owner in a particularly nasty affair and as a result gains his own afternoon record show and a stake at the party he could only partly relate as a disc jockey's assistant.

Still climbing, Marlon collects women, moves people, and acquires royalties and becomes the possessor of someone of which talent agencies or bureaus blackballed on his shows, etc., etc. He even forms a national DJ syndicate which can make him out of money by concerted plays, that he is tapped from his bureau when a singer who refuses to jump when he puts the wrong tale in his story to a newspaper and U. S. tax officials.

As a story, it's not much, but as a picture of what goes on behind the maker's microphone and microphone, it's pretty frightening.

—dora

the hot box

By George Hooper

IT IS USUALLY TRUE that artistic creativity comes with environment. Jazz expression is no high-ly individualistic art and derives from a multiplicity of non-conventional scenes.

It is not expected that the voice of human emotion coming from the lips of Duke Johnson will have close resemblance to the feelings emanating from Myrland Ferguson's trumpet. This is a factor that makes jazz the great music. It is, then, on the common ground of jazz inspiration against a rhythmic framework that each individual artist can give his own interpretation of the art.

The above does not mean that it is impossible for a musician of one environment to have a deep understanding and appreciation of another musician whose background, training and environment is entirely different from his.

There is nothing new under the sun, and it is perfectly logical for a 1945 artist to come upon the work of a 1920 artist and find the inspiration and key to his own desires for expression.

THIS COMMENT reads a right book in Chicago when the above ideas were brought out in vivid perspective by a young, shadowy-emerging jazz piano name, Terence James Doyle, who was in Chicago with the great Duke Johnson. Jazz band men had come down to my fair on his night off to listen to records.

That evening was by no means Doyle's introduction to Jelly Roll Morton, for he was definitely on a Jelly Roll kick, and it was a revelation to watch the impact and to hear the comments he made as he questioned me Morton side after the other.

Doyle was the only member of the Johnson band who did not have the glower New Orleans jazz background. His piano approach Doyle's had become frank himself insisted he hold that all-important spot with his group.

DUKE'S BACKGROUND was Baltimore, Md., where he was born in 1914, and had studied classical music. While attending high school he was self-taught. Such is music and art, which culminated in study at the Maryland Institute of Fine Arts based on his drawing talent and the Peabody Conservatory, where he majored in composition and harmony. He was a youth with varied talents, but no definite goal.

Jazz came into Duke's life from his older brother, a trombonist, who once played with the Tama Lionea band. His early influences on jazz piano came from Earl Hines and Doc Sullivan. They went into the service during World War II and wound up playing a number of jazz piano and a good one.

Ken Lincoln of Collette's Horn Record heard him at a service center in Milwaukee and said he was playing "rhaps." That was still at a time

when the label had made's love firmly established.

While in the service, Don heard the Eric Field Johnson records, and they really made an impression on him. When he was discharged, he rushed to New York City to hear the Johnson band at the Strayhorn Casino. While there one night he was asked to sit in and was immediately taken under Duke's wing.


DUKE HAD FOUND his much of expression and soon was composing and playing toward a dedicated goal. He studied the playing of James P. Johnson, Jimmy Yancey, and Horace's records and soon found that he belonged in the Marcus vein. He has an understanding and knowledge of jazz that surpasses that of any jazz pianist, of color.

The Duke hopes this column will be a worthwhile introduction for many to a fine 12" LP on Good Time Jazz L-10281 called *Music by Duke to Don* Good. It includes Don's solo piano

on *I Can't Believe That You're in Love* with Mr. Spencer May, Shere Impassioned, and New York Admiration of Mr. Thore. This is a music made up of Leonard Howard, clarinet, and King Hall, drums, who with Don, do *South Side Street*; *A Monday Date*; *Love Me or Leave Me*; *Back Street Serenade*; *Mid-February Love*; *Forer*; *Social*; *Yes, Only April's Good To You*; and *My Woman's Lovin' Arms*. The music is topped off with high fidelity by one of the top recording engineers in the country, Ray McNam.

All the sides were made in three informal sessions in an old dance hall with natural acoustics in Oakland.

This is a review enough of how a thorough knowledge of jazz, its roots and progress, can make for worthy listening. Duke preserves the older ideas and yet is influenced by his own modern conceptions. Duke is an imitator but a latter-day artist, who understands and re-creates, and keeps alive the pure jazz dream.



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By Ray Ellsworth

Fans who think the element of inspired lunacy has retired from modern music are invited to direct their attention to the work of Henry Brant.

The Canadian-born composer, currently on the staff of the Juilliard school, is a perfectly wonderful "lightning" type. His work is a series of brilliant flashes in the grand concept, "non-applicable," to quote Henry Cowell, "without possible spin-doctoring" and who may yet make his history in music. If audiences let him live through his next concert.



Brant has had a synaptic stroke. He is a former pupil of George Antheil (which explains) was once a storm center because of his "bizarre harmony" concept (since abandoned), was a professional James Earl Raywriter (for Andre Kostelanetz) and Henry Goodman, among others), was a critic for the ABC and NBC; a composer of serious documentary film scores; an arranger for Alce Thompson's Famous Jazz Band in Paris, and now is an instructor of the young at a respectable institution.

HIS MUSIC REFLECTS the man. To illustrate Brant, one need only list some of the compositions he is preparing for The American Group, a latest score, scored by William Meyer (which also) Variations for Two Percussionists, the title of which, considering Brant's conception of what constitutes a musical instrument, is misleadingly a piece called The Water Shoulders for solo in white and chamber orchestra; Wings in D Major, for orchestra; Double-Crank, double-piano for two pianos—I suggest you let your imagination play around with that one; while Strength Through Joy in Orchestra, for piano, saxophone, and piano; Copying Joy for dance orchestra; Plus, interviews for performance on Friday, and if it's not Steve Mann for violin, piano, and kitchen (a review of letters, about music, etc.). There also are many random things, such as his Symphony in F Major (1942), which has been recorded on ABC-6 in an symphony No. 2, which it is not.

Brant's big influence has been Charles Ives, and recently he has incorporated Ives' wild improvisation music (music that is structure as follows it includes a recording studio), which serves as one of the get concepts of his solo-ism or more things going on, at once in different parts of a concert hall which may as they not be re-ordinated.

This stuff requires composers who can operate as well with flying saucers as with apple cores, but Brant seems to find them.

HIS MAGNUM OPUS to date is a Grand Universal Circus, in three acts and numerous scenes, which has its scenes, soliloquies, and monologues played upon up all over the theater at once in his total manner but on a reduced scale this time.

The first act, Paradise, set in the Garden of Eden, was performed last May at Columbia University, and it has me in a real tizzy to experience the rest of it.

A description of this piece defies the space at my disposal, but a few details about it will whet your appetite if you are one of us. The first act has eight scenes, preceded by a spoken prologue which sets the work. "The Grand Universal Circus is about to begin."

Some of the orchestral "instruments" to be used, in addition to ordinary ones, are horns, piccolos, slide whistles, boat whistles, mouth organ, a lion roar, a wind machine, flutes, two hand organs, one rifle, two electric horns, and both horns arranged chromatically.

ON ONE 30-part polyphone is heard from the chorus at the balcony, and from the chorus at the audience. The entire body of performers enters to circus music. The chorus consists of 30 persons (including singing different songs about the Circus).

In Scene 2, above the background of boat whistles, the chorus sings solos, and exhibits letters a cataloging of particular human reactions, plus a Mars song based on a recipe for universal soup.

In Scene 3, the chorus, divided, sings rhythmically like a football cheering section, with interjections from pre-Christian liturgy.

In Scene 4, a soprano, from the balcony, and accompanied by harp, sings a song on a poem by Laurence, and at the end of each phrase a speaker on stage translates the line.

In Scene 5, we see the devil (as a laughing salesman), Fern and three virgins; the accompaniment is in the back horns. The singing hysterical and frantic. The devil hoots like mad, and imposed on the whole is carnival music in the orchestra and a whirling chorus.

The finale (of the number) is something like an elaborate nonsense about the mad (great) other travel instruction; the chorus, accompanied by wind machine and lion roar, sing about democracy of different nationality distinctions; much stress are played in four-part counterpoint with the electric guitars.

But why go on? Wonderful, what just wonderful.

Chris Crossed

New York — Atlantic Records declared a full-page press release to the glory of the new LP of Chris Conway, singer George Shearing.

"This is a beautiful album to look at," they wrote, "and in one that will always be cherished by anyone who loves great music."

"It would be a bargain at half the price."

Dave Brubeck

(Continued from Page 24)

Bobby Lewis comes running around the piano, and he starts singing "Body and Soul," and to this day he won't admit he left out two bars!

THEN IN THE spring of 1949, the Brubeck sextet was presented in a concert at the Marlboro Memorial Theater in San Francisco by Kay Graham.

The sextet had been a rehearsal band all along and never actually a working unit until several years later when it played a series of Sunday afternoon sessions at the Black Hawk. At the Marlboro concert, disc jockey Jimmy Lyons heard the group and flipped.

The next morning he went in to the office of the KNBC program director and talked him into a new program, *The Lyons' Show*, to start that fall featuring Lyons and a trio led by Brubeck. It was the first live modern jazz show on radio in the west.

Brubeck, in addition to the Lyons' show, began teaching a course in jazz history at the University of California extension school. At this time also, his own articles on jazz appeared in *Down Beat*, reprinted from the *Los Angeles Times*.

The fall of 1949 was very important for Brubeck. Not only did his trio start its first regular job—at the Barnum Institute in Oakland, where they were to stay until April, 1950—but they also were heard regularly on KNBC and set their first records, for Decca, with Jack Shedy's trio, Crockett (later changed to *Keweenaw*).

LYONS ARRANGED for the record date, and later when the Shedy trio had difficulties, an arrangement was worked out which kept Fantasy. Shedy had pressed his records at Circle Record Co., the only custom record-pressing plant in the area. Sid and Max Weber, the proprietors, took over the Brubeck masters and started Fantasy with Brubeck as a partner in his own studio.

He never owned Fantasy nor was he involved in the recording of any other artists. In fact, the original plan was for Fantasy to record only New York.

In August, 1950, the group made its first appearance outside of town—a day at Red Lake City for disc jockey John Fogarty—and then returned to the Black Hawk in San Francisco. All this time, Lyons on his nightly radio show was playing Brubeck and the Fantasy records heavily. The KNBC signal is 5400K watts, clear channel, and soon an audience for Brubeck rose throughout the west.

IN THE SPRING of 1951 Brubeck broke up the trio, which then included Jack Weeks and Cal Tjader. Dave's next step was to form a quartet with Paul Desmond, who, meanwhile, had

been playing with Atrius Ray at the St. Francis hotel. This was the group which, on its return tour later that year, was so successful.

In the next two years Brubeck seemed to national importance with his Fantasy records selling better than any jazz albums had yet sold, his personal appearances in clubs and concerts drawing full houses. During this time he made a conscientious effort to play college concerts because he seemed an audience there. This ultimately paid off, and Brubeck probably has played more colleges than any other jazz group.

BY THE BEGINNING of 1954, the jazz boom had caught the attention of the major record companies. Brubeck was inundated with offers to depart from Fantasy. One company offered as high as \$5,000 an album, and another offered guarantees of concerts totaling \$250,000. The Jazz at Lincoln and Jazz at the College of the Pacific Fantasy LPs had created a national stir in the record business, and everyone wanted in.

Brubeck played with Columbia, and his first two LPs for that label, *Jazz Goes to College* and *Brubeck at Symphony*, were hits. Then came the *Time* magazine cover and his constant road tour with Gerry Mulligan, Stan Getz, and Duke Ellington.

But before the days of plenty, there were days of famine during which the group played for meals and the Brubeck family traveled on the road with him. Living in trailer courts and farm-made rooms. Later, when the money came, there were compensations, but it was still a grind, sometimes with jumps of 1,000 miles a night on the college tours.

It Brubeck surprised that he has made it so big? He replies:

"I remember telling my wife when we were discussing how I would make a living at jazz in 1938, that I could be one of the outstanding pianists in the country if I were in New York or some place where I could be heard. That's how I felt."

ON THE OTHER HAND, Dave now says, "Four years I thought only in terms of whether I could get a job for music. And if I had it all to do over again, that's all I'd want. I can truthfully say that.

"The transcending strain I had to put my wife and family and myself and the kids under to arrive where I am. It's too much. I think that anybody who arrives in jazz has to have more courage per unit of success than in any other profession.

"I would prefer to be a part of one community, accepted, and with a job in a job and not have to put the emotional strain on myself and my family that this has taken. I would prefer not the heat or the fame, but to be an average part of society." (This is the content of Dave's articles.)

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Strictly Ad Lib

(Continued from Page 8)

their own network TV shows on NBC-TV next fall, Papp may alternate Saturday nights with Dean Cain... Frankie Laine was scheduled to bring NBC-CBS across his half-hour TV on NBC early in July... Mickey Rooney will become Filibuster on NBC-TV Oct. 12, 10, (in a revised version... Lippert & Myers announced, then removed the Spike Jones TV show for another season on CBS-TV... ABC's radio's What About Martin continues its schedule last and pop artists on its weekly \$30 to 4000 pay, open, early in July Woody Herman, Kay Anthony, and Ray Charles get in for chatter and record rights... Perspectives page off! Several New York City radio stations have set up conditions for Meet Frank, the late AM radio jazz venture within a whopping distance of the nation's "radio capital."

Chicago

JEFF CHICHESTER: The Biggie Gillepie band is producing a diversified look to Blue Note audiences. One and his merry men will be in town until Aug. 4, determined to make war for the arrival of Bobby Hackett's group and Carmen McRae and her capable trio.

The Great Fuggies trio is continuing its local Illinois location to make way for the arrival of the inimitable Erroll Garner and his concert by the studio. Garner will be in company through August, with Annie Frazee scheduled to take over Sept. 4.

Ed Blalock's trio continues at the Lones House on Monday and Tuesday and the Chamber Inn on Wednesday and Thursday... The Ohio Hamilton quintet winds up its Midwest jazz room leading to make way for the return of the mighty, the Max Roach quintet. The Duke of Windsor continues at the delectable Frontier lounge.

Martha Davis and Spence will be delighting Milton Kelly's audiences until July 18, when jazz-stager-manager Buddy Boney arrives (WV) to be joined by Dick Wiley and Johnny Price on Monday and Tuesday, as is the Kelly concert. Tracy will be in town until Aug. 21... The Australian Jazz Quintet is at Robert's until Aug. 4.

Jack Teagarden is due at the Swiss Hall on Aug. 18 for four weeks... Benny's quartet, currently in at Robert's in Kansas, Wis. for a three-week engagement.

Geneva Jerry Cole and Harry Allen of the SBO are looking for an entertaining substitute to supplant their late workhorse, Singer Frank Pflanz. He has joined the permanent crew at the SBO. The Ramsey Lewis trio has departed the SBO for a five-night, 104 at the Chamber Inn, replacing Gene Hoffman's trio... Joe Segal's sextet at the Casino ballroom continues, with Lester Young moodily occupying the featured spot. Woody Herman's band is set for an Aug. 18 Casino appearance, and Bud Powell is slated to return soon.

ADDED NOTES: Sammy Davis Jr. will be at the Club Forum until Aug. 20... Billy Eckstut concludes his Black Label looking Aug. 7, to make way for the arrival of comedian Lenny

Shank. Frances Pyle has been booked for a return trip to the Swedish for six weeks beginning Sept. 18.

The current bill at the Empire room of the Palace Hotel includes the Tito Schneck, Paul Buckhagen, and the Bob DeWay dancers. The impromptu (incomplete) Hildegarde returns Aug. 8 for four weeks, and local singer James Miller is slated to begin his limited fall Broadway tour, 5 for 500 weeks... Martin Schellman and his sidemen are concluding their Gate of Horn appearance, 4 now show, with Glenn remaining, will include Maxine Holiday, it's set for a July 31 opening.

Hollywood

DAVIDETTE: Most graphic commentary put on the current Hollywood film front is the decision by United Art Pepper to leave L.A. for Las Vegas—and commercial music work in the gambling mills. Pepper's last date was three weeks at the Frontier Lane. That was last month—and he hasn't worked since. After a three-month making period for his stage career, every evening which he is guaranteed to play, only outside, Pepper can then take steady work.

Jack Wells is planning a Pete Kelly's Blues NBC-TV series and reportedly trying to get Bob Grady for the title role if Grady can get a release from his CBS commitment. Another possibility is Ralph Burman.

Bobby Hill, star of the late Helen Brown, withdrew her lawsuit against Young's longtime manager, Jack Brown, because, she said, they King the and she has learned that Young provided her fee by means other than the oral contract agreement concluded before he died... Detroit drummer Jerry Beckman is scheduled to appear with the Stan Kenton band... Jerry Beckman is scheduled his Monday night, head concert at the Crescendo starting July 25... The Paul Moa quartet began up to Denver to open a new jazz room there, Nancy's. The Ray Kay trio will be in Hollywood to make KABC-TV's Stars of Jazz show Aug. 28 before, which they return to the Hillcrest Club on Washington.

STREET NOTES: An Blakey trio at the Parkway Lane, only Patricia Kelly, wood jagged, until Aug. 4... Ed Taylor's quartet ending May 11, will play for the SBO some time... Midwestern musician has set in at both the Lightroom and Bayview Inn doors at that locale, with things arising as never before to the modern sounds of Howard Brown's Allstars and T. H. Brown's quartet... Marvin Hall and Woody Herman looked likely to open at the Hillcrest "round about premiere"... The Sunday evening sessions at the cascade Papp were at last report being led by Alton Roy Greenham, with Ronnie Bell, piano, Donnie LaFren, drums; and Sam Cooke, bass in the featured position... Harvey and Hank's quartet was slated to follow Frank Pula to the Commodore; then Alan O'Day and the Ohio Hamilton quintet; then the Sam Brown band. The Dave Pell unit still continued making with the jazz music... Also making with James Brown in a different groove is the John Bergquist band, which will enter the Treasure room where E.N.'s Elton



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arrangement of Royal Garden there is a welcome lift to the total run of alternative music.

ALBANI NOTES: The Sunday afternoon sessions at the Golden Palace, about six miles below Laguna Beach, are under the guidance of guitarist Joe Albany. . . Eddie Maravita is the new leader (played on KNCT's 5:30-6:30 Sunday telecast, 10 a.m. from 1:30 to 3 p.m., and being a generous share of attention. . . When Ted Taylor quit his act to join a Flugs & Kees under Joe Fantasy.

—Gwen

San Francisco

Cliff Johnson (Garcia look) going on KNBS Sun Blues with a Dixieland jazz show on Sunday evenings. . . From 12:30 to 1:30 the Jazz Workshop featured on the new Day Showweek TV show on KGO-TV. . . Bob Wheeler's Beavers playing weekends at the Pioneer Village in San Lorenzo while Bob Scoble's band is at the Pioneer Village in Lafayette. Chas Penned is the new pianist with Scoble. . . Ralph Burns now playing at the Durrell hotel. . . Southern Picketers led off the Bay City Jazz band. . . Joe Shaboy-co-Brooks drummer, now working at a furniture salesman and doubling nights with Bill Austin's band at the All Day. . . Herman Clark's Five Feet of Jazz did a week at the North Beach prior to the Jazz Movement. Band featured Cedric Harwood, pianist, Dick Williams, trumpet, Bobby Ross, drums, and Bob Lewis, bass.

San Cole drew 5,000 people and grossed \$12,000 at the Palace Civic auditorium June 10 with the Halls, Nelson Middle, and James Christy. . . Harry Belafonte used a mixed band for his Opera House date, an unusual thing in that locale.

—Gwen J. Jensen

Philadelphia

Harold Freeman played a week at Pop's recently, his second appearance there within several months. He also appeared at Red Hill in May. . . Ralph Blawie was in for one night at the Southbrook ballroom. . . Billy Ross, back home after stints with Ray Charles and Stan Kenton, is playing tonight with Glenn Cash's big band at The Starwood, back on Myrtle and then with Southern Red Foyock. . . Vaughn Monroe, far from his head-banging days, sings the role of a Wild West character in Broadway Music Box production of Annie Get Your Gun. . . Book Lubin played week at Manhattan. . . Chuck Leavell is featured at Royal Beach ballroom, Allentown, N. J.

—Gene Litten

Washington, D. C.

Jazz took an unexpected welcome summer vacation here in mid-June. A fire raged at the outdoor Watergate show 5,000 persons June 15. Highlights were Charlie Byrd's unaccompanied guitar solo, the shooting act, played by Bill Wolfgramm and a combo led by Jack Waino, which featured five strings. . . A party of Lewis Armstrong's band, the Royal Hammer trio and Red May and Jack Teagarden played six days at the Carter Barron amphitheater. Opening night it was standing room only, and records were sold in the following

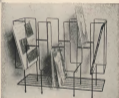


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evening. A highlight was the reunion of Tompkins and Armstrong on Radio's "Club." Tompkins was absent in his get with a District band that included Sam Kaminoff, Francis Blue and, Lou Stein, Jack Goldberg, and Cliff Layman.

A new jazz team, the Hill Club, opened in the Doublet hotel. Humph Brown and Oscar Ford were the first attraction, followed by Kenny Drew. . . . Buddy Hackett joined the Hill crew at the Harmon for one night July 8. . . . Frankie Hawkins played a week in June at the Kew-Ea club. . . . Bill Potts is at the Manhattan club with a trio that includes John Reid and Fred Weidie. . . . —Fred Spector

Pittsburgh

The Lees had a quarter week up a successful three weeks at the Midway lounge. . . . The big news here is that the Woody Herman and Count Basie bands and the Red Wading outfit will make four-night appearances each at the Cops in New York. The Red Wading will go open Friday and Saturday nights while appearances are being made. This will mark the first time that a big band has played the Cops. . . . Buddy Nages and quartet have moved into the Metropolitan lounge in Madison Square. . . . Bob Hines, Red Mack and team. . . . The Vinn Larchard trio appears every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at the Scherban room in Larnock. . . . Young Turk and his quartet are still working at the Point View hotel in Kensington, and driving around around. . . . Harry Grey, guitarist of the Harry-DeWond in East Liberty. . . . —Ed Craig

Detroit

The Benny Harris trio was featured here in a recent concert at the Alhambra. . . . Duke Ellington and Sam Kaminoff were involved in a "battle of the bands" at the Graystone Outdoor Gardens in July. . . . Tompkins' Sam Fields, who recently returned from New York, was featured in Katin's band the two weeks with Fred Layman's house band. . . . Javi Southern is due to open at Baker's Keyboard lounge July 27. . . . After his engagement at the lounge lounge, Terry Talleh substituted his own. . . . For the first time, some other is said to be going to organize a big band, Ross Shepply followed him into the room. . . . —Donald A. Stone

Montreal

Bill Motulsky's sextet now broadcasts from Ottawa every Saturday at 7 P.M. on the CBC trans-Canada network. . . . Sam Kaminoff's band, in at the Mont-Carmel club in the Laurentides every weekend this summer. . . . The Add St. vocal group from the CBC-TV Benny Youngman Show, played a week at the Bellevue Casino recently, making a good appearance to the Benny Young celebration show which here. . . . Calypso at Jack Hines' Forester was at Reg road's at the end of June. . . . Johnny Madala, who gradually seems to be growing as a money-making attraction, was at the Crown lounge of the Ottawa House hotel in July at the end of June. . . . Ray Linnard's band will bring a new day about at the end of the month's new Queen Elizabeth hotel in 1955. . . . —Jerry G. Johnson

Toronto

The Town square, the only constant last spot in the town now, featured Buddy Herson, Sunny Nels, and Steve Carr during July. . . . The Mike Stone last group in playing at La Ontario on weekends. The rest of the week, Bill Stone featured only one singer, Dan Lee. . . . Jimmy McFarland played a surprise date at the Elbow hotel. . . . Noy Koffman is playing Saturday at George's Spagetti house. Noy's new album on Jubilee is selling exceptionally well in the area. . . . Pat Burns is making a new band at the Jubilee in Ontario on weekends. . . . The Bronx of Hamilton is featuring the groups of Haggard Hardy on Friday, Norm Amadio on Saturdays, and Sam Galbraith on Sundays. Gustaf of Boston is featured in all these groups at this spot. . . . —Felix Auster

Whaling

Washington, D. C.—Some 4,000 persons set through a horizontal doorway equipped with 20-megawatt winds to listen to equally excited Errol Garner and his trio at a concert in Curtis Brown amphitheater here late in June. . . . Errol, Willie Garner, adding that Garner passed from time to time to keep the piano trio with a tenor, told the audience. . . . Errol's recent album was titled "Concert by the Sea. His next will undoubtedly be called "Concert Under Water." . . .

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